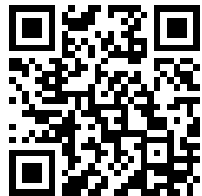

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Twin Cities Campus



J. H. Foltz,
Brooklyn N.Y.

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WHOLE No. 61.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

In the leading article of our Magazine for this month, we propose to present the reader with a very attractive series of illustrations, relating to a country which is annually becoming of more and more interest to our own, and of a people who are monthly sending to our shores thousands upon thousands of emigrants. It will be observed that our engravings are quite desultory in the themes selected, which purpose was adopted to impart as much of variety as possible to the subject. In times past the American tourist has hardly deemed Ireland to be worthy of an especial division of time in his calculation for foreign travel; but now-a-days, not to have visited her lakes and mountains, her noble cities and harbors, her ancient rivers and her cultivated tracts, it to be "untravelled" indeed! Quite as vividly individualized as any country in Europe, her people certainly present as remarkable a chapter for the notice of the student of human nature, as those of any other land; and indeed her peasantry, perhaps, with their prominent peculiarities, are more interesting and more individualized than any other class throughout the whole of Europe. Our first engraving (No. 1.) is an actual scene, as indeed are all of the series herein presented, and depicts a couple of peasant women, with their water-jars, at the side of an open spring. They are quite Oriental in their mode of carrying water and other liquids in jars upon the head; and the scene might be laid in Turkey without outraging the general characteristics of the common women of the East. A writer upon Ireland thus describes the very picture we

present: "Goats trot about with the peasantry very frequently, and are in admirable keeping with the wild beauty of the landscape. You hear their bleat from inaccessible mountains, and you meet them with the women by the well sides, and the running waters. A sudden turn in one of the hill-tops brought us, one sultry morning, to where two young women had been filling their large brown water-pitchers; one stood with her large eyes, whose lashes swept her cheeks, bent on the ground, the pitcher resting on her hip, and her cloak and apron, even her short woolen petticoat falling into graceful draperies around her;



IRISH PEASANT WOMEN.—(No. 1.)



IRISH GIRL AND KID.—(No. 2.)

her companion, whose back was to us, was chattering away 'most eloquently,' her abundant hair was twisted into a knot behind, and fastened with that object of Irish maiden ambition, 'a crooked comb.' A two-eared pitcher was balanced on her head, and her cloak, looped up by her graceful attitude, displayed more of her finely-formed limbs than was quite seemly; and this she thought, for the moment a pause in her chatter permitted her to hear the rattle of our car, she dropt her arm, and the cloak fell. These girls were followed to this lonely place by a goat, who pricked up its ears at our intrusion."

The custom of carrying these burthens upon their heads makes the women remarkably erect, and they are generally very lithesome and free of limb. Especially is this the case among the highlands, where the country is peopled by a brave and hardy race, devoted enthusiastically to their wild hills and glens, and retaining almost exactly their original characteristics, while their habits and customs are as unchanged as their mountain lakes, though civilization has cunningly entered where the foot of the invader could make no progress.

Our second engraving (No. 2.) represents a peasant girl and kid, taken from actual life; she bears upon one arm the roll of worsted stuff of home manufacture, which she is conveying to the neighboring dyer, leading a tethered kid which she will sell or exchange. The pure Greek outline of her features is a marked characteristic of many of the peasant girls of various

districts. This fact has been historically preserved by Harvey, the painter, who has, in the British Museum, a series in oil, painted a number of years since from actual sketches, especially in Galway, where the present scene was taken. Mrs. Hall in her work on Ireland speaks especially of a peculiar character well known in this country, the itinerant knitter, a woman who has no home of her own, if she is quick and clever at her calling, makes out a very good living. She will "go on a visit" for two or three months in "the bad times," or "a hard summer," to a neighboring farmer, and knit out her board and lodging, stealing an hour betimes to keep "feet on herself," or to knit a pair for some poor "Christian" or pilgrim—"that have no time to do it for themselves, on account of the hours they spend making their soul." The knitter has invariably a store of superstitions, and both old and new tales, and sings songs—old ballads it does the heart good to hear, thrilling with the wild, earnest power of Irish harmony—and in the mountain passes it is not unlikely that you hear her wild melody long before you overtake her, as she goes, though long past the morning of life, straight as an arrow, and with a brisk mountain step, from

one village or solitary house to another. She is invariably well received, for though knitting is her profession, she is a "knowledgeable" woman in all things, and moreover a practical match-maker, taking part in general against the "foolishness of love," and siding with the fathers and mothers, unless indeed a rich young farmer fancies one "not his equal all out, barrin' the beauty," and then the knitter is inclined to the "colleen;" for "why should not the young farmer choose?—he has enough for both. Why not? he paid her double for every pair of stockings she ever knit him,—an' troth it's him that has the handsome foot and leg to set off a stocking." The knitter professes perfect disinterestedness in all matrimonial matters, and, perhaps, so deceptive is human nature, that she thinks she is disinterested, though the "might" is her "right." One indeed we knew, who had such a tender heart "towards the innocent young craythurs in love," that she was everlastingly in hot water with the elders, who declared she knit with "double needles," signifying that she was deceitful, and consequently she was very unpopular, until the young persons she patronized married—then they did not forget her kindness.

The "knitters" were not unfrequently "keeners," none being better qualified to celebrate the praises of the dead than those who knew so much about the living; and the facility with which they "wove in" the various qualities of the person they "keened" with the established themes of the death-song, evinced much tact, if

not much talent. The knitter, too, is frequently "a mighty fine hand entirely" at the "quilting"—considered a very valuable acquirement—and can "stitch in" the "waves," or "diamonds," or "hexagons," "wonderful!"—she can also toss cups, and read them "like print," without once "setting down the needles;" she has a knowledge in charms, and can keep off an ague fit, and give a cure for the heartburn, and her "cures" are greatly praised by the old people; for whether she prescribes "herbs" or "roots," she steeps, or rather did steep, them all in whiskey "flavored" with a "little grain of sugar." Her pockets are sometimes capacious enough to contain some dark-brown hard gingerbread cakes—an extraordinary treat for the children; and if she goes to a station, she invariably brings away a bottle of holy water for her friends; she piques herself upon her "good breeding," and when you meet her, or pass her on the roadside, she invariably makes both her needles and herself come to a dead stand-still, and then drops so low a curtsy that you wonder how she ever gets up again. We are picturing the professional knitter; but nearly all the women knit more or less; and the tourist will be sure to be surrounded by a band of them the moment he stops at any well-known resting-place.

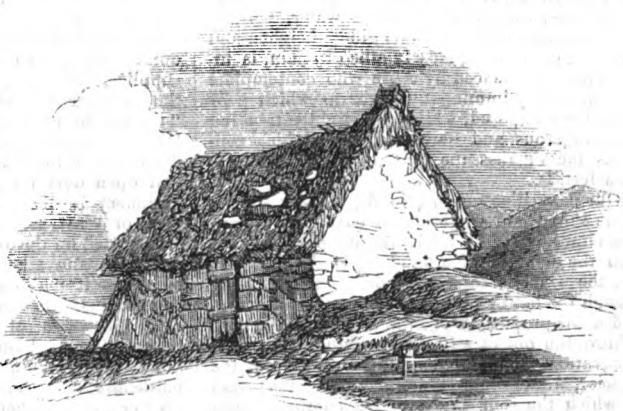
Our third illustration (No. 3.) represents a common Irish Cabin, but by no means of the poorest sort. The wild Indians of the West, and even the Esquimaux, construct their habitations with more care than do the humble classes of the Irish peasantry. Mr. Tite, in his report to the Irish Society of London, thus describes an Irish cabin: "An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or rough stone, perhaps with a window, or a hole to represent one; it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet, and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole on the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig; and therefore it appears to me obvious, that the first and most necessary change is, that there should be two rooms instead of one, that the dung-pit should be put at the back of the house instead of in the front, and that a pig-sty should be provided." If by the roadside, instead of raising his dwelling above its level, so as to secure it from damp, the Irish peasant invariably sinks it below, considerably below, the level of the highway; making it, in fact, a drain to the road. If on the side of a hill, he never dreams of levelling the floor; on the contrary, we have seen numberless instances where one gable has been two feet higher than the other,

and the roof straight. We remember a particular instance where a wealthy farmer, we forget his real name, but we always called him "Inigo Jones," set about building a substantial farmhouse on the side of the hill of Carrig. When the foundations were laid, a friend of ours asked him if he did not mean to level the part of the hill whereon he built his house. Level it!" he replied. "Plase yer honor, I was born in a hill-house myself, and all my people lived in it, and it was so steep that *the children used to roll into the bed every night*, but sure they weren't the worse for it, nor will I be, plase God."

Of late years, undoubtedly, there has been some advance towards civilization in the exterior as well as in the interior of the Irish cabin; very frequently now, they are whitewashed—a practice introduced during the terrible visitation of the cholera;—but the progress towards a happier state of things has been grievously slow; and in the more remote districts they retain their primitive characteristics, absolutely degrading to human nature and shocking to humanity. This picture is not overwrought.

Our next illustration (No. 4.) is of a bold and lofty headland and rock, lying opposite to Scotland in the county of Antrim, upon which are seen the ruins of Bruce's Castle. During the civil wars which devastated Scotland after the appointment of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, Robert Bruce was driven out and obliged to seek shelter in the isle of Raghery, in a fortress whose ruined walls still retain the name of the illustrious fugitive. His enemies, however, pursued him even to this remote spot, and forced him to embark in a little skiff and seek refuge on the ocean. The ruins of Bruce's Castle are situated on a bold and rocky promontory, which is seen in our engraving. The sketch, taken at a distance, barely shows the half-decayed walls of the ancient structure.

Near the village of Ballintary, Antrim, there is quite an interesting "lion" known as the Hanging Bridge, (No. 5.) The chasm here represented divides the island-rock from the mainland, and is in the immediate vicinity of the Giant's Causeway. A modern tourist says: "The chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either



AN IRISH CABIN.—(No. 3.)

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THE RUINS OF BRUCE'S CASTLE.—No. 4.)

side rising about eighty feet above the level of the water. Across this mighty rent a bridge of ropes has been thrown, for the convenience of the fishermen who reside on the island during the summer months. The construction of the bridge is very simple. Two strong ropes or cables are stretched from one chasm to another, in a parallel line, and made fast to rings fixed permanently in the rock, across these, planks, twelve inches wide, are laid and secured; a slight rope, elevated convenient to the hand, runs parallel with the footway; and thus a bridge is formed, over which men, women and boys, many of them carrying heavy burdens, are seen walking or running, apparently with as little concern as they would evince in advancing the same distance on *terra firma*. It is awful in the extreme to witness, from a boat on the water, persons passing and repassing at this giddy height—and a feeling of anxiety, closely allied to pain, is invariably experienced by those who contemplate the apparently imminent danger to which poor people are exposed, while thus lightly treading the dangerous and narrow footway which conducts them across the gulf that yawns beneath their feet."

Our next illustration (No. 6.) depicts the famous Port Coon Cave. The cave may be visited either by sea or land. Boats may row into it to the distance of a hundred yards or more; but the swell is sometimes dangerous; and although the land entrance to the cave is slippery, and a fair proportion of climbing is necessary to achieve the object, still the magnificence of the excavation, its length and the formation of the interior, would repay greater exertion; the stones of which the roof and sides are composed, and which are of a rounded form, and embedded as

it were in a basaltic paste, are formed of concentric spheres resembling the coats of an onion; the innermost recess has been compared to the side aisle of a Gothic cathedral; the walls are most painfully slimy to the touch; the discharge of a loaded gun reverberates amid the rolling of the billows so as to thunder a most awful effect; and the notes of a bugle produced delicious echoes.

Our succeeding engraving (No. 7.) represents a portion of that famous coast formation in the county of Antrim known as the Giant's Causeway, the immediate scene being known as the Giant's Organ, from the peculiar formation of the same. Standing upon the causeway, elevated but a few feet above the level of the coast, the tourist will observe upon the side of the hill, immediately above him, the Giant's Organ, a magnificent colonnade of pillars, laid open, as it were, by a land-slip, in the centre of the cliff, and reaching to the height of one hundred and twenty feet.

Our next illustration (No. 8.) represents a picturesque scene in the county of Kerry. The road from Kenmare to Killarney, for the first five miles, possesses little to interest; it is nearly due north; but before entering on this road a deviation to the west will conduct the traveller to many objects of considerable beauty. A mile or two from the town are the ancient ruins of Dunkerron Castle, once the hospitable seat of O'Sullivan Mor; and Cappanacuse, another shattered castle of the same family. Farther on, the river Blackwater flows into the bay; the adjacent scenery is highly picturesque; the river rushes through a deep ravine, the thick sides of which are thickly wooded. Its source is a small dark lake among the Dunkerron Mountains, and near its mouth it is crossed by a bridge of two lofty arches, passing over a chasm of great depth.

Twelve miles to the west, the antiquary may obtain one of the rarest treats which the country supplies, by visiting, on the verge of the coast, the singular fort of Staigue, or Staigue-an-ar, "the staired place of slaughter." It is a circular stone structure standing on a hill, within a deep hollow, formed by surrounding mountains, and open only on the south, to the sea. The periphery is divided into ten compartments of steps or seats, ascending to the top; the whole surrounded on the outside by a most twenty-six feet wide and six feet in depth. Mr. Windele considers it "a remain of the primitive Cyclopean or Pelasgic-Irish architecture, used in the early fortresses of Ireland, and indifferently called 'Cahir,' 'Boon,' and 'Caisiol.'" Vallancey has pronounced it to be a Phœnician amphitheatre, and describes it as unique. But since his time, many other erections of a similar kind, or varying from it in no essential points, have

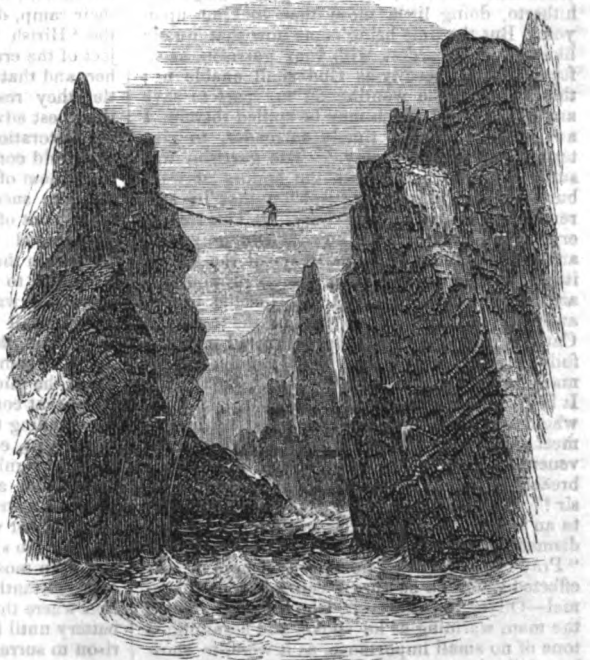
been discovered in various parts of the island, and in this district in particular.

The artists who seek Kerry county to illustrate their portfolios, necessarily employ a native guide, a portrait of one of whom we give herewith (No. 9.), carrying his employer's sketch-book. Note his peculiar hat—not quite a “caubeen,” although the mountain blasts have materially changed its shape since it was “a bran-new beaver;” his small keen gray eyes; his “loose” good-natured mouth—that pours forth in abundance courteous, if not courtly, phrases. His coat was certainly not made by a Stultz, nor his brogands by a Hoby; but the frieze suits well with his healthy and sun-burnt countenance, and the shoes are a fitting match for the sturdy limbs that have borne him a thousand times up the steep and high mountain of Mangerton.

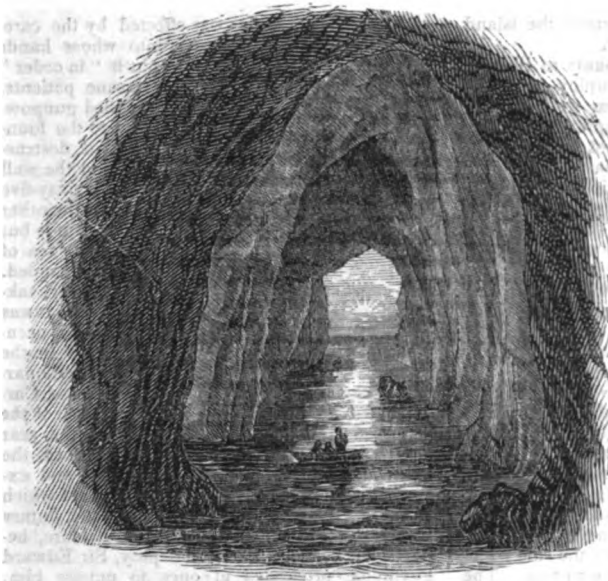
The “brogue,” or shoe, of the Irish peasantry differs in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow-hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is entirely different from that of shoemaking; and the tools used in the work, excepting the hammer, pinchers and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by both operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend and form. The great objects of strength and durability are sought to be attained, and supercede all others.

The town of Carlow is seated on the east bank of the river Barrow, the “goodlie Barrow,” as Spenser terms it; its source is in the Slieve Bloom Mountains, in the Queen's County, and passing through the towns of Portarlinton, Monastereven, Athy, Carlow, Leighlin-Bridge, and Graigue-nemanagh, it forms a junction with the Nore, and both join the Suir, a few miles from Waterford. The Barrow is navigable for a distance of forty-three miles. The town is modern in its general aspect, presenting a singular contrast to its neighbor, the city of Kilkenny—so full of magnificent castellated and monastic remains. The only ancient relic in Carlow is “the Castle.” It is situated on a gentle eminence, overlooking the river; and is said to have been erected by Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed lord-deputy of Ireland in the year 1179. It was built after the Anglo-Norman style of architecture; a square area, surrounded by thick walls, fortified and strengthened at each corner by a large round tower. Until the year 1814, it had bravely withstood the attacks of time

and war; but its ruin was effected by the carelessness of a medical doctor, into whose hands it came, and who designed to put it “in order” for the “accommodation” of insane patients. In the progress of his work he applied gunpowder, with some unexplained object, to the foundations, and in a moment completed its destruction, leaving but two of its towers, and the wall between them. Their present height is sixty-five feet, and the length from one tower to the other is one hundred and five feet; as the ruin is but one side of a square, it affords a correct idea of the large space the castle formerly occupied. Our engraving (No. 10.) is from a drawing, taken before it was so effectually ruined. As it was built to protect the English of the Pale, it occupies no minor station in Irish history. In the reign of Edward II. it was made the headquarters of the seneschalship of the counties of Carlow and Kildare, instituted in consequence of the disturbed state of those districts. In the year 1361, Lionel Duke of Clarence established the exchequer of the kingdom in Carlow, and expended £500 in fortifying it with walls, of which at present there is not a vestige. In 1494, James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, besieged the castle. The lord-deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, proceeded at once to oppose him, when, after a brief siege, it was surrendered. In 1534, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who with others rebelled, had possession of six of the principal castles of Ireland, amongst which was that of Carlow. In 1641 the castle was reduced to great extremity, but was relieved by Sir Patrick Wemyss. In 1650 it was surrendered to Sir Hardress Waller, who bombarded it with cannon.



HANGING BRIDGE OF CARRICK-A-REDE.—(No. 5.)



PORT COON CAVE.—(No. 6.)

A field about half a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river, in Queen's County, is still pointed out as the place where Waller planted his artillery on the occasion. Ireton had previously summoned it to surrender, but in terms more than usually courteous; informing the governor that "we have been your gentle neighbors hitherto, doing little more than looking upon you. But the time being come now that we are like to deal in earnest with your garrison, as effectually and speedily as God shall enable us; that I may not be wanting on my part to save any of the blood which may be spilled therein, I am willing, upon a timely surrender, to give terms to so fair an enemy." The garrison was suffered to march out with the honors of war; but there are grounds for suspicion that its surrender was effected by treachery. "This treachery," says Carte, "was now grown universal, arising sometimes from the fears of the inhabitants, and sometimes from the corruption, avarice or cowardice of the garrisons of the towns, and was the cause of the loss of the castle of Catherlogh." We have been favored with the following, as among the most popular of the many legends connected with the ancient castle. It is given in the words of a gossiping old man, whom our informant had the good fortune to meet as he stood to take an admiring view of the venerable ruin. "Do you see that large round breach, in the middle of the wall opposite there, sir?" was the question demanded of us, in reply to an inquiry respecting the origin of its present dismantled appearance. "Yes," we answered. "Pray can you tell us how or by whom it was effected?" "To be sure I can. 'Twas Crummel—Oliver Crummel, sir, who did it," replied the man, warming as he spoke, and assuming a tone of no small importance, as it were, to show how fully he was acquainted with the subject.

"Now, sir, if you were to see the castle on the other side, or to enter it, and climb its walls, as I have often done in my youth, you would see that the spot in which the breach is, is the weakest and least thick of any in the entire building; and well the crafty, cunning Crummel knew that, when he planted his cannon right *for-ent* that very part." "But how did he become acquainted with the fact of its being so?" we asked. "Why, then, I'll tell you that too, sir," rejoined our friend. "Well, you see, when the castle was besieged, the poor fellows who were shut up within it, after a short time had nearly consumed all their provisions; and water, which you know will not keep fresh for any length of time, was the first to fail them. There happened to be in the castle two or three old women, servants of the governor, and as the loss of these was to be preferred to that of a single soldier—of whom there were barely enough to maintain the siege—recourse was had to the sending one of them during the night to the river, which, as you may see, runs hard by, for the purpose of drawing water to the castle. Well, as chance would have it, some of Crummel's soldiers, wandering about at the time, fell in with the old woman, and carried her off to their camp, determined to have some sport out of the 'Hirish hag.' Learning, however, the object of the errand in which they had surprised her, and that she had been an inmate of the castle, they resolved to turn the circumstance to their best advantage, and accordingly promised her restoration of freedom and a reward, provided she could conduct them into the fortress, or inform them of any way by which they would be likely to succeed in their designs. Frightened almost out of her wits by their threats, and now encouraged by their promises, she acquainted them with the fatal secret, that the portion of the front wall to which, on the inside, the staircase was fixed, was, in fact, the only point that would yield at all to their artillery. In short, after some time, they agreed on the following terms: that she, being sent back to the castle, should, about the middle of the ensuing night, ascend the stairs that conducted to the battlemented parapet surrounding the summit of the wall, and, standing by its edge, should hold forth a burning torch to signify the place where the frailty lay. Like a fool, as she must undoubtedly have been, and like a wretched dupe as she proved herself, she kept her word, and exhibited at the appointed hour the signal agreed on; and Crummel, who had been most anxiously awaiting her appearance, instantly discharged his shot in the direction where the light was seen, and continued the battery until he succeeded in compelling the garrison to surrender. And now, let me tell you, that *she* was the first to meet her death on that

occasion—the old hag, as she deserved, having been blown to atoms—the victim of her own treachery.”

Carlow is one of the most fertile and best cultivated of the counties of Ireland, and has been termed “the garden of Erin;” it is almost exclusively an agricultural county, its soil being admirably adapted for the production of corn of every description—a fact that may account for the number of flourishing mills to be found in every district of it, the Barrow affording great facilities for export through the towns of New Ross and Waterford, the river having been rendered navigable for boats of considerable size; but the navigation requires still farther improvement. The principal mills are those of Mr. Alexander, at Milford, and the Lodge Mills, at Bagenalstown, of which Mr. Crosthwaite is the present proprietor. The grain raised in this county bears a high price in the markets of London and Liverpool; its butter also is famous, competing with that of Cork and Kerry, and large tracts of rich pasture-land are occupied as dairy-farms.

The establishment at Milford is one of the most extensive and celebrated in Ireland. It is situated about four miles from Carlow, on the Barrow, in the centre of a lovely valley, through which the river runs, surrounded by hills, and with the magnificent mountains, Leinster, Blackstairs, and Brandon, in the back-ground. The roof of the mill is flat, covered with *terceira*, formed of chalk, tar and sand; the walls are castellated, so that it has, from a distance, a very pleasing and striking effect. Plantations of fine trees are growing up around it, and the aspect of the whole neighborhood is remarkably cheering, comfortable and encouraging; all giving tokens of the improvements that are proceeding under the direction of the enterprising proprietor and his sons. Roads have been opened through several of the adjacent mountains, and cultivation has naturally followed; the hedge-rows in every direction are as neatly and carefully trimmed as those of England; the cottages are exceedingly clean and well-ordered,—for they are frequently white-washed, the material being supplied “gratis” to every applicant; many of them are covered with climbing plants, and, together with their sober and industrious occupants, bear unquestionable evidence of the vast importance of resident landlords in improving the face of the country and the social condition of its population. The mill was originally established in 1790, and was commenced on a large scale; the neighborhood was propitious, the soil being very rich, and based on a bed of limestone, which gives an inexhaustible supply of manure. The corn to be converted into flour is invariably purchased from the farmers or the peasantry, many of whom grow only some eight or ten barrels, and sell it in order to purchase materials more neces-

sary to satisfy their own wants—rarely or never grinding it for their own use. Mr. Alexander carries on his trade in corn at eight different places in Carlow and the adjoining counties, from whence it is transported to Milford, to be converted into flour, and thence distributed through the country or exported to the English markets; and he largely manufactures oatmeal, the character of which stands very high in the principal mart—Manchester, where it bears the best price. He has also a malting house, now in active work, although this branch was abandoned soon after the introduction of the existing malt-act, familiarly known in Ireland as “the measure for making smuggling easy.”

Ireland has been termed “the granary of Great Britain,” and it is so to a considerable extent; its manufactures are very limited, and almost its whole population are employed in the cultivation of the soil; yet it is notorious that in this country there are more acres capable of raising food, unemployed for any beneficial purpose, than are to be found in any other country of Europe. But every day increases their extent and their power; new systems of farming have been universally introduced; in many instances they have doubled the produce; and in many more they have led the proprietors to convert into arable land whole tracts of formerly barren mountain and bog. Irish farmers are now losing their prejudices in favor of “old plans;” the consequence is an enormous addition to the natural resources of the kingdom.

The next illustration (No. 11.) is that of the Church of St. Multose, Kinsale, of which Mrs. Hall says: “The parish church is dedicated to a female saint—St. Multose or Multosia, by whom it is said to have been erected in the fourteenth century. A legend is told in connection with it. When the saint was building it, which she did with her own hands, she desired to place



THE GIANT'S ORGAN AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—(No. 7.)



LOFTY BRIDGE NEAR KILLARNEY.—(No. 8.)

a large stone, too heavy for her to lift. Seeing two men passing, one a native of the town, the other a stranger to it, she summoned them to her aid; the native refused to help her, but the stranger labored until her object was effected. Upon which she gave her blessing to the one, and left her curse with the other. It is a remarkable fact, and one that does not depend upon the authority of tradition, that, generally, when two inhabitants of the town marry, they will not go through the ceremony within the walls of St. Multose, but are "united" at some church in the neighborhood; and we were supplied with proofs in support of the legend, by references to several unlucky couples who had been so unwisely skeptical as to neglect the ancient warning. The harbor of Kinsale, although greatly inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep, and well sheltered. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles Fort, so called in honor of Charles II., and erected by the Duke of Ormond in 1681.

Our next engraving (No. 12.) represents Irish peasant women washing in the primitive manner adopted universally throughout the country districts, the clothes being beaten by sticks or small clubs, prepared for the purpose, by the side of some spring or running brook. This process does entirely away with the necessity for soap, an article little known to these people.

We next illustrate (No. 13.) the person of a woman known in Kerry and other counties as a Keener, or paid mourner. She must be a sort of improvisatrice. The Irish language, bold, forcible, and comprehensive, full of the most striking epithets and idiomatic beauties, is peculiarly adapted for either praise or satire—its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, and its curses wonderfully strong, bitter and biting. The rapidity and ease with which both are uttered, and the epigrammatic force of each concluding stanza of the keen, generally bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, or produce a state of terrible excitement. The dramatic effect of the scene is very powerful; the darkness of the death-chamber, illumined only by candles

that glare upon the corpse—the manner of repetition or acknowledgment that runs round when the keener gives out a sentence—the deep, yet suppressed sob of the nearer relatives—and the stormy, uncontrollable cry of the widow or bereaved husband, when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased,—all heighten the effect of the keen; but in the open air, winding round some mountain pass, when a priest, or person greatly beloved and respected, is carried to the grave, and the keen, swelled by a thousand voices, is borne upon the mountain echoes—it is then absolutely magnificent. Mr. Beauford, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, remarks, that "the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety. So far as these are common to most people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no inconsiderable speculation. The Irish," continues that gentleman, "have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;" and he adds, "it has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation; and at length the Irish cry became proverbial."

This keen is very ancient, and there is a tradition that its origin is supernatural, as it is said to have been first sung by a chorus of invisible spirits in the air over the grave of one of the early kings of Ireland. The keener having finished a stanza of the keen, sets up the wail, in which all the mourners join. Then a momentary silence ensues, when the keener commences again, and so on—each stanza ending in the wail. The keen usually consists in an address to the corpse, asking him "why did he die?" etc. It is altogether extemporaneous; and it is sometimes astonishing to observe with what facility the keener will put the verses together, and shape her poetical images to the case of the person before her. This, of course, can only appear strongly to a person acquainted with the language, as any merit which these compositions possess is much obscured in a translation.

The lamentation is not always confined to the keener; any one present who has "the gift" of poetry may put in his or her verse, and this sometimes occurs. Thus the night wears away in alternations of lamentation and silence, the arrival of each new friend or relative of the deceased being, as already observed, the signal for renewing the keen. The intervals in the keen are not, however, always silent—they are often filled up by "small plays" on the part of the young, and on the part of the aged, or more serious, by tales of fairie and phantasmie; nor is it uncommon to have the conversation varied by an argument on religion, for even in the most remote parts so large an assemblage is seldom without a few straggling Protestants. The keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. One of this cast the artist has pictured from our description.

Our next engraving (No. 14.) represents the Monks' Tomb in the Abby of Mucros, Kerry. Although for a very long period the monks must

have lived and died in the Abbey of Mucross, in Kerry, posterity has been puzzled to find out the places where they are interred. Time has mingled their remains with those of the tens of thousands of nameless men who have here found their homes; but the peasantry still point out an ancient, singular, and rudely-constructed vault on the outside of the church, and immediately under the east window, where the bones of the holy fathers have become dust. Until within the last three or four years, the Abbey of Mucross and the adjacent churchyard were kept in a very revolting state. It is the custom of the Irish to inter the dead within a few feet, sometimes within a few inches, of the surface; and as the ground becomes crowded, it is often necessary to remove the remains of one inmate before room can be found for another. The consequence is, that all the old abbeys and churches are filled with decayed coffin-planks, and skulls and bones, scattered without the remotest care to decency, and absolutely disgusting to the spectator. This reproach has been entirely removed from Mucross, and now there is no disagreeable object to intrude upon the sight.

The next picture (No. 15.) represents an old crone and a young Irish peasant girl, the latter having come to ask some important question of the reputed witch, is awaiting her incantations and mood. It is an actual and frequent scene. It is from Mrs. Hall's valuable and justly esteemed work. She says: "From the sketch we made of them, Mr. Weigall has produced the accompanying print. The aged crone appeared to be bent double by age; she clasped in her hand a long rough stick, which she used as a 'divining rod' for the discovery of 'spring water.' The girl—who was remarkably handsome—was evidently watching until the oracle found voice, for it was sufficiently apparent that the consultation was one of no ordinary moment. The friend who was our companion knew the girl, and addressed her; she was prompt with a reply. 'I stood at her door with the rising sun,' she said, 'to know who charmed away the cow's milk, that my mother paid her to find out; and to know also about a little matter of my own.'"

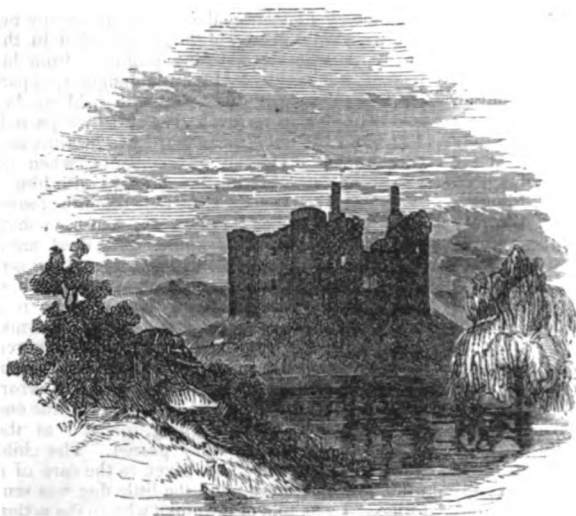
Our last engraving (No. 16.) of the set, represents one of the oft-occurring scenes of the mountain districts, wherein the police have arrested a peasant for illegal distillation of whiskey, and are conducting him and his effects to prison. In the choice of our subject, that of Ireland and the Irish, we have been influenced by a desire to give as much of variety, in our illustrated articles as possible. In our next subject, we shall select quite another theme, and thus from month to month, give the readers of Ballou's Dollar Magazine all the variety and impart to the work all of varied interest possible. Thus at the close of each six months there will be a completed volume, and at the close of each year two volumes of six hundred pages each, finely illustrated.

INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN REBELLION.

Some circumstances that came under my notice were very distressing. A man shot in the head, and who was bleeding profusely from his wound, was tended by his little daughter, apparently about twelve years old, who held up her hands imploring mercy and pity as we passed. Nor was I the only one who tried to reassure and comfort her. One of our servants, when he joined us later in the day, brought with him a little boy, about seven years old, whom he found standing by his dead father, who had been shot, and had fallen from his horse. The dead man, the child and horse, were in a group, and our servant charitably took the child, and placing him before him on his own horse, brought him into camp. I became possessed too of a small white dog, which, together with a baby six or seven months old, was found lying on a bed, from whence the mother, frenzied, I suppose, by terror, had fled, and *left her child behind!* The little one was sitting up and laughing, pleased at the horses and soldiers as they passed. The child was also brought on, and given to the care of a woman in our camp, and the little dog was sent to me. I was told of a woman who, in the action of Beejapore, was endeavoring to escape with her child, but in the agony of fear she clasped it so closely to her side, that she had squeezed it to death, and was still flying with it hanging over her arm, dead and cold.—*Mrs. Dubberley.*



THE IRISH GUIDE.—(No. 9.)



THE OLD CASTLE OF CARLOW.—(No. 10.)

(ORIGINAL.)

BLACK NED.

BY JAMES S. DAVIS.

ALMOST exactly in the centre of the kingdom of France, lies a little mountain town, called Montaign. It is in the extreme northwest corner of the department of Puy de Dome, and on the road from Montlucon, in that of Allier, to Clermont, the chief town of the former department; and is just at the point where the traveller, going southward, leaves the plains of the Bourbonnois for the rocks and mountains which diversify the surface of Auvergne.

In the course of one of my many peregrinations through France, I reached this place, one evening, about sunset, somewhat tired and very hungry. "*Le Cheval Blanc*," the "White Horse," was the better looking of two public houses which spread their signs to the breeze; and I found its accommodations as good as I could reasonably expect in such a place.

I shared the hospitalities of the *Cheval Blanc*, on that occasion, with a tall, dark-looking traveller, with an immense bluish-black beard, who had reached the place a little while before I did. This person I found to be decidedly taciturn and unsocial, and, after several unsuccessful attempts to enter into conversation with him, I finally gave him up, as one of the impracticables.

But though I had ceased to talk to the man, I did not find it an easy thing to quit thinking about him. I cannot say that I found him interesting; at all events, he certainly was not attractive; though there was something about the man which made me desirous to know something more about him.

From the few words (of French) I heard from my fellow-traveller's lips, I felt sure that he was

not a Frenchman, and I was inclined to think that English was his native tongue. Supposing this much to be ascertained, the next point was to find out whether he was English or American. It was of no sort of consequence to me, which he was; but my vagrant imagination would speculate on the subject in spite of me.

I spoke English to him, occasionally, and though he evidently understood me, he replied only in French. If I could have had ten or fifteen minutes' conversation with him, even in French, I could easily have settled the question of his nationality; but the conversation was like the handle of a jug—all on one side. He did nothing but nod his head, for yes, or shake it from side to side for no.

This extreme reserve had a very English look; but the man had not. He looked much more like a Yankee—an American—and I had a strong suspicion that he was an individual of that universal nation. But what could a Yankee be

doing in that out-of-the-way place? You may think that that question might be asked *apropos* of myself as well as of him. But the cases were not parallel. Anybody would know that I was a traveller, and bent only upon seeing the country; and if they didn't know, I was always ready and willing to tell them all about it. Anybody, on the contrary, would know that he was not a traveller, *per se*; and that is all they ever would know—from him.

While I was indulging in a train of exceedingly unprofitable speculation on these points, the object of them took himself off to bed; and I thought the most sensible thing I could do was to follow his example. And I'll bet I sleep more than he does, thought I. If I have any skill in reading the great book of human nature, that man's heart bears within it that "perilous stuff" which "murders sleep."

It was thus that this stranger's appearance and deportment operated upon me; and fatigued as I was, it was a long time before I could get him out of my head and go to sleep. And when I did sleep, it was not mending the matter much. I had thought queer thoughts of the man while I was awake, and I dreamed still queerer dreams of him after I had gone to sleep. I can recall little or nothing of the particulars now, but I do remember how he made his appearance, on one occasion, in the character of Bluebeard, and after killing half-a-dozen wives, turned into Tom Thumb, and sat astride of my nose, puffing tobacco-smoke into my nostrils, from my own meerschaum.

This dream was very suddenly dispelled. I thought that the stranger had resumed his original character of Bluebeard, and that he was dragging me away to share the fate of his murdered wives; and it was no small relief to me to discover that it was only the landlord, who was trying to shake me awake, with a strong grip on my shoulder. Mine host was as pale as if he

had to do with Bluebeard himself; and so he had.

"Monsieur! monsieur!" he shouted—"are you a doctor?"

For a man to come, in the middle of the night, and shake you roughly out of a sound sleep, in order to ask if you are a doctor, might not, improbably, in a choleric temperament, be provocative of pugilistic demonstrations, which might be consummated before there was any time for a satisfactory explanation. I am quite choleric enough, you will say, for any such catastrophe. But I had not the least idea of assuming a hostile attitude. On the contrary, I was most grateful to Monsieur Bruneau, for rescuing me from Bluebeard, even in imagination.

Besides, having had a few seconds for reflection, it did not require any great brilliancy of genius to suggest the probability that it was not mere curiosity to learn "what I did for a living," that had roused Monsieur Bruneau from his warm couch at two o'clock in the morning. I therefore simply replied in the affirmative, and waited quietly for further developments.

"Then," continued the landlord, "for heaven's sake, get on your clothes, as quick as possible, and come with me to the blue room. The tall gentleman, with the heavy black beard, has cut his own throat!"

"I knew he wasn't going to get any sleep," said I, as I bounced out of bed, and began to huddle on my clothes. "My prognosis anticipated sleep-murder, but did not go so far as self-murder. Cut his throat, has he? Well, I'll bet two to one he hasn't done it right. He has made a bungle of it—I know before I see it. There is not one man in a thousand that knows how to cut his throat properly. It is a small matter, perhaps, but then, you know, 'a thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.'"

The landlord stared. My soliloquy was in English; but it may be doubted whether he would have been less mistified or more edified if it had been in his own tongue. However, I had by this time finished my hasty toilet, as well as my observations upon the art of throat-cutting, and I motioned to mine host to lead the way to the blue room. When I reached that sky-colored chamber, I found the very identical condition of things that I had anticipated. The throat was cut, true enough, and almost from ear to ear; but it was not effectually and properly cut, for all that. I have seen

a good many cases of throat-cutting in my time, and among them all I have never seen the thing done properly but in one single instance. In that case, there was a small, clean, neat incision, not three inches long, and less than one inch in depth; and yet the job was done thoroughly and effectually. The man died immediately.

It was done with a scalpel, and the man who did it was an anatomist. And nobody but an anatomist knows how to do it. The operator generally takes a knife or razor, and saws away directly in front of his windpipe, till he has made a great hideous gash, several inches deep—and he calls that cutting his throat.

Supposing that he has done the work effectually, he throws away his instrument, and lays himself down, expecting to die comfortably in a few minutes. But, to his great surprise, death don't come for days, perhaps weeks, perhaps never. He has done nothing to make him come. He has touched no vital part, and the great ugly wound is not necessarily mortal.

But one who really knows how to do it, instead of sawing at his windpipe, makes a small, neat incision, in the side of his neck, divides the *carotid* artery, *secundum artem*, and bleeds to death quietly and scientifically, in a few minutes. And then, every ignoramus sings out that he has "cut his *jugular*," and therefore must die; when the truth is, it doesn't matter a button whether he has cut his *jugular* or not; he has cut his *carotid*, and that is all that's wanting. That finishes him.

But what a fool I am to be talking surgery in this ridiculous fashion. The fact is, I am always at it, whenever I get a chance. I can't "sink the shop," that is the truth. I never could.

But about this stranger. He had cut his throat, and as I had anticipated, in the usual unscientific manner. It was absolutely butcher-like. His throat was horribly mangled, but still he was



CHURCH OF ST. MULTOSE, KINSALE.—(No. 11.)



IRISH PEASANTS WASHING.—(No. 12.)

not killed, and might continue to live some days. When the landlord and his attendants attempted to bind it up, he tore it open in such a savage manner as to render his case still more hopeless. It was when this occurred that the landlord came to wake me.

By the time I reached his bedside, he had become too weak to do himself any farther injury, and had indeed fainted from loss of blood. While he was in this condition, I dressed the wound carefully, and bandaged it as securely as possible. Four days and nights I watched by his bedside. On the fifth day he died. I have witnessed many fearful death-scenes, but none so horrible as this. He was sane the greater part of the time, and not actually insane I think, when he committed the fatal deed.

I will attempt no description of this appalling death-bed. You may have some idea of what it was, after you have heard a brief sketch of the principal events of his life. He had written a sort of autobiography, which I found among his effects after his death. The paper has been lost, but I have retained the most of it in my memory, and I will transmit it to you, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

For ten years or more, the name of "*Black Ned*" was a terror to the dwellers on the frontiers of Texas. I am that "*Black Ned*." My entire name is Edward Burns. I was born in a quiet village, in the Great Valley of Virginia, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains. That part of Virginia is mostly peopled by de-

scendants of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and Germans, chiefly from Pennsylvania. The majority of them are somewhat rough, but a simple-hearted, honest race, producing very few characters like myself. My father was a farmer on a small scale—a poor and a hard-working man. He had no family, however, but my mother and myself, and might have gotten along very well, if it had not been for one serious defect in his education—he had never learned the art of saying no. His good nature was continually getting him into pecuniary difficulties, and prevented him from making any progress towards the attainment of a competence. I don't know that I was by nature more depraved than other boys, but my parents were so indulgent with their only child that he generally did as he pleased, and generally pleased to do wrong rather than right. My mother was especially lenient to my faults. I was considered "quick at learning," but I played truant almost as often as I thought proper, and only learned what pleased me. I must have had pretty good natural abilities, for even in that way, I managed to pick up shreds and patches of education sufficient to give me, in after years, a certain degree of superiority over those with whom I

associated in my turbulent career. The first marked step in the downward path, which I can now call to my recollection, occurred in this way. One fine August morning, when I was perhaps ten or eleven years old, I started alone to go to church. My father was sick, and my mother could not leave him.

"Hillo! Where are you going?"

It was in this manner that I was accosted by Richard Savin, a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who had only been living a few months in the village.

"I am going to meetin'," I replied.

"To meetin', hey? What a jolly big fool you must be, to go and shut yourself up where Parson Long can holler at you for an hour at a lick, and old Squire Saunders snorin' so loud you can't even sleep."

"Don't you never go to meetin', Dick?"

"Me? Not any, I thank you—much obliged to you. I used to go though, when I lived over the Ridge. Five or six of us boys had a meetin' every Sunday, and we used to sing a hymn they call 'High, low, jack and the game.'"

"Do you mean you played cards?"

"Played cards? Me play cards? Me—shockin'; I used to read pasteboard picter-books sometimes—but play cards—never. It's agin my principles."

"What are you going to do to-day?"

"Well, if you must know, Squire Saunders has give me an invite to a cold collation—a sort of picnic—all alone, by myself, in the corner of

the woods, down by the big spring. Will you go along? I've got leave to bring a friend."

I had no intention of going with Dick at first, but I went on talking with him, and walking the same way he did, until I was half a mile or more away from the church, before I thought about it.

"There," says Dick, "there's the last bell ringin'. You can't get there in time now. You'd better come to the collation."

"I can't indeed, Dick. Father and mother would be as mad as the mischief."

"How are they going to know anything about it? You needn't tell 'em where you was. They'll think you was at church."

By arguments like this, Dick at last succeeded in inducing me to go with him. I hadn't the least idea of what he meant by his "collation," till we arrived at Squire Saunders's watermelon-patch, where my companion began to help himself very freely, earnestly recommending me to pursue the same course.

"Why, Ned," said he, "I'm surprised at you. The squire will certainly be offended, if you slight his collation in this way. Gather up as many as you can find, of the very largest and best, and put 'em into this bag, and carry 'em into the woods."

"But that's stealin', Dick."

"Blatherskite! Who ever heerd of sich a thing as stealin' watermilons? We'll take a bagful, and old Saunders will never know the difference—you may just bet your head on that. Come—here goes!"

I yielded to Dick's arguments, most powerfully backed by my own appetite. We carried off almost a cart-load of melons and hid them in the bushes. We then took our places at the "collation," and ate till we could eat no more. When we came to a halt, Dick took a small package from his pocket, and slowly removed a paper in which it was enveloped, while I watched him very attentively.

"Gracious goodness, Dick!" said I, at last, "what queer-looking pictures! Where did you get them? What are they for?"

"Picters! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, dog my grandmammy's shoes to Guinea, if you aint jest about the greenest young un that ever sprouted!"

"They're cards, aint they, Dick?"

"Rather think they are, old hoss—bran new ones, too, jest outer the store. Shove your limestone sofy up to this ere log, and I'll show you how to use them."

I moved up the rock I was sitting on, and was then and there initiated into the mysteries of "old sledge," "all fours," "seven up," or whatever else its proper appellation may be. The game fascinated me, and before I rose from my "limestone sofy" the sun was low in the west and I had lost my share of the stolen watermelons. I went home, told an ingeniously concocted fib to the old folks, and thus ended my first day of open, flagrant, unmitigated wickedness. From that time forward, Dick became my preceptor in every kind of petty iniquity, from cheating at marbles to robbing hen-roosts, and an apt scholar he found me.

My poor father never recovered. His premature death saved him many a heart-ache. It saddened me for a little while, but I soon learned to rejoice in the additional freedom which my fond mother's lax government afforded me.

One dark, rainy evening, I heard Dick's signal-whistle about dusk. I went out to meet him, and he asked me to walk awhile with him.

"A nice night for a walk, upon my word," said I, as we went out of the gate towards the fields.

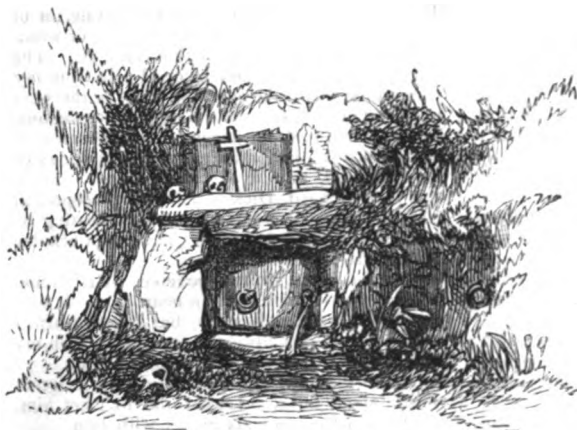
"It is a nice night," said Dick; "just the kind of a night I've been praying for—a first-rate night."

"Well, you may like it, but for my part, I'd rather have a dry skin than a wet one. Come in under the shed here, and I'll talk to you as much as you please."

"Ned," said my companion, as soon as we were within the shed, "you were wishing for something this morning, and saying you would do anything to get it."



KEENER, OR PAID MOURNER.—(No. 13.)



TOMB IN THE ABBEY OF MUCROSS.—(No. 14.)

"I was wishing for money this morning."

"Just so. And if you are not too much afraid of a wet skin, I can tell you how to get some, this very night."

Dick neither said nor thought anything about being afraid of a wicked deed. That was a fear that troubled him even less than it did me. His father was a rogue before him, and he had been case-hardened from his very mother's milk.

"I know a man," continued Dick, "not three miles off, who will pay us a fair price for every sheep, or hog, or calf, we bring him, and furnish a light wagon to haul 'em with, too. I reckon we could manage to pick up a few fat wethers such a night as this—couldn't we?"

The proposition startled me a little at first. I had never stolen anything but fruit and the like, thus far. But Dick soon found arguments to quiet my scruples. We started off at once, and before morning, Colonel Fowler, the "big bug" of our neighborhood, had lost some of his finest sheep, and we had, each one of us, twenty-five dollars in his pocket.

This was the entering-wedge to numerous acts of depredation of a similar character, which we managed to carry on without detection, though not altogether without suspicion in some instances. In the meantime, my mother married again. After that, I was less looked after than ever. Indeed, I was now entirely beyond the control either of my mother or my stepfather, and they had almost ceased making efforts to restrain me in any way.

I loved my mother. She was as kind and gentle, as I was savage and disagreeable. But home was far from being attractive to me. The most pleasant thing there, was a little sister Katie, who was born when I was about seventeen years old. She was a beautiful child, and she loved me with all her little heart.

Dick was a shrewd scoundrel, and his age gave him some advantages over me in those days. We had been adroit enough to lay our theft at the door of the free negroes, and few suspected us. Emboldened by this continued impunity, we now began to look for higher game. Old Mr. Fant, the watch-maker and jeweller, had just

returned from Baltimore with an unusually valuable stock of watches, jewelry, etc. He slept at some distance from his store, though in the same building. We had obtained possession of a key which fitted the lock exactly. These temptations were more than we could withstand. One dark night we entered the store, lit a candle and fell to work, swiftly but noiselessly, to fill a small bag with glittering spoil. I was already far gone in wickedness, but I actually shuddered as I noted the expression of Dick's greedy, cruel eyes, as they gloated over the heavy patent lever watches, and the handfuls of rich jewelry, as they disappeared within the bag—it was fearful to behold.

"Come, Dick, let's be off," whispered I, as I put in the last of the watches.

"No, no," he replied, "there's plenty more things back there. I'm for making a clean sweep as we go."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the back door opened, and in walked the owner of the articles we were making so free with. His entrance was so noiseless, that we were standing face to face before we had the least idea that any one was stirring. I dropped the bag, and started to run. I had known the old gentleman since my childhood, and had always had the greatest respect for him. But before I had fairly turned round, I saw a bright bowie-knife flashing in the air above his head, and then his blood spouted out upon the counter, and upon the body of his murderer!

"Great God!" cried I, "what have you done?"

"I've done what had to be done—what could not be helped," replied Dick. "Dead men tell no tales—and he would have had a pretty tale to tell on us, if we'd a' been fools enough to let him live."

The old man was already dead. As I saw his long, gray hair stained with the blood which was still trickling from the wound, I grew dizzy and sick at the sight. I staggered to the door, and urged Dick to follow me; but he would not come till he had everything he wanted. This bloody deed made a great sensation of course in that quiet community; but its very atrocity served to shield us from suspicion. It was generally attributed to two strangers from Richmond, who had been lounging about the village the day before. I had some very severe twinges of remorse for a few days, but when I thought of our three or four thousand dollars' worth of plunder, I soon suffered the idea to console and harden me, though I always envied Dick the perfect coolness with which he treated so foul and terrible a murder. But what were we to do with our booty? We could make no use of it where we were, and it was soon decided that we should carry it to Baltimore. This pleased me exceedingly, for a visit to one of the great Atlantic cities had always been one of my favorite "castles in the air," often dreamed about, but with no hope of the dreams ever coming true.

The evening before I left, when I went home, having been absent all day, as usual, my little sister Katie rose up from her crib, in the corner, held out her white, round, chubby little arms, put up her rosebud of a mouth for a kiss, and cried out:

"Buddy tum home to Tat!e!" As I pressed my lips to those of the innocent child, I left a tear upon her cheek. *It was the last I ever shed!*

Next day I went to Baltimore with Dick, where we commenced a life of the most riotous dissipation. There are few places in America, where the means and appliances for such a course of life and companions therein, are more abundant or more easy of access. Such means and such companions were soon found, and they soon completed our education, and qualified us for the most advanced degrees of wickedness.

Dick was excessively fond of gambling, and indulged in it to the utmost, so that his new friends very soon cleared him out, to the last penny. Thereupon he borrowed ten dollars of me and returned to his village home. For my part, I was too well pleased with my taste of city habits to relinquish them while I had any of the material for a jolly life left. About a fortnight after Dick's departure, I received a letter from him, of which the following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*:

"DEAR NED:—I set down to rite you a few lines, which I hope you will burn them, and not let noboddy read them but yourself, as soon as you git them. The reasin you will see when you come to read them. Fur I want to tell you how that Curnel Fowler and all his famaly except his bosses and niggers and sich like, which is sont down to the Big Spring Farm, is gone to Philadelpy to see some big doctor thar about Mrs. Fowler's *new rology* in the face. And thars all the teaspoons and teapots, and a waggen-loade of silver things, besides Mrs. Fowler's dimons and nicknacks and gimcracks, wuth thousands and thousands of dollars, and not a sole left in the house but only the overseer, half a mile off. Now you jis come home quick as the devil'il let you, and weel dig a big hole in the groun' and bury all them things, and when the hallabaloo's all over, weel slip 'em off to Baltimore, that is, arter we've tuck 'em outen the house, which we kin do jist as easy as kiss your hand, and come rite off, and yours-an-so-forth RICHARD SAVIN."

My funds were getting low, and I therefore needed no urging to cause me to return at once. When I reached the village, I found that Dick had made everything ready for the burglary. I had arrived after dark, and was anxious to get away again without being seen by any one. I therefore persuaded Dick to go on with the job that night. Favored by a broken pane, we managed to get into a window, and thus into the house, very quietly. We advanced cautiously along the passage, looking into all the rooms as we went.

"Furies!" ejaculated Dick, in a very energetic whisper, "there is somebody sleeping here after all!"

"Are you sure?"

"Can't you hear his breathing?"

I did hear it, sure enough.

"Tread easy now," said Dick, "and we'll see if there's anybody else here."

We soon satisfied ourselves that all the other rooms were empty.

"I tell you what it is, Ned, if that fellow in thar wakes, we'll have to finish him, and you're the one that'll have to do it. I know the house, and know whar the things is, and you don't. While I go and get them together, you will have to watch here, and if he wakes, slit his windpipe. There's no other way to keep him from hoilerin'."

This arrangement was not at all to my taste. Bad as I was, I had never committed murder, and I was loth to do it now. He had once lived in the house, and knew all about it. I could not refuse to take the part assigned me without backing out altogether, and that I was unwilling to do. I reluctantly consented to take my place at the door of the room in which the sleeper was, leaving a candle burning in the hall outside, so as to throw a faint light into the room.

I could not see the face of the person in the bed. I could see nothing indeed but a confused heap of bed-clothes. All was silent, except Dick's step above stairs, the ticking of a clock which had been set going in the passage, and the deep breathing of the sleeper. I sometimes fancied I could hear the breathing of a second sleeper, so light as to be scarcely audible, and only occasionally so. The silence was becoming exceedingly oppressive, and I began to think that Dick was an age in getting through with the job. He was now directly over my head, and seemed to be moving some heavy body. Suddenly there was a loud crash—it had apparently fallen to the floor. I cursed the fellow's clumsiness, and glanced uneasily at the sleeper, who muttered something, turned over, and then rose on one elbow, as if to listen. I sprang to the



YOUNG IRISH GIRL AND THE WITCH.—(No. 15.)



POLICE OFFICERS ARRESTING A PEASANT.—(No. 16.)

bedside, and buried my knife twice in the heart of the indistinctly seen figure. The warm blood spouted over me, and a fearful pang shot into the very depths of my soul, as I said to myself, "I am a murderer!" At that instant Dick reached the door, with a candle in his hand, and the light shone full upon all objects in the room. I saw a sweet little face emerge from the bedclothes near the wall, two little white arms were stretched towards me, and a well-known childish voice exclaimed:

"Buddy tum home to Tatie!"

The arms of the unconscious child were dabbled in blood, as she stretched them forth to welcome her mother's murderer!

Yes, I had slain my own fond, indulgent mother. She and her husband had been invited to stay in the house till the proprietor's return from the North. They would have both been there that night, but my stepfather was accidentally called away to sit up with a sick man. With a mark upon my forehead as terrible as that of Cain, I fled to Texas, and there became "*Black Ned*," the savage outlaw, and leader of desperadoes, fearing neither God, nor man, nor devil.

But the doom of the parricide was ever on me, and the life of the "*Wandering Jew*" was a peaceful and happy one, compared to that hell upon earth which has so many years been my portion. A whirl of excitement and never-ending turmoil, of rapine, robbery, crime, cruelty, murder, madness, danger and death, was as the vital air, without which I could not live a single day. But a few hours of rest and reflection would conjure up spectres which drove me many times to the very verge of madness. Years of this wretched existence rolled over my head. I

have already said that I had ceased to weep, and I may well add that I had ceased to smile. A wild, reckless, joyless, scornful laugh, such as devils might indulge in, was my only attempt at mirthfulness.

One summer evening, with robbery and perhaps murder in my heart, I entered the cottage of an English settler, near the Neuces. A lovely little girl stood by the door, and as I opened it, clapped her hands and cried out—"Buddy tum home!"

With a howl of anguish, I turned away, sprang upon my horse, and rode off at a furious speed, as if I might thus escape the vulture of remorse which was gnawing at my heart.

I could rob no more. I tried war, and fought like a madman. I tried rum, and guzzled like a brute. I roamed through all countries, and tried all means of excitement, all modes of self-forgetfulness. But never did I find one cool drop of comfort with which to moisten the parched lips of my despair. But the wretched farce of life is almost over now. Madness and death are about to drop the curtain. Already I feel the fire of insanity tingling in my veins. Already I see the devils rising from the bottomless pit, and beckoning me with bloody claws and grinning lips, while deep down among the curling flames, and the writhing myriads of the damned, I see the arch fiend himself, stretching forth his steel-tipped talons towards me, and screaming in tones of horrid mockery and hellish discord, "*Buddy tum home to Tatie!*"

To live with a true economy is to live wisely. The man who lives otherwise has no prudent regard for his own happiness. But there is no worse folly than false economy.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GARDEN SWING.

BY GEORGE G. SMALL.

O, it was a golden halo,
 One that never, never plays
 O'er the span of one's existence,
 Only in his childhood days.
 And it was amid this glowing,
 When our hearts were on the wing,
 That we fleetly swept the roses
 In our grand old garden swing.

'Neath the tree beside our cottage,
 When the summer day was done,
 Gathered we by happy numbers
 In the golden setting sun.
 Then the tune and childish chorus
 From the mountain back would ring,
 As we courted cooling zephyrs
 In our grand old garden swing!

Muse I often now in manhood
 On those joyous times of yore:
 Seem to see my father smiling
 On us from the cottage-door.
 Though life's summer time is with me,
 I can see its fairer spring;
 And behold my loves in childhood
 Gathered by the garden swing.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STEEPLE OF PLUMVILLE.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"How are you, Mary? And how is Aunt Polly?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Crow; Aunt Polly is pretty well, I believe; but I have just this very minute got home. Walk in."

These words were spoken at the front door of an humble, but neat-looking cottage, in the outskirts of Plumville, the speakers being an elderly female of a peculiarly sombre appearance, and a pale but pretty maiden of perhaps twenty-two years of age.

Mrs. Crow was sombre-looking both in consequence of her exceedingly lugubrious expression of countenance and of "the customary suit of solemn black" in which she arrayed herself. No one had ever seen her in a light-colored garment, and her complexion was almost as dark as her dress; and even her hair had not grown perceptibly whiter for many years. In fact it looked as if it was keeping its original dark color from sympathy with the sable hue of everything about it.

"Good evening, Mrs. Brail," said she, as another female, some ten or twelve years younger than herself, met her at the door, and escorted

her into a little parlor, at the left of the entrance. It was a very humble room, but its perfectly clean and tidy appearance bespoke neatness and order on the part of the inmates. Mrs. Brail had a pleasant but very pale and rather sorrowful-looking countenance.

"Take off your bonnet, Mrs. Crow," she said, hospitably, but not very cordially; "we will have tea now in a few minutes."

"Well," replied the other, "I declare, now, I don't know as I can stay," (removing her bonnet as she spoke), "for the Widder Martin is expected to die every moment, and I was on my way over there, when I thought I would just run in for a minute or two, and cheer you up a little. And, to be sure, they are all at sixes and sevens, over there, and very little of anything good to eat a-going. Besides, their tea is awful bad. I wonder that a woman that can afford it, like Mrs. Martin, doesn't keep better tea. But she allers was close and saving all her life. Poor woman—it's little good it will all do her now! She can't possibly live more'n a few hours. Jist about your age, Mrs. Brail; aint she? And that cough of yours, too, is very much the same sort of a cough as she's got. I never do like to say anything to make people down-hearted; but you are a sensible woman, Mrs. Brail, and wont mind being told that you have the very exact look that Mrs. Martin had when she first began to fail. Yes, you've got the very same peaked look about the nose, and the very same black places underneath your eyes. Ah, well! we all must die, but I tell you, as a friend, that you've got no time to spare in making your preparations for the great change, for it's a comin' on you very fast, you may depend upon it. I'll take care to be about when the time comes, and you may trust me to have you laid-out properly. I know how it might be done."

Mrs. Crow had that *very uncommon* failing with elderly ladies—she loved to hear herself talk; and there is no telling where she would have stopped, if the tea and its accompaniments had not made their appearance and afforded employment for her talking apparatus of a still more agreeable character. Mrs. Crow liked to talk, amazingly, but she liked to eat even better, and a short respite was allowed to poor Mrs. Brail, the attack being diverted in the direction of the tea, bread and butter, etc. The onslaught was a most vigorous one, and protracted to the utmost verge of human endurance by the lugubrious lady. At last, however, a sigh of repletion announced that Mrs. Crow's appetite was gone, while at the same time it indicated the regret she felt that she had not another to take its place.

The tongue thus liberated began to wag, as naturally as water runs down hill.

"Not heard nothin' from Robert yet?" she inquired.

"Nothing," replied the poor widow, with a sigh from the inmost depths of her mother's heart.

"No, nor you never will hear nothing; though I s'pose you're hardly foolish enough to think that it's possible for him ever to come back again."

The widow answered only with another sigh.

"The boy's drowned—dead as a door-nail, long ago; and it wouldn't be no kindness for to try to persuade you for to believe anything else. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away, by shipwreck or otherwise; and you ought to resign yourself to the will of the Lord and prepare to follow him. I don't mean to follow him down there among the petrifyin' carcases and dead men's bones, down to the bottom of the sea—though they do say it haint got no bottom. What I mean is to follow him into the other world, any way it may please Him to take you—whether it should be through the means of that there church-yard cough of yours or any other. But, bless my soul and body, there's eight o'clock a strikin'! I shouldn't wonder now if Mrs. Martin was to take it into her head to go and kick the bucket afore I got there, arter all! It would be jist like her. She allers did seem to take a satisfaction in disappointin' people."

And away went Mrs. Crow, as fast as she could waddle, for fear that death would get the start of her. Death-beds, and winding-sheets, and coffins, and funerals, were holiday matters to her, and she never allowed such pleasures to escape her, if she could possibly help it.

Poor Mrs. Brail! The reader need not be told that such a visit did not tend to cheer her. Good Mary Brent perceived the deepened shadow on her brow, and did her best to dispel it, though her own heart was but little blither. They were both mourners. One mourned an only and dearly beloved son; the other almost an only, and certainly a most dearly beloved, friend. The individual thus mourned and thus beloved, was Robert Brail. His father, like himself, was a sailor—captain of a merchantman. He was a worthy and a most energetic man, and if he had lived, the fortunes of those who bore his name would in all probability have been far different from what they now were.

But it was not so to be. In the opening of his days and at the very commencement of his career, he was suddenly cut down by the hand of the universal destroyer. His illness was a long and an expensive one, and at his death his wid-

ow and her little Robert were left without a penny, and without a friend who could assist them. Mrs. Brail herself had been a poor orphan girl, without any near relations. Her husband had come from a distant part of the country, and she knew little or nothing about his family and kindred. In these wicked times there is really something noble in the spectacle of a handsome young widow, toiling, virtuously, year after year, for a bare pittance wherewith to feed and clothe herself and her dependent offspring, while temptations in most alluring shapes swarm all around her. Such a one was Mrs. Brail. Many a weary year, of such patient toils and struggling for daily subsistence passed over her head.

The bitterest drop in the poor widow's cup of sorrow was the thought that she could not give her beloved boy even a common-school education. She struggled hard to accomplish that much, but the iron heel of circumstances kept her constantly down. Hers was the daily, nightly battle, with hunger, and cold, and every discomfort; and not always a successful one. And when, as often happened, sickness was joined to those grim monsters in array against her, the poor widow's heart almost failed her, and tempted her to self destruction.

Almost, but not quite. Religious principle was strong within her, and her darling smiled upon her in the very jaws of despair. But under such circumstances, the necessities of the mind were of course forced to give way before those of the body; and Robert, though well-trained to work, knew nothing of books.

The boy was strongly inclined to become a sailor, like his father, and as soon as he was old enough his mother yielded to his wishes, bitterly regretting, however, that his want of education must ever prove an insurmountable obstacle to his advancement. At twenty-two years of age, Robert Brail was a thorough practical seaman, but still "before the mast," and likely to remain there. At this time, however, an incident of some importance came to vary the even tenor of the family history.

Mrs. Brent, who had been a dear friend of Mrs. Brail in the days of her girlhood, wrote her a letter on her death-bed, in which she beseeched her to be a mother to her daughter Mary, her only child. Mrs. Brail most willingly accepted the sacred trust, and Mary Brent, far from being a burthen, proved to be the stay and comfort of her life, in the absence of her son. Though not exactly a beauty, Mary was a very pleasant-looking girl, warm-hearted, kind, good-tempered and industrious. She had received a very fair English education, and at the time of her mother's

death was trying to get an education as a teacher. Though not quite eighteen years of age, she was a better scholar than most common district-school teachers. Such a school was vacant in Plumville, and she had reason to think she could get it. Upon consultation with her new guardian and adviser, it was finally resolved that if the school could be obtained, Mrs. Brail should remove to Plumville, and Mary and she, throwing their resources into one common fund, should live there together. The school was finally secured, and the plan carried into effect.

When Robert next returned from sea, he had the gratification of seeing his mother installed in a new and comfortable home, and with a new and most agreeable companion.

"Mother," said Bob, as they sat at breakfast, the morning after his arrival, "it really does my heart good to see you so nicely moored, in such a snug harbor—and with such a nice little craft for a consort," he added, with a sly glance at Mary.

"Yes, my dear boy," replied the mother, "it was a kind providence that sent Mary to live with me. The dear girl is a comfort to me in every way, and by joining our little earnings we will be able to live better than I have done this many a day. If I could only see a reasonable hope of bettering your condition, my dear Robert, I should be perfectly satisfied and contented. Upon the whole, now, don't you think it would be better for you to quit the sea?"

"Quit the sea, mother?" cried the young sailor. "Bless my soul and body, you might just as well ask a whale or a porpoise to leave the sea as me! Either one of 'em could stay ashore just as well as I could."

"But don't you think, Robert, you could remain on land at least long enough to improve your education a little? The want of it, you know, is the only difficulty in the way of your becoming an officer."

"Ay, ay, mother; I know very well that's the place where the riggin' chafes. And I know too, that better larnin' is the only sort o' spun-yarn to *seize* it with. But where the dickens am I to find it, mother? How is Bob Brail to pay for schoolin', even if the time could be spared? And if there was no other difficulty, how do I know whether I could learn at all or not? Why mother, it's so long since I handled a book, that when I get hold of one I feel as awkward as a hand-lubber would a-tryin' to furl a royal. And as for writin'—you might as well send a baby aloft, in a gale o' wind, to pass the weather ear-ling. A year or two ago, I could build up a sort of a kind of a *pot-hooky* consarn that might pass

muster for Robert Brail; but now I can't even do that much not to save me from sinkin'."

"Well, Robert, what would you say if a person could be found who would undertake to teach you, in spite of all that, and trust you for the pay, too, until you could make it perfectly convenient to discharge the debt?"

"Say? I'd say he deserves to be made commodore of all creation; and if he ever finds his ship a sinkin', he can have Bob Brail's head to stop the leak with, just for the askin'. But you don't mean to say there raly is such a man—do you, mother?"

"No, Robert; there is no such a man; but there is such a woman, or girl, at least."

"How? What? You don't mean Mary? You don't mean Mary Brent, do you, mother?"

"I do mean Mary."

"Great guns and little fishes! But mother's a-jokin'. Isn't she jokin', Mary?"

"No, Robert; I will teach you all I know, most willingly. Nothing could give me more pleasure."

"Hooray! Hooray! Huzza for General Jackson! Please excuse me, Mary, but I'd bust right up, if I didn't holler a bit. But you don't know me, Mary. You'll have a tough job of it—indeed you will. There'll be no lack o' tryin'; but then you see I'm so rusty about such things—as rusty—as rusty—as—as one of old Captain Noah's ark-anchors. I hardly know one rope—I mean one letter—from another. But, bless your little heart, Mary, if you are willin' to try, I'll clap on stun'-sails, alow and aloft, every rag that'll draw; and if I sink a tryin', it will be because they run me under; and not because I don't try hard enough."

"I have no fears of the result," said Mary, with a becoming smile, and a still more becoming blush.

"Well, if you can only manage to beat a little writin' and rithmetic into my thick skull, I'll contrive to pick up a morsel o' *triggerometry*, or whatever you call it, and a little bit o' navigation, somehow or other—the book part of it, that is. If I can only get a start once, I can manage about the practice, easy enough."

"I can teach you theoretical navigation, Robert," said Mary, modestly.

"You? Well, may I never heave at a capstan, if you aint just the head-captain of all the little gals I ever did see, yet; the very Lord High Admiral of 'em!" shouted Bob, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm.

The whole affair was arranged on the spot, and the tuition was commenced that very day. It was the hardest work poor Bob ever did in his

life. The order to reef top-sails in a roaring gale would have been less formidable than many of the gentle Mary's calls for recitation. Not that there was any failure on his part to appreciate her amiable and attractive qualities. It was just the reverse. He had such an exalted opinion of her and so small an opinion of himself, particularly in the book-line, that he absolutely trembled in her presence; and to make a blunder in her presence, was not very unlike being broken on a wheel, as formerly practised.

This sensitiveness, however, had the effect of making him work like a steam-engine; and the consequences were such as to astonish even himself. In about half the time allotted for the purpose, he had acquired a very fair knowledge of writing and arithmetic, and of the elements of mathematics, including navigation, together with the rudiments of English grammar and geography. Above all, Mary had awakened within him a taste for reading and improvement, and excited a thirst for knowledge, which never could be quenched.

Comparatively learned as he had become, Bob did not by any means lose his humility. He still thought Mary as far above him as the heavens are above the earth, and this idea for a long time prevented him from hinting in words what his eyes had often told her, that is, that he loved her as his own life. He had resolved that before many years elapsed he would tread the deck with a speaking-trumpet in his hand instead of a rope's end, and then—perhaps—but it was time enough yet to think of all such far-away matters.

The fact is, Mary was certainly a most admirable girl, but Robert now was not unfit to be her husband. Thanks to the training of his excellent mother, the numberless temptations of a seaman's life had passed off from his character like water falling on a well oiled surface, leaving hardly a trace behind; and his intellectual abilities were by no means to be despised. Physically, his superior was hard to find anywhere. He was tall and finely-formed, with a frame combining strength and activity to an extent very seldom met with. In short, Bob was a man, every inch of him, and well calculated to attract the attention of the softer sex, under any circumstances whatever.

It was a sad day for three loving hearts, when the good ship Titan sailed from New York with Robert Brail aboard of her, bound for Canton. Bob was still "before the mast," but he had excellent opportunities for acquiring that knowledge which he felt sure would before long place him in a different position.

The captain of the Titan was one with whom

Robert had sailed before, and from whom he had experienced much kindness. He was glad to see the transformation which our hero had undergone, and promised to give him such assistance as would enable him before long to become as well skilled in navigation as he now was in practical seamanship. For the sake of these advantages, the young sailor did not hesitate to relinquish the efforts which he had been making to obtain a situation as a second-mate aboard of a small brig, and made the voyage to Canton.

Great was the widowed mother's joy when she received the first letter her boy had ever penned; and that of her friend Mary, if less demonstrative, was perhaps no less heartfelt and sincere. Three such letters had gladdened their hearts, and in a few months more the writer himself was to be with them.

Bob wrote that the captain had done all and even more than he had promised, and through his influence and his own merits combined, there was every prospect of his obtaining, for the next voyage, the place now occupied by the second mate of the Titan, who was far gone in consumption, and would hardly live to reach New York. From her son's wages, Mrs. Brail had reason to count upon a nice little addition to the family stock, for having acted as an officer during the greater part of the voyage, he was sure of receiving a considerable bonus in addition to his pay.

One day in the midst of these bright anticipations, Mrs. Crow appeared, like a bird of ill-omen, and, without preface or preparation, informed Mrs. Brail and Mary that the Titan had been lost in the Indian Ocean, with every soul on board. She had heard the news from the house-keeper at Mrs. Tartuffe's, and had brought a New York paper with her to show that there could not possibly be any mistake about it.

For once in her life, Mrs. Crow had a full feast of others' woes. With the thorough appreciation of an enlightened amateur, or we should perhaps say of a professional mangler of hearts, she watched the effort of her soul-harrowing communication, and revelled in the agony which it produced. The world, alas, contains many monsters of this sort, who show themselves to be thoroughly imbued with the leaven which *Le Rochefoucauld* insists is to be found, to some extent at least, in all of us, since "there is something in the misfortunes, even of our best friends, to give us pleasure." Those like Mrs. Crow, however, are more commonly found among the more polished ranks of society, among those who have abundant leisure for such amusements, and who conceal their ghoul-like propensities beneath a show of friendly interest.

It was a terrible thing for two hearts thus buoyed up to the very heaven of hope to be stricken down at one blow into the very bottomless pit of despondency. To the hapless mother it was almost a death-blow. For many weeks she lay hovering upon the confines of the grave, and it was months before she could walk abroad again.

As is ever the case with those whose livelihood is so precarious, poverty followed sickness like a shadow, and the lone females soon found themselves stripped of everything beyond the bare necessities of life, and even they were often obtained with the greatest difficulty. Mrs. Brail was just beginning to take her part again in the labors of the household when Mrs. Crow made the visit with which our story commences.

About a fortnight after the date of that visit, Mrs. Brail and Mary were snatching a few moments of rest after the fatigues of a long summer day. Twilight was just about to deepen into night, when they heard a succession of screams in the lane which led to their little cottage. Short hurried steps, and the rustling of garments, accompanied the screams, and in a few seconds, Mrs. Crow, all disarranged and dishevelled, and pale as a sheeted corpse, rushed into the room.

"A ghost! A ghost!" she gasped, as she fell into a chair, staring towards the door, with eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Why, what on earth is the matter, Mrs. Crow?" asked Mary, as the frightened woman entered the house.

"I have seen a ghost!" she replied, stopping to take breath at every other word, "just as plain as I see you this minute. I was a-comin' round by the old church-yard wall, when, just as I passed the corner, it riz right up out of the ground, not ten feet from me!"

"What did it look like?" said Mrs. Brail, as she advanced towards her visitor.

"Well, if it hadn't been so awful tall and terrible-lookin', I should say it was the sperrit of your son Bob. It looked a heap like him, but it was paler nor any corpse you ever seed, and so thin, and *translucent*, so vaporish and *mistical*-like, that I could see the grave-stones through it, easy. The hair was all hangin' down straight, and drippin' with water, as if it had just riz up out of the sea. But then it was eight or nine feet high, at the very least, and—O, Lord—Lord—a-mercy!—O!—O!—there it comes, this minute! Lord bless us—just look-ee there! O! O-h-h-h!"

In an agony of fright, Mrs. Crow backed herself into the farthest corner of the room, pointing at the same time at the door, where there appeared, in the gathering gloom, a pale and ghost-

ly shape, having a spectral resemblance to the outward form of humanity. A scream, which burst simultaneously from Mrs. Brail and Mary, was soon overpowered by a manly voice, crying:

"Avast! Avast there with your screaming! I'm not a ghost, nor a dead man, neither, though I dare say I do look like one. Don't you know me, mother?"

The agitated woman gave one doubtful gaze at the half-visible features of her beloved son, and then, with a wild shriek of joy, fell fainting into his arms. Mary Brent was hardly less affected than her "Aunt Polly," but the cares which the latter required served to prevent her from sinking, as she had done, beneath the overwhelming tide of joy. It was not long before the trembling mother was able to realize the full fruition of her new-found happiness, and to listen to the story of her son's adventures.

The Titan had actually been seen to go down, with all on board, and in such a raging sea that it was thought impossible that a single soul could survive. Five of the crew, however, managed to support themselves upon a fragment of the wreck, till they were discovered and rescued by a Japanese junk, and carried to the port of Nangasaki, whence they eventually found their way to the Cape of Good Hope, penniless, and almost naked.

After many hardships, vexations, and delays, two of the shipwrecked sailors, of whom Bob was one, succeeded in getting aboard of a ship bound for Boston. She had her full complement of seamen, however, and the two sailors could do nothing better than work their passage to the United States, on sufferance, in the character of supernumeraries. The idea, however, of a large amount of wages awaiting his arrival in New York, kept Bob's spirits up, and he whistled a merry air as he entered that city, on foot, in rags, without a cent in his pocket, and worn almost to a skeleton by the fatigues, starvations and various hardships, which he had undergone since his shipwreck.

Two hours later, the poor fellow was leaving the great metropolis, and he tried very hard to raise another tune to keep step by; but it sounded more like a dead march than a quickstep. Poor Bob had met with a heavy disappointment. The owners of the Titan had failed, and his hard-earned dollars, with many thousands more, had gone down in the ocean of bankruptcy.

Slowly and tediously, by doing little jobs of work as he happened to find them, Bob managed to work his way to Plumville. He found it a far more difficult matter to "work his passage" over one hundred miles of land than over one

thousand miles of sea. At last, however, he reached his place of destination, and the first person he saw was Mrs. Crow. He had no time to speak to her, however, for she immediately took to her heels with a nimbleness for which few would have given her credit. He was completely fagged out, and could only follow with a slow and tottering step, which brought him to the cottage in the midst of Mrs. Crow's description of its *transparency* and enormous stature.

Having finished his story, Bob turned round to speak to the old lady, but she was no longer there. She was one of a sort not easily mortified, but it is nevertheless supposed that she had, on this occasion, some faint idea that she had been cutting rather a ridiculous figure, and had therefore taken an opportunity to decamp while the others were too much occupied to pay any attention to her movements.

Our bold-hearted sailor now felt himself in something of a quandary. The family finances were at the very lowest ebb, and it would never do for him to remain in Plumville. If he had been aware of the state of things at home, he would have contented himself with writing to them, and would have remained in New York, with the view of shipping aboard of the first vessel he could find. But it was too late to remedy that now. He was hundreds of miles from the nearest seaport, and no means of getting there, without "a shot in the locker."

While "chewing the cud of perplexity," as an Oriental story-teller would probably say, he received a letter from an old ship-mate in New York, which served to increase his regret at having left that port. This correspondent had been for two or three years the second officer of a "Liverpool Liner," but he had recently received the offer of a chief-mate's berth on board a large clipper ship, in the East India trade, and he was resolved to accept it, if he could find a suitable person to supply his place in the packet.

This second-mateship Bob could have if he wished, and it was in all respects a better situation than he could have hoped for; but, in order to obtain it, he must be in New York by the 26th of June, and it was now the 22d. With a long-drawn sigh, Bob refolded the letter and put it in his pocket. He was utterly penniless, and there was no one to whom he could apply in such an emergency. It was impossible to raise the money necessary to place him in New York, with the indispensable outfit, in the time specified; and there was no use in saying another word or thinking another thought about it. He resolved to dismiss the thing from his mind, and say nothing about it to his mother or to Mary.

It was past noon of the day on which Bob had received the letter, and he had been vainly scouring the streets of Plumville for hours, in search of something to do. His health was good, his strength nearly restored, and idleness was poison to him. As he was trudging homewards, with a very long face, his attention was drawn to a group of men looking towards the new church, on the other side of the street. This church was the pride of Plumville, and the especial pride, and boast, and honor, and glory, of Solomon Tartuffe, Esq., whose money had been the principal means of building it.

Mr. Tartuffe, or Squire Tartuffe, as he was often called, was not a learned man, nor a man of talent, nor an eloquent man, nor a witty man, nor a virtuous man, nor a handsome man; but he was something far more important than any or all these things—he was a rich man. Though he had commenced operations at the extreme foot of the social ladder, he was now on one of the topmost rounds—higher at least than any other man in Plumville.

He had often boasted that he could buy and sell the whole place; and perhaps he told the truth. At all events, nobody disputed the fact that he was immensely rich. He was very prominent too in church-matters, and very fond of letting people know it. It was a favorite saying of his, that he liked to do things "fair and above board." Among the things which he always took care to keep "above board," were his charities. Nobody could accuse him of ever making any secret of them, and chief among them was the new church.

As we have already remarked, this church was the glory of Plumville in general, and of Squire Tartuffe in particular; and the glory of the church was its steeple. To tell the truth, this steeple had been constructed on such ambitious principles, that it was altogether out of proportion to the size of the place, as well as to that of the church to which it belonged. In allusion to this, some one had written, in conspicuous characters, on the front door of the edifice:

"Little church and big steeple,
Poor town and proud people."

The church had been finished but a short time, and the day following that of which we write was appointed for the ceremony of its consecration, and was to be a grand gala day in Plumville. It was looked forward to with much pride by Squire Tartuffe and his fellow-secretaries, and with a considerable infusion of jealousy by those who were attached to other denominations. In common honesty, however, we should say that the provincial Dives was

rather tolerated, than esteemed, even by those most deeply interested in the new church and steeple.

Guided by the eyes of the crowd, Bob looked up at the steeple and saw that the iron rod which sustained the weathercock had given way, just at the top of the glittering ball which it surmounted, and was now bent forty-five degrees or more out of the perpendicular. The vane (a darling conception of Mr. Tartuffe's genius) consisted of a not-very-well-proportioned pony, who now lay on his back, pawing the air in a style that was rather ludicrous than graceful.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Tartuffe, as Bob drew near; "bless my soul! what a terrible misfortune! The very day before the dedication! Could anything in the world be more vexatious? And the bishop will most probably be here to-night! It is too bad—positively too bad for anything!" And here Mr. Tartuffe looked at the steeple, and emitted a very low but emphatic ejaculation. Bob said it sounded like "*Ellen Ann Nation!*" but who she was, or what she had to do with the church, he never could discover.

"Perhaps the thing might be mended," suggested Bob, diffidently.

"Mended?" cried the squire, honoring the speaker with a supercilious stare. "The dedication *must* take place to-morrow morning. The bishop is coming a hundred miles for the express purpose. All the carpenters in the county couldn't put up a proper scaffolding in double the time."

"Perhaps it might be done without scaffolding," suggested Bob again.

"You think so, do you?" said the squire, contemptuously. "I'd like to see the man that would undertake it. I would give him five hundred dollars for the job."

"Perhaps a man might be found to do it for less than that," suggested Bob, once more.

He knew very well that Tartuffe would never give five hundred dollars.

"Maybe you could find a man who would do it for less?"

"Perhaps I could."

"Perhaps you would like to try it yourself?" said the squire, with a sneer.

"Perhaps I would."

"And *perhaps* you'll let us know what you'll do it for?"

"Perhaps I will, if you ask me."

"Will you, indeed? How much, then?"

"If you furnish a rope, I'll do it for one hundred dollars?"

"And who are you, pray?"

"I'm a sailor, and my name's Bob Brail."

A notion was gradually dawning upon the squire's mind that there might possibly be something in Bob's proposition, after all. He was a native of a seaport town, and he knew pretty well what sailors could do. Even a desperately forlorn hope was better than none at all. So he said, at length:

"Well, I'll give you an order for as much rope as you'll want, and I'll pay you a hundred dollars, if you succeed. I s'pose you can't do much harm a trying."

Bob obtained the order, put it in his pocket, and hurried away to make his preparations for scaling the steeple.

This rope which he was purchasing might be said, almost without a metaphor, to be a rope thrown to a dying man. He was confident of success, particularly when he learned that all that was necessary to restore the vane to its proper position was to lift up the rod until it became straight, and then replace an iron screw, the falling out of which had been the sole cause of the disaster. It appears that there was a sort of hinge joint or socket in the rod, where it joined the ball, and that it had been arranged in this fashion, in order to facilitate its restoration, if it should be broken or materially injured.

Although these arrangements had been made in view of the possibility of repairing the vane by climbing the steeple, Bob Brail was probably the only individual, within a circle of two hundred miles' diameter, who could have been induced to undertake it, at any price.

Preferring to conceal his somewhat perilous undertaking from his mother and Mary, as soon as he had procured the rope, he took it to a little shed just behind the church, and there proceeded to prepare it for his purpose by furnishing it with knots, and occasional loops for the feet.

As soon as it was ready for use, he borrowed a kite from one of Mary's scholars, and proceeded to fly it in such a manner as to bring the middle of the string into contact with the iron rod which supported the vane, at the place where it joined the ball, and resting upon the top of the latter.

This much having been successfully accomplished, the kite was suffered to fall to the ground on the other side of the steeple. Bob then attached the end of the string which he held in his hand smoothly and securely to one end of the rope. He then went to the other side of the steeple, and, lifting the kite from the ground, took hold of the string and hauled away on that end of it till he had raised the rope, which was attached to the other end, to the top of the steeple.

ple, and passed it over the ball. He then continued the hauling till he had brought the end of the rope to which the kite string was attached down to the ground again.

In order to keep the string and the rope which followed it from slipping off the ball, he did not pull it straight over, but a little to one side, so as to make it bear against the rod all the time. It will be recollected that this rod, with the vane at the top of it, had given way at the socket or hinge which joined it to the ball, and was now inclined at an angle of some fifty degrees from the perpendicular. It was in this angle—this corner between the inclined rod and the ball—that Bob kept his rope running, and thus prevented it from falling. The knots gave him a little trouble, sometimes; but the rope would generally glide over the smooth surface of the ball without difficulty.

The rope was now successfully passed over the top of the steeple, and left with its middle resting upon it, while its two extremities were lying upon the ground. Bob now proceeded to make one of these ends fast to a tree. He then had his rope hanging from the top of the steeple, and firmly fixed there. With its assistance, getting some one to steady it at the bottom, he could ascend to the ball without much difficulty or danger.

Having provided himself with the necessary screw, and a few other tools, the adventurous "sailor-man" began to climb the rope. By that time, quite a crowd of Plumvilians had assembled, and hundreds of eyes watched him as he scaled the dizzy height. When about half way up, he observed the dark figure of Mrs. Crow piloting his mother and Mary Brent to the spot. She had managed to find out what was going on, and she would not, on any account, have missed the gratification of pointing out to the agonized mother the very spot on the pavement where her son's brains would probably be dashed out, when he missed his hold and fell, as he undoubtedly would.

Bob congratulated himself that he was out of hearing of his friends below, and he determined, for his own part, that he would not see them again till the thing was done. Few steadier heads or stouter hearts than Bob Brail's had ever crossed the main; and he who had been accustomed from childhood to feel as secure upon the main truck as upon the fore-castle, though waves were rolling mountain-high, was not likely to shrink from climbing a church-steeple on terra firma.

The only difficulty of any moment was in getting the rope fixed; the rest was but the rep-

etition of a task which he had many a time accomplished—and in less than half an hour a loud cheer from the hundreds of throats below, proclaimed to all Plumville that the work was done.

In a very short time, Bob was treading in safety the very spot where Mrs. Crow had prophesied that he would meet his death, and she seemed really to think herself an injured woman because he would not break his neck for her accommodation. After exchanging a word or two with his mother and Mary, and receiving the vociferous congratulations of the crowd of landsmen, who looked upon him as one of the marvels of the age, he broke away from them all, and posted off to Mr. Tartuffe's office.

That gentleman had watched the operation from one of the windows, and was therefore aware of its having been successfully performed, before he saw the sailor.

"Well, Mr. Tartuffe," said Bob, standing on the door-step, "I've done the job, and as I'm in something of a hurry, I'll be obliged to you for the money."

"Well, sir, what do you ask?"

"I told you I would do it for one hundred dollars, though you said you would give five hundred. I want no more."

"Pooh, pooh! You can't surely have the conscience to charge a hundred dollars for a few minutes' work—and to a church, too! It's perfectly ridiculous."

"Mr. Tartuffe, desperately poor as I am, if I had been asked to do the job for the church, I would have done it cheerfully, and not charged a cent. But the thing was done for you, individually—and at one-fifth of your own price."

"And do you really think I am going to be such a fool as to give you such a sum for such a piece of work?"

"I'll tell you what I do think, Mr. Tartuffe. I have been told, a dozen times or more, that you would cheat me out of the money in the end; but I always said I didn't think you were such a swindler—but now I do think it."

"What? You miserable beggar! You dirty, lying, thieving rascal! You dare to call me a swindler? I'll have you prosecuted for this! You shall rot in jail for it—you low, vulgar scoundrel!"

"Avast there, squire! You'd better shorten sail a bit—take a reef in your temper, and look out for breakers. Isn't thief, and liar, and rascal, and scoundrel, as good stuff to prosecute on as a swindler is? Or do you have one sort of law here in Plumville for rich church-builders, and another for poor sailors?"

"Here—here is ten dollars, and that will pay you for your work ten times over. If you don't choose to take it, you can go without it, for not another red cent will you ever get from me."

And with these words the speaker threw upon the floor, near the door, a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Well," said Bob, giving the eagle a contemptuous kick with the toe of his foot, "I always thought the meanest man in the world was old Captain Konk. He used to sell the marlin-spikes for old iron, and then flog the sailors for stealing 'em. But I must acknowledge that you beat old Konk, all hollow. If you were a captain, I believe you would steal the men's knives, and sell the lanyards that held 'em for old junk."

Here the office door was slammed very energetically in Bob's face; but it is worthy of remark that though he was shut out, the gold piece was very carefully shut in. He took it all very coolly indeed, and went away quietly, without saying another word.

The bishop did not make his appearance that evening, as was expected, but he would of course be along early the next morning. Mr. Tartuffe rose betimes, so as to be ready to receive him. He was in an excellent humor. The steeple was all right again, and little or nothing to pay for it.

As he stood at the glass, shaving himself, he could see the people passing along the street; and he was not a little surprised that every man, woman and child, upon reaching a certain corner, began to laugh most immoderately. All who came, laughed; all who laughed, stopped; and all who stopped, remained until quite a crowd was gathered. Mr. Tartuffe's curiosity was so much excited, that he could hardly restrain it until he had finished shaving. The crowd increased every moment, and "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

At length, while he was putting on his cravat, it suddenly struck him that all these people were looking towards the new church, which was not visible to him from the point where he stood. What *could* it be? His curiosity now began to be mingled with no small share of trepidation. He foreboded some misfortune. He longed to know, and yet he was afraid. Hurrying on his clothes, however, he screwed his courage up, sallied forth into the street, and hustled up to the crowd at the corner.

Though a rich man, Mr. Tartuffe could not be said to be a popular one. Like all men of wealth, he had his sycophants; but he had his enemies also, and it could not be said that he was really esteemed by any one. His presence at the corner was greeted by an ironical cheer, and a burst of uproarious laughter from the crowd.

"Mr. Tartuffe," said old Captain Jollifat, "did you now really pay a hundred dollars for that new weathercock?"

And while the motley crowd laughed and shouted with increased vigor, the rich man looked up at his highly prized steeple, and saw there a sight that almost took his breath away. Astride of the horse, and holding the reins of a bridle, or rather halter, sat the "new weathercock," in the shape of a short, punchy manikin, evidently meant for a caricature of Mr. Tartuffe himself.

Two of the most prominent of that gentleman's characteristics were a very short cloak and a very long pipe, without both of which he was very seldom seen; and both of these peculiarities were faithfully represented in the caricature. Another prominent point about him was, that he had commenced life in one of the Eastern cities as an itinerant glazier. This little biographical trait he was fain to believe was utterly unknown to the people of Plumville. Fancy his feelings, then, when he saw upon a placard much larger than the effigy itself, and in great staring capitals, the terrible words—"Any glass t' put in?"

The reader has already divined that this little entertainment was devised and executed by our friend Bob. In anticipation of something of the sort, he had allowed the rope to remain upon the steeple, and as it was so nearly dark, it was not noticed by his employer or any one else.

As soon as he had positively ascertained that Tartuffe was determined not to pay what he had promised, he went to work and prepared and raised this effigy, which he knew very well nobody but himself could take down again.

To attempt to describe the rage and mortification of the Plumville millionaire, would be altogether futile. The reader can imagine it. Without saying a single word, he fled before the storm of ridicule which was assailing him on every side, and took refuge in his own dwelling. His predicament was truly an unenviable one. The bishop would certainly be there that morning, and might arrive at any moment; and the ceremonies had been advertised, far and near, to come off at ten o'clock.

After a series of unsuccessful attempts to induce some one else to scale the steeple and remove the nuisance, Bob himself was at last reluctantly sent for. It was a bitter dose for Mr. Tartuffe's pride to swallow, but there was positively no cure without it.

"Here," said that personage, in a sadly lowered tone, "here is a hundred-dollar note. Take it and remove the thing."

"No, sir," replied the sailor; "I will do no such thing."

"Why, do you mean to leave the horrible thing there?" gasped the excessively frightened church-builder.

"Yes—until you pay me my own price for taking it down."

"And what is that?"

"Five hundred dollars."

At this announcement, anger appeared to get the better of his fears, and the rich man seemed as if he was about to attack the sailor pugilistically; but there was a certain significance in the manner in which Bob clenched his huge fist, which nipped this project in its bud.

"The bishop! Here comes the bishop!" cried voices in the street, while the sound of carriage-wheels fast approaching was heard in the distance.

Avarice had one last struggle with pride, in the rich man's heart, but the latter was victorious, and Bob left the office with a check for five hundred dollars in his pocket.

Having restored the steeple to a state of propriety, our hero started for New York the same day, and succeeded in obtaining the desired situation. Being thus fairly afloat on the sea of preferment, Bob's excellent qualities soon secured for him the command of a first-rate ship. He married Mary Brent, and in a few years more was able to purchase a house in Plumville. It was the elegant mansion of Mr. Tartuffe, who was so unmercifully ridiculed on account of the steeple adventure, that he found it impossible to remain in the place where it happened.

Mrs. Crow never forgave Bob for refusing either to be drowned, or to dash his brains out by falling from the steeple; and though now that he is getting fat she consoles herself by predicting his speedy death by apoplexy, Mr. Tartuffe's late pew, as well as his house, is still occupied by the sailor-man—or at least by his wife, children and mother—and no more universally respected family than his worships beneath the shadow of the tall STEEPLE OF PLUMVILLE.

PARSIMONY AND ECONOMY.

Burke thus felicitously distinguishes these opposite lines of conduct, which in domestic affairs are too often confounded: "Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection."

INSECTS.

Insects are largely endowed with the faculty of sight; for their eyes, though unable to turn, are infinitely multiplied, and compensate by quantity for their want of motion. To give an idea of the number some orders possess, I may mention that to one species of butterfly, by no means among the largest, is allotted nearly 35,000 eyes. These are distributed over every part of the body, and thus, whatever may be the position of the animal, no danger can approach unperceived, as a sentinel keeps watch in every quarter.

The passions of love and fear, and sometimes higher emotions, are exhibited very signally in some orders of insects, and are even expressed in sounds, which, while not without significance to the human ear, are doubtless full of meaning to themselves. The fact may be demonstrated by giving chase to a common blue-bottle, which will immediately raise its note in a surprising manner, the tone being of unmistakable alarm. In tropical countries I have noticed the same peculiarity, with but little variation, in mosquitoes; and the adroitness with which these little jannissaries avoid capture indicates an organization still more subtle.

Few are unacquainted with the alertness or ferocity of spiders, exhibited so constantly within the sphere of familiar observation. Let a fly be thrown on a spider's web, and a strange spectacle will follow. The terror and despair of the fly at the first approach of his inexorable enemy, his energetic efforts to escape from his tyrant's clutches, and his last touching death-struggle, with the exultation, rage and malignant cruelty of the spider, are a vivid mimicry of the mightier paroxysms of man, which few will be able to contemplate with apathy.

I need not dwell here on the affection of insects for their progeny, as that is a point which, by the wise providence of the Almighty, prevails, with few differences of degree, throughout the whole range of nature. But it would be an omission not to say that they experience more than usual difficulty in providing for the necessities and requirements of their young, yet pursue this object, under every disadvantage, with unwearying forecast, tenderness and perseverance. —*Entomological Journal*.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A treasure of a husband—carries the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the funds. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother; if anything, a trifle older. A treasure of a servant—runs to the post-office in less than half an hour. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb its dear papa in the middle of the night.—*Punch*.

HUMBLE WORTH.

Many a flower by man unseen
Gladdest lone recesses;
Many a nameless brook makes green
Haunts its beauty bleases;

Many a scattered seed on earth
Brings forth fruit where needed:
Such the humble Christian's worth,
By the world unheeded.—B. BAXTER.

[ORIGINAL.]

EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.

BY MRS. A. P. C.

In the shadow or the sunshine,
Mid the solitude of night,
Or when the blessed morn's first outline
Gives the hopeful ray of light;

In the watchful, weary hours,
When the soul is filled with dread,
And the cloud that o'er us lowers,
Seems to crush till hope hath fled;

In the joy that thrills with gladness
Waiting souls, now born again
Into a new world, where sadness
Sendeth back no slow refrain;

In the loved ones' joyous greeting,
Meeting once more round the hearth,
Pangs of absence now forgetting,
In this harvest-time of mirth;

Through all seasons, through all hours,
Whereas'er on earth we dwell,
Let this watchword still be ours,
God with us—Emmanuel!

Earth's sweet voices hymn this anthem;
Starry skies, bespangled flowers,
Fresh with morn's sweet dew upon them,
Breathing incense at evening hour;

Blessed children, now just entering
On life's field to pick its flowers;
Wrinkled age, whose hopes are centring
In a better world than ours;—

All unconscious join in chorus
With the angels round the throne,
Who are ever watching o'er us,
With harps attuned to this alone.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE THREE TREASURES.

A modern rendering of an ancient Eastern Fable.

BY HENRY B. MAY.

A LONG, long time ago, when the world was a good many years younger than it is now, there lived in the city of Self-Satisfaction—the capital of the Kingdom of Ignorance—a mighty potentate named King Sloth. Now the Kingdom of Ignorance was a very extensive territory. At one period of its history, it comprised within its limits the greater portion of the world—the few nations that claimed to be independent of its sovereignty, even, being in a measure its tributaries—while the subjects of King Sloth were everywhere numerous and influential. However, though it was still a powerful monarchy, its terri-

tory had considerably decreased, and its influence had been lessened, since the epoch of the "Dark Ages"—at which period its power was at its height.

The dynasty of the Sloths was—and is still, for they are still in existence—of great antiquity, extending back to the Flood. Indeed the family boasts of being coeval with the creation. They say that Adam had slothful blood in his veins, and bring forward as proof, the fact that he slept in the Garden of Eden at a time when a rib was taken from his side for the purpose of making woman.

There has been not a little controversy among antiquarians on this point—those who are inclined to regard the house of Sloth with favor asserting that had not Adam been one of the family, the world would have remained destitute of womankind to the present day—though like all men who ride a favorite hobby, antiquarians especially—who, as a class, are the most prejudiced of all men in favor of their own often absurd theories—these men, having no consideration for anything else, have not thought it worth while to explain how, in such case, the race of man could have multiplied and replenished the earth.

On the other hand, those who are prejudiced against the ancient family of Sloths—equally regardless of the physical impossibility we have alluded to—say, that if the father of man had not been a Sloth, the world would have been better off at the present time, since, in consequence of Adam's drowsiness, Eve was created, and Eve tempted Adam to sin—*ergo*, if Adam had not slept, the world would have remained without sin! However, we have no sympathy with these detractors of the fairest portion of creation.

The Sloths were a happy-go-lucky race of monarchs, who, although they ruled with despotic sway, were well content to let the world wag—each as he had found it, and wished to leave it. The monarch who ruled over the realm of Ignorance, at the period of which we write, was particularly mild in his sway, and so long as his subjects refrained from troubling him, he was satisfied to let them alone to do as they thought fit.

The great fundamental law of the Kingdom of Ignorance was this: "Let things take their course, and neither make nor meddle, lest matters should grow worse." This system of government answered tolerably well, until a certain missionary called Investigation, who came from the distant republic of Thought, with the object of stirring up the sons of Ignorance, succeeded in making converts of some of them. These poisoned the minds of others, and the result was

a succession of broils and disturbances, which at length became so serious as to lead to the necessity of some action on the part of King Sloth, to prevent a revolution in his realm. His majesty was perfectly satisfied that he could devise no system of improvement of his own accord; therefore, solely against his will, he took to wife the Princess Necessity—a hard-featured, strong-minded maiden—the daughter of one of his brother potentates, King Idleness, who ruled over the Realm of Unthrif.

In due time, Necessity became the mother of Invention, and eventually she bore her husband two more sons, one named Science, and one Skill—who was the youngest of the family. As soon as the eldest son, Prince Invention—who, from his earliest childhood, had shown an aptitude for learning beyond his years—grew up to man's estate, the affairs of the Kingdom of Ignorance began to show signs of improvement; and, as the younger princes Science and Skill were always ready to assist their elder brother in all his plans, a complete regeneration of the kingdom might have been arrived at, in time, had it not been for a young lady—a very distant relation of Queen Necessity's, who, having lost her parents while in her infancy, was adopted by her elderly relative. The name of this young damsel was Perfection. She was a beautiful, fairy-like little creature—apparently almost too ethereal, too fastidiously refined for this world—and it quickly became evident that she would prove, innocently on her part, an apple of discord in the family.

The young princes all fell in love with her, and she, on her part, listened to their addresses, one after the other, without showing any decided preference for either. Sometimes Invention thought he had secured her affections to himself, when lo! just as he was on the point of proposing, she would turn away from him, find fault with his conduct, disapprove of all his plans for the amelioration of his father's subjects, and bestow her smiles upon Science, who, in his turn, would be cast aside for his youngest brother Skill, who would also, in time, be thrust aside by the fickle maiden, when Invention would again be taken into favor.

After all, notwithstanding that the princes were all very fine, sensible and excellent young men, whose love would have made any ordinary young lady happy, the Princess Perfection was not so much to blame. She couldn't help it. She was so delicately organized, so sensitive, so imaginative, that she had no affinity toward the young people around her, of either sex. She lived in a sort of Dreamland of her own peo-

pling, and her beau ideal of a husband was so lofty, that it was impossible she could ever meet with such a being among the creatures of humanity.

Nevertheless, this spirit of rivalry among the young persons was very annoying to King Sloth, who loved his ease, and liked to have everything quiet about him; besides, he was now growing into years, and had become more self-indulgent than ever. So, as was his wont, when he was troubled in his mind, he made a virtue of Necessity, called her to his council, and resolved to take her advice as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, and act upon it.

"I think that Invention can't do better than unite himself to Perfection," said the queen.

"But what if Invention don't come up to the standard of Perfection?" replied the troubled monarch.

"Then let Science make advances to her, or Skill. Now I come to think of it, Skill and Perfection would make a happy couple," said her majesty. "Perfection would cure him of the nervous timidity and bashfulness to which he is prone."

"Exactly so, my dear Necessity," returned King Sloth. "Whenever I find myself driven to extremities, you always devise some means by which I can extricate myself; but, unfortunately, in this case Perfection holds her head so high, that she will not deign to unite herself with either Invention, Science or Skill."

"Then," said the queen, "I would recommend your majesty to insist upon one of them claiming her for his bride."

"Alas, my love," answered the king, "that is more easily said than done! If, now, I had to do with your foster brother, Independence, or if any of the more distant branches of the house of Ignorance were concerned, it would be no difficult matter to induce any one of them to claim Perfection as his own; but the same failing that applies to Skill, applies also to his brothers, Invention and Science. I have heard them say myself that they look up to Perfection as they would to a goddess—as to something unattainable. They would each fain possess her, but each thinks himself unworthy of her favor."

"Then, your majesty," said the queen, somewhat tardily, "I have nothing more to say. I know what I should do, if I had my way. I recollect, when I was a mere child, my father used to say—'It's of no use arguing with Necessity; she must and will have her own way.' But since I've united myself with Sloth—h'h'm!" And her majesty stalked haughtily out of the apartment.

Poor King Sloth was again left to adopt his own measures to settle this question of rivalry among his children. For once in his life, at least, he regretted that he wore a crown, and that the old Latin proverb—"Necessitas non habet leges (Necessity has no laws)"—was true.

"For," said he, "if Necessity reigned, instead of me, she could make what laws she pleased."

However, prompt action was necessary. His majesty summoned the three princes to his presence.

"My dear sons," said he, "you are all in eager pursuit after Perfection?"

"Alas, sir," said Invention, answering for his brothers as well as for himself, "it is as you say! Ours is a generous rivalry; yet I fear that none of us will ever gain the object of our desire."

"This constant strife for Perfection annoys me," said King Sloth; "and my faithful subjects of the Realm of Ignorance cannot understand it. I have consulted the queen, but, though it is desirable that one, if not all of you, should lay claim to Perfection, it is a question in the settlement of which Necessity has no voice. I have decided upon a plan which I shall insist upon your adopting, and by which it shall be decided who among you shall clasp Perfection to your bosom as a bride."

The princes were all attention.

"You recollect," continued the king, "our royal brother whose history is recorded in the venerable archives of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; he, I mean, who, situated somewhat like myself—having three sons all in love with the same beautiful princess—decided to bestow the damsel's hand upon him who brought to the court, from distant lands, the most valuable gift. If you remember, my children, one brought the miraculous square of carpet which, the owner eating thereon, would convey him instantly wheresoever he willed. The second brought a valuable and wonderful tube, which, when it was placed to the owner's eye, would enable him to see whatsoever he desired. The third procured, with infinite trouble, a marvellous apple which, on being placed to the nostrils of a person in the last extremity of sickness, would restore him or her, in a moment, to perfect health and strength.

"It is my belief, my sons, that those wonderful articles must still be in existence, in some corner of the world, and that one, if not all, may be obtained by him who, regardless of fatigue, difficulty or danger, shall search for them. To him, of you three, who shall bring to my court of Ignorance one or all of these wonderful things, or to him who shall first arrive

with any one, will I give the incomparable Princess Perfection for a bride. Now go, my beloved sons, and Allah speed ye well!"

"But, sire," said the oldest of the princes, "recollect that the records, of which you speak, are of the days of the great Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, who flourished before my brothers, or even I, were born—or, at least, before we had effected much for the benefit of mankind. We, sire, your sons—Invention, Science and Skill—were then but feeble infants, in comparison with what we now are. Although I am inclined to believe the tales are merely the author's invention."

"Science was then in its infancy," said the second brother.

"And skill," added the youngest, "was but very feebly developed."

"Nevertheless," said the king, "I am convinced of their existence. In two years from this, my children, let me see you here again, whether you are successful or not—sooner, if you obtain that of which you now go in search—and remember! he who first returns with a prize shall be wedded to Perfection."

The young men departed in a very disconsolate mood, for they all felt that they were not pursuing the proper steps to gain Perfection by going on such a wild-goose chase; but the king had bidden them go, and they dared not refuse.

Now the fact is, old King Sloth had no notion that either of his sons would find the article which he was about to seek after; but he was tired of their constant rivalry, and he hoped to obtain a little rest by banishing them for awhile from his court. He chuckled over the idea of being able to return to the enjoyment of his old habits of indolence.

"I shall obtain two years' freedom from their continuous strife," he said to himself; "and the boys will mingle with the world, and forget their cravings after Perfection—the silly children!—before they return to court again."

Now it happened that the mighty Realm of Ignorance was situated in the central portion of the earth, and Prince Invention, when he left his father's court, bent his steps westward, travelling over many lands, meeting with numerous and terrible adventures, enduring heat and cold, and hunger and thirst, still never wearied, yet ever reflecting on the folly of the king, his father, in sending him forth on such a foolish journey.

"Perfection will never be mine," he often said to himself, "for where shall I find the wonderful carpet, which, according to the archives of the ancient Sultans of the Indies, enabled its possessor to travel where he listed? Verily, I believe

it is all 'bosh' (a phrase used to express the word *humbug*, in the Realm of Ignorance)."

The prince travelled amongst the Turkey and Persian carpet manufacturers in vain. They hooted him from their bazaars, believing him to be an insane man.

"Carpets do not fly," said they. "Buy thee a camel of the desert, and his thee home, and reflect upon thy folly."

But still the prince journeyed on, until he came to, and passed over the country of the Franks, and thence he journeyed to the land of the Angles, or Anglo Saxons, almost despairing of success, "for," said he, "here they ridicule me with still greater ridicule, when I seek for that for which my father hath sent me; and every step I take, and every new thing I learn, teaches me that I am further off than ever from Perfection."

He determined to wait in this land until the two years were nearly expired, and then to journey homeward and once more obtain a glimpse of the Perfection that he now believed he would never call his own.

One day, footsore and weary, he entered into a cottage, in a country neighborhood, and asked the good woman of the house if he might rest his aching limbs. She willingly assented, and bade him be seated by the fire while she prepared food to refresh him. A boy, scarce fifteen years old, sat on a stool before the fire, watching listlessly, as it were, yet with a strange, dreamy earnestness in his eyes, the lid of the teakettle as it jumped up and down while the water within was boiling.

"Why gazest thou so earnestly into the fire, my boy?" said the prince. "What seest thou there?"

"Ah!" sighed the woman of the cottage, answering for the lad; "James is a strange, idle boy. So he sitteth day after day, always thinking and dreaming, instead of working for his living, or even playing as other boys do."

But the lad heeded not his mother's words—he turned his head and looked curiously at the stranger. At length he spoke.

"Is your name Invention?" said he. "Are you the Prince Invention whom I have so long dreamed of? If thou art, thou canst aid me much—I have long expected thee."

"My name is Invention, my boy," said the prince, attracted by the earnestness of the youth's speech and look. "How can I aid you? What is your name?"

"My name is James Watt," answered the boy, "and thus canst thou aid me. Do you see that steam?—weak as water—nay, the very

evaporation of water? Yet it lifteth off the iron lid of the kettle with its weight. With thy aid, that weak, thin steam shall do the work of thousands of men. It shall guide the weighty machine, and drive the powerful engine—nay more, it shall carry the ship over the stormy seas more rapidly than the widest spread of sail before the strongest breeze—ay, and the car shall be driven on land by its terrible yet controllable strength with a speed never heretofore dreamed of, so that men shall say, 'I wish to be there,' and they shall be where they wish, though a thousand of the fleetest horses could not have carried them over the distance."

And the prince listened, and the light of understanding entered into his soul.

"Truly," he cried, "it is the iron horse that was typified in the carpet of the Indian merchant."

And he breathed his spirit into the lad, and he saw other sages and one mighty one named Fulton—and he did not procure the carpet of which he was in search, but he made the steam-engine, and his soul was satisfied, and he was ready to return to his home [for years in the Realm of Ignorance were measured by times, and not by the measurement of other lands].

"I shall win Perfection," he said, "for surely I have invented a greater thing than they can discover, with all their *science* and *skill*."

Now while Prince Invention was journeying westward, his brother, Prince Science, travelled eastward, crossing the country of the Celestials, until he came to the ocean, which he crossed on shipboard and landed on the shores of Ophir—called California; but though he found gold and precious stones in abundance, he heard nothing of the wonderful tube, the possession of which would crown him with Perfection, and still he journeyed on through forests and across wide prairies, until he came into the far famed Realm of Manhattan, where dwell the New Yorkers.

"For," said he, "I have heard of the ingenuity of these people, and it may be possible that they possess the secret of making the tube of which I am in search."

So he made inquiries, and was directed to a certain sage named Morse, who was busied with sundry wires, which he dipped in certain subtle fluids, and extended them from the gates of one city even unto those of another, and played them with his fingers, and lo! at the instant, friends far apart conversed with each other, as if they were suddenly united. They knew all that was passing in each other's minds, as though they had gazed upon each other through a tube which drew them together.

"Eureka! (I have found it)" exclaimed

Science. "The tale of the Arabian story-book was but a myth, typical of the electric telegraph, which causes us to be present with our friends, even though we be thousands of miles apart. Truly I shall distance my brothers, and attain to Perfection."

And Science resolved to remain among the Manhattanese until the day appointed for his departure homewards.

Prince Skill, the third brother, who was bent upon discovering the miraculous apple, travelled westward from the Central Realm of Ignorance, as his oldest brother had done.

"For," said he, "I have heard that the people called the Franks are wonderfully skilled in medicine, and probably some of the seeds of the apple are yet preserved in their country." But he arrived and searched and found nothing.

Then he journeyed to the land of the Angles, where his brother was staying—but he knew not that Invention was remaining there—and not finding what he sought among the physicians and sages, he too travelled across the Atlantic to the land of the Yankees, and coming to the city of Boston, he met with a certain wise man of medicine, who had discovered an ethereal vapor which he termed "ether," and which possessed the wonderful property of lulling pain, and deadening the senses, so that those who were obliged to undergo the most painful operations, knew not that the knife of the surgeon had touched them until the dreaded operation was completed, when they awoke as from a pleasant dream and asked why they were yet left to linger in suspense, and could not credit their senses when they were informed that all was over.

"Verily," said Prince Skill, "this is the panacea for all evil, for it rendereth even pain pleasant. There is no wonderful apple. It was a myth of the Arabian sages, but it was typical of the subtle fluid which should one day be discovered, and which should change the practice of the surgeon and render his keen-edged tools harmless. Surely Skill hath now a right to claim Perfection for his own."

So, perfectly satisfied that he had outstripped his brothers, Prince Skill resolved to remain in the city called Boston till the day appointed for his departure.

Now the three brothers had agreed, before they set out on their travels, to meet on a certain day, at the expiration of their period of travel, at a certain place on the borders of the Realm of Ignorance. Prince Invention, taking advantage of his discovery, arrived first on his iron horse. Prince Science, who had been practising the use of his wires, was somewhat surprised to learn that

his brother Invention had arrived at the appointed place of rendezvous before him.

"But," said he to himself, "my brother Invention hath started earlier than I."

The two younger princes arrived at the same moment. They greeted each other and their elder brother, and then each proceeded to display his own discovery for the admiration and wonder of the others. There was some little disappointment felt by all, for they could not agree, since each had gained his end, which had made the most wonderful discovery. However, they agreed to leave it to King Sloth to decide which was most worthy of Perfection, and as they were all wearied with their long travel, they agreed to rest awhile before they started to perform, in company, the remainder of their journey.

"But come, Brother Science," said Invention, "let us amuse ourselves, and at once test the value of your wonderful electric telegraph, and, when we start for home, both you and Skill shall have the benefit of my iron steam-horse."

No sooner said than done. Prince Science adjusted his magnetic wires, and desired to learn how things were progressing at the court of Ignorance. Presently a gloom spread over his countenance.

"What is the matter?" asked his brothers in a breath.

"Alas, my brothers," answered the prince, "the wires inform me that the Princess Perfection lies at the point of death. All our journeying has been in vain. Perfection is for none of us. O, my brothers, willingly would I resign my claim, if I could save her life! But she will be dead before we can possibly arrive even to see her breathe her last breath."

"You forget my iron horse," said Prince Invention. "We will depart immediately; but first," he said, addressing Prince Science, "adjust your wires again, and let us learn what the disease is, under which she is suffering."

Again the wires were adjusted, and in another moment the prince interpreted:

"The princess is suffering from a tumor in the throat caused by grief, which can be removed by a surgical operation to which she will not submit."

"Harness your iron horse!" cried Prince Skill. "Thank Heaven, the subtle fluid I have in my pocket will send her to sleep, and so deaden her senses, that she will know nothing until the operation is performed, when she will awake, restored to perfect health."

Quick as thought, the iron steed was fed with steam; the princes mounted his back, and flying with lightning speed over the road, they were

landed, in a shorter time than any one of them believed was possible, at the very door of the palace of King Sloth.

The princes, pushing the guards and nurses aside, rushed, without announcing themselves, into the chamber of the princess. Prince Skill applied the fluid he carried about his person to her nostrils, and immediately she fell into a sound sleep—still, however, breathing painfully. Prince Invention explained matters to the wondering surgeons. The surgical instruments were applied, and in a few moments the fatal tumor was removed. An hour afterward, the princess awoke in perfect health.

After mutual congratulations had been exchanged, and the various wonders exhibited, and their properties explained, the princes stood awaiting the decision of the old king.

"The cure has been effected," said King Sloth, "through the agency of Prince Skill's subtle fluid, which he calls ether; but he could not have arrived in time had it not been for Prince Invention's iron steed, nor would the steed have been harnessed in such a hurry, had not Prince Science discovered, by means of his electric wires, that the princess lay in such a critical condition. My sons," continued the old king, "I can honestly award the princess to neither of you, since you cannot all possess her, yet she owes her life equally to you all. What says the Princess Perfection?"

The princess—it had already been explained to the disappointed young men—had fallen sick in consequence of her grief at finding so little progress made in the world towards perfecting all things. Being now called upon to make her own decision, she smiled gratefully upon all her cousins, but assured them that she could never give her hand without her heart, and her affections were irrevocably fixed upon the man who was as perfect as herself, wherever he was to be found. She confessed that she had not yet seen him.

"I shall be most happy," continued the princess, "if he eventually doth appear in the person of one of my cousins, who have all done so much to prove their love for me and their desire to possess me. Whichever it may be, he shall have my undivided affection. I will resign myself absolutely to his will. But remember, dear Prince Invention, that your iron horse, swiftly as he flies over the surface of the earth, cannot fly like a bird through the air; and you, Cousin Science, recollect that though your electric current can enable you to converse with your friends as if they were present, no matter how many miles they may be distant on the earth's

surface, cannot yet enable you to converse with them through the dense waters of the ocean—at least, not for any great distance; and your subtle fluid, Cousin Skill, although it can prevent the pain of the surgeon's knife, cannot render its use unnecessary. Much yet remains to be done, before either Invention, Science, or Skill can honestly lay claim to Perfection."

Having spoken thus, the princess bowed gracefully to all present, smiled sweetly—an encouraging smile—upon her cousins, and withdrew, with her maids in waiting—Patience, Industry and Energy—to her own private apartments in the Palace of Necessity.

Scarcely as each of the princes were disappointed, they confessed that the princess was right and had spoken wisely; and Perfection herself was so pleased with the services they had already rendered her, and so grateful for their kindness, that she assigned to them her three handmaidens to assist them in their future labors.

By the latest advices from the Realm of Ignorance, we are informed that Prince Invention is busily occupied in endeavoring to devise a plan to guide the course of a balloon through the air—regardless of the point from which the wind may chance to blow. Prince Science, we are told, has laid an electric cable between Europe and America, but as yet he has been unsuccessful in working it satisfactorily; and Prince Skill is hard at work, the newspapers say—having a whole army of quack doctors in his employ—manufacturing hygiene pills, for family use, which shall be effectual for the cure, and even the prevention, of all the ills that flesh is heir to—quite regardless of the number of victims that he slays while testing various panaceas. He also has, as yet, been unsuccessful.

All the princes acknowledge, with thankfulness, the efficient services of the three handmaidens—Patience, Industry and Energy. Nevertheless, the Princess Perfection is still a maiden, "fancy free."

OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.

It was built in 1681, in the town of Hingham, Massachusetts, and is still occupied as a place of worship. The bell rope hangs down by the middle of the house, where it was placed in order that the bell might be rang instantly to give alarm of any sudden Indian incursion. There are many of the old fashioned square pews in the house, inclosed in what resembles more a high and substantial unpainted fence than any thing to be seen in a modern church. The frame is of oak, and the beams are huge and numerous. The old house is good for two hundred years more. This old church has an old pastor, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, having preached in it for fifty-three years.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO THE OMPOMPANUSUC.

BY LIZZIE MORSE.

This small though beautiful Green Mountain stream takes its rise in the town of Vershire. At first dashing, foaming, and winding through a narrow but fertile valley, along the borders of which frown the dark walls of the Eagle Ledge, gradually enlarging as it passes through a succession of wild and picturesque scenery, until it empties its crystal waters into the White River.

Sing, sing of the rolling river,
That dashes by my country home,
On it golden sunbeams quiver,
When tossing up the bannered foam.
Glide, river, glide,
In and out 'mong willows ride,
Swiftly borne on white waved steeds,
Wet the meadow-lilies' pied,
Sedge and moss where crickets hide,
Hum and sing among the weeds.

I'll sing its waves of sapphire blue,
Rolling 'neath the rill-lit mountain,
Crowned with foam as pure as dew
From an eagle haunted fountain.
Then, river, haste thy way,
By sun and moon and starry ray;
From the hill tops lead thy silvery clan.
Pause not where the moonbeams lay,
And skipping elfins love to play,
To the oaten reeds of rural Pan.

Sing, sing of the maddened river,
When the scowling tempests howl,
And the huriling thunders shiver
Mills, and heaving bridges growl.
O, glory in its pride!
See the upturn timbers ride,
Wildly through the bellowing foam,
Tearing out its rocky side,
Rushing black o'er meadows wide,
The Ompompanusuc roams.

The day burns down to the evening star,
And soft æolian harpstrings wake
To fair Ivesperius pale afar,
O'er the purple murmurous lake.*
Gurgling waters churn,
When the pensive starlights burn
Above thy silvery beechen shades,
And the sweet flowers upward turn,
Each pure and star-like urn,
All along thy shadowy glades.

* A small lake in the town of West Fairlee.

[ORIGINAL.]

AN HOUR OF PERIL.

A THRILLING SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

TWENTY years ago Gillian Giovanna was the belle of her native village. She was of Italian descent on the father's side, her grand-parents having crossed the Atlantic shortly after the close

of the American Revolution, and settled in the town of B., where Gillian was born some twenty years after—her father being a mere child at the period of their emigration. As I have said, Gillian at the age of twenty was the belle of her native village. Her eyes were tender and dreamy when in repose, but when animated by feeling or sentiment they would flash forth such fire as betokened a superior soul, or higher order of intelligence than those by whom she was surrounded.

About this time she became the wife of Frederick Bront, to whom for a long time she had been fondly attached. He was by trade a carpenter, and one of the handsomest and most enterprising young fellows that the town afforded; but about a week subsequent to his marriage, he was called upon by the parish authorities to adjust the weather-vane of the village church which had been dislodged by lightning, and in the attempt was precipitated from the movable staging on which he had been raised by means of pulleys to the pinnacle of the spire, and was instantly dashed to pieces in the fall. Poor Gillian fainted when the terrible news was brought her, and for many days afterwards her life was despaired of; but she recovered her health at last, though her old cheerfulness of look did not return to her till after the birth of a little son, who was called Freddy, after the poor father whose life had been so unceremoniously crushed out before he was born.

For months preceding this event, that is, the birth of little Freddy, the horrible recollection of that fearful hour which made the great world so dark and aimless to Gillian, was never absent a moment from her thoughts. Daily in imagination was the dreadful scene enacted before her eyes—the honest neighbor who first came with the sad intelligence, who hesitated and finally broke down with the weight of the terrible news—the four sober men who bore home the mangled form, once so beautiful, now so ghastly, so horribly disfigured, that even the loving wife would have failed to recognize him—and all the subsequent agony, sorrow, or even grief, are words too feeble to express it—which was crowded into the next few weeks that followed; such was the harrowing picture constantly before her eyes, both sleeping and waking, though doubly intensified by the light of dreams. In dreams she would see her husband ascending the village-spire, see him far above the belfry, and the next moment, with a deadly shudder, she would behold him hurled down from the dizzy height he had attained. Then would she close her eyes to shut out the horrid spectacle, and in the agony of that dreadful moment she would awake, and

during the rest of the long night that followed there was no more sleep—nought but the horrid remembrance of that awful dream left her—so late a painful reality.

But with the birth of little Freddy, these phantoms of the imagination vanished, and she grew gradually to be more like her former self. Little Freddy was a strange, unaccountable child, slightly deformed, his neck, shoulders and arms were extremely muscular, while his lower extremities seemed to have shrunk and shrivelled up in developing them; and yet this disproportion seemed rather to add to, than to diminish his strength and agility. Before he was five years old, he had ascended to the topmost branches of the stateliest trees that grew in the surrounding fields, and with a reckless unconsciousness of danger that never failed to strike a chill to the heart of the beholder, he would swing out and drop from branch to branch, catching by the hands and shouting in a sort of insane glee, as though he drew inspiration from the danger which he dared. At such moments as these, he seemed wildly and gleefully happy, but when inactive or in repose there was ever an expression of pain lingering about his features, which was as much a part of him as the features themselves. It was observed by the nurse the first night he came into the world, and it never left him for a moment except when he hung from some perilous height or swung himself from limb to limb of the highest tree with the agility of an ape. It was evident that this strong infatuation was a constitutional weakness inherited from the mother at a time when her great sorrow was fresh upon her, enhanced and intensified by a morbid imagination. Often was the time that she shuddered and turned pale, or shrieked loudly on beholding the dizzy height he had attained, striving with all her might to persuade or coax him out of harm's way, while he only mocked at her fears, swinging from limb to limb, and chattering like a magpie.

Persuasion was of no avail. Little Freddy would climb the trees and there was no help for it; and, though his strange doings kept poor Gillian in constant apprehension, no harm had thus far come to the little gymnast.

One pleasant day in early autumn, when Freddy was about a dozen years old, a large concourse of people had gathered on the green in front of the church to witness the feats of Jack Marlin, the sailor, who was to ascend to the belfry by means of the lightning-rod. Freddy saw it, and heard the enthusiastic shouts of the people, but he only curled his lip in scorn, and remarked: "That is nothing!"

And even while the crowd were yet busy in admiring the bold daring of the sailor, the deformed child had found his way to the corner of the church where the rod descended, and before any one was aware of his intention, he had swung himself up, hand over hand, more than half-way to the belfry. Then for the first time the attention of the crowd was directed toward him, and some of the men, more thoughtful than the rest shouted to him to come down, but he paid no attention to their admonitions, except by a low, scornful laugh, as though he had fully measured his own power, and was determined to exert it to eclipse the effort of Jack Marlin the sailor.

Every one expected when the boy reached the belfry that he would stop by his own accord; but no, he merely waved his hand to the crowd, steadily ascending all the while, while they, in turn, completely carried away, and forgetful for the moment of the lad's peril, shouted and cheered till they were hoarse. Then for the first time, it seemed as though the multitude was appalled by a sense of the boy's terrible danger, which, carried away by their blind enthusiasm, they had hitherto overlooked, in admiration, it may be presumed, of the wonderful daring the lad had evinced.

The next moment, instead of shouts and cheers, a death-like silence prevailed. Every one watched with breathless anxiety his steady progress, higher and higher with each succeeding pulsation of the heart; and so silent all, that each could distinctly hear the partially suppressed respiration of his neighbor. It was one of those unlanguageed triumphs of suspense, not merely tragical, but terrible, where moments become as it were hours, and every nerve seems set on edge, and all a blinding whirl, save the one object that attracts all eyes, and thrills all hearts.

Up, still up, a tiny object, no larger to look at than Marlin's fist. He has reached the weather-vane, and one little arm is thrust up and clasps it firmly. Then for a moment his body seems to swing in mid air, and the next he is above the vane, seated on the forked point of the spire, more than a hundred and thirty feet above the entranced crowd. Then was the spell broken, and shout after shout went up, and the boy looks down, and crows a triumphant little crow, that comes down to them so far and so very faintly, and waves a tiny hand, and then the multitude responds with a second series of deafening shouts, which come booming up to him, ah! how distinctly. Mark now how he clings to the branching prongs of the spire. He does not offer to move; he is evidently dizzy and afraid. Jack

Marlin the sailor, who understands such things from experience, observes it. The rest do not. They know nothing of the workings of fear under circumstances like these. Suddenly all hearts are appalled by the wild shrieks of a woman who comes flying across the common, towards the spot where the multitude were assembled.

I had arrived in B. that morning, and chanced to be one of the crowd present. I had witnessed grief and despair in various shapes, but I never saw so white a face before—one so blanched with the agony of fear. In accents of the wildest terror, she begged of the bystanders to save her boy.

"How could they save him now?" they answered her, pityingly. "He had brought it on himself in spite of all they could do. Persuasion and warnings were of no avail; and now, though their hearts were bleeding for the distracted mother, what could they do but pity her?"

Not so with Marlin. The mother's wild plaint found a responsive echo in the heart of the brave sailor. He shouted to Freddy to come down, and in a few seconds the response came faintly back: "No, I'm afraid to!"

"Hang on to your moorings then, with all your might, and I'll be up presently and tow you down!"

He then turned to the crowd and said: "Bring me ropes, a plenty of them, and the stoutest you can find, and bear a hand lively."

The energetic orders of the sailor were instantly obeyed, and in five minutes, and perhaps less, for moments seem long under circumstances like these, a dozen strong bed cords were procured and firmly spliced together. Uniting the two ends so as to bring the cord double, and then fastening them securely to the belt around his waist, Marlin commenced his ascent, cheered and stimulated by the excited crowd, who were now wrought up to the highest pitch of frenzy.

Up, over the same perilous track the daring boy had ascended, never once looking down, or seemingly conscious of any other object than the one he was on, Marlin worked his way up with the sublime determination of preserving the life of one upon whom the very existence of another seemed to depend. As he neared the dizzy point where Freddy still clung, the shouts of the anxious spectators ceased, and with strained eyes and suspended breath, they watched each movement, as though, instead of one, a hundred lives hung on his humane efforts. But when he had reached the weather-vane, and stood firmly up thereon, the enthusiasm of the crowd broke forth afresh, and shout after shout and cheer after cheer went up, till you would have thought the many, so

strangely silent but a moment before, had suddenly gone crazed.

In the meantime, Marlin had not been idle. He had unfastened the rope from his belt, and passing it over between the branching prongs of the spire, so as to bring the ends on the opposite side from which he had ascended, he again adjusted it firmly around his waist, and shouted to the people below to keep a taut rope, and when he gave the word, to "lower away." He then drew the lad from the point to which he had clung from the moment that fear overpowered him, and winding his left arm firmly around him, and grasping the rope with his right hand as far up as he could reach, he next shouted to the crowd to bear a hand, and swung himself free from the spire.

The crowd below, faithful to their task, lowered away, and in thirty seconds from the time he swung himself clear, Jack Marlin and the lad were safely landed on *terra firma*.

ACQUISITION OF LANGUAGE.

A lady in this city was called to the door, the other day, by the importunities of one of those fellows who go from house to house ostensibly to sell small articles of dry and fancy goods, but whom it is dangerous to leave unwatched.

"Eh! you speake de French, madame?" began he, on her approach.

"No," was the reply, "and I want no goods."

"Me no un'stan! got ver nice shoo streeng—buy of poor Frenchman," persisted the fellow.

The lady's reply was to open the door and point to the street, when the fellow, forgetting himself, burst out with, "you needn't be in such a hurry to get a feller into the street; guess 'twont do no harm for ye to look at these goods, marm." Seeing the look of astonishment with which his sudden transition from broken English to unadulterated Yankee was received, the mistake flashed upon him, and he disappeared with great celerity around the first corner.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

While sitting in the Academy of Music the other night, witnessing the graceful gyrations of the French *danseuses*, we were amused at a little scene that transpired near us. A lady and gentleman seemed to be enjoying a pleasant chat, when, all at once, the lovely daughter of Eve inquired, "Who is that with Kate —, in the proscenium box?" and, before giving her adoring friend time to answer, she added: "If I couldn't scare up a better looking man, I'd go without one!" "Why," exclaimed the gentleman, at the same time looking rather red in the face, "that's my brother!" "O, is it?" laughingly rejoined the lady, "well, one of my brothers isn't half as good looking!"—*Phila. paper*.

THE EYE

Takes in at once the landscape of the world
At a small inlet which a grain might close,
And half creates the wondrous world we see.—*Young*.

[ORIGINAL.]

APART.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

'Tis best remain, as now, thus far apart—
The leaves of life's frail book are open yet;
Each turning would but cause some painful start,
Some truth reveal we never could forget.

True 'tis, that, opening at the first fresh page,
A ray of gladness there will greet the eye;
A passage tainted not by grief or rage—
A summer's lake reflecting summer's sky.

But lifting slowly over leaf by leaf,
Cloud on cloud seems gathering above;
Changeful is the heart, and grief on grief
Obscures the light that heaven lent to love:

And in the latest record lives a shame,
From which our eyes averted fain would be;
The deep-stained mark that tells of sullied fame,
Which broke the silver cord 'twixt thee and me.

Ah, yes! 'tis best, as now, thus far apart—
The leaves of life's frail book are open yet;
Each turning would but cause some painful start,
Some truth reveal we never could forget.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SAILOR BOY'S REVENGE.

BY CAPTAIN F. ALCORN.

"CONFOUND the whelp! I'll kill him yet—
see if I don't!"

I started, amazed, and glancing towards the speaker, recognized Captain Hunt, our commander. Beside him stood the mate, and as my gaze rested on the pair, the latter opened his lips in evident expostulation.

"'Tis useless, I tell you, Mr. Dennis! That boy is an unmitigated pest, and I can bear it no longer. I've borne and forborne, until forbearance has become a crime—and now, if I live, I'll punish him!" And the irritated skipper turned abruptly on his heel and strode aft, leaving his subordinate to mutter, loud enough to be heard by me, as he passed on his way forward:

"Punish him!—as if his life was not already embittered by punishment. Ah! Poor boy! From my soul I pity, though unable to protect you!" And passing down the poop-ladder, he was lost to view on the main-deck, whither I followed him, as soon as I had completed my task on the quarter-deck.

We were outward-bound, and from port that day, on the morning of which I and my mess-mates—twenty-eight in number—had joined the ship, anticipating a pleasant voyage from the fact that her master bore a reputation for nautical

skill, humanity, and certain other characteristics of a true man and gentleman.

My amazement at this speedy ebullition of wrath was therefore quite natural; and entertaining some doubt concerning his right to the reputation awarded him, I sought the main-deck, where my attention was speedily attracted to the mate, who was addressing one of the ship's boys in a very earnest tone, while the youth seemed half inclined to cry, as if writhing beneath the sting of some well-merited reproach.

"There, now!—no blubbing, Edwin! Be off to the fore-castle, and take the dog-watch lookout! Don't leave it till eight bells—remember!"

"No, sir." And turning sadly away, the lad proceeded slowly to his assigned station, to which I soon found an errand, eager to glean some information regarding our officers from one who had evidently but little reason to cherish favorable prejudices as regarded at least one of their number.

"Well, boy—learning to look out for breakers?" I demanded, as, bounding from the windlass, I landed at his side, on the topgallant fore-castle.

"Yes—trying to," was the brief rejoinder.

"Is this your first voyage?"

"No."

"How many have you made?"

"Two."

"In this ship?"

"Yes."

"Under Captain Hunt?"

"No. He only joined last voyage."

"What kind of fellow is he?"

"I don't understand you."

"Aint he kind o' cross?"

"O, sometimes—but you can soon form an opinion of him for yourself."

"Humph! My opinion is more than half formed already. I calculate there's a little o' the horse about that skipper. Aint I right?"

"I can't say."

"You must be a greeny, then. What! sail with a man, and not know him—"

"I might sail with Captain Hunt a lifetime, and not know him at its close. So my opinion of him can be of little value."

I regarded the lad with deeper interest. So cautious, yet so evidently well informed regarding the object of my queries, I could not but admire the tact with which he avoided a direct answer, and after a brief pause, resumed:

"Was it you he was threatening to kill, just now, when I was aft laying up the spanker-gear?"

The boy started, gazed wistfully in my face a moment, and then replied sadly :

"Perhaps. I think, sometimes, he don't like me very well. He seldom speaks to me, and never so kindly or so gently as to others ; but then I'm only a boy, you know."

"No reason why you should be treated harshly," I murmured, indistinctly—resuming aloud, on perceiving the boy's questioning regard : "But rather an odd kind of boy, I take it."

"Why?"

"Why, you're a regular 'know nothing.' I guess your creed is to speak evil of no one."

The lad looked up, and meeting my earnest gaze, smiled sadly as he replied :

"Not my creed, messmate. Only a mother's advice, which I have striven to follow."

"And a precept worthy to be treasured in your heart's core, as well as practised, my lad," said I earnestly, as, assured by his glance that I had won his confidence, I laid my hand on his shoulder—adding : "She who taught you that, taught you also that when smitten on one cheek, you should turn the other?"

The lad bowed his head in a mute affirmative ; and feeling that I had touched a tender chord, I remained silent for some time, my thoughts wandering back to the days of my childhood, when, at my mother's knee, I had been taught the same precepts and strictly enjoined to make them my guide through early life.

The silence was at length broken by the youth, who said :

"You heard the captain threaten. Did he say why he was angry?"

"No. Do you know of no reason?"

"No. I have striven, O so hard to please, or win one kind word or smile from him ! But he hates me—why, I cannot tell."

"Are you certain you have not offended him to-day?"

"Not intentionally, I am sure. Mr. Dennis told me he was angry about something, and sent me here to keep out of his way. He thought the captain intended to flog me."

"And so did I, judging by his manner. But if you strive to please him, let him flog ! Practise those precepts taught you by your mother, and you may count on one friend, at least, while I sling my hammock on board."

"Thank you ! I shall endeavor to prove worthy of your friendship," responded the youth, earnestly ; and clasping my hand fervently on that spot, was ratified a treaty of friendship between the boy and man.

Being called to supper a moment later, I saw

no more of my young messmate until we met at the main-capstan, where the watches were to be chosen. He was standing in the wake of the lee-main rigging when I went aft, in obedience to the summons, and I noticed his head bowed low on his breast, concealing his features, while Captain Hunt stood leaning on the capstan, intently and sternly regarding him. The mate's countenance wore a sad expression, in the gleam of the signal-lantern, and from the furtive glance which ever and anon he cast towards the youth, I apprehended the fulfilment of the captain's threat.

We were soon ranged in line, when the choice of watches began, progressed, and was closed by the mate calling, as his last man, "Edwin Bray."

"No, sir—you can't have him !" exclaimed the captain, hastily—whereupon his subordinate demanded :

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I wish him to be in my watch, this voyage. You had him last voyage, and have made a perfect fool of him."

"Sir?"

"I repeat, you have spoiled him. He takes his trick in my watch henceforth, when I shall take particular care that he does not shirk his duty. Over to starboard, you young whelp—I'll take care of you!"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Hunt, but that boy belongs to my watch, and has been under my care ever since he joined the ship. Under those circumstances, I question your right to remove him ; and under any, your right to deprive me of my choice of men."

"There are three—choose from them!"

"Thank you, I would still be deprived."

"You can't have him—so there's an end of it!"

"Very well, sir—I must bow submissive to the authority vested in you!" And with a slight inclination of the head, the mate turned away and was moving towards the cabin, when his superior called out :

"Here—where are you going ? Choose your man!"

"No, sir. If you please, I prefer not to do so!" And he kept on.

"Mr. Dennis!"

The mate paused on the threshold, responding—"Sir?"

"Choose your man, sir ! I command you."

"Permit me to observe, Captain Hunt, that you carry your authority to an extreme. I cannot choose, sir ! You deprive me of my choice."

"Then you will not choose?"

"I cannot, sir."

"I'll choose for you, then!"

"You're at liberty to do so, sir!" And turning on his heel, the mate passed into the cabin, where he remained till summoned to take charge of the deck at eight bells.

As may be supposed, the event of the evening afforded food for discussion in both watches, that night, and its innocent cause found himself an object of much deeper interest to his hardy ship-mates than he had anticipated—an interest he had no cause to regret, since it led to an early discovery of his intrinsic worth, which soon secured him the esteem and friendship of the majority.

Seamen are proverbially the champions of the oppressed; and such—to such extent as they dared—the majority of our crew proved themselves. Yet they could do but little towards shielding the youth from the tyranny of his superior, who, though to all others gentle, was to him a most severe and exacting task-master.

While under Captain Hunt's personal supervision, poor Edwin had but few leisure moments, and all his untiring efforts to please were rewarded with sarcastic reproaches; but when, for some fancied dereliction of duty, the former essayed to punish him by detaining him on deck double-watches, his scheme was generally rendered abortive by our watch, or our officer—the former rendering his task light by performing the labor, if the latter failed to send him below, which he usually did as soon as his superior retired.

The course on the part of Mr. Dennis resulted in serious altercation with his superior, in which he acted only on the defensive, affording the latter no ground for charge of insubordination, which he several times threatened to bring.

But this sympathy for his victim only enhanced Captain Hunt's incomprehensible displeasure, until, from sneers and cutting taunts, he proceeded to blows, and poor Edwin was to feel, to its full extent, the hopeless misery in too many instances attached to the humble position of "boy-before-the-mast."

"O, dear! I wish the voyage was over, Frank!" said he, as I relieved him on the lookout at eight bells, one dark, stormy night, when off Cape St. Marys, Madagascar. "I wish this voyage was over—I'd try some other trade. I love the sea, but I can't learn to be a sailor!"

"Nonsense, Edwin! Keep a stiff upper lip, boy, and you'll be rated captain before you know it."

A mournful negative was his only response, while I continued:

"You aint bound to sail under old Hunt all your life. Let the old ship slide, as soon as her anchor's down in Batavia harbor. You needn't go alone, either, for I know two or three, besides myself, who will bear you company."

"The deuce you do! I'll trouble you for their names," growled the skipper at my elbow, grasping me roughly as he spoke.

"Hands off, Captain Hunt! What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, endeavoring to shake off his grasp.

"To teach you your duty, my man! Conspiring against my authority—were you? Ho, ho—we'll see! Mr. Dennis, let's have two brace of darbies here!"

And pinioning my arms tightly, he held me, despite my struggles, until the mate appeared with the handcuffs, when, for the first time in my life, my wrists were invested with a pair of steel bracelets.

"And you, you young wolf's whelp! Take that, you mutinous dog!" And striking Edwin a violent blow on the cheek, he collared him, and dragging him from the fore-castle, led him aft, whither I followed, handcuffed as I was.

Mr. Dennis made one attempt to interfere in behalf of his favorite, but was repulsed with so much violence, that dreading the result of the captain's rage, he requested permission to handcuff the former, as the most effectual method of effecting his rescue.

"Not till I've done with him!" hissed the captain, through his clenched teeth. "Not till I've done with him—and you dare to interfere again, at your peril! Strip, you young scoundrel!"

One moment the youth hesitated; but the furtive glance bestowed on the stern visage of his tyrant, assured him supplication would be unavailing, and without a murmur, he obeyed.

"Call all hands, Mr. Dennis!"

But Mr. Dennis had fled from the scene, taking refuge in the wheel-house, where the order failed to reach him; when, perceiving his absence, the captain repeated the order to one of the watch who were clustered in the vicinity, adding, in a louder tone:

"Let's have a signal-lantern, steward—a large one, and well trimmed, that all may witness the punishment I inflict for mutiny!"

He was obeyed, when a scene ensued which beggars description. With his own hand he bound the boy, by the thumbs, to the sheer-pole of the weather-main-rigging, and taking the end of the hawser-laid main-sheet, began to rain the blows, thick and heavy, on the shoulders of his unfortunate victim, continuing the chastisement

until his strength was spent, and the boy had become unconscious of his cruelty.

"Fainted, has he?" grinned the demon, elevating the lantern and peering into Edwin's deathlike countenance. "O ho! I'll revive him." And losing all sense of the dignity of his station, he bounced into the pantry, from which he returned in a few moments, bearing a basin, which he filled with salt water from the lee-scuppers, and returning, dashed its contents over the lacerated back and shoulders of the boy.

"Shame! shame!" exclaimed more than one spectator of the scene, and more than one hand was raised to avenge the deed, when the tortured youth, with a gasp and deep groan—the first sound wrung from his lips—betrayed his consciousness of this new infliction.

Cuning him down, Captain Hunt resigned him to the second mate, ordering him to convey us both to the run, which order the officer hastened to obey, when having seen us safely stowed below, he demanded if I required anything.

"Yes—some water for Edwin," was my reply.

"I'll send him something better, as soon as I have a chance, poor fellow!" rejoined the kind-hearted officer. And backing out of our narrow prison, he left us to ourselves.

"O, I'll have revenge for this, Frank!" groaned the boy, as soon as we were alone. "The most horrible flights of my fancy never pictured treatment like this, but I'll be revenged!"

"Nay, Edwin! You have borne much; but do not give way to temper, nor cherish dreams of vengeance. The law will redress your wrongs; whereas, if you assume the task, you will only become its victim."

"The law!" But from some cause he became silent, nor did he speak again until the steward appeared, bearing some delicacies from the pantry, and the captain's orders that I should return to the deck.

I obeyed, when he saluted me with—

"Well, my man, are you sorry for the part you played to-night?"

"Ay, sir—that I am!"

But failing to catch the true import of my reply, he turned to the mate and said:

"Off with his irons, Mr. Dennis! Let him return to his duty. And hark ye, sirrah! Don't let me catch you attempting a second conspiracy, or you'll fare worse than your confederate did this evening."

A warning pressure of the mate's hand alone prevented the outburst of withering scorn which swelled my bosom, and trembled on my tongue; while the prevailing obscurity fortunately veiled that which my countenance had else betrayed.

"You can go now; but be wary in future."

And I did go; but not, as he supposed, to my duty. No, no! I was all too deeply interested in his victim, to seek rest; and seizing upon the first opportunity, I made my way to the run, where I remained until our watch was relieved, when, deeming it unsafe to remain longer, I hastened to seek my berth.

Edwin was released from confinement at noon of the succeeding day—and then only when symptoms of fever became so clearly apparent, as to alarm his tyrant for the result. Weeks elapsed ere the boy left his hammock, and even then he was unfit for duty; but he received no favors—a fact which awakened the deepest resentment of the crew, who bound themselves, by a solemn promise, to desert the ship as soon as her anchor kissed the mud in Batavia harbor.

But that promise was destined to non-fulfilment. We had almost run our latitude up, and were edging off to the eastward for our destination, when an adverse gale set in and drove us several degrees to the southward. It was still blowing heavy, when Captain Hunt, chagrined by the event, resolved to drive her to the northward under a heavy press of sail, which he persisted in adding to, in defiance of all unfavorable prognostics, until noon of the second day, when a black squall struck the ship and hove her on her beam-ends. All attempts to right her proving vain, we cut away the masts, when finding that she continued to settle, we prepared to launch the boats.

All subordination was at an end. Every man asserted his sovereignty by acting for himself, although in concert with his fellows, and the result was soon apparent in our progress towards the desired end.

We had the boats supplied with an ample supply of provisions and water, and were about to launch them, when Captain Hunt made a last effort to enforce his commands, displaying a rather formidable array of arms about his person. But the attempt elicited only the taunts of the majority, one of whom responded to his reiterated order to "leave those boats, I say!" with:

"Shoot away, captain! But I'd advise ye to shoot us all at once, as some of the survivors may take a fancy to pay you off in your own coin."

At that instant our boat struck the water, and our watch leaped in, shoving her clear as the report of one of the captain's pistols announced the crisis.

"O ho! That's your game—is it? And here's to baulk it, my bouncing skipper!" And

the speaker hurled an iron belaying-pin, which he had snatched from the rail, at the captain's head, with which it came in contact, when the latter fell a senseless heap against the skylight.

A moment later the other boat was afloat, and her crew embarking, when the captain's antagonist having seen the last one safe, sprung on the quarter-davit, and grasping the fall, shouted, as he swung himself lightly into the boat :

"Good-by, skipper—and a pleasant passage to the bottom of old Davy's locker to ye!"

"You aint a-going to leave *him*, Sam?" demanded Edwin, bounding from his seat in the bow.

"Leavé him? To be sure I am! He'd left some of us, if his aim had only been truer."

"No, for heaven's sake don't leavé him!"

"What! you beg for favors for such a scoundrel?—for the man who almost cut your heart out? What next, I wonder? But I will leave him! Let him starve or drown, for what I care. Sam Winthrop don't trouble himself to save such cattle as he. Give way, my lads!"

"Then you leave me too!" And leaping from the boat, the young hero was nobly breasting the billows, on his return to the sinking ship, ere a soul of his messmates divined his intention.

"That boy's mad. Come back, Ed!"

But the youth's only response was to grasp the wreck and haul himself nearer the ship, which he gained only by superhuman exertion.

"Come, Edwin—don't be a fool! She'll go down before you are aware!" shouted the mate, from the stern sheets of our boat, which we held stationary at a short distance. "Jump, my lad! You must jump!"

"Never, Mr. Dennis! When she goes down, I go down with her!" And waving his hand in adieu, he turned to clamber up her inclined deck, to the spot where his tyrant lay a senseless heap.

"Give way, my lads!" said the mate, hastily, adding, as an expression of deep determination settled on his countenance: "Captain Hunt might drown a dozen times, ere I'd peril a hair of my head in his behalf. But that boy *must* be saved!"

We needed no second order, when, as the fourth stroke of the oars laid the boat alongside the sinking ship, the mate bounded from the stern sheets, and alighting on the vessel's rail, grasped the skylight as she rolled over to an even keel, and prelude to her descent.

"Back, Edwin! Lend a hand to place him in the boat, since you think so much of him!"

And half bearing, half dragging the unconscious skipper, the mate regained the rails, over which he was about to raise the body, with Ed-

win's aid, when a huge billow hove the ship and boat some ten or a dozen yards asunder.

Alarmed for their safety, we again shipped our oars, but too late; ere they dipped a second time, a second wave hove the ship stern up, when she plunged bows under, and keeling heavily to starboard, went down.

"Jump, Edwin—jump, boy!" shouted the mate, as he leaped clear of the sinking ship, with Captain Hunt in his arms; and at the last moment the youth obeyed him, disappearing beneath the surface as the ship settled from view.

Despite our utmost exertion, we were dragged into the vortex, narrowly escaping being swamped, and were still in danger from the whirling eddies which boiled around us, when the mate rose to the surface alone. Being quite near, he grasped an extended oar, demanding "where's Edwin?" as soon as he could articulate. But ere any could reply in answer, our hero made his appearance at a short distance, and a moment later the captain's head became visible in his immediate vicinity.

In less than two minutes, all three were safe in the boat, when we turned her prow from the scene, and commenced our dreary voyage in search of land or succor.

But the voyage was destined to be a short one. Ere any of the rescued trio had sufficiently recovered to enter into explanations, a large ship hove in sight, and in her cabin Captain Hunt learned from the mate's lips the particulars of his rescue. Need we add he was grateful to his preserver? Should our readers desire evidence of the fact, we beg leave to refer them to the well-known firm of Hunt, ^{of} Bray & Co., Baltimore, where, if the junior partner hesitates to trumpet his own fame, you will find the senior ever ready, and not only willing, but delighted to entertain his friend with the oft-told story of *THE SAILOR BOY'S REVENGE*.

"IS THAT ALSO THINE?"

A beautiful reply is recorded of a Dalecarlian peasant, whose master was displaying to him the grandeur of his estates. Farms, houses and forests were pointed out in succession on every hand, as the property of the rich proprietor, who summed up finally by saying: "In short, all that you see in every direction, belongs to me." The poor man looked thoughtfully for a moment, then pointing up to heaven, solemnly replied,—
"And is *that* also thine?"

WORTH.

O, how much more doth beautyauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer it we deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY MRS. C. PARK.

It is said that when engineers are about to bridge a stream, they first throw across a single cord, and then other strands are added, till a plank can be laid on which they can cross to the opposite shore. So our sorrows may be but the cords forming a bridge for us from earth to heaven.

One cord across the stream—
The stream that doth divide
The earthly from the heavenly shore,
Where we would all abide.

A foot is on the cord—
A little dimpled foot,
That falters not, but presses on
To meet the blessed Lord.

Unheeded rush the waters by—
She looketh not below,
Upward is cast her sweet blue eye,
To the home where she would go

Her golden hair reflects the rays
Of the eternal Sun,
And the halo round her blinds our gaze
As thus she journeys on.

We call her back, but loving words
Meet not her listening ear,
There's other music nearer now—
That of the heavenly sphere.

Another cord so firmly twined—
Another darling one,
Crossed o'er with sweet good-by to all—
The loved ones left alone.

And one by one the cords are twined,
Till all our treasures sweet
Have walked across the narrow bridge
With firm and willing feet.

And on the other shore they stand,
Methinks I see them all,
With each a golden cord in hand,
And thus I hear them call.

Come to us father—mother dear,
Earth's wayside is but rough,
We've twined the cords—pass without fear,
The bridge is firm enough.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WOOD-CARVER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

It was a warm summer afternoon and Henry Ellis and his sister sat talking together by an open window in Henry Street, Brooklyn. Henry Ellis was a teacher of music in one of our southern cities, and was now spending his vacation with his sister.

"So, Henry," said Annie, laughingly, "you are willing to tell me by word of mouth what you

so persistently have written, namely, that you have not lost your heart to any of your dark-eyed pupils?"

"On my honor, no, Annie; I see every day beautiful, pleasant girls, but it must be that the right one has not come along, for I am perfectly heart whole. That is the honest truth. I have seen none who can compare with you, my dear sister, and I shall assuredly wait until I do."

"Gross flattery!" exclaimed Annie, gleefully, and she looked fondly at her brother.

Robert Ellis, father of the two young people present, died when Annie, who is six years younger than her brother, was but a few years old. Three years passed, and the mother rejoined her husband in that better world, leaving the two children to the care of her only brother and his wife, Mr. Edward Morris. Mr. Morris and his wife faithfully supplied the loss of parents to Henry and Annie. At the time my story opens Annie was just twenty and Henry twenty-six. The relations with whom they made it their home being far from rich, both Annie and Henry made the best use of their talents. Both were gifted with rare musical talents. Henry taught music in a seminary in the South, and Annie taught it in Brooklyn. She also sung at one of the churches, and gave lessons in drawing and painting twice a week to a small, select class of pupils.

After a moment's pause, Annie said, musingly:

"Do you know, Henry, I have come to the conclusion that in some respects I am a very selfish person?"

"I am sure I did not, sis. What put that notion into your busy head?"

"You need not laugh, Hen., for it is the honest truth. I know we cannot always live for each other as we have done, and—"

"Well, I should think not," said Henry, interrupting her; "since during my absence you have managed to appropriate to yourself one of the best fellows that ever lived."

"That's just it, brother mine. I have made my choice, but for all that, I don't want you to make yours. I dread it. Now isn't that a piece of pure selfishness?"

"Not exactly. It's rather flattering to me, if it is selfishness."

"Real dog in the manger feeding. But joking aside, dear Hen. How is it, that situated as you have been, you have managed to keep your heart all your own nearly three years? Young, handsome, fascinating and intelligent, I don't see how it has happened that if you did not fall in love with some of your pupils, they did not fall in love with you?"

"Perhaps, dear Annie, like Ralph Cranfield, in Hawthorne's *Threefold Destiny*, it is decreed that I shall find my mate nearer home. But, Annie, dear, I am a very different person here to what I am among my pupils. I'll show you."

So saying, Henry Ellis rose and bowed a stiff, formal bow, and said in precise, hard tones:

"Good afternoon, Miss Ellis. Did your last lesson prove as difficult as you feared? The next I hope will be more interesting if not more difficult."

Annie screamed with laughter and sprang from her chair.

"Off with your hundred old manners! I should be verily frightened out of my wits, if you were my teacher, and such a frigid specimen of humanity."

"I thought you pronounced me but a few minutes ago as fascinating, etc.?"

"I said my brother Henry Ellis was so; but that term does not apply to Henry Ellis, Esq., music teacher in Mr. Bocara's seminary."

"Well, Annie, now go and sing for me, something pretty. Among all my pupils I have but two, who have voices anything to be compared with yours."

"If you were afraid I should make you vain, I have the same fear of yourself. What shall I sing to you?"

"Anything you please, so be it is a fair specimen of your improvement. I feel lazy—feel like leaning back in this comfortable chair, and listening to your voice."

Annie went to the piano and commenced a very difficult aria. She sang well and with great expression. She had scarcely finished when her brother spoke.

"Annie!"

"Well."

"Come here a minute."

"What's the trouble now?"

"I want you to tell me who is at the opposite window—window of the house where the Marshes used to live?"

"Where they live now, and will continue to do so till you and I are gray," said Annie, good-naturedly coming across the room and taking her station behind her brother's chair, where shrouded by the lace curtains she could see without being seen.

"It was such a sweet face—but it is gone now. I wish it would re-appear."

"Wait, and like a magician I will summon it. I know the charm which will bring it to sight."

So saying, Annie began to sing. At first the curtain at the opposite window moved, then, as the rich, sweet tones of the singer floated across

the street, it was gently thrust to one side, and a wan, but fair, sweet face appeared, the head slightly bent in a listening attitude, and the very soul looking out from the large, blue eyes. Annie still carrying the air, sang on though the words were changed.

"See, brother mine, the charm works well—behold the face, the angel face appears. Look at the eyes, such deep blue, and the wavy, golden hair—the lovely mouth—the parted lips—all, all is fair. When you have looked your fill, the charm shall stop, and I to you a wondrous tale will tell, will tell."

So sang Annie in her brother's ear. But the cessation of the song was not needed to cause the disappearance of that lovely face. Another face, that of an older woman appeared, and with a rude motion, almost a push, the girl was removed from her place, and the curtain slowly drooped across the window.

"What an old hag Mrs. Marsh looked like. I declare she is a perfect Shrulte."

"You are not far from the right there."

"I used to think her quite a notable sort of a woman, Annie."

"And I used to think her a tolerable termagant."

"Who is the girl she treated so rudely—a relation?"

"A little drudge she has hired lately."

"A servant!"

"Even so. A miserable life the poor child leads with those two quarrelsome old people. I often hear both Mrs. Marsh and her husband scolding her roundly, and from her face I don't believe she deserves it at all. From my painting room in the attic, I can look directly into the dreary place occupied by the poor child, and have seen her shed many tears."

"Poor thing! Can nothing be done to alleviate her sufferings, Annie?" questioned Henry, gravely.

"I have often wished to liberate her from such thralldom, but have been unable to hit on any available plan for doing so. I have often been tempted to rush across the street and bear her off from before the very eyes of Madame Marsh, old dragon that she is! She—but there goes Mr. and Mrs. Marsh to attend some tea fight, or something of the sort, and you may learn by your own senses what I was about to tell you. Come up into my studio and you will hear and see."

"Wont staying here do as well?"

"No, Mr. Laziness, so come along."

Up stairs the brother and sister went. When they were at last in the attic room, where stood a

couple of easels, some canvasses, and which smelt strongly of oil paint, Annie motioned her brother to come to the window. As Henry obeyed his sister's signal, a gush of melody filled the air. Looking across the street, Henry saw in the opposite attic, the face which had so charmed his fancy. Sitting in a low chair by the window, with a narrow sunbeam just tinging her golden hair, and her dark, blue eyes raised to heaven, was the little servant of the Marshes, and from her parted lips welled forth the exquisite melody. It was one of Annie's favorite arias that the little drudge was pouring forth, and though the voice gave evidence of want of culture, it was clear, sweet and flexible, and the expression was perfectly faultless.

"Himmel! Annie! what a voice!"

"I knew you would be charmed with it. I longed for you to hear it."

"Are the Marshes paying any attention to the cultivation of it?"

"Not they, indeed! On the contrary, they all but beat her, if they hear her singing; and it is only when she is alone in the house, that she dares sing even in her own room. It is a perfect shame to have such a voice go to waste, and I have thought anxiously of trying to get her away and have her taught singing. Hear that rich, clear A! She can go higher still."

Henry seemed lost in thought. At last he raised his head.

"I think I can help you, Annie. The Marshes are in all probability very penurious—they cannot pay her much. Suppose the child struck for higher wages—so high that they wouldn't pay—and then they would send her off! Suppose you trip over and find out what you can before the old dragon's return? It is perfectly terrible to think of such a voice as that left to waste."

"I'll do it." And suiting the action to the word, Annie, bonnetless and shawless, flew across the street and quite soon made her re-appearance, looking joyous and triumphant.

"Well, Annie!" said Henry, who was waiting very impatiently in the parlor.

"Let me get my breath and you shall hear all!" said Annie, sinking into a chair.

In a few seconds, she started up.

"Listen, now—it is better than we could have hoped for! She is a Swede—her name Amalia Svanberg—an orphan. Her mother died when she was very young, but her father only a few months ago and under very distressing circumstances. Mr. Svanberg was a wood-carver by trade, though educated far beyond his station. After the death of his wife, misfortune seemed to follow him; his fortunes grew worse and

worse every year, till at last he determined to leave his native land and come to this country, where he hoped to make a good living by carving furniture. Converting all his worldly goods—and they were few—into money, he started for this country with his daughter. When the voyage was half made, he sickened, died, and was buried in the ocean's depth. Here Amalia knew not a soul—so young, just eighteen, so handsome and completely penniless! Arrived in New York, she obtained cheap lodgings with an old lady, a friend of one of the sailors—a good soul, but poor. Fatigue and sorrow did their work, and three days after landing, she was stricken down with a fever. When she recovered, her money had all gone; and, unwilling to be a burden to the old woman who had sheltered her, she set out to obtain employment. She begged from house to house for work. One day—the second she had tried—she came to a house where Mrs. Marsh was visiting, and who engaged her at six shillings per week. She can embroider beautifully, besides designing her own patterns and carving a little on wood—which she learned to do on ship-board before her father died. She speaks English with quite a broad accent. She seemed quite frightened, when I told her to ask higher wages—that if she did, and the Marshes discarded her, I would take her. I told her that I was going to be married, and needed a seamstress constantly in the house, and would take her in in that capacity. You should have seen her pretty face brighten up."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Henry. "You are worth your weight in gold, Annie!"

And he seized her by the waist and whirled her round the room.

"Stop, Harry—stop! You'll tumble my hair and muss my collar!"

"A fig for that! Such a glorious voice!"

The next day, Amalia Svanberg was installed in a cozy little room adjoining that of Annie's, and busily engaged in some delicate piece of embroidery. From that day, the little Swede's life began to brighten. She proved to be intelligent and well educated, and before long she was raised from the position of seamstress to that of companion; and Annie gave her instructions in music, and received, in turn, lessons in Swedish. Very soon, in an incredibly short space of time, Annie could teach no more—the pupil excelled the master; and then she took lessons of a famous Italian, Signor Bertuccio. Under him, Amalia made rapid—almost unheard-of rapid—progress.

About a year after Amalia first entered Mr. Morris's house, the following conversation took

place between the two girls. Amalia had been sitting silent. Suddenly she raised her head.

"Annie, Signor Bertuccio says I am now qualified to sing in public, and urges me to do so."

"Why Annie, dear, I never dreamed of such a thing!" exclaimed Annie, impetuously.

"But I have. I am an orphan without any ties here, and my voice is my fortune. Ever since I became aware of the powers God had given me, I determined to use them. My life, until I came with you, dear Annie, had been one long scene of sorrow and privation. I seem to have another life pointed out to me. If my father and mother had lived, I might have been called to a domestic life; as it is, there are no such ties, and God bids me now go forth and use the talents he has given me, and not bury them. I told Signor Bertuccio that I would sing at his next concert."

"How could you, Amy?"

"I thought deeply about it, Annie. My life with you has been very pleasant—almost too pleasant, for it partially unfits me for what my duty demands of me. But this life cannot last, and I have decided what to do."

"Amy, dear, it is dreadful to appear in public. I feel as if it was throwing away part of your womanly dignity."

"Not so. Remember Jenny Lind. Although I cannot, like her, expect to be famous, yet I can, like her, keep my womanly dignity, purity and faith unspotted, unstained through life."

"I believe that, Amy; but I do not want you to enter a public life."

"Do not seek to turn me, Annie, for I think I have chosen rightly."

"Amy, does your heart lay in this choice? Do you willingly give up the pure happiness of the fireside, of our pleasant home, to go out into the world?"

An agonized look passed over Amalia Svanberg's beautiful face—a shadow of some great pain. But an instant it was there; but the keen eyes of Annie had noted it, and she had her own thoughts, though she said nothing, but waited for Amy to answer, which she did, after a moment's pause, in this wise:

"Annie, if you love me, do not question me any more, but help me to do what I firmly consider to be my duty. Good night."

So saying, she passed out of the room.

Annie remained for a few minutes absorbed in thought, then going to her writing-desk, hastily penned the following lines:

"DEAR HENRY,—For once you have not

dealt wholly frankly with me, but I have read your heart. I do not complain or blame. Amy has just left me. Before she went to her room, she informed me that she was to sing at Signor Bertuccio's next evening rehearsal or concert. I reasoned with her, tried to win her from her determination, but she is resolved upon it—thinks it is her duty. With her timid, retiring nature, I know she shrinks from such a life; yet she looks upon it as the right course, and once assured of that, she would do her duty if she went through fire or water. I cannot tell what to do. To you, brother, I look for aid. The concert is announced for next Tuesday. I am in sore trouble. Good night.

"Your loving sister, ANNIE.

"Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday evening, Dec. 10, 1857."

The hall was crowded to overflowing with a very select audience. It was a moderate-sized room, and seemed more like a private parlor than a concert-hall. The windows were draped with rich curtains, the floor covered with a soft carpet, and the walls decorated here and there with pictures. It was the night of the second concert given by Signor Bertuccio, who was deservedly a favorite, and, as usual, the audience—for the number of tickets issued were but few—were music-loving, appreciative people. Little Ernestine Laruc, a tiny, black-eyed girl, a little prodigy, had finished her startling fantasia on the piano, and silence reigned, broken only by the low hum of voices, when the door beside the platform opened, and Signor Bertuccio appeared, leading Amalia Svanberg.

Amalia was just twenty, tall, slender, graceful and beautiful, with deep, soul-lit blue eyes, and a wreath of golden hair. She was attired richly, yet simply, in white silk, trimmed with rich lace—her sole ornament a bunch of blush roses fastened on her breast. Annie Ellis, who sat in a far corner, almost hid from sight, saw by the fitting color in Amy's face how much she was agitated, and trembled for her. The prelude ended, Amy's voice swelled forth—at first rather tremulously, but as she went on, gaining confidence and power—till the audience listened almost breathlessly to its wondrous sweetness. The cavatina ended, Amalia was led from the platform, or stage, half-fainting. The enthusiastic plaudits sounded afar off, and as the door closed behind her, a sudden blackness came before her eyes.

"Some water—quick! Mademoiselle Svanberg has fainted," hurriedly spoke Signor Bertuccio.

A glass was held to her lips, and a voice, which did more good than the water, said:

"Mr. Morris's carriage waits."

With a sudden start, Amalia roused up and, with a sort of clinging, weary feeling, took the

arm that was offered her—took Henry Ellis's arm. He had almost to carry her, she was so weak. As soon as they were seated in the carriage, Annie and Amalia on one seat, and Henry opposite them, Amy spoke :

"Mr. Ellis, I did not know you had arrived—did not know, in fact, that you were expected."

"I was not expected—perhaps not even wished for. I got here just after the concert had begun—got here just in time to witness your great success. I suppose you are satisfied now."

"Of course." The words were spoken wearily.

"You would be unreasonable, if you were not, for it was a decided triumph."

No notice was taken of that remark. A long pause ensued. Annie leaned back in the carriage, pretending sleep, while the vehicle rolled on and soon reached Mr. Morris's house. The steps being let down, Annie sprang out unaided, leaving Henry to assist Amy. Perfectly silent, the two entered the house—Henry leading Amy to the foot of the stairs. Just as she was about to bid him good night and follow Annie, who was already out of sight, Henry said, in a deep, earnest tone: "Miss Svanberg, are you truly satisfied with the life you have chosen?"

"I have chosen."

The answer came in a low, quiet tone; but taking one step forward, Amy fainted. In a moment Annie, who had been leaning over the railing, was down stairs and helping Henry restore the silly girl to consciousness. When her senses returned, Annie ran away and left them.

The next day Annie, Henry and Amy were sitting together in the parlor. Annie spoke:

"Signor Bertuccio called to day, Amy, to inquire after your health. Hoped you would be able to sing at his next concert. Poor blinded man!—thinks you will do credit to the life you have chosen. Are you satisfied with the life before you?"

"Perfectly, Annie dear."

In vain did the public look for Amalia Svanberg's name in the advertisements of each concert. A few times they thought of it; then some other novelty attracted their attention, and she was forgotten, till one day there appeared in the New York Tribune the following notice:

"On Tuesday morning, February 10th, by the Rev. Thomas Cook, Miss Amalia Svanberg, of Stockholm, Sweden, to Henry Ellis, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y."

Her name was again revived, and her beauty and talents again talked of for a few days. Their interest again subsided, and all but her intimate friends forgot the existence of THE WOOD-CARVER'S DAUGHTER.

A FIJIAN EXECUTION.

Young men are deputed to inflict the appointed punishment, and are often messengers of death. Their movements are sudden and destructive, like a tropical squall. The protracted solemnity of public executions in civilized countries is here unknown. A man is often judged in his absence, and executed before he is aware that sentence has been passed against him. Sometimes a little form is observed, as in the case of the Vasu to Vuna. This man conspired against the life of Tuikilakila; but the plot was discovered, and the Vasu brought to meet death at Somosomo. His friends prepared him, according to the custom of Fiji, by folding a large new masi about his loins, and oiling and blacking his body as if for war. A necklace and a profusion of ornaments at his elbows and knees completed the attire. He was then placed standing, to be shot by a man suitably equipped. The shot failed, when the musket was exchanged for a club, which the executioner broke on the Vasu's head; but neither this blow, nor a second from a more ponderous weapon, succeeded in bringing the young man to the ground. The victim now ran towards the spot where the king sat, perhaps with the hope of reprieve; but was felled by a death-blow from the club of a powerful man standing near. The slain body was cooked and eaten. One of the baked thighs the king sent to his brother, who was principal in the plot, that he might "taste how sweet his accomplice was, and eat of the fruits of his doings." This is a fair sample of a Fijian public execution. Those who are doomed to die are never, so far as I know, bound in any way. A Fijian is implicitly submissive to the will of his chief. The executioner states his errand, to which the victim replies, "Whatever the king says, must be done."—*Fiji and the Fijians.*

AN ARTIST'S THIEF.

The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gottschakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture; crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago, a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise, he found the best sketches gone; and said so to the prince. "True enough," replied the latter; "my best sketches have been stolen out of it."

"Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?"

"O, yes—one of my messengers; he took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my album."

"But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?"

"O dear, no! the puppy showed such decidedly good taste in the selections he made, I could not think of having him arrested."—*French paper.*

A LIBRARY.

See tomes on tomes, of fancy and of power,
To cheer man's heaviest, warm his holiest hour.
Turn back the tide of ages to its head,
And hoard the wisdom of the honored dead.

SPRAQUE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LILY OF ROSLIN CASTLE.

BY DR. A. C. HURD.

I do not know why the very name of Roslin Castle stirs up within me a crowd of sensations both sad and sweet. Sad, like the sound of fine old music—the refrain of an air which we have heard in childhood—and sweet, because it was in our ear long before the bitterness of life began.

Roslin Castle overhangs the Esk. It is now only a dilapidated pile of fragments—a wreck of its former self—yet dear to Scottish hearts for all its tender and beautiful associations, and the romantic region in which it stands. By whom it was built, or why such a spot should have been selected for a fortress, is not known; but it is known that in the year 1100, William de St. Clair, the son of Waldernus, Comte de St. Clair, who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, obtained the lands of Roslin from Malcolm Canmore. It is not improbable that he was the founder of Roslin Castle, as the early barons lived at their fortresses.

In the fourteenth century, one of the lords of Roslin had a beautiful sister, who had lived a very lonely and isolated life since the death of her parents. Her extreme beauty, and the simplicity with which she had been reared, made the proud brother jealous lest some designing person of a lower rank than her own, might take advantage of both, to spirit her away from the castle; and, acting upon this, rather than upon any desire to treat her cruelly, he shut her up in the castle, with an old duenna-like woman called Elspeth Dirleton, and positively forbade the latter to allow her charge to cross the little one-arched bridge which was the sole mode of egress from the castle.

Indeed, the anxiety consequent upon the possession of so beautiful a relative, and the fear that she would disgrace herself by a connection beneath her rank, prevented all intercourse between Lord Roslin and the neighboring gentlemen, and limited his associates to a few of the older barons whose estates were nearest his own.

Among the guests not prohibited was the Baron Mackenzie—old, infirm and ugly—to whom Lord Roslin would willingly have given up the care of the young Isabella; and whose attentions, though deemed by himself irresistible, were received with a terrible shrinking by the lovely girl. Nothing could have been more unseemly than a marriage between the two; yet the Lord of Roslin could not see any reason why the blooming Isabella should resist one,

who, if not young nor handsome, was still wealthy and highborn.

Every visit which the pompous baron made to the castle, was the signal for a fit of indisposition on the part of Isabella. It was no counterfeit illness either, for such was her dread of him, that the announcement of his coming was but the commencement of a series of faintings too real to be disputed, and too lasting in their nature and effects to be agreeable.

Suddenly, however, these symptoms ceased in reality, although Elspeth was coaxed into keeping them up in appearance. She loved her young mistress too well to cross her; but had she resisted the Lord Roslin's wishes, he would have discharged her to make way for some one who would obey him. Towards him, therefore, Elspeth kept up a show of perfect sympathy with his choice of a husband for his sister.

"And how is the Lady Isabella to-day?" asked the baron, as he placed his ponderous frame upon the chair of state. "I trust her faintings are over by this time."

"I will call Elspeth, my lord baron," answered Roslin, "and ascertain from her the state of my sister's health." Elspeth was summoned and inquired of.

"Indeed, my lord, the walk round the garden was so fatiguing to my lady this morning, that I persuaded her to lie down. She will be up and lively again by the time supper is over, and will then come down."

"That is right, Elspeth; and hark ye," he continued, "see to it that she is bravely dressed, and that she does not look so pale as she did yesterday."

The last words were inaudible to all but the old woman herself, who understood that she was to try some artificial remedy for her charge's white face—a face, however, which had latterly begun to resume its former bloom, with as good reason for the change as for the former paleness. Elspeth went back to her young mistress whom she had left in her chamber, but the bird had flown. The couch where she had been lying, was tumbled and untidy, as if left in haste, and one silken slipper was still upon the floor. But Elspeth well knew that the pretty little room adjoining, which had once held a bed for herself, was cleared of all such furniture, and now displayed only a rare Turkish carpet about five feet square, and two low footstools of the young lady's own embroidery.

The door was partially opened, but so man- aged by a cord that it could be shut from within at the sound of an approaching footstep. One glance told the old woman that there were more

than one behind that vacillating screen; and her conscience told her that it was young Hector Craig, the old baron's forester, who, being a great favorite with his master, was always allowed to accompany him upon these occasions, leaving a subordinate to supply his place.

The youth, tired of attending upon the baron's infirmities, had one day ventured to leave him in the Lord Roslin's care, under pretence of looking at the chapel, of which he had heard so much, and received a very willing assent, as the baron was unusually well. On that day, Isabella had gone to the chapel, after struggling with her severe nervous headache in vain. The coolness of the chapel struck pleasantly upon her aching head, and she felt better. Wandering about, she had playfully entered an empty niche, from which she was just emerging, when Hector Craig came into the chapel. The dim light, her white dress, and the paleness which her malady always left upon her cheek, excited the superstitious imaginings of the young man. He believed that it was a spirit—the animated ghost of some saint who had inhabited the niche—until Isabella, perceiving the effect of her presence, called upon him to come near.

Blushing at his fears, he advanced, and never had the youth's eyes rested upon a sweeter vision. If no ghost, she could not be less than angel—while on her part, she was quite as much attracted by the handsome youth whose beaming eyes and noble brow were but the reflex of as lovely qualities within.

The baron was hunting one day, about twenty years before, and in the very depths of the forest, he discovered a beautiful child, apparently two or three years of age, lying asleep upon the grass. At a little distance, its young mother had thrown herself down, as he conjectured, to die. When they moved her, she had already passed the dead portal.

The baron, never niggardly nor unkind, took home the unconscious orphan and reared it as his own, but without giving it his name. The boy was called Hector Craig, from some whim of the baron's. When he was sixteen, he bestowed upon him the post of forester, more from a wish of giving him some authority in his household, than from any desire to require any service from him. Latterly, since the infirmities of age had begun to afflict him, he had kept him more about his own person.

The first interview with the Lady Isabella was not the last. Every visit of the baron was the prelude to a stolen half hour in the chapel, or subsequently, in Elspeth's dismantled room, now converted into a perfect bower of roses and su-

perb heaths; while the Lord of Roslin gave no thought to the fact that his sister was actually loving one beneath her.

This had been his constant dread; but when he thought of her doing so, his ideas only embraced the neighboring lairds, whom he considered his inferiors. That she could even speak to one of the baron's servants, as he considered Hector, was an enormity too great to be tolerated for an instant.

It was true that a few brief moments were all that Hector dared to stay; but the very scantiness of the time made it all the more sweet, and these stolen interviews being succeeded by Isabella's entrance into the grand hall, where she tried to greet the baron kindly, the youth consoled himself by repairing thither also. In short, the two young hearts had already become one and inseparable, and it only remained for some plausible scheme of maintenance for both to present itself, to take the requisite steps for a union.

Poor Elspeth, she could not go back now, although she dreaded her master's wrath, when the plot was discovered. Hector, too, felt sometimes that he was proving himself an ingrate to his benefactor, and Isabella had compunctious visitings about her brother; but the affection of the old nurse prevailed, and love, all powerful, invincible, ruled the younger hearts.

A soft, sweet evening had beguiled the young Lord of Roslin to a long ride. The same enchanting hour had brought the old baron to the castle, where in the twilight, he sat in the hall, and waited for Elspeth to announce his arrival to Isabella, and beg her to receive him; and Elspeth, in all the glory of a new kirtle, had bustled off to see if her young lady's head were better.

The day had been hot, the baron was fatigued. It was no wonder that, notwithstanding his great love for the lady of Roslin, he should fall asleep while waiting. The easy posture which he had assumed upon the long oaken settle with its leathern cushion nicely adjusted, was favorable to continued sleep. He awoke, however, about one hour afterward, and looked out of the window under which stood his temporary couch.

The twilight had given place to a glorious moonlight that lay silvering with dazzling brightness the bosom of the Esk. Upon that bosom was a trace of white foam that caught the moon's rays, as fleecy clouds catch the setting sunbeams, and appear more glorious than the pure blue of sky or sea; and in that track a single dark speck was dancing like a sea gull above the waters.

The old baron's perceptions did not take in the palpable fact that, having lain too long in the breezy night air, he had contracted a dreadful pain in his bald head, and with a long groan he called for Hector. Hector did not come; but the Lord of Roslin was thundering over the bridge with his swift charger, and soon appeared at the door of the castle.

There was no light save that of the moon; but the Lord of Roslin needed nothing to guide him to the apartment where he usually received the baron, but of whose presence there now he was unconscious. To Lord Roslin's surprise, the door of the apartment was barred, and to his cries for Elspeth, he only heard the response of the baron's deep-toned voice, in high wrath.

"Ah, is that you, baron? Nay, unlock the door. It is I. Is Isabella with you?"

"No!" roared his visitor, in a spasmodic effort to burst open the refractory door, which could not be made to yield on either side. The exasperated Lord of Roslin stamped his foot upon the oaken floor, and the missing key rang back to the pressure of his iron heel. He applied it to the rude lock that hung at the end of the iron bar, and found the baron as he had said, quite alone, and in an agony of pain as well as rage at the non-appearance of Hector.

The absence of Elspeth and Isabella was equally strange; but on the opposite bank of the Esk, where a boat was landing, the moon was looking down upon the sweetest face, framed in curls that glittered like golden threads upon a handsome brown cheek, glowing with joy and pride, and last, but not least, upon the matronly form of old Elspeth, quivering with the pent up fear of her master's indignation.

A fine looking man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, was standing on the bank when they landed. He heard Hector's voice, and saw his face. It seemed to waken in him some latent emotion, and he paused, as if about to speak, but seemed to change his mind. When they arrived at the inn, the same lordly looking man was there, surrounded by several servants, who seemed to listen to him with the greatest deference, as he gave them orders in a calm, quiet voice, speaking in English.

Hector's sole anxiety seemed to be to procure a private room for his companions, and the stranger instantly addressed a young man of superior appearance, and after a moment's conversation, he turned to Hector, and offered a room to his acceptance. Too glad to obtain one, Hector uttered a hasty expression of thanks, and turned to usher his charge into the one pointed out. Again the stranger started at the voice.

"It is the very tone of the Leighs," he said to the young man beside him. "You have not more the sound of the Leigh voice than this stranger."

"O, father," answered the English youth "do not prepare yourself for another disappointment. How many times since we began to journey, have you believed you have found my lost brother?"

"But this seems so real. Besides, he resembles you. I shall see more of him before I sleep."

And when Hector appeared again, after leaving Elspeth and Isabella, he drew him into the room opposite, and questioned him of his life. Hector answered frankly. He had no wish to conceal anything. He had longed too deeply for the unknown father who he sometimes believed would appear to claim him. And lo, here indeed was the unknown father!

Sir Henry Leigh, a young English baronet, had married a poor girl, but one who in all other things, was his equal. His family had treated her in a way that outraged all her sensibilities. On the birth of her second child, she became slightly deranged, and continued so for more than two years. Her husband banished her tormentors, and tried every means to soothe and restore her; but on returning from a short absence, he found that she had eluded the nurse, and had gone, no one knew whither, carrying her youngest boy.

Half distracted, the husband had searched in vain for years, without success. Only, as his son had said, he had met with disappointment; but this night he felt an intuitive perception of what proved to be the joyful truth.

It was a meeting worthy of the sympathy of the world. Hector explained his position, and placed the Lady Isabella under his new-found father's protection. They all set off for England the next day, and the first step on their arrival, was to summon Lord Roslin to Warwickshire to find his sister, who was with the aunt of Sir Henry Leigh. The latter sent the message, Hector choosing not to appear at present until all was explained.

Lord Roslin arrived in hot haste, but the dignity and respectability of the family in which his sister had found a refuge from the importunities of the baron, precluded any refusal to become connected with them. He staid to see his sister united formally to the Honorable Hector Leigh, and returned to comfort the crest fallen baron, who eventually solaced his wounded pride by obtaining the hand of a rich widowed baroness, much nearer his own age than THE LILY OF ROSLIN.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE RIBBON.

BY WILLIS E. PARON.

A ribbon, blue as April skies,
I cherish as a treasure;
For in it a sweet story lies,
On which I muse with pleasure.

For when the fields were white with snow,
And icy cold the weather,
No wintry weather we did know,
As, sitting close together,

I said to her, for sweet love's sake—
Since love was such a treasure:
"O, dear and darling, let me take
The wedding finger's measure!"

I called her pet names, dear and dove,
My life, my heart's sure idol,
And framed the sweetest terms of love,
And whispered of a bridal.

But all the while she whispered, "No!
Dear friends we could be ever;
But nearer ties we could not know—
No, never, never, never!"

But still I kept the ribbon blue,
The wedding finger's measure,
Hoping, as lovers often do,
One day to win the treasure.

And hope and earnest love at last
Were victors—words were spoken
That made us both forget the past,
In bliss as yet unbroken.

For then ere long at altar's base
One moment we did linger,
And ere we left the holy place,
Upon the wedding finger

I placed the symbol of the vow,
That time will only strengthen;
And dearer make than it is now,
And with life's season lengthen.

Love triumphed, for that love was true;
I won the wished-for treasure;
And so I keep the ribbon blue,
The wedding finger's measure,

In memory of that one hour
Bygone and fled forever;
In token of love's wondrous power,
That "ever" made from "never."

ILLUSION.—There is nothing so real in this world as illusion. All other things may desert a man, but this fair angel never leaves him. She holds a star a billion miles over a baby's head, and laughs to see him clawing and battling him self as he tries to reach it. She glides before the hoary sinner down the paths which lead to the inexorable gate, jingling the keys of heaven at her girdle.—*Lancaster.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WAGGISH CAPTAIN:

—OR,—

A STRANGE SAIL ON THE WEATHER BOW.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

"Take him all in all, we shall never look upon his like again."

CAPTAIN FRANCIS JOLLIMAN, at the date of the events chronicled in this narrative, was the commander of a "Liverpool liner"—a fine packet ship of fifteen hundred tons, running between New York and the "old country," and making all her passages in remarkably quick time, without accident or the loss of so much as a studding-sail boom. There were two causes for these uniformly successful trips—the first of which was the go-ahead disposition of the captain, which was still tempered down by prudence to the happy medium between reckless daring and too much timidity; the other was the kind treatment which the crew of the *Fleetwing* ever received from their superior, and which prompted them to make the interests of the ship their own, and perform their duty with a hearty good will.

Jolliman's name was descriptive of his disposition, for he was truly a *jolly man*, and his baptismal appellation—shortened into Frank by his familiar acquaintances—was no less emblematic than his surname, for it described a quality which he eminently possessed, viz., frankness. Of genuine honesty, kindly feeling towards his fellow-men, and jovial good humor, he had more than is found in one man of a thousand, and all who knew him respected and esteemed him.

He was a large, fine-looking man, six feet two inches in height, with corresponding breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, muscular limbs, and a large and still increasing development of the region encircled by the waistband, a full, round face, luxuriant beard, whiskers and moustache, and clear blue eyes, which, while they could awe the insubordinate into cheerful obedience, or pierce the hypocrite to the very soul, far more frequently beamed with humor, or twinkled with merriment. In short, he possessed the organization which is most favorable to mental superiority. Nature had been lavish of the raw material, when she made him, and there was nothing small or mean about him, either physically, mentally or morally.

His age was thirty-five, and he was the happy possessor of a pretty wife and two lovely children, who sometimes, though seldom, accompanied him on his voyages, living for the greater

part of the time in a charming little cottage on the banks of the Hudson, happy in the society of the husband and father while the *Fleetwing* was in the port of New York, and impatiently counting the days of his absence while she was ploughing the blue Atlantic.

If Captain Jolliman had a fault (as who of us has not?), it was an inveterate habit of practical joking; though his jokes were always harmless to their subject, and so good naturedly inflicted, that it was almost impossible for the victim himself to refrain from joining the laugh at his own expense. As a boy, he had been celebrated for his sly tricks of this kind at school; as a youth, he had enjoyed a high reputation for waggonery and practical joking; and his conduct as a man, holding the dignified position of commander, would seem to indicate that the ruling passion had "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength."

On shipboard, he had of course an excellent opportunity to gratify his love of fun; and the fear of being victimized by some of his droll arrangements, kept officers and crew almost constantly on the alert to fulfil their respective duties, for if any one attempted to shirk, or play the *soger*, he was very certain to be discovered in the act by Captain Jolliman, and "brought up with a found turn," to become the laughing-stock of the whole ship's company.

On one of the *Fleetwing's* passages from Liverpool, it chanced that she was manned with an entirely new set of hands, with the exception of two veteran salts, who had sailed with Jolliman ever since the handle of captain had been attached to his name. The *Fleetwing's* mate had been unexpectedly offered the command of an American ship, at Liverpool, and the second mate had gone with him in the capacity of chief mate. The other two officers had left the ship for another, merely to gratify the restless love of variety which characterizes Jack Tar, wherever he is; and the men who were shipped in their places were strangers to Captain Jolliman, and, of course, not aware of his joking propensities.

For the first few days of the homeward passage, no unusual event occurred to cause an excitement aboard, or otherwise relieve the monotony which is always more or less inseparable from sea life; but Captain Jolliman, according to his custom, had kept a weather eye upon his new mates and men, and found that they were none of them likely to become distinguished for extreme wakefulness, while having charge of the deck at night.

He said nothing, but, like Pat, "kipped up a deuce of a thinkin'," and revolved various plans

in his mind for bringing to pass a better state of things, and having a lark at the same time.

One pleasant night he crept softly on deck, in the middle watch, and, as he expected, found everybody asleep, except the two old sailors before mentioned, who chanced to be, one at the wheel and the other on the look-out.

"This is something new for the *Fleetwing*," said he to the helmsman, pointing to the mate, who was placidly slumbering on a hen-coop.

"Yes, sir. It's all hands to caulk now."

"I wonder if I can't rouse the watch without speaking a word."

"If you can't, sir, nobody can," replied the helmsman, delighted at the prospect of sport.

"Well, keep quiet, and we'll see what can be done."

So saying, the captain descended to the main deck, stopped quietly to the main life-rail, and let go the topgallant sheets; then springing to the starboard rail and performing the same operation upon the topsail halyards, he dodged into the forward cabin. The topsail yard, of course, came down by the run, and the rattling of the halyard blocks, the flapping of the topsail and topgallantsail, and the threshing of the slack ropes, made sufficient noise to wake the sleepers from their pleasant dreams, and bring them all, the mate included, immediately upon their feet.

The captain hastened through the cabin, and ascended the companion-way, appearing on deck just as the mate had succeeded in opening his eyes, and had discovered the cause of the noise.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bell?" asked the captain.

"The maintopsail halyards have parted, sir," promptly replied the mate. "I noticed yesterday that the fall had got badly chafed in the leading block, and intended to see to it directly."

"Perhaps it is so," replied the captain, "but I am so fully persuaded that you are mistaken, that I will agree to give you a dollar for every rope-yarn in the whole fall that you find chafed off."

The mate stared at the captain with surprise; but he could see nothing in that placid countenance which would indicate a desire to quiz him, and perplexed to know what the "old man" was driving at, he hastened to the topsail halyards, which, to his astonishment, he found in good condition from one end to the other.

"String out on the maintopsail halyards, men. Hoist the yard!" he exclaimed. And the men began to "swig" away at the rope.

The captain walked forward to the break of the poop, and stood calmly looking on during the operation.

"To gallant sheets haul home!" cried the mate, when the halyards had been made fast.

"Did you find the fall chafed off, Mr. Bell?" asked the captain.

"No, sir—I was mistaken; the belaying-pin was broken."

"What! an iron belaying-pin break like that?"

"No, sir," replied the mate, in some confusion. "You see the last time the yard was hoisted, they made the halyards fast to a wooden pin by mistake."

"Just let me look at that broken pin a moment, Mr. Bell."

For an instant, the mate was nonplussed; but again a ready lie sprang to his relief.

"I chucked it overboard, sir."

"Mr. Bell," exclaimed Captain Jolliman, laughing, in spite of himself, "you didn't tell me of all your accomplishments when you applied for a mate's berth in the Fleetwing."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"You didn't state that you were so skilled in the use of the 'long bow.'"

"Do you intend to call me a liar, in the presence of the crew, sir?" cried the mate, turning red as a boiled lobster. (The men who were standing round the mainmast had been laughing "consumedly" at this brief dialogue.)

"O no, sir—I don't say you lie, but if I had said just what you have, I should call it a slight exaggeration of the real facts. However, I guess the topsail halyards won't get 'chafed off' again at present—so we will drop the subject, if you please. Haul taut the weather main brace, sir; then get a pull on your sheets fore and aft." And the captain walked away.

Growing somewhat, in an undertone, the mate obeyed the captain's orders. The running gear on the mizzen having been tautened, the men commenced the same operation upon the sheets and halyards of the main, while one of the boys in the watch remained upon the poop to "lay up" the ropes.

The captain was slowly pacing the deck, when suddenly his eye fell upon the boy, and a luminous idea occurred to him.

"Joe," said he, "run down in the cabin and stay there till I call you. Keep out of sight, and ask no questions."

The boy silently obeyed, and the captain turned to the helmsman, saying:

"Now, Jack, you shall see some sport. I'll drive sleep so far from the lubbers' eyes, that they'll keep the rest of this watch, at least."

As he spoke, he seized a buoy—a painted float belonging to the quarter-boat, and sometimes

used in mooring her—and gave it a "sea toss" to leeward. It was painted with black and red stripes, and could easily be distinguished in the water, even in the obscurity of a moonless night.

"Buoy overboard!" shouted the captain, at the top of his voice, pronouncing the first word nearly as if it had been *boy*. "Hard down your helm! Brace aback the main yard. Lay aft here, some of you, and lower the quarter-boat," he continued.

"Boy overboard!" repeated the men in the waist, and "boy overboard!" was echoed from stem to stern; while in a moment all was bustle and confusion aboard—the startling announcement effectually exciting the sleepy crew to a state of activity, and entirely driving from the mind of the mate the transient feeling of vexation at the captain's sarcastic remarks.

"Bear a hand, men!" cried the captain, apparently in a high state of excitement. "Round in on your weather main brace—so belay! Topsail brace. Make fast all. Man the quarter-boat. Jump in, Mr. Bell, and pull directly astern. With a will, men, or we shall lose the buoy. There! lower away the boat. Let go your falls. Unhook the tackles. Pull, my hearties! Bend your oars. Hurra now—save the buoy, if it is a possible thing!"

And away went the boat, containing the mate and six men, in the direction which the captain had indicated.

"Poor Joe!" exclaimed one of the men who had been left behind, as he stood with his watch-mates at the lee rail, watching the quarter-boat as it alternately rose in sight upon the crest of a wave and disappeared in the trough of the sea. "Poor Joe! I'm afraid it's all day with him. His chance is mighty small, this dark night."

"I wonder how he fell overboard," said one.

"I don't know. The last time I saw him, he was layin' up the ropes on the poop."

"Poor feller—he's bound for Davy Jones's locker, sure enough!" exclaimed another.

"Silence on deck!" cried the captain.

The talking ceased, and every one strained his eyes to gaze after the fast receding boat which had become like a speck on the water. Suddenly a faint shout was heard from the boat's crew.

"They see the buoy!" exclaimed the captain.

A few minutes of silence followed, and then a clear, ringing cheer arose from the distant quarter-boat, followed by three times three rousing huzzas which, even at that distance, sounded more like shouts of merriment at some unexpected discovery, than the spontaneous expression of pleasure at rescuing a fellow being from a watery grave.

"Stand by to give them three cheers and a tiger, as they come alongside. They've got the buoy, without a doubt," exclaimed the captain. And the men crowded around the davits to greet the rescuers and the rescued.

In a few minutes the boat had nearly reached the ship, and the men had taken off their hats to have them ready for swinging in the air, when their comrades came alongside.

"Joe!" called the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the boy, springing up the companion way.

An audible expression of astonishment broke from the lips of the men, at this unexpected apparition.

"Silence!" cried the captain. "Look out for the boat and be sure to give her three rousing cheers before you run her up to the davits. You, Joe, stand in the mizzen rigging, and make a bow to Mr. Bell as the boat comes alongside."

"Ay, ay, sir." And the boy stationed himself in the mizzen chains.

He had heard everything which had been spoken on deck, and fully comprehended the trick which Captain Jolliman was playing. The men, too, by this time began to "smell a rat," and stood ready to do their share of the work when the time arrived for "the laugh to come in."

"Ship your oars. Fend off from the side," cried the mate. And in a moment more, the quarter-boat was directly under the davits.

"Have you got the buoy, Mr. Bell?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir, there's your buoy and be hanged to him!" replied the mate, tossing the float upon the ship's deck. "You sent me on a wild goose chase, and I suppose I shall have to acknowledge the corn. Hoist away the boat, you lubbers!" he cried, glancing fiercely at the men who were leaning over the quarter-rail convulsed with laughter.

Instead of obeying this order, they swung their hats in the air and gave vent to three times three thundering cheers, which made the welkin ring, while Joe, taking off his hat, made a succession of very low bows to the angry mate, who stood in the stern sheets of the boat, as furious as a dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail.

"What the deuce are you grinning at, you young monkey?" cried the officer, aiming a blow at the boy with the boat-hook.

"Joe is obeying my orders. Please to let him alone," quickly replied the captain.

"Hoist this boat, or I'll take the hide off of every mother's son of you!" roared the mate.

And amid perfect yells of laughter from the

men in the boat, as well as those aboard the ship, she was run up to the davits.

"I should like thundering well to know how that buoy got overboard," muttered the mate, as he stepped upon the poop.

"I can easily tell you," replied the captain, who had overheard this remark. "I threw it overboard."

"Well, what the deuce did you do it for?" demanded the mate, forgetting, in his anger, the respect which was due to the "old man."

"I sent it to look for that broken belaying-pin which you *chucked overboard*, Mr. Bell!"

At this reply, the men roared again; and the mate turned as many colors as a dying dolphin.

"Now, boys," continued the captain, "I have a few words to say to you which I wish you to remember. I want no caulkers aboard my ship. You came aboard to work the ship and perform your duty, not to go to sleep on the watch and leave the ship to take care of herself. You have watch and watch, and when you are compelled to work hard at night, there shall be no job given out the next day. As long as you do your duty faithfully, you shall be treated kindly; but if I ever again come on deck at night and find this watch asleep, I shall give you something to do more disagreeable than picking up a buoy. So remember. Now you may go forward."

Of course a due share of this harangue was intended for the officers of the watch, and they were not slow to understand it. The mate and his fellow-officer held a long consultation after the captain went below, and finally decided that the joke to which they had been subjected was too good to be offended at; that the "old man" had treated them better than they would have done, had they stood in his shoes; that his demand was perfectly reasonable; and lastly, that the men in the watch should never be suffered to caulk again, while *only one of the officers should go to sleep at a time*—the other remaining awake to give due notice of the captain's approach!

This arrangement was directly put in force, and for several nights following the accident to the buoy, the port watch were kept in a wakeful condition by divers "eye openers," such as "dry pulls" at the weather main brace, useless swigs at the fore and main tacks, *et id omne genus*; while the mate and third dickey alternately slumbered and watched, and thus completely deceived the old man, who took occasion to appear on deck every night when he was least expected, but never again caught the officers of the port watch napping; for the moment he opened his state-room door, the one whose turn it was to be on the alert would quietly arouse his

ellow, and by the time the captain had mounted the companion way ladder, both would be engaged in an animated conversation upon some point of seamanship, or whistling "Hail Columbia" over the weather rail.

"So far, good," quoth the captain to himself, when he had become satisfied that the port watch were cured of their caulking propensities. "Now it remains to give the star-bowlines a lesson, for I perceive that they have not yet profited by the example of their shipmates. Let me see—how shall I do it? I must get up a different and more extensive programme of performances for this occasion, for I am literally dying for a bit of fun." And the captain cogitated deeply.

The result of his deliberations seemed satisfactory, for with a merry twinkle in his eye, he stepped on deck and called for "Joe!"

Joe was busily engaged in one of the "fancy" branches of seamanship, namely, cleaning the brass-work about the quarter-deck, and he obeyed the summons with alacrity—hoping that he was about to receive an order to assist the steward (as had frequently happened), in which case he would probably find an opportunity to "scoff" (eat) an abundance of cabin dainties, and "hook" as many "manavels" as the capacity of his pockets would allow.

"Go down in my state-room, Joe," said the captain, "and take all the books from my shelves, and all the articles from the drawers, and arrange them in better order."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Joe, hastening into the cabin, somewhat disappointed at finding that his destination was not the pantry, but comforting himself with the reflection that there was plenty of wine and soft biscuit in the captain's closet handy.

In a few moments the captain followed Joe into the cabin, and entered his state-room just in time to find the boy standing upon a stool in front of the closet, with his head inserted between the upper shelf and the ceiling, and producing sandy mysterious sounds with his throat and organs of mastication.

"Whistle, Joe! Whistle, while you're at that closet," cried the captain.

Joe started, for he was just in the act of inserting the neck of a wine bottle between his lips, but, being caught in *flagrante delicto*, he was too shrewd to arouse the captain's anger by a denial of the fact, so he instantly replied:

"Yes, sir, I was just a-going to do so, but I found I should have to wet my whistle first."

"Joe," exclaimed the captain, laughing at the boy's impudence, "why is it that all sailor boys will steal?"

"I s'pose it's the natur' o' the beast," replied Joe, coolly.

"O, Joe, you're a depraved youth—but listen to me now: Never mind fixing the shelves now—I sent you here for another purpose. I'm going to get up a little fun with the starboard watch to-night, and I want you and Jack and Sam to help me. Now I will tell you my plan, and you must repeat it to Jack and Sam without letting anybody else hear you."

The captain then unfolded his scheme in all its details to the wide awake lad, who fully comprehended all that was said.

"Now," continued Jolliman, "can I trust you to get Jack and Sam posted and ready for the parts they are to play?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you going to tell them? Let me see how well you remember."

Joe repeated what the captain had said to him in nearly the same words, for he had an excellent memory.

"That's right—you're good for it," replied the captain. "Now go forward and set the ball in motion. Tell the men to be ready at five bells in the first watch, and come aft here without disturbing the watch on deck. Here—fill your pockets with these biscuits, if you wish to, and then away with you."

Joe crammed his pockets to the extent of their capacity, and then hastened forward, overflowing with delight at the prospect, not only of the promised sport, but of the "reward of merit," which he knew he should receive from Captain Jolliman if he served him faithfully. Jack and Sam were the two men before mentioned as having previously sailed with Jolliman, and Joe soon put them upon the *qui vive* to assist the old man in his funny project. In the meantime, Jolliman busied himself in constructing several articles which would be needed for the consummation of the scheme, and his assistants forward were no less active in getting themselves up for their own roles.

The star-bowlines kept the first watch on the night following the conversation between Captain Jolliman and Joe the sailor-boy, and at six bells, the whole number, with the exception of the helmsman, were wrapped in the soundest slumbers. The night was extremely dark, and the huge hull of the Fleetwing, as close-hauled to the wind and running ten knots an hour, she careened over the billows, seemed like a wedge to pierce the inky black space about her which was almost tangible.

Captain Jolliman was up and dressed and sat in his state-room as if in momentary expecta-

tion of a summons on deck. The helmsman was in great glee, muttering softly to himself and occasionally slapping his trousers pocket in which a hard silver was plainly perceptible to the sense of touch, and which dollar had just been presented him by the captain in consideration of a service which he had performed by keeping his eyes and ears closed to what had just transpired on the deck of the Fleetwing.

Suddenly the clear ringing report of a pistol, fired apparently from the mizzen topmast cross-tree, started and aroused the sleepers fore and aft; the next moment a hoarse voice which seemed to proceed from some vessel on the ship's weather bow, and at a very short distance from her was heard crying:

"Ship ahoy! What the deuce are you trying to do? Do you mean to run us down?"

The look-out man jumped up from his recumbent position, and glancing in the direction of the voice, beheld a faint light resembling the rays shed from the binnacle-lantern of a ship.

"Sail ho!" he cried, hastily. "A sail on the weather bow. Hard a port your helm!"

"Hard a starboard, you sleepy-head, or you'll cut us to the water-edge" yelled the mysterious voice again.

"Hard a lee!" shouted the second mate to the helmsman.

"Hard a weather!" bellowed the look-out.

"Well! Hard a helm, then," replied the officer, for he too observed the light on the weather bow. "Up with your helm!"

"Down with your helm! Are you drunk or crazy?" came in angry tones from the stranger, but this time from a different quarter. The light had momentarily disappeared, and now twinkled brightly on the lee bow.

"Ahoy, there!" cried the second mate, hailing the mysterious stranger.

"Ahoy, yourself!"

"Why don't you put your own helm up, and get out of the way?"

"Because we never turn aside for mortals!"

"Who are you?"

"Heave your ship to, and let us come aboard."

"Who are you?"

"Never mind that. Call your captain."

At this moment the captain sprang up the companion-way.

"What is all this uproar about?" he asked.

"There is a strange sail on the lee bow, no, on the weather bow, as I live," continued the officer, for again the light changed to windward.

"Well, what of it?"

"The skipper orders us to heave to, and let him come on board, sir."

"I will speak him myself." And the captain hastened forward.

During all this time, the helmsman, notwithstanding the conflicting orders he had received, had neither put his helm up or down, but had kept the ship to her course, and although she had been sailing at the rate of ten miles an hour, the distance between her and the strange light had not decreased by a single inch.

"Ship ahoy!" again hailed the captain.

"Hallo!" responded Jolliman.

"What ship is that, pray?"

"The Fleetwing, Jolliman, from Liverpool, and bound to New York."

"Are you the captain?"

"Ay, ay!"

"All right. Heave to, and let us come aboard."

"Who are you?"

"King Neptune and his prime-minister, Davy Jones. Heave to."

"Ay, ay, sir! Back the main yard!"

The captain spoke in a tremulous voice as if overwhelmed with fear, and the men caught the infection, as they silently hove the ship to, trembling in anticipation of what was to follow.

At this moment a ball of red fire twelve inches or more in diameter suddenly appeared at the mizzen-truck, upon which was visible the semblance of a huge eye, wide open, and staring down upon the deck; and after a lapse of three or four minutes, a similar luminary blazed forth at the main. In the meantime, sounds were heard from the weather bow, which exactly resembled the lowering of a boat from the davits of a vessel; with the necessary orders to the helmsman and crew, and appropriate responses. Presently the noise of plashing oars was heard, growing more and more distinct as if a boat were approaching the ship.

All the lanterns on board the Fleetwing had been hastily lighted and suspended about the weather gangway, where the watch had collected, by the captain's orders, to welcome their supernatural visitors. And now, a third constellation, similar in every respect to the other two, glowed suddenly at the fore truck; and simultaneously with its appearance, a small boat, containing two strange looking beings, shot into the light shed on the water by the lanterns and ranged up alongside the weather gangway ladder.

Shipping their oars, the strangers made their painter fast to the side and scrambled up the ladder. As first one and then the other tall figure, sprang down from the rail and stood on the deck in the full glow of the lanterns, the crew stepped back aghast; and well they might, for the appearance of their nocturnal visitors was truly terrific.

The costume of both was extremely grotesque. The foremost was dressed in a huge pilot coat reaching below his knees, and beneath which appeared flowing trousers of a sea-green color; his feet were encased in moccasins, curiously wrought with shells and corals, and his head was covered with a bushy mass of wet sea-weed, which apparently grew there, and his huge beard and whiskers were of the same submarine substance. A crown of shark's-teeth inserted in a circular rim of bone surmounted his head, and in his hand he bore a huge trident or three-pronged pitchfork. Barnacles clung to or were sewed all over his shaggy coat, and his ruddy face was encrusted with salt.

His companion was wrapped from head to foot in a shroud of coarse canvass, which covered even his head, and having holes cut for his eyes, nose and mouth. This ghostly drapery was gathered in at the waist by a rope which was wound several times around his person and tied in a double reef-knot; and the terrible "death's head and crossbones," was painted in black upon his broad chest. In one hand he bore a fragment of a shark-fish's bony weapon, about three feet in length, and in the other a large speaking trumpet, green and corroded, as if it had lain for a thousand years in the "oozy caves" of the sea.

"Come aboard, sir!" said the first described, in a deep gruff voice, touching his crown to the captain as he spoke.

"So I perceive," replied Jolliman. "You are King Neptune, I suppose."

"Ay, and this is my respected friend, Davy Jones."

Davy bowed to the captain and extended his hand, which the latter took, but instantly dropped again, shivering from head to foot, as if its touch chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. The crew looked on with terror depicted upon their countenances.

"What is your majesty's will?" asked the captain.

"I have come to punish your whole starboard watch, for the insult which they have offered the Powers of the sea."

"Ay, his majesty is justly offended. He has come to pronounce judgment, and I, his executioner, shall speedily carry out the sentence," added Davy Jones.

"In what have they offended?" asked Jolliman.

"They have mocked at my power, by presuming to slumber in the presence of the storm-king, by spending the hours in sleep which they should devote to watchfulness against the attacks of my servants, the winds and waves."

"And what will you do with them?"

"Secure them in the prison-cells of the ocean, where all are confined who despise my authority."

"Spare them this once, your majesty."

"It is impossible! They must suffer the penalty of their folly. Away with them, Davy!"

"Davy stepped forward and extended his arms as if to clasp the whole group in one fatal embrace.

"Stay!" cried the captain, throwing himself between the cowering, shrinking crew and the hideous monster of the deep. "Listen one moment, your majesty."

"Say on," replied Neptune. "But be brief, for we must hasten to the Arctic Ocean, where an iceberg is about to crush a whale-ship into atoms, and the services of Davy and myself will be required to assign to each member of her crew his last resting place in the ocean cemetery."

"Have I not been a faithful servant to your majesty, ever since I first felt the spray of the salt sea upon my cheek?"

"You have, Jolliman; would there were more like you."

"Then, will you not at my request, spare these men this once, if they will promise never to offend again?"

Old Neptune seemed to meditate for a moment, then, turning to his companion, the two worthies held a whispered consultation. At length the god spoke again:

"For your sake, Jolliman, I will spare them, on condition that they kneel at my feet and promise never again to sleep upon the watch."

"Do you hear that, men?" cried the captain. "Down on your knees and promise what his majesty desires."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the unanimous response, as the crew flung themselves upon their marrow-bones.

The second mate, alone, of the starboard watch, saw through the farce from beginning to end, but as he found that the men, with true sailor superstition, one and all firmly believed that Neptune and Davy Jones, *in propria persona*, stood before them, he relished the joke too well to spoil it by any show of reluctance; so, kneeling with the rest, he repeated in his turn these words:

"I promise never again to sleep in my watch on deck, and as I fulfil this vow, so may King Neptune guard and protect me, or condemn me to merited punishment!"

"It is well!" exclaimed Neptune. "Now, Jolliman, farewell. I grant you a prosperous passage, and a safe return to your family."

"Thanks, your majesty."

"Farewell!" cried Neptune.

"Farewell!" echoed Davy Jones.

"Farewell!" replied Jolliman.

"Good-by!" stammered the trembling crew. And the two supernatural beings clambered over the rail and descended backward into their boat.

"Fill away your main yard!" shouted Davy Jones, through his rusty trumpet, as he cast off his painter.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jolliman, and with joyful alacrity, the watch braced round the yards.

The three lights at the mast-heads had been rapidly growing dim, and as the ship filled away they faded into total darkness. In a few moments more, the cheering sound of eight bells was heard, and the wondering star-bowlines hastened to the fore-castle to inform their shipmates of the strange events which had just transpired on board.

As soon as the starboard watch were fairly asleep, the ship was again hove to, and the boat of old Neptune and Davy Jones came immediately alongside. It was hoisted to the davits, and when there, bore a striking resemblance to the Fleetwing's own quarter-boat. The god and his companion came aboard, and hastened into the cabin, whence they presently reappeared, not as Neptune and Davy Jones, but as Jack Williams and Sam Peterson, of the fore-castle. The starboard watch were effectually cured of their fault, for they never doubted but that the scene which had so terrified them had been real, notwithstanding the hints thrown out by the larboard watch, concerning the part which Jack and Sam had played in the farce.

Several days afterward, the second mate found an opportunity to ask from the captain an explanation of the *modus operandi* by which he had carried out the joke to such perfection, and the captain readily gave him the desired information on the point.

It appeared that the mysterious lights at the mast-heads were proper lanterns, which the captain had himself constructed and caused to be attached to the trucks. When the proper moment for lighting up had arrived, Joe had climbed to the mizzen truck, and illuminated the lantern placed there; after which he slid across to the main-topgallant cross-trees, upon the mizzen royal-stay, and ascending to the main truck, lighted the lantern there and in the same manner crossed over to the foremast.

After Jack and Sam had arrayed themselves in proper costume, they had seated themselves in the quarter-boat which Jolliman and Joe had then lowered carefully into the water. One end

of a spare coil of rope had been attached to the end of the flying jib-boom and the other end placed in the hands of Jack and Sam. By this rope they had drawn themselves forward of the ship and then by holding it fast had kept the boat at a distance of some twenty feet from the ship, while they were still, of course, towed along with her.

A lantern was suspended from a pole placed upright in the bows, and by means of an oar, Jack had been enabled to shift the position of the boat from the leeward, and back again at pleasure. After the ship was hove to, they let go their hold upon the rope, and pulled alongside. When they re-embarked in their boat, they pulled her astern of the ship, and holding by a line which had been thrown over the taffrail for the purpose, were quietly towed along in the ship's wake until they could return aboard, unseen by their victims.

Thus was the mystery explained, and for many long months afterward the captain and the second mate indulged in hearty laughter, whenever they remembered the nocturnal visit of his majesty, King Neptune, and his prime-minister and executioner, Davy Jones.

CONFESSIONS OF INFIDELITY.

Says Hume: "I seem affrighted and confounded with the solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, on every side I see dispute, contradiction, distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I see nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? or what am I? From what cause do I derive my existence? To what condition shall I return? I am confounded with questions. I begin to fancy myself in a most deplorable condition, environed with darkness on every side."

Voltaire says: "The world abounds with wonders, and also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together." How did he judge of it? By his own heart. He adds: "Man loves life, yet he knows he must die; spends his existence in diffusing the miseries he has suffered, cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay, cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind," he continues, "are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal, equally unfortunate. I wish I had never been born."

Hear what St. Paul says: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day."—*Lutheran Observer.*

LEARNING.

Learning is
A bunch of grapes sprung up among the thorns;
Where, but by caution, none the harm can miss:
Nor art's true riches read to understand,
But shall, to please his taste, offend his hand.
Lord Bacon.

[ORIGINAL.]

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The voice of joy was hushed,
And sorrow reigned around,
When we laid away our darling
'Nenth yonder grassy mound.

O, gently came the angel,
Wandering in quest of flowers,
To twine a beauteous garland
To deck celestial bowers.

He gathered from our garden
A bud of promise fair,
And took our infant darling
To realms of purer air.

That here in this cold world of ours
He said it ne'er could bloom;
And told us of a better land
Away beyond the tomb.

Here we are left to watch and pray,
For soon he'll come again;
Peace, troubled heart, and meekly bear
A heavenly Father's reign!

O, suffer it to go to him—
Of such his kingdom is;
For in that beauteous garland there
Our choicest gem is his.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

In the spring of 1829 there came to Marseilles, to the hotel where I lodged, a young couple in whom I became very much interested. They occupied rooms opposite to mine, and from meeting them several times daily, in the hall, we passed from bowing to speaking, and before many months we became very intimate and formed a very happy trio. Henri Zeiber was a German, and his wife, the beautiful Nina, a Frenchwoman. They had been married but a few weeks, before they came to Marseilles, and over them seemed to hang a cloud, but one which seemed gradually to lighten.

I was obliged to remain at Marseilles some months, and the time would have hung rather heavy on my hand, for I was a companionable person and very fond of home comforts, had it not been for the smart, witty Zeiber, and his gentle, affectionate little wife. For me, they made a home—I was always welcome, and many a pleasant evening I spent in their rooms, reading or listening to Nina Zeiber, who with a very

sweet voice and much expression, sang pretty ballads and love songs.

Some of my time I spent in painting, and one day, after watching Nina's face, I made bold to ask her to sit for the prominent figure in my new picture. She very willingly consented, and was quite curious about my picture. It was a fancy sketch, and I refused to give any information relative to the subject, or let them see my work till it was completed. Nina Zeiber sat three times—three successive days, then I closed my studio door and painted in silence. Each day Henri asked if it was finished and was answered in the negative. He almost worshipped his wife, and I know that the interest he expressed in my work was caused by his desire to see his wife's lovely face in canvass. I am sure I didn't blame him, for Nina Zeiber had the most beautiful face I ever saw—exquisite in feature, color and expression. At last the picture was finished, and for an amateur, it was good. The subject had been suggested to me by the reading of a pretty little Spanish story. It represented a dark, deep cave, by the water, with the green, curling waves rolling a little ways into the mouth of it. In the centre of the picture, and of the opening of the cave, brought into relief by the dark, rough rocks and angry waves, were two figures—a man, roughly dressed, lying on his back, with his feet almost washed by the waters, and his deathly pale face turned upward—and, bending over him, the figure of a beautiful woman whose face expressed despair and anxiety. The face was slightly raised, and the dark, anxious eyes were looking out of the cave across the waters. The back-ground was filled in with rough rocks and swarthy, dark-browed men. The sole ray of light in the picture glanced in as if from the top of the cave, and fell upon the face of the dying man, and upon the upper part of the woman's face, lighting only the deep, despairing eyes.

Placing my pet in the best possible light, I eagerly called my friends to examine it. They came and I watched to see the effect my picture would produce. I saw Nina turn a little pale, and a deep flush spread over the brow of Henri Zeiber, involuntarily they draw a little closer to each other. I was astonished at the sensation my picture had produced, and my artist's pride rose, for I saw that I had painted forcibly. Visions of future greatness and a name hereafter famous in the annals of art, floated before my eyes. My ambitious dreams were broken into, by a question asked in a hoarse voice:

"What do you call your picture, Monsieur Harrison?"

"The Smuggler's Bride," I answered readily enough. And the next instant I felt the iron grasp of two hands upon my throat; my feet slid from under me, and I fell to the floor, and Henri Zeiber was kneeling upon my chest. I was astonished, bewildered, frightened. I had never been served so before since I was a Freshman at Yale, and got collared by young Watkins. I closed my eyes for one instant, thinking all was lost; that I was in the clutches of a madman and would never leave them alive. I closed my eyes, and what between fright (for I am a coward) and strangulation, I was fast losing my senses, when I heard Nina's voice, a trembling, fearful voice, and it sounded better than the sweetest music I ever heard:

"Henri, Henri! *Was wollen sie thun?* (What are you going to do?)

I was not much of a German scholar then, but I know that the execrable growls he uttered meant that he was going to murder me then and there. I trembled from head to foot, and a cold perspiration settled over me. Ugh! I tremble now. Suddenly I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen, and I heard Nina talking to him in her winning manner. I cautiously opened one eye, but his great, dark eyes were on me and the relentless fingers tightened gently, gently but still with strangling meaning. I dared not move, and being a timid man, and, moreover, no match for my athletic foe, I resolved to be quiet and strive to prepare for the worst.

It seemed as if I had lain there hours, though it was only a few seconds, when Henri Zeiber rose and Nina with her bright eyes bent over me. I felt she was looking at me, still I dared not open my eyes. Presently she exclaimed, in a low, sad voice:

"Henri! Henri! You have killed him!"

I hated to pain her kind heart, so at that exclamation, I gave a dolorous groan and faint movement. It had the desired effect. Nina again bent over me and asked, fearfully:

"Monsieur Harrison, are you very much hurt?"

I was more frightened than hurt, but concluded it was best policy to "play possum" a little while longer, so in a faint, half-strangled voice, I gasped out:

"Ah—but—gone. Can—you—not—raise—me—and—and—lay me—on—my—bed?"

I kept my eyes closed and breathed short and hard, with here and there a groan. A few seconds I lay there, when I felt myself raised in the powerful arms of my foe and borne to the next room, where I was laid upon the bed, with no very gentle motion, but I pardoned the little

malice, and Nina bathed my head and throat with cold water and cologne. Still doubtful as to the wisest course to pursue, I lay perfectly quiet, with my eyes obstinately closed. Only a few minutes did I lay there, for soon the young Zeiber, the tiger! left the room. As soon as I was sure that he was safe in his own room, by the click of the latch, I sprang from my bed, thereby frightening Nina half out of her senses.

"In Heaven's name, Nina, tell me the reason of your husband's strange behaviour!"

"I cannot, Monsieur Harrison, but Henri will. It is the only apology he can make you for his almost fatal violence. Are you better? Can you listen to him now? I will call him."

"O, don't," I exclaimed, and one hand involuntarily sought my injured throat.

Nina smiled mischievously, and said as she went to the door:

"You have nothing to fear."

When she left the room I dragged my chair to the low window, resolved that if Henri Zeiber made such another spring at me, I would jump into the street. But Nina had spoken rightly, when Henri entered the room all his frenzy seemed to have passed, and in a sad voice he begged to be forgiven.

"My injured friend, can you ever forgive me?"

"Most certainly," I answered, with the affability of the great Mogul. "Please be seated, and if not too disagreeable or painful, I will listen to your explanation."

"I can explain it in only one way—by telling you a story, asking only one favor in return—that you will keep what I tell you a profound secret. The following is the tale as I heard it:

"In the year 1829, the Rhine perfectly swarmed with smugglers, no cargo was safe, and the wily contrabandists eluded the utmost vigilance. The winter was cold and the earth covered half the time with snow. The government grew desperate, and late in the fall sent to Rhineland one whom they judged would carry terror to the hearts of the contrabandists. Carl Loiret and his daughter, Elise, settled among the people, and none suspected the truth. Elise was bewitchingly beautiful, and soon all the youths were wild about her, seeming to care for nothing but obtaining a smile from her. This no one was able to do but the bold, handsome Moritz Ebstorff. To him the beautiful Elise gave her young heart, and she gave it to one worthy of it as far as the world could judge.

"Carl Loiret alone seemed to look suspiciously at the young man, and even went so far as to forbid him the house, giving his pretty Elise as a

reason for doing so, that he belonged to the band of contrabandists. That reason was not sufficient, and Elise and Moritz met clandestinely. What she learned of her lover did not seem to frighten Elise Loiret, for she clung to him with a devoted love.

"One evening Carl Loiret was quietly sipping his coffee, when the door opened and unannounced an official entered the room. His dress and manner betokened haste and anxiety, which his words soon explained.

"Up! up! Loiret! There's mischief afloat! One of the smugglers, a drunken oaf, has peached and disclosed the whole infamous plot—rendezvous and watchword. Get ready as quick as you can! Arm yourself, for there will be the deuce to pay this night, or my head for a foot-ball!"

"Without a word Carl Loiret rose and hastily wrapped himself in cap and cloak, and took from his desk a brace of clumsy pistols. As he left the room he whispered to his terror-stricken Elise:

"I am right, and if I come across that scoundrel, Ebstorff, I'll shoot him like a mad-dog. They cannot escape me now."

"Now was no time for faltering, so Elise summoned all her courage and with a calm, smiling face, she answered:

"I fear not for Ebstorff, but, father, be careful they do not outwit you again. They are slippery customers, and know the rocks and hiding-places better than you."

"So father and daughter parted. As soon as the door closed and Elise heard her father's feet breaking through the little crust of snow outside the house, she fell upon her knees beside a chair, and sobbed bitterly. A few moments she gave way to grief, then sprang up.

"Moritz, I will save you—save you, or die! What would life be without you! Blessed was the hour when led by your love you disclosed all to me. Now I can aid you, and I will!"

"In a few seconds Elise was warmly dressed and ready for any emergency. She was pale but firm. Taking the precaution to throw a white drapery over her shoulders and dress, she sallied out, and as long as her road lay in the direction her father had taken, she closely kept in his track, and her tiny feet made no mark. Quickly and silently Elise Loiret walked till she reached the river's bank—a steep, rocky precipice. Here she paused to deliberate, and as she did so, the village clock tolled the hour—half past eleven—and at twelve the contrabandists would be starting on their projects. To go round by the way Moritz had told her of, would take an hour, for

it was a rough, dangerous road, and then she would be too late—too late! Kneeling upon the snow with eager eyes Elise peered over the precipice—nothing but rocks covered in places with ice and snow. It was the only sure way of reaching the rendezvous, and yet—it was almost certain death to attempt it.

"I shall be too late if I go the other way, and here I can but perish."

"Seizing with both hands the overhanging bough of a tree, Elise swung off into the darkness. The branch cracked and bent lower and lower, till Elise felt her feet touch a narrow, rocky ledge, the one she had espied from the bank. So far was good, and Elise smiled triumphantly, though she knew the worst had to be accomplished. Clinging to the sharp rocks, swinging over the black waters beneath, sliding with the ice and snow, dizzy and bleeding, Elise at last reached the rocky base, and sank almost fainting on the ground. Her feet were almost bare, her shoes having been torn from her feet by the sharp rocks, and her delicate little hands were torn and bleeding. A moment she paused to recover her self-possession, then started on her comparatively easy road. At last she reached the narrow side-entrance to the smugglers' vast cave. The men were busy, and so silently had she come, that none noted her approach, till at the deep, resounding, despairing cry, 'you are betrayed! Fly!' they looked up, and beholding a delicate, womanly figure draped in white, with dishevelled hair and bleeding hands the most of them, ignorant, superstitious people, were horror-stricken and fled precipitately, never looking behind them. One remained, and that was Moritz Ebstorff, and he turned and questioned fiercely, for in the dim light he did not recognize his dearly beloved, and her voice so changed by fatigue and fear gave no clue to her identity.

"Who are you, who dares to speak treason?"

"Fly for your life, and question not! Farewell, Moritz!"

"He knew her then, and sprang forward in time to catch her in his arms, as overcome with cold, fatigue, pain and fear she fainted. Just then a faint light appeared, and the officers of the revenue arrived. They saw the tall, manly figure, but not the fragile being in his arms, and the foremost man fired and Moritz fell. The report of the musket resounding through that echoing cavern, roused Elise from the swoon, and wholly conscious she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, as she saw another man raise his gun:

"You do well to fire upon a woman, and that woman the daughter of your commanding officer."

"The musket fell, and the man came forward."

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle Loiret. I dreamed not of meeting you here. Return with us. All have fled."

"All, save this one, who lies dead at your feet. Go without me. I watch here by my dead, till the morning comes. Say to my father that when my vigil is over, I will return. Go, now!"

The men obeyed silently. When they were gone, Elise busied herself with her lover. He was quite severely wounded. When she had made him comfortable as possible, she left him, and soon by the aid of the smugglers' wives had him transferred to a place of safety before day-break. When the sun rose, the officers reached the cave and found a large quantity of valuable goods and merchandise.

"That night Carl Loiret got his death. The exercise gave him a heavy cold, and he took to his bed and never rose. Elise nursed him with affectionate care, and the old man passed away, blessing her.

"Moritz Ebstorff and Elise were married soon after Carl Loiret died, and left for other parts. The smuggling for that time was broken up, and the village people no longer feared the visit of the officers."

"Monsieur Harrison," said Zefber, when the story was finished, "I am that Moritz Ebstorff, and Nina, my dear Nina, here beside me, is the Elise Loiret who one dark night perilled her life to save mine. Ninety feet down the rocky precipice, she descended—no human being has ever dared attempt it since—I shuddered as I looked up, to see the way she came. Here in Marseilles I have striven to bury the memory of the past, and make myself worthy of my beautiful Nina. Your picture recalled all the past, and I thought when you named the picture that you had learned all and would denounce me. A madness seized me—you know the rest—will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," I replied. "And let me beg that you will accept this, my best picture, which is made sacred by the face of your heroic wife shining from it; and we alone shall know that it was once called **THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.**"

LOVE.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.
Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!

CHARLES SWAIN.

Praise, though it may be our due, is not like a bank bill to be paid upon demand; to be valuable it must be voluntary.

HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED.

The Western Christian Advocate lately contained an obituary notice, by Rev. A. Wright, of the Indiana Methodist Episcopal Church, of Isaac Hamblin, Senior, who died at his residence, near Indiana, a few months since, aged about eighty-six years. Mr. Hamblin was a man of deep piety and unquestionable veracity. He was in the battle of the Thames, and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed: "He says he was standing but a few feet from Colonel Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having seen him before the war, and having been a prisoner seventeen days, and received many a cursing from him. He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was Harrison, as he often heard the chief swear that he would have Harrison's scalp, and seemed to have a special hatred of him. Johnson's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty, and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him, and when he saw him fall, he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. Johnson had only a side pistol ready for use. He aimed at the chief over the head of his horse, and shot near the centre of his forehead. When the ball struck, it seemed to him that the Indian jumped with his head full fifteen feet into the air; as soon as he struck the ground, a little Frenchman ran his bayonet into him and pinned him fast to the ground."

CYANIZED WOOD.

The Hartford Courant gives a simple and efficacious mode of cyanizing wood, so as to prevent it from rotting: Dissolve blue vitriol in boiling water, then add water enough to make twenty quarts of the solution to each pound of vitriol. The end of the stick to be cyanized, is to be dropped into the solution and left in it for four or five days; for shingles, three days will answer; posts six inches square, require ten days soaking. Put the solution in a metal vessel or keyed box, as it will shrink any barrel so as to cause leakage. Chloride of zinc will answer instead of vitriol, but vitriol costs but a few cents to the pound. To show its efficacy, the editor says that small stakes used to support raspberry-vines after twelve years constant use, were as sound and bright as if recently made, the part in the ground being as sound as that in the air.

A GOLD STORY.

The liveliest gold item of the season is in a late Mariposa Gazette, which says, "three quartz miners struck a 'pocket' in a quartz lode not far from this place, from which they took in one day quartz and gold that will yield nearly, if not quite, thirty thousand dollars. Over \$16,000 had been pounded out in two hand mortars up to Tuesday, and there remained, to be reduced in the same manner, three pieces, each of which was about as large as a peck measure. To us it appeared that at least one-third of the entire weight of these was gold, that not only lay in flakes as large as a dollar on the outside, but penetrated all the rock."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE VISION.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Long, long ago, in days of yore,
 Once, when my love and I
 Sat side by side on Hudson's shore
 To see the boats go by:
 While listening to the old church-bell,
 Which distantly did toll
 The mournful music of a knell
 For some departed soul,
 She looked a moment in the tide,
 As if in reverie;
 Then starting up, "Ere long," she cried,
 "That bell will toll for me!
 I see it all—I see it all—
 The newly-furnished grave,
 The sad procession and the pall—
 There, there, within the wave!
 This vision is the tongue of Fate,
 And tells what is to be:
 O Father, be it soon or late,
 I bow to thy decree!"

'Twas in the joyous month of May
 My darling prophesied;
 And ere the summer passed away,
 Death smote her and she died.
 And as we bore her corse along,
 A white bird ventured near,
 Regardless of the mourning throng,
 And hovered o'er the bier.
 And when we'd done the funeral rite,
 It sang a solemn stave,
 While stooping from its circling flight,
 And rested on the grave.
 Then sprang upon exultant wing,
 And soared away in air;
 And made the welkin sweetly ring
 With music strangely rare!

[ORIGINAL.]

ISABEL OF ANGOULEME.

BY JOSEPH H. WELDON.

It had been a fête day in Guienne, for it was the year 1200, and King John of England had in the morning received oaths of fealty from various counts, amongst whom were those of Angouleme and La Marche. It was now evening, and the soft, clear breeze had tempted forth the numerous inhabitants of the fancy villas that dotted the woods and hills high up the bank opposite to the rich town of Bordeaux, that frowned on them in all her pride of wealth and majestic beauty, while casting her broad shadows over the smooth bosom of the Garonne, on whose surface sported many gaily decked skiffs, filled with light hearts and still lighter spirits.

Among them King John's shone pre-eminent,

with its crimson curtains and gay-liveried attendants, reposing on, rather than cutting through, the sunny waters. Boat after boat came up with and shot past it, scarcely touching anything, save the soft-fanning vapor that swept over the fairy world of flowers, on the banks by which they passed, till all had disappeared; yet still the idle monarch reclined on its velvet-cushioned seats, watching the playful flies, which as they danced over the mirrory purple in fantastic circles, now basking in the full glory of the west, then skimming along the wave sent glittering lines creaming around him.

For once he was admiring nature in the hour when she most disposes the mind to peace with all around—and he had long been left alone in the watery world, when the soft sound of a lute came to his ear, and presently a boat, decorated with the purest white, came quickly up with them. The owner, a tall, martial-like young man, rose and doffed his cap to the monarch, while his companion, a lovely girl scarcely in the first bloom of womanhood, laid down her lute, and drawing her veil more closely around her, also rose and gracefully returned John's gracious bend of the neck, for he had recognized in the elegant man before him the young Count de la Marche. They then passed on, and as the lute was resumed, many a truant breeze bore its strains to the apparently absorbed monarch. Suddenly, however, turning to his gentleman in waiting, he demanded:

"Know you if La Marche is married?"

"Sire," answered the attendant, "the count has since childhood been betrothed to the lovely Isabel of Angouleme, the lady with him, and to-morrow Bordeaux will make merry at their nuptials."

"Betrothed!" exclaimed John, "only betrothed—to-morrow to consummate the nuptials, say you—ashore! ashore!"

The attendants, aware by his earnest manner, that some hasty resolve had just been taken by their capricious master, instantly ordered the rowers to speed, and a very few minutes landed and found them safe within the gates of Bordeaux.

In the meantime, the Count de la Marche had landed at his chateau with his beloved Isabel Taillefer, who, as John's informant had stated, had long been betrothed to him, and for some months had been placed under his protection by her father, the Count of Angouleme. But their marriage had not yet taken place on account of her extreme youth. They proceeded to the long hall, where the servants had prepared the light evening meal; and as they sat side by side, and

La Marche's lip touched her cheek, she thought not enough of heaven.

"A pedler stands at the gate, my lord, and though I have told him that the Lady Isabel was well prepared, he insists upon it he has a head-wreath no bride would refuse to buy," said a female attendant, entering with breathless haste.

"Nay, girl," interrupted the count—and he smiled on his young bride—"the Lady Isabel and I are indebted to the pedler for his attention. She will see this magic wreath—bid him enter."

The maid retired well pleased with the order, for her reward, if she brought a successful message, was no less a consideration than a tempting new piece—one of the new coin just issued—and an old mark would have won the sly abigail to have undertaken a far greater achievement than that of winning her lord's consent to admit one who bore a present worthy of purchase for the bride he doted upon. It was true she had made many objections to the errand, but then, each newly raised obstacle brought tempting promises of future presents, till she finally said:

"Methinks, old man, thy conscience might trouble thee. I wonder thou art not ashamed to put such profits on thy ware as will enable thee to make such presents to timid maidens."

"Nay, maiden, it is not every one boasts eyes as bright as yours. I will wager this golden ring,"—at the same time drawing one from his case—"that your mistress has not brighter; and I know, maiden, I should not lose it to you, so take it." And as she raised her hand to open the door, the wily pedler slid the ring on the hand of the nothing loth waiting-woman—and as the next day would make her the wife of the tall, handsome valet of La Marche, all these fine presents and promises could not have come more opportunely. Meanwhile the pedler entered the presence of Isabel and the count, and the abigail waited on the outer side for his return, to conduct him again through the long, winding galleries. The contents of the pack were displayed—rings, necklaces, breast-knots, all "inimitable"—and among the rest the boasted head-wreath.

"That wreath, my lord, I swear was purchased for the Queen of England," said the pedler, holding it daintily between his thumb and first finger-tips.

"It is indeed beautiful," said Isabel.—"But hark, my lord, the warder's horn sounds."

"'Tis doubtless, love, some of our good friends come to rest the night with us, before the morrow's fête. I will receive them in another chamber.—Do you purchase what in this motley collection pleases you best."

So saying, he smiled and left the hall.

"Nay, good man," resumed Isabel, in answer to the pedler's praises of the ornament, "what you ask is a purse of gold."

"Even so, lady. But look at the large pearls, and think how many one of these delicate roses contains," returned the pedler, drawing more closely to her.

"Ay, 'tis true, and it is very beautiful. But I must look lower in the pack—such an expensive bauble does not become Isabel Tailleffer—so you must even carry it to the Queen of England, and—"

"Place it on her fair brow," concluded the pedler, snatching up the wreath and placing it on Isabel's long silken hair with one hand, and with the other raising the gray scalp from his own head, discovered to the astonished girl, King John of England!

"Nay, fair lady, do not attempt to speak—I know all you would say—excuses for behaving with so little ceremony, and surprise at seeing me here in such a disguise—yes, I know all, but this is not my business here—do you not think the wreath becomes your silken tresses?"

"Pardon me, sire," said Isabel, endeavoring to free her hand from his close grasp. "I must warn my lord whose host he is. The King of England must not remain here in indignity any longer, and—"

"But stay, Isabel Tailleffer. The wreath—I would know ere you leave me, if you think it will best become the Countess de la Marche, or the Queen of England?"

"The royal Advise, sire," she replied, taking it from her head.

"Nay, I meant not her—"

"Did you not say the Queen of England, sire?"

"As truly, Isabel, as I meant you as such—"

"Hush, hush, sire! an' I knew not your talent for saying gallant speeches, I should say it did not become me to listen to you. But I should be vain indeed to imagine your words in earnest. But I will leave my good lord a few moments only, to bid the count to his guest."

"Stay, Isabel of Angouleme, I command you, and listen to what I have to say—ay, and in earnest. Advise is no longer my consort. I shall obtain a dispensation from the pope to cancel my marriage vows. I have loved you since the moment I gazed on you to-night—nay, hear me out. I had wished to obtain your free consent to share my throne, but you are so madly resolved to refuse our gracious offer, know that I have sworn on the holy cross to possess you—"

"Never! never! John of England, you dare not tear the betrothed from the altar!" Her feelings overcame her and she fainted.

John did not attempt to revive her, but kneeling by her side, pressed his lips on her icy cheek and exclaimed :

"Were you less beautiful I could pity you ; but as it is, you must be mine. I will now go to your father. Ambition is marked on his high brow and curling lip, as truly as feminine beauty and maidenly submission are in your soft, hazel eyes. I doubt not he would rather be the ancestor of kings than counts. Farewell then, my beloved. In a few short hours we shall meet again, and I doubt not there will be one at my side then, whose well-told tale of inevitable ruin, or displeasure from me, will bend you to my wishes. But I must begone—farewell, farewell !"

And after imprinting on her lips another impassioned kiss, he rose, and gathering the trinkets in his pack, resumed his gray scalp and joined the inquisitive waiting-woman, who had been vainly endeavoring to catch one of the many loud words uttered by John. But she appeared by her smiling, simpering whispers to be well pleased with the continued conversation of her companion, and it would seem that she knew his rank, for as he reached the door and bade her "remember the reward !" she ducked a curtsy even to the ground.

The count's surprise may be imagined, when, on returning to his bride he found her in a death-like swoon, and not one of the servants could give him the least explanation. With the greatest relief he saw her open her eyes, but she looked timidly round, and whispered :

"Is he gone, then ?"

"Is who gone, dearest ? I could almost chide you for thus alarming yourself. But you will pardon my long absence when I tell you the cause. Rise, love, and see the bride-like presents King John's knights have brought you."

"King John's presents for me—O, La Marche, I—but dismiss these attendants," said Isabel, faintly.

When they had left, she turned to her astonished lord and exclaimed :

"Let me not look on these baubles—burn them, La Marche. John has been here—the pedler with the wreath was himself. Away, away, and though it be not maidenly, I say away to the altar, if you would have Isabel Taillefer your wife, for John of England has sworn she shall be his, and who is there that does not know his evil passions ? As I fainted, I felt his hateful breath upon my cheek, and heard him say he would hasten to my father. O, La Marche, to no one but yourself would I breathe it—but Angouleme's ruling passion is—ambition !"

"Calm yourself, Isabel. Your timid spirit

has taken this mummery too seriously. Depend upon it we shall hear no more of him. John caught but a glimpse of your charms this evening, but that made him wish a nearer view—and who would not, dearest ? I, at least, cannot chide him."

But La Marche smiled in assumed pleasantry, for he knew John's character too well to feel at ease.

"Stop, La Marche," interrupted Isabel, "you know better—yet I see your kindness and acknowledge it."

"Well, then, dearest, 'tis but calling the good father some hours earlier ; your friends must even take necessity as an excuse for not awaiting their kindly presence. See, Isabel, the west is gray, that was but a little while since in its glory, and those clusters of heaven's diamonds tell us that the hour is fast approaching midnight. Go then, and deck yourself, love, while I hasten to the monastery to bid them prepare the chapel by the first vesper bell."

"Nay, let us not stay for pomp and ceremony, La Marche," exclaimed Isabel, losing in the importance of the moment all thought of maidenly pride. "I shall pledge my faith as truly in this disordered dress, and at the taperless altar."

"True," answered La Marche ; "yet, I would not that my bride appeared thus. And remember, love, John will not conjecture that our bridal hour will be before the morrow's evening. Go then, and let your woman robe you—she and my valet will alone be present."

Silenced, yet with a foreboding heart, Isabel proceeded with the before mentioned waiting-woman, to her toilet. The bridal robe of spotless velvet was drawn forth, but the ornaments which La Marche had given her were nowhere to be found. The chapel bell tolled one—the pearl bracelets and necklace were discovered, and with breathless haste Isabel arrayed herself in them.

"O, my lady, had you but purchased the pearl head-wreath, all would have been complete," said the girl, casting a keen glance at her agitated mistress.

"'Tis better as it is, Alice. But speak no more of that, my good girl. You know I have more momentous thoughts to occupy my mind at present." And she smiled sadly. "But my veil—"

The veil was now missing. In an agony of tears she flung herself on the couch, while Alice vainly ransacked every corner. The bell meanwhile chimed the quarter, then half. Isabel started up and wildly exclaimed :

"Attend me, girl. I will be a veiless bride, rather than—but hasten." And she was darting

from the room, when Alice drew the long sought-for veil from beneath several dresses, and hastily casting it over her mistress, they proceeded to the monastery chapel.

La Marche had been impatiently awaiting her. Yet the rapture of the moment was not unmixed with pain, for the beauty of her pale features was heightened by a wildness which alarmed him, and when he took her hand to lead her to the altar, its icy chillness struck to his heart.

"Nay," he said, as he pressed hers between his larger and far warmer hands, "you have needlessly hurried yourself. What should we fear now, dearest? A short space will unite us indissolubly." And he placed her before the altar.

The priest began the first solemn prayer, and Isabel with La Marche had deeply engaged in silence in it. Thus occupied, they had not noticed the entrance of several persons by the eastern door. But now, as they moved up the long aisle, the clanking of armor aroused them to a full and better knowledge of their situation. The intruders advanced towards the altar, and the leader, who, as he threw off his cloak, they discovered to be King John—exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Go no further in that ceremony. John of England commands you!"

"We are betrayed, my Isabel," exclaimed La Marche, drawing his sword. Then turning to John, he continued:

"I know not by what right you command this holy father to stop—but if by the laws of power, I bid you defiance, John of England. I claim this lady as my wife!"

"Wife!" cried John, in a transport of rage—"wife!—Girl, hast thou fooled us?" turning to Alice.—"Speak, holy father, how far has this ceremony proceeded?" he continued, to the priest.

But the holy man's answer was interrupted by Isabel, who, at John's appeal to Alice, had flown from the altar, and now standing by the girl, she bent her eyes wildly and piercingly on her, exclaiming:

"Girl, if it is true that you have done this—O, now I recall the lost veil and bracelets. Alice, Alice, may the one who sees the most secret thoughts forgive you."

"Peace, daughter!" now interrupted the priest. "John of England, in answer to your question, I bid you, as you revere the holy mother church, to allow the scarcely commenced ceremony to proceed."

"So—'tis well," said John, bending a fond glance on Isabel. "Angouleme, we are yet in time."

"Angouleme!" shrieked Isabel, "is my father here, then?"

She rushed wildly towards the tall, armor-cased figure which had stood by John's side on his entrance, and in whom, as he raised his helmet, she recognised her parent.

"Count of Angouleme," resumed the deep, musical tones of the priest, "it rests with you alone to settle this disgraceful dispute. I command all here to silence, while this lovely lady's father speaks his will."

Instantly a death-like silence reigned in the holy edifice, and the Count of Angouleme spoke.

"Isabel," he said, unheeding the agony of fear with which she fixed her eyes upon him while awaiting his decision, "it is my command that you receive the King of England as—"

"No, no, dearest father," she interrupted, as she knelt before him and clasped his knees, "no, no, you cannot mean that. Did not that revered hand give me to the protection of La Marche till my age should fit me for his wife? Father, that time has arrived—you will not tear me from him now!"

For a moment Angouleme seemed moved, and even a tear trickled down his steel corslet. But quickly recovering himself, he raised his child, saying:

"Isabel, I had not expected disobedience from you. But I will speak with you apart. Meanwhile, I charge you, Count de la Marche, restrain your words."

La Marche bowed a cold acquiescence; then fixed the point of his sword in the oaken floor, placing one hand on the hilt, while the other leaned on the altar. John also stood at the head of his men, preserving a sullen silence, occasionally bending a look of triumph on his rival, or one of doting fondness on Isabel, as she paced the farther end of the chapel in earnest conversation with her father. Ever and anon, as they stepped where the blaze of the tapers surrounding the altar shone upon them; La Marche caught the agonized expression of Isabel's features, and occasionally some few words.

"Isabel, my child, I charge you—I implore you not to publish my disgrace!"

Thus pleaded Angouleme, in reply to a firm "never!" from his daughter.

La Marche sprang to the side of his pale bride, and clasping her waist, exclaimed:

"Believe him not—he is working on your devotion—your filial love—telling you his ruin or his exaltation depends on you. I know it—but it is false, dearest, false!"

"Hey-day, Sir Springald! false, say you? Does it become the would-be husband of a maid-

en to tell her that her father lies?" said John, scornfully.

"John of England," replied La Marche, "there are more fitting places than this to beard La Marche. Know that henceforth I swear, even in this holy place, revenge to you till death! My Lord of Angouleme, you know yourself safe in the title of father."

"Nay," returned Angouleme, with a bitter smile, "I care not if I condescend to try good steel with you at my leisure. Now, I have more weighty business pressing on me." Then turning to Isabel, he added: "Has a father to tell his child she may rely on his word?"

"O no, no!" she answered, and gathering her white veil around her face, bent her head on her hands a few minutes, then raising her tearless eyes to her betrothed, said firmly: "La Marche, my first and my last love, fare thee well!"

She did not linger to look on his death-like brow and quivering lip, but stepped tremblingly towards John. He drew the pearl wreath from beneath his cloak, and held it towards her.

"John of England, I am yours," she exclaimed, as she bent her brow to receive it; "and may the holy virgin plead with her son for you and my father, if he has deceived me."

"To horse! to horse now, my brave knights! Behold your queen!" cried King John.

The men bowed low to the fair girl.

"And now for you," continued John, turning to Alice, "what I promised you is there," flinging towards her a purse. Then raising the feeble Isabel in his arms, he bore her to a beautiful palfrey, and in a few minutes the distant sound of horses' hoofs brought to the mind of La Marche the utter desolation of his soul.

"And now to study revenge!" he groaned forth. Yet ere he left the chapel, turned to Alice and exclaimed: "Go, girl! Wed him who loves you, and enjoy if you can, your basely earned wealth. I forgive you, or, at least, I hope I do—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the girl, holding the purse to the light, while through its meshes many a gold piece shone brightly.

"Listen, Count La Marche! You know that I once followed your steps with love, which you scorned—now I am revenged! Farewell." And she flew madly from the chapel.

What she had just said he knew to be true. She had sought him unceasingly, repeating her protestations of love with a fervor unbecoming woman. Yet he had hoped and believed since the devotion of his valet to her, that she placed her heart in a more fitting sphere, and he had even promised them a pension when the next

day should have made them one—and Isabel—but the thought of her was madness. It burned on his brain, for now all was utter hopelessness for him on this side the grave.

In a few days Isabel of Angouleme was wedded Queen of England, at Poitiers. This, with the fact that she yet again stood at the altar as a bride, and became the wife of La Marche, is well known from the pages of England's histories. And we will add, her love was more chastened—more holy in its fervency—yet not less true than before time had passed his blanching hand over the once raven locks of La Marche. Neither did he look with less rapture on the stately matron, than on the once slight girl.

It may be questioned if Isabel truly performed her duties as John's consort, and as mother of John's children. Yet it would seem that she did not prove truant to her soul's idol when her duties allowed her thoughts to turn that way; for once, the sworn revenge of La Marche had placed him as prisoner in John's castle at Rouen. Nevertheless, he was soon set at liberty. Who would not fancy by whose interference? Thus did Isabel of Angouleme illustrate a certain French writer's not very spirited idea of a woman's whole duty:

"Women best serve Heaven by their patience and submission."

LORD MACAULAY.

Lord Macaulay's pedigree is one of which no one need be ashamed, and of which many would be proud. His paternal grandfather was the Highland minister of a Highland parish, with a Highland wife and Highland children, one of whom, Zacharias by name, following the example of his forefathers, descended to the Lowlands to gather gear, not by lifting cows, but by peaceful trade. The young Zacharias found favor in the eyes of a daughter of a Bristol Quaker. Friend Mills supplied that serious and respectable, but not very erudite or accomplished society with literature, the call for which amongst the Quakers was not, however, so pressing as to prevent the grandsire of the future essayist of the "Edinburg Review" from employing his talents in periodical composition, or from cultivating literary pursuits as the editor of a provincial paper. Meantime the loves of the young Highlander and the fair Quakeress prospered, and from their union sprang Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay, of Rothley, in the county of Leicester.—*New York Times*.

PRESENTIMENTS.

O, did you never lie upon the shore,
And watch the curled white of the coming wave
Gleamed in the slippery sand before it breaks?
Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.

TENNISON.

[ORIGINAL.]

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

BY ERNO FORD, JR.

The springtide air is calm and clear,
The sky bends softly o'er us;
And flushed with hope, the passing year
Gleams gay and bright before us.

Beneath our feet the tender blade
Is marked with opening flowers;
Sweet choral music fills the glade,
And charms the happy hours.

What may such promise not betide
Of sunny summer time;
How softly will its splendor glide
To autumn's golden prime.

And so with thee, my gentle friend:
The youth that crowns thee now,
May all its joys, with brighter, blend
To light thy manly brow.

May thy young hopes and boyhood dreams
No worldly blight assail;
No mists of earth their golden gleams,
No clouds their glory pale—

The friendly hearts now linked with thine,
By stronger ties than blood:
Fier, nobler far than royal line—
In holy brotherhood.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BELLE OF PARIS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

OLYMPE DE MERCIER was at one time the reigning pride and beauty of Paris. Her father was a man of wealth and influence. She governed men's passions, however, more by the force of her strong intellect and overpowering will than even her beauty. Her eyes were extraordinary. Large, deep and lustrous, they seemed two worlds in themselves, and sparkled with benignity and the fires of genius. She was very young, and much accomplished, playing, dancing, painting, singing, and to crown all, she had to a great extent the power of improvisation.

One day in her thirteenth year, as she was returning from school with her *bonne*, she encountered a wierd, and singular old woman, whose wrinkled face almost hidden under a red hood, and whose decrepid form attracted her attention, and she paused to look at her, then taking a few sous from her pocket she held them out to her.

The woman grasped them. Her little, hard, black eyes glittered like polished steel as she did so, but after contemplating the child for a moment, she threw them indignantly from her, and exclaimed:

"She who condemns to death the future be loved of France, cannot give a blessing with what she gives. Go, child, your fatal beauty will intoxicate, and cause men to perish, unless you are merciful."

The child indignantly sent her *bonne* to pick up the money, and then she laughed as she followed the odd little retreating figure with her eyes.

Time passed on, and Olympe became a beautiful woman of seventeen. Her great attractions drew around her all the wealth and intellect of Paris. She might have said, "I govern all France with a glance."

Among her most distinguished followers, were Pierre Janvrien; a young, handsome, brilliant lieutenant, and a grave, splendid nobleman, to whom every eye was turned in admiration. It was not for a long time evident which she appeared to love best; but youth and beauty seemed to settle the question, and it was whispered that the glorious Olympe had chosen the dashing young lieutenant for her future spouse.

The next year was the commencement of the reign of terror. was a remarkable epoch for the young, the beautiful, especially when these two gifts were connected with genius. Olympe grew thoughtful as the arrests were multiplied. Already two very dear friends of hers were arrested on account of their Jacobinical tendencies, and more arrests were daily looked for. She herself had secretly taken part against the government, hence all her sympathies were with the condemned.

"One hardly dares to speak now," said her attendant, one day, a pretty girl of about her own age. "For my part, I distrust every one who walks with a paper in his hand, or looks in a book."

"You have no need to fear," said Olympe, gravely.

"Have I not? You do not know," said the girl, blushing deeply. "I hear a great deal of news from Paul Le Bene, one of the students. He is a handsome young man, with a full beard and moustache. There he goes now."

Olympe smiled as she saw a sallow-faced youth go by. The girl saw it, and said quickly: "I like him as much, perhaps, as they say you like the brave Janvrien. Besides, Paul is no Jacobin."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Olympe, turning quite pale.

"I mean that some of the young men in the army are suspected," said the girl, "so at least Paul says."

"Paul had better be silent on that point, I should think," remarked Olympe, gravely.

"Mam'selle is wanted in the library," said a servant, appearing.

Olympe quietly left the room, and wended her way to her father's favorite station, the splendid reception room in which he had gathered all the great literature of the past and the present. The beautiful creature never looked more lovely than she did on that day, clad in the simplest robes of white. Her hair falling in magnificent curls swept low beneath her girdle. Her eyes were fixed upon her father as he sat there in a sort of state.

"Be seated, my daughter," said her father, graciously. "I have to tell you," he added, with a proud manner, "that the Count Lanthemas makes you an offer of his heart and hand. The count is perhaps the most responsible person in the nation at the present time, and he is very fond of you. Of course you accept him?"

Olympe bowed her head, though she was terribly agitated. Trained never to question her father's motives, or prefer her own desires, she had nothing to say. It was the irrevocable parental will of France, and there daughters seldom oppose. The father was satisfied.

"Count Lanthemas will call upon you this afternoon," he said, motioning her to depart.

She left the room and hurried to her own chamber, and there fell down before a crucifix. It was a beautiful apartment, the light mellowed by hangings of amber satin fell like a pale glory about her. She looked like a saint, her lovely face upturned, her eyes full of tears. She went to an ivory box, and took from thence a picture, kissed it passionately again and again, and then with hurried steps paced the floor, sighing, moaning, anguished, while sometimes the word "Pierre," thrice repeated, sprang to her trembling lips.

That evening her father's saloon overflowed with visitors. All were talking about the tribunal then in session. The silent might have been the suspected ones. Count Lanthemas was there, his noble face irradiate. Olympe was his betrothed bride, he was supremely happy. Years before, he had decided that he would never wed, because he feared he could never love. During the time that intervened between young manhood and his present age, his character had been gathering force and solidity, and insensibly his passions had strengthened. Now that he had found the perfection which he had ever denied an existence, his love swept over his whole nature. It was no ordinary heart he laid at the feet of the beautiful Olympe; the depth and intensity of his love no mortal pen could transcribe. The knowledge of this only made Olympe more wretched. She

saw the value of the treasure that to her, individually, was valueless. She wished she had not seen Pierre, and dreaded his arrival.

But at last he was announced. Her heart beat almost to suffocation at the mention of his name. He was coming towards her, his handsome face more gloriously beautiful than ever—his dark eyes shining—his lips parted with a glowing smile.

She held out her hand, but her welcome was cold, agitated. He did not see it at first, but by degrees he became conscious that she was not the same. He begged of her a song. Every one was silent as she went towards her harp. The fame of her voice was as great as that of the star of the public. Critics declared it to be far richer than the other, and of a more wonderful compass.

Seated at the harp, her eyes grew mournful, a gathering sadness only made her look more bewitchingly beautiful. It was, however, a strange song that she improvised. It brought clouds upon the face of the gallant soldier. It even darkened the brow of the happy count, and to many eyes it brought tears. It was the story in song of a poor girl, betrothed to a noble, but loving another whom she had been forbidden to love.

"Olympe!" said a deep voice.

The young girl had just received the congratulations of the select throng that had gathered thickly about her. She started at the sound of these tones, however, and quickly turned. It was Pierre.

"Olympe, what did the song mean?" he asked in low, troubled accents.

"It meant that the highest born may have the same sorrows with the poor maiden of my verse," said Olympe, in a sad voice.

"Why are you so altered towards me to-night, beloved? Surely I have done nothing to merit this coldness."

"We must not talk thus, here," exclaimed Olympe.

"Go with me then to the conservatory."

"I dare not," murmured the young girl.

"Olympe, if you would not drive me to instant despair, I beseech you let me meet you alone," he exclaimed, in a frightfully calm voice.

"We will meet in the conservatory, then, for a few moments," she replied.

The scents of a thousand flowers threw their damp perfume on the evening air. The regal plants, displaying the brightest, richest, most tropical hues, were ranged according to the order

of their growth of beauty, while the oranges dropped from laden branches, the lemon spotted the deep green of their foliage with pale gold, and the crimson ranges of the cactus gave a glimpse of the beautiful region from whence they came.

The conservatory had been much frequented during the early part of the evening, but now the dancing had called the merry company in, and there were only groups of twos and threes scattered at irregular distances. Olympe entered with a fearful air that sat uneasily upon her, and a moment after the young lieutenant appeared.

"Tell me, Olympe," he said, pale and eager, "tell me the import of your words. Am I to understand that you no longer love me?"

"No—no—not that—I mean—that it is not honorable for me to hear such words now."

"Not honorable? In the name of Heaven what means this language, coming from the lips of one who has professed to love me?"

"O, Pierre, spare me, spare me!" cried Olympe, making a gesture of anguish. "It is not I that consent, but my father wills. I must obey outwardly, though my heart should break."

"Wills—your father wills? Olympe, are you not still mine? Speak, my brain is on fire—say 'no,' and I die before you."

He was now pale as ashes, and his eyes glittered. The poor girl trembled, and strove in vain to keep back her tears.

"I could not help it—I cannot help it—I can do nothing now but throw myself on his mercy, and trust in God."

"Whose mercy?" ejaculated Pierre.

"The Count Lanthenus," said Olympe, her voice low and faint.

"The Count Lanthenus?" exclaimed Pierre, aghast. "And has he sued for your hand? Will you marry that rock—that automaton, whose only power is political, and whom I would crush as the enemy of his country?"

"Silence—O, be silent!" exclaimed Olympe, looking about, "you endanger both our lives. It is dangerous to speak of a man high in authority, who wields kings and senates."

"And the hearts of perfidious women," exclaimed Pierre, in a passion. "The hearts of those who have perjured themselves for station and for gold. O, Olympe, I never thought this of you. I never thought you could drive so sharp a weapon through my heart. Farewell, bride of the Count Lanthenus! When you are exalted to your high dignity, think sometimes of the heart-broken soldier who died for you. Farewell!"

"O, Pierre, Pierre!"

At that cry of anguish, he turned. Regardless of everything save that he whom she loved might be about to leave her forever, Olympe stood with outstretched arms, the tears falling, and the voice like sobbing sighs.

"Discard him, Olympe," whispered Pierre, as he drew her to his bosom and showered frantic kisses upon her brow. "Together we will leave this rocking France, and find love and concord in another land. Be mine—only, wholly mine—my own beloved."

"Do not tempt me, Pierre," she said, partly regaining her composure. "I cannot leave my father, for I love him devotedly, and his curse would be more terrible than death—O, far, far more. I can only say, find another, Olympe—one who can be more to you than I can—and remember that I can never, never forget you."

"Yes, I will seek one who will more willingly become my bride," he exclaimed, pale and trembling. "I will seek death!" And he was gone from her presence.

Again the beautiful Olympe was in the saloon, surrounded by admiring worshippers. But her manner was no longer unconstrained. The dry, wild eyes, the feverish hectic and the unnatural laugh were not Olympe's, and more than one who spoke of her brilliant appearance, felt that there was a struggling undercurrent of sorrow beneath the surface of that forced exterior.

As for the count, blinded by his overwhelming love, he saw nothing of all this. She was to be his, to belong to him only; that was all he thought of—all he cared about. She might have ten thousand admirers, while her word was pledged to him, he recked not.

"I declare, it is as much as one's life is worth to go upon the street," said the young assistant of Olympe, as she came panting into her mistress's room.

Olympe was embroidering. Her cheek was pale, and there was a look of apprehension as she glanced inquiringly up.

"Why, a drunken fellow just asked me who I went for, and because I would not answer, dragged me a rod, I screaming at the top of my lungs. Presently a *gen d'arme* came along, and asked me what the matter was, and when I told him where I belonged, he gave the man a rap, and made him put me down. He bears some marks on his face, though."

"Were the streets quiet?" asked Olympe.

"Quiet? you wouldn't think so. I saw a woman raving mad, shrieking at the top of her voice. From what I could gather, they had

killed her husband, and she wanted them to kill her and her little children. I heard shoutings, too, and saw a mob, saw them dragging one of the nobility, I should judge by his white hands, dragging him along, and nearly tearing him piece-meal. Ugh, I almost hear the axe! They say it is going constantly—that the blood is ankle deep around its foot—and that the yellings and shriekings are horrible.” She clasped her hands upon her ears. “O, they tell me the marshal, next door to here, is arrested and condemned, and so is his daughter, the beautiful Marie.”

Olympe turned still paler at this horrible news.

“My student gave me the information. He says that the marshal was very white, but brave, as they took him from his door, and that Marie came out crying that she would go too. So when they refused her, she avowed herself a Jacobin. The marshal said, ‘My friends, pity her—it is to accompany me that she condemns herself—do not heed, leave her for her mother.’ But Marie cried in a louder voice, all sorts of treasonable sayings, and so made the crowd angry. They took her away with her father.”

“She is a noble creature,” said Olympe, with enthusiasm.

“My student saw her. He said she looked like an ideal of liberty, an heroic impersonation, or something of that sort. I cannot always understand his high-flown language. But she has a very sweet countenance, and when animated must be very handsome indeed. I wonder if she is sorry?”

“Sorry? No, it was glorious!” exclaimed Olympe.

“Ah, another piece of news: Pierre Janvrien, the honorable soldier, will be beheaded to-morrow at twelve by the guillotine.”

A half-suppressed cry startled the girl. In another moment she was calling for help. Her mistress appeared to faint.

“I am better—call for no one—it is nothing—I am better,” said Olympe, as a servant appeared.

And dismissing her garrulous young attendant, she moved to and fro, moaning to herself, only pausing at times to bend the knee before the shrine of the virgin. Her face was colorless, her lips had grown deadly white. Often she pushed back the thick locks from her brow, giving her hair a dishevelled appearance that only heightened her sad beauty.

“What I do, must be done quickly,” she murmured, clasping her hands in anguish. “He must be saved—for me—for me has he

courted death. I have done him grievous wrong—God forgive me!”

An hour after that, dressed in disguise, she was threading the streets of the Rue St. Honore. Horrible sights arrested her vision. Women and children wept for husbands and fathers. It seemed as if the atmosphere were thickened by a million sobs and groans. Here an aged man moved along, anguish and despair written on the furrows of his face. Once a cart filled with the condemned came by. The men sang national songs, and the women shouted their execrations. They were on their way to death, and they unburdened their minds; they gave loose rein to their tongues. They were death-mad. Some of them made the motion of the guillotine across their throats. Poor Olympe shuddered from head to foot. More than once was she spoken to, but she had a pass that would have insured any one, even a red republican, safety. Coming at last to the palace where the assembly sat, she gained an entrance. She sought for the Count Lanthénus.

“He is in his office,” said the secretary, who came out, “and desires not to be disturbed.”

“Tell him that the daughter of M. De Mercier wishes to have audience with him,” said Olympe.

The secretary instantly disappeared, returning in a moment, and with the utmost deference ushering her into a room lined with a singular green paper, whose pattern was a golden dragon fly. There, habited in a gorgeous dressing gown of purple velvet embroidered with gold, sat the count, the great minister, the national controller. Rising, he came gracefully forward, though his looks expressed both admiration and surprise. For a few moments Olympe was silent, through excessive agitation, and the terror of what she had seen and heard. At last, controlling herself, she said with a low but firm voice:

“I have but one request to make—one boon to ask.”

“If in my power I will grant it, be assured,” said the count, after waiting a few moments for her further speech.

“You have upon your list of the condemned, the name of Lieutenant Pierre Janvrien,” she said, commanding her voice.

The cheek of the count flushed—he bit his lip angrily—but in a moment he possessed a perfect self-command.

“He has been an inmate of our house for many years,” she continued, in a steadier voice, “I have known him since my childhood—O, shall I petition you in vain for the boon of his life?”

"Is't so great a boon?" asked the count. He was hastily turning leaf after leaf.

"For him, yes, yes—he is impetuous, rash, but brave and strong—he is young to die thus."

"Others die as young," said the count, coldly, while Olympe felt her heart grow heavy. "Here is his name," said the count. "Pierre Javrien, age twenty-four, condemned for traitorous designs upon his country."

Olympe held her breath.

"I will save him," said the count, in the same passive voice.

The feelings of the poor girl overcame her then. She would have thrown herself at his feet, but he prevented her with a movement, respectfully led her to the entrance, and sent her home in his own carriage. After that she heard the name of the young lieutenant no more, but she depended upon the honor of the stately Count Lanthenus.

The terrible reign came to a close. Families were once more re-united, and the slaughtered dead had honors paid to their memory. Preparations on a grand scale were going on in the mansion of M. De Mercier for the marriage of Olympe to the count, whom all France honored, politically.

Olympe herself had changed. No longer her brilliant sallies provoked the astonishment of the gay world. Her cheek had lost its color, her eye was listless, she moved languidly. Her was smile told of a breaking heart, and everybody saw the change.

They robed her in her rich bridal dress, and twined the orange-flowers in her hair. So she stood like a cold statue in the midst of the assembled company on her wedding night. As the ceremony was about to begin, the count whispered, "Parlez-moi," and leaving her he moved away a moment, returning immediately with the young, gallant and handsome Pierre, whom he called Count Pierre Lanthenus.

"I trust," he said, turning to the astonished assembly present, and speaking in a manner that proved how his great heart was moved, "I trust to make my once intended bride happier by giving her in marriage to my adopted son, Count Pierre Lanthenus. I need say nothing more, that face explains all."

It was the blushing, radiant face of Olympe turned to him, full of love, joy, gratitude. This was not the bridal she had expected, but it was he one her heart had yearned for, and it was satisfied.

The Count Lanthenus, the elder, never married; his son (I have used feigned names) became the leader of France in its most critical period.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OLD FOUNTAIN HOUSE:

—OR,—

MEDFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

THE dingy sign creaked drearily over the windows of the weather-stained tavern. But indoors, within the sanded traveller's room, all was life and bustle. A perfect hum of voices saluted the ear; and through the hazy atmosphere redolent with fumes of punch and tobacco, might be distinguished dimly the rubicund face of the squat-looking landlord, looming above the ochre-tinted bar on which from time to time he reposed his wearied elbows—wearied with the scarce intermitted labor consequent on the continued cries for "Another flip, hot, mind you!" "Another Jamaica, deacon!" "Spirits for two!" and all the varied summons of a bibulous character to which, in the last century the ears of the hotel keeper were so accustomed even from the most respectable visitants. In those days the tavern and its hospitalities held a station in social life which they have been long since forced to abdicate.

"I tell you, sir," exclaimed a voice which rose above the general murmur, "I tell you, sir, that our affairs demand prudence; yes, demand prudence, I say. It will not do to intrust proceedings to hot-headed men, and inexperienced youths. The direction of things should be given into the hands of men of sagacity, learning, and experience, who will understand how to represent the country's grievances to his majesty's ministers."

"A fig for your learning, as you call it, schoolmaster. What good will your Latin and your Greek do when it comes to hard words and hard knocks? And hard words and hard knocks we are going to have, schoolmaster, and that right soon."

And the speaker struck a brawny fist on the table with a force which made the drinking cups clatter merrily. A hoarse murmur greeted the blunt speech to which further rejoinder was interrupted by the sudden stopping of a horse at the door of the inn, and the entrance of a young man booted and spurred, and showing in his soiled dress the evidence of hard riding.

"What news, Master George?" ejaculated two or three voices.

But the youth, coolly placing himself at the bar, declined reply till he had refreshed himself with a warm modicum of the landlord's best.

Then, replacing the goblet, and regarding the company with a slightly affected superiority of manner:

"Not much, gentlemen," he replied. "I have just been over to give the Malden folks warning that they should look for a safer storing place for their ammunition. There is rumor of a general descent of the red coats on our magazines, and the general committee are taking measures accordingly."

"Right," exclaimed the schoolmaster's beligerent antagonist. "Right! This looks a little like action. A queen's-arm and a dozen cartridges for me, before all the prosy talk that ever was spoken. Hillo, Master George, would you say no to an ensign's commission in a company of stout Massachusetts rebels, ready for all chance blows that may offer?"

"I think, lieutenant, I should accept readily enough, provided no better post offered," rejoined the young man, in a tone which sufficiently evinced his own opinion that a more advanced position would better befit his merit.

"Coxcomb," murmured the redoubtable lieutenant, inwardly much displeased at the self-sufficiency thus covertly displayed. "Here is a boy who never saw an enemy's face, nor made a ten mile march, who yet thinks himself fit to command a good score of tried veterans. Come, friends," he continued, rousing himself from his momentary dissatisfaction, "let us drink a health to all good patriots, and confusion to the king's ministers."

The proposal received unanimous consent, being stoutly put in practice with all the rude honors of the occasion. The jingle of pewter cups had not yet ceased, when the door of the apartment opened, and the comely face of William Emerson made its appearance. He was the ward of Schoolmaster Pollard, or to speak more definitely, a sort of poor relation, who, in consideration of plentiful work, was allowed a place at the frugal table of the pedagogue, with such opportunity for literary acquirement as might be snatched from his labors.

"Master Pollard," exclaimed the youth, "Miss Martha desires me to say that the supper table has been waiting long, and that she is anxious for your return."

Master Pollard reddened to the roots of his hair, while several of his fellows winked meaningly at each other.

"Tell Martha, William, that I am engaged in discussing matters of public importance, and that I will return as soon as I have finished my business."

"And here, youngster," shouted Lieutenant

Dimmick, "before you go, turn down your throat a mug of good flip, and drink a downfall to tyranny, like an honest youth as you are. Egad, you've a good eye and clean limb. I only wish that you and I were in the front rank with muskets levelled, and the enemy coming on at double quick time. Would not we make a good account, friend Will?"

"I cannot say what I should do in such case," answered young Emerson, not a little embarrassed. "And for matter of drinking, you will excuse me, I am not accustomed to heady liquor."

"The more reason that you should begin," rejoined the veteran Dimmick. "No blenching, lad, walk up and tip your mug like a soldier, such as you expect to be."

The young man colored deeply, shook his head in dissent, murmured some inarticulate reply, and hastened from the apartment, much to the discomposure of the worthy lieutenant, whose favorable impression concerning young William was instantly on the decline.

"A little of the milkop after all, I am afraid," he murmured in a disappointed tone. "But one can't always tell. I dare say now, Master George, that yonder lad, spite of his faint stomach, would hold as stout heart with the red coats as any of you youngsters."

"It may be so," replied the other, with rather a contemptuous air, "but I would not wish to risk great odds on his courage. Will was never much of a fighting character."

"Nay, Master George," replied the schoolmaster, with a pompous air of erudition. "The old Romans were wont to say, '*Nil mortuis nisi bonum*,' or as we might say in our own tongue, 'Speak nought but good of the dead.' And surely it were better that, in speaking of the absent, we should count them as it were dead to all intents and purposes; that is to say, incapable of defending themselves against injurious accusations. Moreover, since this lad William is in some very slight degree akin to myself, I might justly be blamed were I altogether to omit bearing witness to his good qualities. He has been, generally speaking, a harmless and obedient lad, and one that appeareth to have a due reverence for the gift of learning. Concerning his bodily valor, I can testify nought. Yet the youth has been well inducted by myself into the warlike histories of Rome and Greece, and cannot but have imbibed in some degree the spirit of their immortal heroes. Verily I cannot think, with such training, that the youth would disgrace himself when necessitated to the bearing of arms. Most especially must I otherwise anticipate,

since he would doubtless have before him the ensample of Master George Carter, whose martial spirit and bearing I would uphold as matters of worthy emulation."

Dimmick yawned, two or three others grinned with an owl-like intelligence on the speaker, while young Carter (half suspecting some ironical meaning to be veiled by the language of Pollard) made haste to pay his reckoning and be gone. The schoolmaster himself, apprehensive of his sister Martha's rebuke, delayed not long to follow the example. His unpresuming dwelling was but a little way from the tavern, and lifting his eyes as he neared it, he was rather surprised to behold two carefully caparisoned steeds fastened at his gate. The peculiar fashion of their harness, the shapely saddles, and the holsters on either side, struck him with added apprehension. He had not gained the porchway ere sorer cause of alarm declared itself.

"Ah, my pretty lass, a kiss, a kiss before we part. Not such a handsome face have I seen since leaving the shores of old England."

"Forbear, good gentlemen, forbear."

"By Apollo himself I'll have a taste of those cherry lips, spite of your pretended coyness," cried the first voice loudly.

The schoolmaster hesitated no longer, but hastened into the house, gaining the large keeping room just in time to see Will Emerson, with flashing eyes and clenched hands standing over the prostrate form of an English officer. The companion of the latter, with sword unsheathed, and breathing dire oaths, seemed on the point of summarily repaying the injury inflicted on his comrade. A finely formed young woman who might have been about the witching age of seventeen, half sat, half lay, in a wide rustic arm chair at one side of the massive fire place.

"Who are you, and whence," exclaimed the master, with unwonted energy, "that you thus invade with your rudeness a peaceful man's dwelling?"

"I'll let you know, my old cock," wrathfully retorted the officer, "and this young cockerel of yours also. A fine mess it must be if one of his majesty's captains cannot kiss a pretty rebel without his interference."

"Hold there," interrupted the other Englishman, slowly lifting himself to his feet, and rearranging his disordered dress. "Let well enough alone, Phippen, if you please. I fancy accounts are now tolerably well squared. I was fool enough to behave myself improperly to a worthy young lady, and this brave lad has done his duty, learning me a lesson that I will endeavor to remember. Your pardon, reverend

sir," he added, holding out his hand with such irresistible frankness that the old schoolmaster could not refrain from accepting the offer.

"You are a brave soldier, I am sure," said the old man, with a tremulous voice, "and right-hearted at bottom, or you would not thus willingly acknowledge the desert of your intrusion. Though there are many wearing your colors who seem as they were so many ravening wolves, eager for our destruction, yet your face does not declare you of such malignant temper."

"Softly, good father," returned the Englishman, "we men of war are by no means such ogres as you have chosen to think us. We are not here of our own free will and intent, but by the command of his gracious majesty, to whom our swords are due. And for my part, I have no such longing for blood and slaughter, and that sort of thing, as your province would take it for granted that every English soldier must have. But come, Phippen, we must not linger, unless I may delay for one instant to sue for forgiveness from this fair maid. Indeed, we had but called for a drink of pure water, when my own rattle-brained folly, heightened by too much wine, urged me to an offence which I sincerely regret. So then, to horse, to horse, comrade, for the sun lowers fast in the west."

"How now, Anne?" exclaimed Master Pollard, as soon as the retreat of the intruders left him more at liberty. "It would seem that you have recovered from your fright very quickly, since I see you smiling as gaily as ever."

"How can I help laughing," exclaimed the maiden, who had once more regained her cheek's warm flush, "when I think of our bold Master George, who stands yonder so silent and pale?"

"Ha, young sir, George," said her father, suddenly perceiving that youth, who stood somewhat withdrawn within a recess of the apartment, "it is well that you for once laid aside your usual rashness. Had you also raised the hand of violence, I know not what the consequence might have been."

"Most commendable prudence in him," retorted Anne, indignantly. "He never so much as opened his mouth, and I know not what I should have done, had it not been for Will breaking in as he did. But stay, George, you alone could not have— There, I have vexed him, and he is gone," and the little beauty burst into tears.

"Why, George, Master George," exclaimed the old man, hastening to the door, though too late to intercept the flight of the chagrined youth. "Turn back, turn back, lad; never mind what the idle fussy says. *Puella instabilis*," muttered

the old man, returning to the keeping room, which he found vacant, for Anne had vanished, and William himself, sagely anticipating that the irritability of his patron would, as usual, be prone to vent itself, whether with or without proper cause, had wisely followed the girl's example. *Puella instabilis*," repeated the school-master, knitting his bushy brows together, and clenching his bony fingers in the emphasis of ejaculation. "Sox unstable, varying and inconstant. Why should this provoking girl so behave herself? Did I not know that she is really attached to this young Carter, I should feel sore indeed, since it behooves my welfare and hers too, that they be mated in due time. But why will she then so often take occasion to flout him? O, sex variable, inconstant and inexplicable!"

"What now, brother John?" said a mild voice.

"Eh, Martha, is that you? What is the matter? Why, here William has been quarrelling with two of those English officers, and had like to have raised trouble enough about our ears. And Anne has taken a miff at George Carter, because he had too much wit to embroil himself with the men of war."

"Ah, a love quarrel?" said Martha, who though some years past the bound of old maidship, was a well-formed, presentable woman, with good features, and a rather brunette complexion.

"Fish, nonsense," exclaimed Master Pollard, glancing at her angrily. "You women, the most sensible of you, are always having at your tongue's ends some silly, romantic notion or other. I tell you, Martha, that I fear every day that some of our Anne's oddities will make a breach between her and the son of the wealthy and influential Squire Carter. And if it should be so that I should lose the favor of the family, I fear that it will go hard with my future prospects."

"Will it then be a severe disappointment if your project of marriage between George and Anne should fail?"

"I have set my heart on it, Martha. Have I not toiled and dived and pinched till I am near sixty, that I and mine may gain secure footing in the world, and find ourselves beyond sordid want? Why should we not have voice and power in society, as well as others who are so much less deserving than ourselves? And how far short of my aim should I not fall, were it not for contrivance and management?"

"Your management may overshoot itself, John," replied Martha, with a little severity in her tone. "Above all, beware how you let any match-making management be noticed. No

surer means could be taken to effect the duties of your plans."

"A fig for your silly advices, Martha. Have I not studied human nature from boyhood up? But I do desire that Anne should be less capricious in her conduct. Sometimes I have noticed that she behaves as kindly and civilly to young Carter as though she had no thought of fancying any other youth in the whole world. Then, perhaps the very next day, she would be directly the opposite in her demeanor. Nay, I have sometimes scarce controlled my anger at beholding her, even in George's presence, smiling kindly on WH, our bashful Will himself, and acting as though she really most affected him of the two."

"She might not be in the wrong if she did prefer William."

Master Pollard stared at her with rounded eyes.

"I am astonished at you, Martha," he exclaimed. "'*Multum admirans*,' as the classics say. Prefer William Emerson, whom I have taken into my house through charity, as it were, since the few drops of blood which in our veins claim kindred with his family, could scarce constitute any claim to our assistance—prefer him, I repeat, to George Carter, son of the most influential man in town, a youth of the highest expectations? Martha, you are mad."

"It may be so, brother John," answered Martha, from the arm-chair within which she had now composed herself, "but you know that my conclusions are not always mistaken even when they differ from your own."

TEN SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

"Why are not those guns brought forward?" exclaimed a mounted officer, imperiously addressing a group of soldiers gathered around two pieces of cannon, halted near the foot of Bunker's Hill. "Is this your discipline?" continued the speaker, his glance resting on the leader of the artillerymen. "Every moment, sir, is precious, and here you waste your time at your ease. You are once more directed to bring forward those pieces—instantly, sir, instantly."

Without stopping to hear the rejoinder, the indignant officer rode on at full speed.

"A fine idea," murmured the young man who had been thus authoritatively accosted. "I wonder whether they expect me to obey half a dozen different orders at one and the same time?"

He kept his position, in sullen disregard of the command just issued. Meanwhile, the men who had been placed under his control began to discover signs of agitation, conversing with each

either, at first in under tones, but presently with more open utterance, as their emotions were excited by the gathering signs of conflict. It was yet early in the morn, before the actual commencement of the fray. The works at the top of the hill were intercepted from the vision by an undulation which rose at a short distance in front of our little company; and over and across this hillock, now and then plunged a shot from the British ships of war which were furiously cannonading the rebel intrenchments, and enflaming the line of march which the approaching reinforcements must necessarily pursue. The sight of these missiles as they ploughed the earth in their terrific career, was not calculated to strengthen an untried courage, and the nerves of more than one of the party shrank from more nearly encountering these engines of assault. Nor was the young leader himself exempt from a certain timidity, were one to judge by his pallid cheek and unsteady eye.

"We shall have some of those balls cutting in here amongst us, if we stop much longer," muttered one. "I for one think we might as well fall back a little till Captain Harris comes up with the rest of the troop. I know that he gave order that we should halt hereabout till his arrival; but he couldn't have meant that Lieutenant Carter should expose us 'thout any use."

The spirit of the men was plainly giving way, although some still said that they ought to go on at once when there was so much need of their assistance. Young Emerson, who was ensign in the company, saw the critical moment, and the necessity of immediate action.

"Sir," said he, addressing himself to Lieutenant Carter, "I would make bold to advise that we march on immediately. Some accident doubtless has detained Captain Harris, and at all events we have just received authority for an instant advance. Our further delay may be of great disadvantage."

"What, sir," exclaimed Carter, his face reddening, and his sword half uplifted, "do you presume to dictate your orders to me—to me, your superior officer?"

"No, sir," retorted Emerson, thoroughly aroused, "but there is something else that I will presume to do." "Men," he exclaimed, addressing his companions with a loud voice, "who of you came here to-day to fight? To those who did so purpose, I would say that we are losing precious moments. We have been ordered by competent authority to go on. Our present officer refuses, for what reason he himself best knows. Now, then, I will take the responsibility of moving these guns. Who helps?"

"At your peril," shouted the Lieutenant, with a threatening gesture.

He was intercepted, however, by a score of hardy forms, and as many voices eagerly exclaimed:

"Go on, ensign, go on; we'll have up the guns."

Others stood aloof, sulky and silent, yet interposing no obstacle to the action of their brave companions. These latter, putting forth their strength in earnest, moved rapidly on with the cannon, inspiring each other with short snatches of a rude Lexington ballad of which time has barely spared a single couplet:

"The red coats marched for Concord bridge,
So merrily beat their drums, O!"

When arrived within a few yards of the intrenchments they were met by another mounted officer, a stout-built, farmer-like looking man.

"How's this, lads?" he said pleasantly. "Rather short handed for the management of these little playthings. Is this all of your company?"

"No, general," answered one, "you'll find t'other half of our company in snug shelter down yonder."

His questioner's eyes flashed fire, and he was instantly speeding in the direction indicated.

"Old Put's dander is started," said the man who had just spoken. "I rather guess you'll see our nice lieutenant and the rest of 'em up here pooty shortly now if I aint mistaken."

The guns had scarcely been placed in position when Carter and the rest of the company joined their companions.

"Which of you led the party that brought up these guns?" said Putnam, again presenting himself.

A dozen fingers were pointed at Emerson, who stood in confusion, hardly knowing whether he were not to be the recipient of blame rather than praise for the bold step which he had taken.

"Are you acquainted with the management of cannon?" inquired the general, eyeing him sharply.

"I have paid some attention to it, sir," replied Emerson, modestly.

"Beg your pardon, general, for speaking," exclaimed a sedate, middle-aged man, stepping forward, "but I must say what he wont say himself, and that is, that he can handle these cannon as well as our captain himself."

"Your captain? very well, where is he?"

"Can't say, exactly," replied Carter, who now felt compelled to speak, "but—"

"Enough," ejaculated Putnam, impatiently. "Young sir," turning to Emerson, "you will

take command of these guns till further orders be received in my name, observe you. And do you, sir," abruptly confronting Carter, "take care that his orders are promptly obeyed. Let us so behave ourselves that this day will at least do us no dishonor."

And with a meaning glance at the young lieutenant, he passed on, murmuring to himself:

"Heavens, I believe the boys are taking place of the men—captain missing, lieutenant wont stir, boy ensign brings up the guns to action! Ah, a little sharp seasoning will bring these laggards to their senses."

Young Emerson had at first given very little attention to matters around, but glancing aside a moment or two after the general's departure, he was startled at beholding the gaunt figure of Master Pollard turned toward him in an attitude of the utmost surprise.

"*Eheu, mirabile dictu!*" ejaculated the worthy man, alternately eyeing his young kinsman, and the discomfited Carter. "Truly it is marvellous! '*Milites est dux*,' the soldier is now a leader, and commands his own commanders. Truly, it is marvellous!"

"Master Pollard, Master Pollard," replied Emerson, with more than equal consternation, "is it possible that you are here? Indeed, sir, you are too venturesome at your age."

"Nay," exclaimed Master Pollard, transformed as it were to the appearance of another being by the earnestness of his feeling. "Am I too old to die for my country? I have come among these youths and riper men to show them that the aged also can bear a part in the day's work. Neither have my eyes yet lost their vision altogether, nor my arms their vigor."

"Well said," added a man at his left, leaning for an instant on a spade which he had been industriously plying. "Well said, sir. You can use a spade, too, as well as the rest of us, that I witness. For my part, I am tired out with shovelling earth; I have labored since midnight, and heartily wish this part of the work were done."

It seemed but a second of time, when a cannon shot grazed the top of the works, and Master Pollard was nearly prostrated by the shock of a body falling against him. His neighbor lay at his feet, his right arm and shoulder torn away. A single gasp and he was dead.

"His work is done," said Pollard, slowly.

A crowd gathered quickly around the corpse. To most this was a totally new experience, that of death on the battle field, with its appalling and sudden violence. As they gazed, a stalwart, military-looking man came up.

"My lads," he said, "I trust this is no more than what we are prepared to see many times to-day. Better thus than on a sick bed, far better. Those who fall to-day will be like those of Lexington, immortal. That will do, lads, take your spades and bury the dead quickly as possible."

"What," exclaimed a rustic and astonished bystander, "bury him without even a prayer?"

"My good fellow, if I should fall to-day, I should have neither spade nor prayer; time enough for such things to-morrow," replied Prescott, with a smile as full of seriousness as could have been the gravest countenance.

"Shame, shame," exclaimed one and another, with excited looks, "can no chaplain be found?"

Prescott's countenance lowered, and he was about to issue a sterner command, when Master Pollard, with bared head, arrested him.

"Sir," he said, "may it not be well for the moment to gratify what is certainly no unworthy feeling? Though no clergyman, I trust I may be able to say a few appropriate words."

"They must be few," answered Prescott, pointedly.

Master Pollard raised his eyes with reverent air, and every breath was hushed in close attention.

"Our Father in heaven, who wilt hear those who pray to thee humbly, and in a righteous cause, hear us, thy too sinful children, who this day go forth to battle the enemies of their country. Thou who didst in ancient times receive the flocks of the field as a sin-offering from thy people, wilt thou, this day, receive, the life blood which we fervently offer, giving thy blessing to that country which we would willingly die to save. Amen, and amen!"

The body was lowered into the ditch, and quickly covered. The crowd dispersed silently and steadily to their posts. Every sign of dread seemed to have vanished, and they were strengthened most visibly by those few words for the task before them. The day passed on with all its glorious horrors, rank after rank were mowed in death, and when the thrice repulsed foe were again driven as it were to the assault, when cartridge box and powder horn were empty, and when the close bristling bayonets pushed forward with deadly order on the rustic troops, still the latter bore back steadily, and with face to the foe. Musket butts and stones answered when all else failed; and the rustic, ill-armed militia kept at bay the veterans of England, retreating with equal step towards the narrow isthmus which was to place them in security.

"Don't give up the guns, boys," shouted

Emerson. "One more for Lexington and Bunker's!"

One more larum of slaughter poured forth; one more, and the last. Amid the volleying smoke their foes were upon them. The little band was fearfully thinned. Half their number had fallen.

"Don't desert me, Emerson," cried the feeble voice of Carter, who lay extended on the earth. His entreaty was vain.

"Steady, lads; close together, and lay on. There comes old Put himself."

And, at the word, the veteran with some two score sturdy reapers of death beside him, cleared a space around.

"Move on, move on, my brave fellows—take care of yourselves—let the brass playthings go. They'll not serve the redcoats to-day, I'll warrant. So put spike and hammer."

The crash and clamor of conflict rolled on, falling dull on Carter's sinking sense.

"He has left me to die," he murmured.

With an effort of reviving strength he raised himself on his elbow. He could still distinguish Putnam's rusty hat and flaming sword. The tide of retreat wavered for an instant, and the cry came: "Emerson is down; save him!"

"Move on!"

Two years had passed. Burgoyne's surrender had just lightened the gloomy horizon with a flood of joy and hope. Men's hearts, which had sunk to the stagnant depths of sullen though stubborn despair, now bounded with animation and vigor, and a universal thanksgiving spread throughout the land.

Accompanying the captive army in its inglorious march toward the eastern seaboard, came Carter, now a major in regular commission. His spirit was light and free as the bracing air which he drew in every breath. The transient cloud which had dimmed his first essay in arms had long since passed away. The encomiums of his superiors, the public commendation of Gates himself, might have been sufficient cause for exultation. But other and milder rays than those of warlike fame illumined the future. Gentle Anne Pollard, gentle and more beautiful than ever, had listened to his suit, and had not said him nay. In brief, he was hastening to his wedding day, which was to take place immediately on his arrival. The anticipated event, so welcome to him, was scarce less so to Master Pollard, and to the elder Carter, whose severe and rather worldly heart had been quite thawed by the charming face of his prospective daughter-in-law.

"A most worthy young man, Martha," exclaimed the schoolmaster to his sister, his heart meanwhile swelling with exultation. "A most worthy young man he has proved himself, and how different from the perverse lad Emerson, with whom you were once so much taken."

"Poor fellow!" said Martha, with a sigh. "I wish that I could know for a certainty what has become of him."

"Know for a certainty?" exclaimed Master Pollard, his face ablaze. "What possesses you to say thus, when we all know that he deserted to the British, and is now flourishing at the south with a pocket full of money, and a fat office, the young villain. I could wish that he had been knocked on the head at Bunker's, and lain there, as I intended that young Carter should have lain, for all the help that he would give."

"There may be some mistake, possibly," interposed the compassionate sister.

"Mistake about what? I declare you are enough to put a saint in a passion with your possiblys. You know very well that James Gibson said there was no doubt that Emerson saw and heard Carter. He stood right beside him, and perceived him look that way. It was scarce more than a yard distant. It is very easy to understand it; there had been rivalry between the youngsters. But there, Martha, I meant not to have said so much. Heaven forbid that I should wish William Emerson ill. And indeed, it is not wishing him other than well to say that I had a thousand times rather that he had died an honorable death, than to be living now, a traitor to his home and country."

Martha was effectually silenced. Yet a mutual gloom pressed on the spirits of the two, when Anne entered the room, bent on some household errand, her silken hair awave, and the tender roses and lilies coming and going like the gentle tints of an early summer morn. Such a light as was dispersed through the just now saddened room! Master Pollard, with unwonted levity of action, caught her by the arm as she passed him, and pushing softly back the tresses which encroached upon her forehead, said, with a half serious smile:

"So light and free of care, my little butterfly! And to-morrow, perchance, George Carter will be here."

"So soon?" exclaimed Anne. And there was a slight change of color, and a little tremor in her voice as she spoke.

Martha, standing by the table, involuntarily took up a small Bible which lay thereon. On a blank leaf, as she opened it, met her eyes the name of William Emerson, in his own writing.

"Poor boy!" she said, scarce aloud. "That would scarce seem a dishonest hand that traced those round and well-shaped letters."

She was startled at feeling a breath upon her cheek. Anne whispered, with a strange, wild look in her eyes:

"Aunt Martha, I saw him last night."

"Anne!"

"I dreamed it. He was pale, deadly pale. I can remember scarce anything, except that he said he had been belied. Aunt Martha, it is dreadful."

"My dear Anne, you tremble like a leaf. You have been a little nervous, that is all. There, love, think no more about it. We have a thousand like idle visions. We but spoke, of him the other eve, and this has come of it. I could recount you a full score of such baseless visions."

And, with a kiss, the comforting woman dispelled the pallor from the cheek of fair Anne. Master Pollard, meanwhile, out of hearing of this colloquy, looked on with a curious perplexity. Anne turned a glance thither, and instantly comprehended that a cheerful countenance would just at that moment be peculiarly appropriate. So, with a smile of the gayest liveliness she sprang forward, and throwing her arm playfully around him, dragged him away to the farther corner.

"Ah, sir, we must not risk your listening to our little follies."

"A joyous occasion this, friend Dimmick."

"Hum, yes, I s'pose one ought to think so."

"Ah, captain, you are a born grumbler, I must believe," exclaimed the first speaker, who was no other than Dick Hazeltine, the jolly and well-to-do merchant of the village. "One would think, from your grum looks, that you had come to attend a funeral instead of a wedding. Happy and joyous, why not, pray? Here is Master Pollard, full to the brim with honest pride and satisfaction. There is Stephen Carter, Esq., justice of peace, member of assembly, and what not, at this very moment totally forgetful of strut and consequence in his sympathy with the happiness of Carter, minor, who stands yonder, hardly conscious whether he is on his heels or his head. And who can say anything, pray, when he looks at this sweet young bride so soon to be?"

"It is I that can say it, Master Hazeltine. I am a rough fellow, I know, and one whom you would not think capable of looking very far into ladies' minds; but I can tell you that not five minutes since, that girl was thinking of a very different person from George Carter."

"Pooh, captain, you mean Will Emerson. I have heard you say that before now. But I don't think that she ever thought much of him. And I know that you and George are no great friends."

"And never will be, the popinjay! But he is coming this way. Such a condescending shake of the hand as he bestows on his humble guests! I'm off, for I want no such lofty notice."

"Ah, Dimmick," exclaimed Hazeltine, as the veteran retreated, "what a man you might be if you could but wring that drop of gall from out of your heart!—Major Carter, I wish you joy. Here am I with a crowd of your old acquaintances and fellow-soldiers to participate in your happiness."

"Ay, ay, I thank you, sir," replied Carter, with an abstracted air. "But, I pray, can you tell me who that man is who has seated himself at the table near the door? He is a stranger to me."

"A stranger?" echoed Hazeltine, peering over his questioner's shoulder. "Sure enough, and strange enough he looks—dusty, scarred, and such eyes! Dare say it's some chap a little overloaded with liquor, who has stumbled in here. Well, well, never mind, as long as he is quiet."

"What ails the major?" said one of Hazeltine's companions a moment after the bridegroom had passed on. "'Pears to me he looks a little out o' sorts like."

"O, nothing, except there's an unbidden guest here that looks as if he had gotten his liquor aboard a little too early. And you know what Jim Thomson says, 'When a fellow's to be married or hung, he likes to have things go on in good shape.'"

"Well, Dick Hazeltine, you must always be joking, I b'leve. But, law, here comes the gal herself, pretty and blushin' as a June mornin', bridesmaids, groom and all. Declare it's enough to make an old fellow young again to look at her. No glum looks about Major George now, I warrant you."

"Why, Mason, who would have thought you so poetic? But hist, Parson Goodenow is going to begin. Hope the old man won't be quite so lengthy as he sometimes is."

The clergyman commenced a preliminary address, the prolonged phraseology of which seemed not to promise the fulfilment of the hope just expressed. But Hazeltine presently forgot all anxiety on that score, in observing a singular change in the demeanor of the young bride. At first, unusually composed as she sat by the side of the groom, awaiting the commencement of

the marriage ceremony, her color a few instants afterward began to come and go like that of one struck by some vague apprehension. Then she became pale, apparently unconscious of what was spoken, her eyes turned intently toward the farther end of the apartment. The eyes of Hazeltine and others also followed that singular gaze till attention centred on the countenance of the unbidden guest, now sitting with head erect, his face of corpse-like hue, rendered more striking by a long red seam which descended from temple to cheek. His eyes flashed with a preternatural brilliancy that chained in apparent fascination every faculty of Anne Pollard's mind. So marked became her agitation that the clergyman paused. Dimmick and Hazeltine pressed forward to remove the cause of the disturbance.

"Friend," said the merchant, "your manner is unseemly, your appearance scarce befitting the occasion. We would entreat you to retire."

"Come, sir, up with you," added Dimmick, with difficulty restraining himself to such a grasp on the offender's arm as would indicate an alternative which most intruders would have disliked to await, in view of the iron muscle exhibited in the veteran's clasp. But scarce had Dimmick placed his hand on the stranger, when the latter flung him backward as though the firm set man were the merest child.

"He is mad!"

"Mad—mad?" cried the intruder, rising and breaking out in feverish utterance. "Who would not be mad? Will none of ye greet me? Ha, dapper groom, fair maiden, must I be gone, back to shame and the prison rot? Curses on ye all, fair lips and lying hearts!"

"William!" thrilled a low, imploring voice.

"Forgive me," cried the maniac, his tones suddenly lowered to gentleness. "I am neither coward nor traitor, but since you ask it I will go. Yes, I will go."

At the word he fell. A dozen hands were outstretched to raise him, but Anne was already there, his head supported in her clasp, while the blood from his re-opened wound trickled on her snowy dress.

"William, William!—dear William—live, and I will be yours; indeed I will!"

"Neighbors," said Dimmick, hurriedly, to those around him, "we cannot be wanted just at this moment. There is space for us in the garden and orchard, till the household recovers from this unforeseen occurrence. Well, I should never have thought that to be William Emerson."

The rough soldier was, among all the guests,

first to evidence a rare and delicate consideration of feeling. The apartments were soon cleared, Anne was conveyed fainting to her own apartment, Emerson was placed on a bed in an adjoining room, and a message despatched to the physician. The elder Carter could not restrain his annoyance at such proceedings.

"Very improper, very improper," he repeatedly exclaimed. "Miss Anne, too, should not have thought it. Not respectful treatment at all."

A little consideration, however, and a few words from his son and Master Pollard sufficed to check his irritation, when Martha Pollard, coming in, said that Anne wished to talk with George. He obeyed the call.

Anne was half reclining in the arm-chair, when he approached and took the little hand which she extended with a look so beseeching.

"O, George, can you ever pardon me? Indeed, I can go no farther. I cannot marry you. I was led to believe him dead—dead to us at all events—forever. And now—George, the day before he left us for battle, I gave him my heart. He has it now. Pardon me!"

And her head with its waving tresses bent over his clasped hand in utter grief and humiliation. George shook with answering emotion, but he thought and answered manfully.

"I do forgive you, Anne, hard as it is to part with you in this way. But if you love William Emerson better than you do me, Heaven bless you both, heartily. I have been called selfish, but, Anne, I am not so to-day. And William, there has been some great mistake, doubtless he has been belied, but tell him I have had no hand in it. Anne, I can't say more. Good-by!"

She made no reply, but her eyes and her countenance told all she would have said.

For weeks William Emerson lay dangerously ill with brain fever. Before he rose again he and Anne Pollard had joined hands forever. Health again recovered, Emerson once more entered his country's service, knowing no dearer friend and fellow-soldier than Major George Carter. Both the one and the other became ennobled in character by their attachment; an attachment so strong that it gave rise to a proverb among their townsmen, "Like Carter and Emerson."

The reports of Emerson's recreancy, so strongly attested as to have gained universal belief, had arisen from the coincidence of his name with that of a refugee from New York. The young soldier had escaped from a long and cruel imprisonment, making his way homeward in a condition scarce removed from insanity.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MOON-GASER.—A FABLE.

BY ISA. AMEND HERBERT.

Cynthuleus stood on a prairie bare;
A few fall flowers through their icy hair
Looked up and smiled, but they caught not his eye,
For he gazed on the moon in the cloud-hung sky.

Unmindful of hearts that were beating so loud,
The modest moon hid in a rayless cloud;
The eager-eyed gaser, scarce breathing a breath,
Stood stricken, and seemed like a statue of Death.

His eye to the cloud, as a star to the night,
Clung close till he saw the dark edge growing bright;
Then he laughed—and as coyly the moon peeped out,
The still prairie rang with his wild glad shout.

The moon like a charm o'er his spirit fell,
His features were changed by the magic spell;
A deep sweet smile to his face was given—
He seemed as if breathing the air of heaven.

Now the wind rose high—through the dismal air
The cold sleet fell on his forehead bare;
He cared not, but smilingly still gazed on,
And only was conscious the moon still shone.

I offered him shelter, and warmth, and home,
And bade him, a child, to my cottage come;
I entreated, and urged he must perish soon—
He moved not, but whispered, "The moon! the moon!"

Morn came, and he lay on the cold earth there,
With his wild eyes fixed on the vacant air;
The frost had jewelled his locks of gold,
His eyes were glazed, and his heart was cold.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PUMPKIN HOOD.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

"A PUMPKIN hood, by all that's comfortable!
I haven't seen one these six years." And Ned
Bailey—one of the clerks at the M— post-
office—slipped down from the high stool upon
which he had been seated, and came close to the
window, that he might purvey more at his ease
the little bundle of Thibet and furs that stood
before the ladies' list in the outside apartment.

It was a very graceful little figure, in spite of
the warm wrappings that cumbered its move-
ments, and Ned seemed to take considerable in-
terest in watching it. Presently a very small
plump hand was slipped from its mitten of white
worsted, and a taper, rosy-tipped finger com-
menced running along the line of names. What
a pretty hand it was! Ned's eyes grew bright,
and he regarded the lady more attentively than
ever.

Suddenly the little figure turned around, and

never had a brown merino pumpkin hood, with
a blue silk lining, shaded a prettier face! Such
a pair of dazzling violet eyes! such a pouting,
scarlet mouth! such a complexion—like rose-
tinted ivory! The sudden, half-impatient mo-
tion had tossed over the white brow a tress of
soft, curling hair, like golden silk; and as the
pretty owner tucked it inside the warm hood, the
glance of her bright eyes fell upon Ned. Such a
blush as leaped into her beautiful face!—(Ned
was decidedly a good-looking young man, with
a pair of fine, dark eyes)—it made the half-
captivated fellow dream of roses and lilies all
that night. But the young lady didn't stay to
observe its effect. Very hastily she tripped into
the street, and if Ned sighed as she went away,
we don't know as anybody possessed the authority
to dispute his right.

It was very cold when the clock struck nine
that night, and Ned buttoned his overcoat closely
about him, as he walked hastily homeward.
Spite of the brisk exercise, he was benumbed
with the cold when he reached his lodgings.
Hurrying up the stairs, he threw open the door
of his room and entered. The place was as
cold as a tomb.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, thrashing his arms.
"That confounded fellow has neglected to make
a fire again. It's enough to try the patience of
a—better fellow than I am."

He rang the bell violently, and when a little
round-faced negro-boy answered the summons,
he gave vent to a burst of eloquence that quite
bewildered the boy.

"Wasn't it enough for him to walk over half
a mile such a night, without coming to a room
like that? Did Tom remember what he had
promised him last week for this very thing? and
now which would he prefer—a caning, or a pair
of boxed ears! He didn't want to hear any
excuses. Tom might save his breath to con-
vince some one besides himself that he was any-
thing else than a lazy, good-for-nothing torment.
If he would be kind enough to quit interrupting
him, when he was talking, he would be exceed-
ingly obliged to him. And now did he know
where the coal-bin was? If he was possessed of
the desired information, Ned should expect a
fire in that grate in the course of three min-
utes, or—"

Tom didn't wait to hear any more, and the
discomforted bachelor sat down in an arm-chair
and laid his watch on the table before him.
Perhaps he thought that this little show of
authority would accelerate Tom's movements,
but it really didn't seem to have the desired
effect. It was full five minutes before the plump

little fellow waddled in with the fuel, and then he proceeded so leisurely to lay and kindle it, that Ned at length quietly arose, and taking him by the collar, led him to the door and shut him out. Then he proceeded to do the work himself.

Presently the polished grate held a bed of glowing coals, and Ned threw himself upon a lounge and lay gazing into it. But he was decidedly out of humor, and his countenance was anything but a pleasant one. Presently he commenced muttering to himself:

"He was really the most unfortunate fellow alive. He wished he had a home and a wife—mother. He couldn't see the least use in his own existence. He wished most heartily that he had never been born. He hadn't any friends, and he didn't want any friends."

He took another position upon the lounge and turned a cold shoulder to the warm, genial fire. With the new position came a new train of thought. He carelessly recalled the events of the day, and then suddenly remembered the pumpkin hood and its owner. He recalled the rosy face and pretty, jewelled hand that had attracted his attention that morning. Immediately upon this recollection, he felt better. He made friends with the fire again, and fixed his eyes pleasantly upon its brightness. He speculated upon whom the little lady was—wished he could see her again. Wondered if she was married, and concluded she wasn't. Was quite sure she wasn't, and in a few moments grew quite angry at himself for entertaining such an idea for a moment. Put a bold face upon the matter, however, and wished *he* was. Declared that he shouldn't have the slightest objections, if a little blue-eyed lady should open the door and enter that very room. Indeed he shouldn't object very strongly if she threw her cloak and furs and a brown and blue pumpkin hood over a chair, and then came and seated herself upon an ottoman beside him. And then if she should take a whim to rest her bare, dimpled arm on his breast and lay her curly head upon it, he didn't know how he could help it, without being rude—and Mr. Bailey made a point of treating all ladies with the strictest politeness.

He was very proud of his handsomely furnished apartment; yet he didn't know but what it would be less annoying than he had sometimes thought, to have a pair of small, white hands take her nicely arranged books from their case and leave them lying on the sofas and window seats. He couldn't prove that a pair of number three and a half slippers would look any worse thrown carelessly down upon the hearth than his

own did; and to his taste, the firelight would stream more richly upon an animated, flushing, living face lying softly upon his breast, than it did upon the calm, Madonna features in the gilt frame opposite. With a little sigh, he closed his eyes and let his fancy have free range. The clock struck eleven, but he did not move. Of what was he thinking? O, Ned, Ned! are you not playing traitor to the vows you made, so long ago, when pretty Lizzie Howe coolly presented you with a mitten?

The fire was gradually going down. A wreath of white ashes fell upon it. The flame of the lamp grew dim, and the room became dark and cold. With a rattle, the few living coals in the grate fell together. A mist of fairy frost-work grew over the window-panes. The wind came up and rattled the casements. With a sudden start, Ned awoke and sprang to his feet. Ah, Ned! after an evening spent like this, who shall answer for your dreams?

St. Valentine's Day. Ned worked himself into a brisk glow, as he sprang about the office, for not since he could remember, had there been such a rush of business. It was enough to make a man contented with his lot for a week afterwards, to have the privilege of waiting upon the owners of the pretty, shy faces that peeped in upon the occupants of the little back office continually. The place was crowded, and the chime of merry voices and the ring of gay laughter sounded through the building all day. Ned was tired, when night came—weary of the hum and bustle, pleasant as it was. The ladies had deserted the office—for the evening was a dark and snowy one—and save the occasional tap of a gloved finger against the window glass, as the owner called for the contents of his box, the place was very quiet.

Suddenly the sound of gay voices was heard. Ned stepped to the window. Why did his heart give such a tremendous leap? A young lady and a gentleman stood together in the outside office. As Ned looked forth, the gentleman was closing the door against the drifting snow, and the lady stood holding her skirts from her little India rubber-booted feet, while she stamped the snow from them. Laughing gayly, she untied the blue ribbons of her hood and brushed the snow from her wavy, golden hair. Then still chatting merrily with her companions, she turned to the list of letters. Again the little white finger travelled the line of names. Then hastily she turned to the window. Ned's heart beat fast.

"Miss Jessie Raymond," she cried, in the most musical of voices.

Ned reached a package of letters and shifted them four consecutive times, without knowing whether the desired letter was there or not.

"I am quite sure that it is here," observed the owner of the dazzling eyes that was watching his movements. "It is impossible that it has been taken by any one else."

With some effort, Ned recovered his scattered senses and found the letter. As he handed it forth, the touch of the little white hand that received it, thrilled him like an electric shock. He blushed, and when the young lady made some inquiry regarding the evening mail, stammered so as to be scarcely intelligible.

When she had gone, he sat down and covered his face with his hands. One of the clerks came in and asked if he was sick. He thought he was—would go home and leave him to close up the office. And he went home, but not to sleep. The queerest fancies haunted him. If he looked into the fire, the coals assumed the appearance of bright eyes that sparkled and laughed in his face. He tried to read. If a cloud of silky, golden hair had fallen upon the pages, he could have distinguished the words and their meaning quite as plainly. The sound of the wind seemed to him like gay, mocking, girlish laughter; and he grew so uneasy, that at last he sprang up and commenced pacing the floor. But he soon grew tired of that, and seated himself at his desk to write to an old schoolmate. Having written three pages very carefully, he prepared to read them, and found them to be addressed to "dear Jessie," and their import to consist of the most extravagant expressions of love.

"I believe I'm bewitched!" he exclaimed, tossing the sheet into the fire. Ah, Ned! there was "more truth than poetry" in those words.

When the eastern mail came in, next morning, Ned received a letter from an aunt who was his only surviving relative, and had been his guardian from his infancy. The old lady was an invalid, and very wealthy and eccentric; and though Ned ever treated her in a most dutiful manner, her commands were sometimes very unreasonable and annoying to him. She would imagine her last end to be drawing near, without the slightest physical change to warrant the supposition; and whenever this whim entered her head, her nephew was forthwith summoned to attend her. So used had Ned become to this freak, that the reception of the letter caused him not the slightest uneasiness on the good lady's account, although he gave utterance to a little sigh on his own.

"I wonder how long I am to be shut up in that dismal old den of a country-house, in the

dead of winter?" he muttered, as he threw himself and his portmanteau into the cars. "And just now, of all times! Hang the women!"

If Ned had been asked if he made no exceptions, when he gave vent to this spiteful denunciation of the fair sex, he would have given the questioner a most unsatisfactory answer. But as it was, he was whirled on to his destination without any interruption to his most uncomfortable thoughts.

"Just as I supposed!" he exclaimed to himself that evening, as he walked back and forth in the long sitting-room beneath his aunt's chamber. "Another of those unreasonable whims. Now what in the name of reason am I to do, caged up in this old, dreary place, for the next four weeks, whilst she—" He stopped, shocked at his own indiscretion, and then taking a lamp from the mantel, went sullenly to bed.

Several days passed by—Mrs. Bailey always remaining in her own room, and Ned, companionless and lonely, wandering restlessly about the house, uneasy in mind and body.

At last the mistress of the establishment considered herself able to be brought down stairs, and, having been bolstered up in an easy-chair, was wheeled into the parlor, where sat her most unhappy nephew in a brown study.

"Edwin," she exclaimed, after gazing at him for some time, "how queerly you look! You're not going to be sick, are you?"

With only an "excuse me, aunt," in answer, Ned hurried from the room.

Incongruous as the idea seemed, he had suddenly devised a scheme that might possibly favor him. Going to his room, he seated himself, with pen, ink and paper; and when a servant came to call him to dinner, she was answered only by a thundering "begone!"

That afternoon, Ned walked a mile and a half to the post-office, and carried with him a letter addressed to Miss Jessie Raymond. It was a bold venture, but Ned was desperate—and—successful!

On the third morning, he received an answer. A perfumed note was handed him, on which was inscribed the most delicate characters, expressive of the modest interest which the writer felt in the author of the letter she had received, and a kind consent to correspond with him. Ned was in raptures; he pressed the precious missive to his lips and put it—away in his trunk! It was answered immediately, and letters came and went, through the succeeding fortnight, at a rate that made the old postmaster look suspiciously over his spectacles at Ned's handsome, animated face.

At length his aunt gave her consent to his return to town, and then the last and most important letter was penned. He gave full vent to his emotions, and in the most delicate manner hinted at his wish to see his fair correspondent in person, and begged the favor of an interview on his return to town. An answer granting all he desired was received, and on the following day he was seated in the cars, on his way to M—. As he rode along, he took the last precious letter from his pocket and re-read it. Somehow it did not sound to him then as it did when he first perused it in the solitude of his chamber. He thought it smacked more of the theatrical style than any letter he had ever seen before. But then had he not written her much in the same strain—ardently, extravagantly, with allusions to congenial souls and future bliss? He replaced it in his vest pocket, with a smile, and leaning back in his seat, gave himself up to pleasant thoughts.

Stopping at his hotel only long enough to leave his portmanteau and make some alterations in his toilet, he hurried out on to the street in the direction of Miss Raymond's residence. He found it a large brick house, with a quiet, aristocratic air. His ring was answered by a mulatto girl, who ushered him into a finely furnished apartment, where he sat down with a heart beating a great deal faster than usual, and awaited the appearance of the lady.

At last a light step was heard, and as he rose, ere he had time to turn towards the door, a female, about six feet high, dressed in a very gaily trimmed dress of pink merino, and apparently about thirty-five years of age, threw himself violently into his arms, and amidst tears and caresses, sobbed out—"My dear Edwin!"

Ned turned pale and staggered to a seat upon the sofa—the lady still clinging to him.

"My dear madam," he cried, striving to lift the ringletted head from his shoulder.

"O, do not speak to me!" she exclaimed, throwing both her bare, sallow arms about his neck. "It is happiness enough to be near you—to feel your embrace—to know that at length I have found a congenial soul—that nought but death can ever part us more! O, I love you—I love you!"

"For heaven's sake, madam!" cried Ned, wildly, struggling from her embrace; and at length succeeding, he stood before her. "There has been some mistake. You are not the lady I wished to see."

"Who did you wish to see?" said the lady, suddenly drying her tears, and brushing her dishevelled ringlets from her face.

For an instant, Ned stood nonplussed; then suddenly observing the portrait of the beautiful object of his dreams, and the wearer of the pumpkin hood, he pointed to it and said:

"It is the original of that, that I saw, and supposed I was corresponding with. How has this terrible mistake occurred?"

"That is the portrait of my niece, Miss Alice Browne. She was married here this morning, and left town with her husband a few hours ago. She has taken several letters from the post-office for me lately, and I suppose that is what you meant by saying that you had first seen me there. But," cried the lady, springing towards him, convulsed with anger, "you needn't think to get off in this way—for you won't. No," she continued, shaking her bony hand so near his face, that he stepped back in dismay, "no, I'll not be tampered with in this way. I'll sue you for breach of promise, sir, for I'm able to do it. I have your letters, and the smartest lawyer in the land can't clear you. You're a wretch to abuse a poor girl in this way—gaining her affections, and then casting her off with some senseless twaddle about a mistake! I'll not stand it, sir. I'll not be hoaxed by any man!"

Poor Ned! Explanation and persuasion were useless. The affair cost him a lawsuit, and that wasn't the worst of it. About three months after, he passed in the street the beautiful niece of his correspondent, and by the roguish sparkle of her blue eyes, as she met his glance, he knew that she was acquainted with the whole matter. Words could not express his chagrin, yet, strange to say, the affair has not taught him the lesson it was evidently intended to teach—for Ned is still a bachelor, and stares at the pretty girls who enter the office as intently as ever.

AN OPEN DOOR.

A few years since, while Rev. Thomas Hill (the newly elected President of Antioch College), was occupying the pulpit for the day, of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, there was a very severe rain storm, and the church door being open, one of the congregation was about to shut it, when Mr. Hill announced his text from Rev. 3: 8: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The effect upon the person was so apparent that he did not stir; so the door remained open.

The sermon, however, was a very good one, and opened the door to the attention of the congregation present; but the coincidence of the occasion was remarked by several, and Mr. Hill (who was afterwards informed of it) laughed heartily over it.—*Christian Inquirer*.

A SKYLARK.

Type of the wise, who soar but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.
WORDSWORTH.

The Florist.

Bend your brown branches, leafless trees,
Beneath the wintry sky;
I know for me the harvest-time,
The vintage hour, is nigh!

Growing Camellias in Pots.

The camellia is a plant which requires abundance of water, and yet is soon killed by suffering stagnant moisture to remain round its roots. When grown in a pot there should be abundant drainage. The soil should be peat-earth and sand, which may be mixed with a little vegetable mould, if it is desired to have the plants of a very luxuriant growth, and the plants should be potted high. The pots should not have saucers—or, if they have, for the sake of cleanliness, the water should be carefully poured out of them immediately after the plants have been watered. The plants should be watered abundantly every day while their flower-buds are swelling; for, if this be neglected, the buds are apt to drop off. When the flowers begin to expand, the watering is not of so much consequence, though it should be continued in moderation, and a plentiful supply should be given when the plants are making their young shoots. After they have done growing, watering once or twice a week will be sufficient till the flower-buds begin to swell.

Round-shaped Cacti.

These plants take their name from their resemblance in form and spines to a curled-up hedgehog. There is, however, a great degree of confusion about them; and those with very long-shaped flowers are by some called *cerus*, because their flowers resemble in construction those of other plants belonging to the genus *cerus*. But whatever the name given to them, all the round-shaped, ribbed, spiny or porcupine cacti, require the same treatment—that is, to be grown in vegetable mould, mixed with pounded bricks or lime rubbish. The pots should be drained with cinders, and the plants be frequently watered; but water should never be given overhead, as when there is an indentation, it will rot the centre if suffered to remain there, which can hardly be avoided if water be poured all over the plant.

Genista.

There are above fifty distinct species of *genista*, most of which will live in the open air, but some are greenhouse shrubs. They are all very handsome from their profusion of bright yellow flowers. The greenhouse kinds should be grown in peat and loam, and are propagated by cuttings under a glass, which should be frequently taken off and wiped, or they will damp off.

Patersonia.

A fibrous-rooted genus of very beautiful plants, natives of New Holland. They should be grown in sandy loam and peat, and are increased by dividing the roots or by seed. They require a little protection during the winter, and on that account are generally grown in pots which can be readily removed from the border to the greenhouse.

Lapourousia.

Cape bulbs with pretty flowers, which may be planted in a warm border and left in the ground during winter, if protected during that season by a hand-glass from frost and heavy rain.

Management of Cuttings.

The management of cuttings after they are planted depends on the general principle that, when life is weak, all excesses of exterior agency must have a tendency to render it extinct. No cutting requires to be planted deep, though such as are large ought to be inserted deeper than smaller ones. In the case of evergreens, the leaves should be kept from touching the soil, otherwise they will become damp, and rot off; and in case of tubular-stalked plants, which are in general not very easily struck, owing to the water lodging in the tube and rotting the cutting, both ends may, in some cases—as for instance, the honeysuckle—be advantageously inserted in the soil, and besides with a greater certainty of success, two plants will be produced. Too much light, air, water, heat and cold are alike injurious. To guard against these extremes in tender roots, the most common means is that of enclosing an atmosphere over the cuttings, by a hand or bell-glass, according to their delicacy. This produces a uniform stillness and moisture of the atmosphere.

Growing Tulips.

One of the best composts for tulips, in order to insure bloom, is made up of equal parts of fresh soil, well-decomposed barnyard manure, decayed horse-manure and good loam. When variety of colors is desired, a compost may be used of one-third old lime, well pulverized and sifted finely, and two-thirds of fresh soil. It is a good rule to take every dry part, which appears of a brown or black color, away from each tulip-root before planting it. In planting seedling tulips, care should be taken to keep them clear of weeds, and the second year they may be expected to send forth flowers. At this stage, it is advisable to pull out and throw away such as are of a red or yellow color, as they will not prove to be handsome flowers, and are, therefore, perfectly useless. Such as are of purple and flesh color will prove fine flowers, and should be saved.

New Seedlings.

French amateur florists have lately been remarkably fortunate in the production of new seedlings of some classes of flowers. For years the old scarlet geraniums have been grown without showing any remarkable or distinct new colors; the French, however, have within a short time past raised sorts quite dissimilar to any previously seen. Among the recent sorts are the *rubens* and *damage*; the former a superb rosy crimson, and the latter a salmon pink of exquisite shade. There are also the *nemesis* and *consuello*; the former a delicate shade of pink, with large white centre—the *consuello* a rosy scarlet, and blossoms very large.

Bulbs.

Bulbs of most kinds flourish in rooms with less care than most other kinds of plants. Hyacinths, tube-roses and lilies should be planted in the autumn. In preparing pots for them, select such as are about four inches deep and three inches wide; put a little rotten dung into each pot, fill up with rich, light soil, and plant the bulbs so shallow that nearly half the bulb stands above the soil. As soon as the bulbs begin to start, water well, and keep them in the sun.

Pernettya.

A pretty little evergreen bush, a native of Terra del Fuego, with white, heath-like flowers. It is quite hardy, and only requires to be grown in a bed of peat soil.

Curious Matters.

A Sea of Punch.

On October 25, 1784, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honorable Edward Russell's house, when he was captain-general and commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in the Mediterranean. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over with lemon and orange trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, etc. In the fountain were the following ingredients, viz., four hogheads of brandy, eight hogheads of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime-juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and lastly, a pipe of dry Mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was built a large canopy to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy who belonged to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company—and in all probability over six thousand drank from it.

Hearing his own Funeral Sermon.

An English paper—the Gateshead Observer—tells a curious story of an inmate of one of the workhouses on the Tyne, who on a recent occasion fell into such a state, that it was difficult to say whether he was dead or “dead drunk,” and the opinion of the doctors having been taken, he was pronounced to be in the former condition. He was accordingly carried to the dead-house, and preparations were made for his burial. Sunday intervened—there was divine service in the workhouse—and the reverend gentleman who officiated having heard of his removal, “improved” the event; but by this time the jovial pauper had recovered from his trance—had demonstrated his death to be a “fallacy of the faculty”—and was discovered to be listening with great sobriety to his own funeral sermon!

Female Heroism.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Bulletin records the heroic conduct of a young lady residing in Henry county, Virginia. A child of Dr. Watt, of Charlotte, was on a visit to the Read family, and while playing in the yard was struck in the foot by a rattlesnake. Fully aware of the danger which she incurred, but without a moment's hesitation the courageous young lady set to work to draw the poison from the wound by applying her mouth to the bite, and sucking out the virus, which she persevered in until she was satisfied that the poison had been eradicated. Up to this time she had experienced no ill effects from the poison, and the child, with the exception of a swelling of the foot and leg, was well in a few days.

Noteworthy Example.

When railways were in their infancy, it was supposed that they would injure the estates through which or near which they run, and Mr. Labouchere's father received the compensation of £80,000 for an imaginary detriment to his property of this sort. After his death, his son, finding there was no injury to the estate from the vicinity of the railway, but the contrary, refunded the £80,000.

New Poultry.

It is said that chickens of a new breed, called “Belpendean,” are being introduced into this country. Instead of feathers, they are covered with fine hair like that of lap-dogs, very white, soft and beautiful, and have curious red ornaments on their heads.

Electricity.

In front of the “Bellepue Imperial” at Paris, there exists an open space, upon which the opera-house formerly stood, where the Duke de Berri was assassinated. The place is ornamented with a bronze fountain, which has just been coated with copper by the electrotype process. The operation was carried on in a workshop built for the purpose at the neighboring village of Anteuil. Some weeks ago the upper basin, from which the water flows through sixteen tigers' mouths, was in the bath of sulphate of copper when a violent thunderstorm burst over Paris, and the lightning-fell close to the workshop in question. Immediately after the storm had subsided, M. Oudry caused the liquid copper to be poured off, in order to examine the vase, and to assure himself that the electric fluid had not deranged the deposit. He was extremely surprised to discover that the copper had been deposited on the tigers' heads in streaks or lines about the twenty-fifth of an inch in height, separated by equal intervals, and so happily arranged that they form a veritable tiger's skin, covered with hair, in as perfect a manner as if they had been produced by the hands of a skilful engraver.

Betraying Government Secrets.

A curious case, involving the crime of treason, has just come to light in Berlin. A workman in the royal manufactory of the percussion mixture used in the preparation of cartridges for the needle-gun, was induced to betray the secret to, it is said, a French agent. He attempted to forward a quantity done up as bales of paper. At the railroad office attention was attracted by the extraordinary weight of the packages, which were opened and found to contain a large quantity of detonators. An agent of the secret police was at once despatched from Berlin, and both the workman and his tempter are said to have been secured. The composition is a secret, and all the employees in the manufactory are required to take oaths of allegiance and secrecy. His betrayal of trust is thus a case of high treason.

A gifted Family.

The Broun family are giving concerts in England. Mr. Broun, who is a German, is so fortunate as to possess six children singularly gifted. Two of them, girls, play upon the violin, one, a lad, handles the double bass, another, quite a boy, performs upon the violoncello, a younger brother plays the viola, and an elder sister sits at the piano. Thus an orchestra is formed, and difficult pieces of music are rendered in a manner both strange and delightful.

New Fire Alarm.

An ingenious mechanic in St. Louis has devised a singular fire alarm apparatus for hotels. Cords with weights attached run to all the rooms in the house, and connect with registered bells in the office. A fire in any part would burn one or more of those cords, whereupon, by mechanism nicely arranged, the bell to which it was attached would be made to fall to the floor, and all the others set to ringing loudly.

The Lover's Puzzle.

To learn to read the following, so as to make sense, is something of a mystery:

If thee read see that me
 Love is down will I'll have
 But that and you have you'll
 One and up and you if

Singular Presentiment of Death.

Among the effects of the late Henry B. Lane, the young man who was recently burned to death by the explosion of a can of camphene in the St. Louis Democrat office, was found a diary, in which the following entry had recently been made. It is certainly a most remarkable instance of presentiment of death:

"To whom it may Concern.—Having been impressed with forebodings of the most painful nature within the last four or five weeks, and fearing that I am about to meet with some sad misfortune or other, I take this method to make known my wishes, should anything happen which may cause my death. It is my request that some one will inform my relations, by writing to Mr. John Buckworth, No. 187 Spring Street, New York, at the earliest possible moment, and also please to write to my mother, Mrs. Hannah D. L. Neal, London Mills, London, N. H., and thereby render a favor to one who died in a strange land.
HENRY B. LANE."

Maternal "Affection" of the Tiger.

Contrary to the habits of most animals, which take the utmost care of their young, and in their defence will expose themselves to the direst peril, the mother tiger is in the habit of making her young family her pioneers, and, when she suspects anything wrong, of sending them forward to clear the way. Knowing this curious propensity, the experienced hunter will not fire upon a cub that shows itself, for the mother will, in most cases, be waiting to see the result of her child's venture. Therefore, they permit the cub of cubs to pass with impunity, and reserve their ammunition for the benefit of the mother as she follows her offspring.

Curious Instrument.

Dr. Scott Allison has introduced a new instrument for the detection of diseases in the chest, which he calls the "chest goniometer," or angle measure, by which he is enabled to detect the slightest deviation from symmetry, and thus to discover depression at a very early stage of consumption, and to mark the progress of the disease, whether favorable or unfavorable. The instrument is of ivory, and very light and portable. Its use in the way intended is said to give very satisfactory evidence of its usefulness and value, and it is being extensively introduced.

The great Bell of Birmah.

An East India missionary writes of a celebrated heathen temple near Rangoon:—"Near this pagoda is by far the largest bell I ever saw. Its weight is, as written on the bell, 2,514,549. These figures, according to some, mean *ris*; according to others, *respects*. Taking the lowest estimate, the weight of the bell is over 90,000 pounds. I think there is nothing that will compare with it in England or America. Some fifteen or twenty men can stand inside of it. It contains, according to the inscription, one hundred and twelve pounds of gold, which would be alone worth over twenty-five thousand dollars."

Remarkable Suicide.

A desperate case of suicide is recorded in the St. Louis papers. A Frenchman, named Jean Benoit Bonnadieu, cut his throat, but being disappointed in not succeeding in killing himself, he took a gun, placed the end of the barrel in the wound he had made in his throat, and pulled the trigger. He had method enough in his madness to point the gun upward, so that the bullet penetrated his brain instantly, and so ended his misery.

Child nurtured by Wolves.

Le Loyer, an old writer on demonology, relates a story of a child nurtured by wolves, remarkably similar to those which have been recently brought from the kingdom of Oude. This account is, that in the reign of the Emperor Louis, of Bavaria (A. D., 1818-47), a child was taken in a forest of Hesse, who walked on his hands and feet, and in this manner was able to run faster than any wild animal. After a time they succeeded in taming him, and he was taught to walk upright by tying his hands to sticks. He related that, at the age of about three years he had been carried away by wolves, which had removed him to their den, without doing him any harm. The wolves shared their food with him, and lay round him in winter in order to protect him from the cold. They forced him to walk and run like themselves on his hands and feet; and he became so perfect in this mode of progression, that there was no wolf in the forest which could run faster, or leap a ditch better, than he could. This boy was presented to Prince Henry, Landgrave of Hesse, and he often said he would have preferred to remain with the wolves, so far had his life in the woods become a second nature.

Pigs taking Opium.

A London agricultural paper, "The Field," says that the opiate in the flower of the poppy fattens pigs by making them sleep more. One of their correspondents writes:—"In a sandy field of mine, a part of which had been dug up and not planted, a large quantity of poppies grew and completely covered the ground. Not knowing what to do with them, I asked a farmer how I should act, and he advised me to give them to the pigs. This I did, and was surprised to find how fond they were of them—eating them up clean, and with evident relish, and preferring them to other food as long as they lasted. The pigs improved in flesh, and one of them which was unusually noisy became quiet even when his feeding time came round. No doubt the poppies had some somniferous effect; but no injurious symptoms followed, and the bowels were not constipated, as I thought would perhaps have been the case. I had never heard of it before; and perhaps this may induce others whose land produces a large crop of poppies to try this novel way of feeding their pigs."

Odd Fatality.

A returned Californian reached home a short time ago with between \$15,000 and \$16,000 in gold coin. Feeling it unsafe to keep so much money about him, and suspicious of the honesty of banking institutions, he determined to bury it, which he did accordingly, without informing any one of the locality. A few days afterwards he went out riding, when he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. Of course no one knows where the money is, although it has been searched for very carefully.

Singular Accident.

A lady came near losing her life by a singular accident, in Louisville, while riding in a buggy. One end of a scarf which she wore around her shoulders blew off, and was caught in the spokes of one of the wheels, and wound up in such a manner as to draw her neck down on the wheel, and was choking her very severely. Some gentlemen stopped the buggy, and relieved her from her perilous situation.

The Housewife.

Bally Lunn.

Sift into a pan one and a half pound of flour; make a hole in the middle of it, and put in two pounces of butter, warmed in a pint of sweet milk, a saltspoonful of salt, two eggs well beaten, and two tablespoonful of the best brewer's yeast. Mix the flour well with the other ingredients, and bake it in a turban form, or bread-pan, well greased. It requires to be put to rise at three o'clock, in order to bake it at seven o'clock.

Muffins.

One quart of milk, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg melted in the milk, two tablespoonful of yeast, a little salt. When the milk is warm, put all the ingredients together, add two pounds of flour, set it in a warm place and let it rise. Turn into buttered pans, and bake to a light brown. About twenty minutes is long enough if the fire is good.

Bread Sauce for Partridges.

Cut up an onion, and boil it in milk until it is quite soft; then strain the milk into a cup of stale bread-crumbs, and let it stand one hour. Then put it into a saucepan, with about two ounces of butter, a little pepper, salt, mace, and the boiled onion. Boil it all up together, and serve it in a sauce-tureen.

Fremont Bread.

A little more than a quart of flour, three eggs, two tablespoonful of white sugar, three tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one half-teaspoonful of soda in one cup of milk. Bake about half an hour.

Potato-Balls Ragout.

Add to a pound of potatoes a quarter of a pound of grated ham, or some sweet herbs, or chopped parsley, an onion or eschalot, salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg, and other spice, with the yolks of a couple of eggs.

Potatoes Roasted under Meat.

Half boil large potatoes; drain the water; put them into an earthen dish, or small tin pan, under meat roasting before the fire; baste them with the dripping. Turn them to brown on all sides; send up in a separate dish.

To remove Ink.

Ink may be removed by rubbing upon it the juice of wood-sorrel, holding it over a hot flat-iron with a cloth between; then wash it out, without soap at first. Sometimes cream-tartar and boiling water will remove ink.

To remove Paint or Grease, Pitch or Tar.

Make a mixture of one pint of alcohol and one ounce of spirits of nitre. Wet the soiled place, and rub hard with the fingers until it is removed.

A liquid Glue that keeps for Years.

Dissolve two pounds of good glue in two and one-ninth pints of hot water; add gradually seven ounces of nitric-acid, and mix well.

Invisible Cement.

Dissolve Russia isinglass in hot alcohol, and it will stick firmly broken crockery or glass.

Older Cake.

One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, four eggs well beaten together. Dissolve two teaspoonful of soda in one pint of cider, and pour into the previous mixture, and then stir in gradually two pounds of flour. Cloves and mace are the best seasoning. Any fruit can be added, either raisins, currants or citron. This makes two large loaves. It should be baked three hours with a steady heat.

Rich Loaf Cake.

Three-fourths of a pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, six eggs, half a cup of molasses, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins chopped fine, half a pound of citron.

Milk Biscuit.

Ingredients—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, one and a half teaspoonful of milk, one egg, one wineglassful of yeast, a teaspoonful of spice, and six ounces of flour to mix with. Make into a fine, light dough, and bake them in tins, or in pans.

Jenny Lind Cake.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, six eggs well beaten, yolks and whites separately—the whites should be kept until everything else is done and then added—four cups of flour, into which two teaspoonful of cream tartar should be well stirred. Flavor with lemon.

Potato Bread.

Boil and peel a dozen mealy potatoes; rub them through a sieve, mix them thoroughly with twice the quantity of flour or meal, add sufficient water to make a dough of the ordinary consistence, ferment in the usual way with hop or potato yeast, and bake in rather a hot oven.

Temperance Cake.

One cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make it as stiff as cup cake. This should be eaten new, as it soon dries if kept. Most persons like it best eaten with butter. It may be baked in a small loaf or in cups.

Potato Cakes.

Mash boiled potatoes until smooth, and knead with flour to the consistency of light dough; roll it about an inch thick, cut in any form desired, prick with a fork, and bake on a griddle.

Rice Bread.

To one pint of rice boiled soft and two quarts of wheat meal add a handful of Indian meal; mix with milk to mold it like wheat bread, and rise with yeast.

Carpets.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

To destroy Crickets.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crickets come out, will destroy them.

Roast Capons and Fowls.

They must be killed, in warm weather, two days before cooking; in cold weather, several days. A good criterion of the ripeness of poultry for the spit is the ease with which the feathers can be plucked; always leave a few on to pluck to ascertain this. A full grown fowl requires about an hour and a quarter for cooking; it is prepared and dressed exactly as a turkey, only not much, if any, stuffing in the belly of the fowl. The crow requires some for plumpness, but the stuffing absorbs the flavor of the fowl. The gravy is made like the turkey, of the liver and gizzard. Cranberry sauce is a necessary companion of roast poultry.

A Cure for Lockjaw.

A young lady ran a rusty nail into her foot recently. The injury produced lockjaw of such a malignant character that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless. An old nurse then took her in hand, and applied pounded beet-roots to her foot, removing them as often as they became dry. The result was a complete and most astonishing cure. Such a simple remedy should be borne in mind.

Potatoes fried with Fish.

Take cold fish and cold potatoes. Pick all the bones from the former, and mash the fish and the potatoes together. Form into rolls, and fry with lard until the outside is brown and crisp. For this purpose, the drier kinds of fish, such as cod, hake, etc., are preferable. Turbot, soles, eels, etc., are not so good. This is an economical and excellent relish.

Tea Cakes.

Two eggs, well-beaten; two spoonful melted butter, in a pint of milk; add one teaspoonful of soda. Put two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar into a little flour, and mix with the former ingredients, and continue to add flour until it makes a stiff batter. Drop into cups or tins, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. These cakes are very nice either hot or cold.

Chicken Broth.

Wash half the breast and one wing of a tender chicken; put it in a saucepan with three half pints of water, a little salt, and one tablespoonful of rice or pearl barley. Let it simmer slowly, and skim it. When the chicken is thoroughly done, take it out of the broth. Serve the latter in a bowl with light bread or a fresh cracker.

Potato Colcanon.

Boil potatoes and greens and spinach separately. Mash the potatoes; squeeze the greens dry, chop them quite fine, and mix them with the potatoes, with a little butter, pepper and salt. Put into a mould, buttering it well first; let it stand in a hot oven for ten minutes.

Grape Jam.

Boil grapes very soft, and strain them through a sieve. Weigh the pulp thus obtained, and put a pound of crushed sugar to a pound of pulp. Boil it twenty minutes, stirring it often. The common wild grape is much the best for this use.

Cheap Loaf Cake.

Take two spoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two cups of raisins, chopped fine, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Add a nutmeg, or a little clove or cinnamon, for flavor.

To preserve cut Flowers from wilting.

Procure a flat dish of porcelain, into which pour water; place upon it a vase of flowers, and over the vase of flowers a bell-glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell-glass, is constantly moist with water that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the side of the bell-glass into the dish; and if means be taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell-glass, so as to prevent it evaporating into the air of the sitting-room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated the "Hopean Apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rosebud in a saucer of water.

Canary Birds.

Persons who keep canaries and other birds, instead of putting fine gravel in the cage, that the poor birds may help themselves to flint, to assist their digestion, sometimes give them a piece of cuttle fish bone (carbonate of lime), which is useless. The consequence is, the poor creatures sicken and die of dyspepsia. If any one will make the experiment and try the effect of some minute particles of silica on their favorite song-birds, the extreme greediness with which it will be consumed will speedily assure them of the necessity for its continuance.

Cranberry Sauce.

Pick and wash the cranberries. Put them into the kettle or saucepan with a little water, and stew them about half an hour; then stir them up, and add sugar enough to sweeten; stir it in, and cover it up tightly; let it simmer fifteen minutes; take off the cover, and let it simmer a little longer, and turn into an earthen jar.

A useful Remedy.

A simple but often very effectual remedy for biliousness, arising from any cause whatever, will be found in drinking half a tumbler of lemon-juice. It can be repeated, if necessary, and will put many a headache to flight.

A good Tooth-Powder.

Take pulverised orris-root, charcoal and pumice-stone, in the following proportions:—two-thirds orris-root, one-sixth each of charcoal and pumice-stone. This dentifrice should be used with care as to frequency.

To take out Mildew.

Mix together soft soap, powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on both sides with a painter's brush, and let it lay on the grass day and night until the stain comes out.

Potato Cheese Cakes.

One pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar and butter, and four eggs, to be well mixed together; bake them in pattypans, having first lined them with puff paste.

Potatoes mashed with Onions.

Prepare some boiled onions by putting them through a sieve, and mix them with potatoes. Regulate the portions according to taste.

To make Soft Water.

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Magazine* we commence the *eleventh* volume of the work, and the sixth year of its issue. It is not a cause of surprise to any one that it has attained to so large a circulation when its originality and general excellence, and its wonderful cheapness are considered. No work has ever been attempted in America at so low a rate, and it even rivals in price the famous Penny Magazine once published in London. We shall steadily continue our efforts to make it more and more valuable, and in every way worthy of all the good things said of it, and the extensive circulation it enjoys in every State of the Union. Remember that *one dollar* sent to our address will secure the work for a whole year, or *five dollars* will pay for six subscriptions for a year.

POSTAGE STAMPS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The annual demand of penny postage stamps in Great Britain is little short of 500,000,000. Supposing the year to contain 300 working days, it would give for every working day about 1,600,000 stamps to be manufactured. No very impossible task, however, when we remember the small size of the stamp, and the number that might be printed by a single stroke of the press, or one revolution of a cylinder machine.

IDLENESS HARD WORK.—The retired butcher in the neighborhood of Whitby must have found idleness hard work, when he gave notice that he should kill a lamb every Thursday, just by way of amusement.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet maker? One sells tea-sets and the other settees.

HOME.—The sweetest type of heaven is home; nay, heaven itself is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly.

A GRAVE JOKE.—"There's always a Ketch to a legal joke," said the culprit to the hangman.

"The Welcome Guest."

On the first of January we shall commence the publication of a choice and elegant weekly journal thus entitled, which it is our purpose to make the *gem* of the literary press. It will be issued, of the mammoth size and in that favorite form the folio, upon fine paper, and new type cast expressly for its columns. *It will be in every particular entirely distinct from Ballou's Dollar Magazine, and the two will be sent to any person together for \$2 50 a whole year.* We have long been engaged in perfecting this enterprise, and after nearly twenty years' experience in the newspaper business, we command unequalled facilities and ample means for the purpose. The *Welcome Guest* will be entirely unlike all its contemporaries, and will follow the lead of no other paper published, striking out and maintaining for itself an entirely original path. We hope every reader of our Magazine will send us his or her subscription for the year 1860, for the new journal, as we are resolved it shall become the most popular weekly in the country. Terms \$2 00 a year. Four cents per copy.

Any persons who have already renewed their subscriptions for the Magazine, can enclose us one dollar and a half (the half dollar in postage stamps, if most convenient), and state at the same time that they are on our Magazine subscription list, and *The Welcome Guest* shall be sent them a whole year at that price.

MATRIMONIAL.—We have heard of several novel resorts to "raise the wind" for California, but the last expedient is that of a young gentleman in Boston, who advertises for a *wife*, who is willing to invest a sum of money sufficient to enable him to reach the gold regions!

TALKATIVENESS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at a boarding-house table, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.

SO IT IS.—A dollar ten years ago was worth as much as a dollar and eighty cents is to day. So, after all, the increase of gold doesn't really make the world any richer, it seems.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

The return of the steamer *Fox* to England affords all the melancholy relief that can be derived from the certainty of Sir John Franklin's fate. The sad widow who for so many long years has sought for the evidences of his death, or indulged at intervals in the hope that the hero whose name she bore was yet numbered among the living, has now incontestable proof that he died eleven years since—died surrounded by noble companions, who, at longer or shorter intervals, followed him to the better world. The icy north has claimed its glorious dead. And now, is it not time to say that henceforth no more gallant adventurers shall be sent forth to perish in those gloomy regions of darkness and horror, and perpetual frost, that has already claimed so many victims? The *London Times* decides this question in the affirmative, taking precisely the ground and employing the arguments which we used in an article written for this journal two years ago.

There are forces in nature which are stronger than the might of man. There are lines drawn around the globe we inhabit of which it is written, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." There are regions where Nature brooks no human companionship. Of the mysteries of those far northern climes that gird the Arctic pole, we have learned quite enough. The record of the expeditions sent forth from England and this country to make polar discoveries are ample enough and sad enough to satisfy all but a morbid curiosity, and when we weigh the cost of such voyages in treasure and life, we must come to the conclusion that it is even criminal to swell them by renewed sacrifices. For be it remembered that those who go forth on such wanderings must necessarily be among the best and bravest members of society, and that the energies thus wasted, if secured at home, would inevitably prove valuable and effective. No word or aid of ours will ever be exerted in favor of another polar expedition. It is time that the losing account should be closed.

ALARMING STRENGTH.—We have just heard of a Kentuckian whose amazing strength has been attended with very fatal consequences. He was eating a slice of bread, when the knife slipped and cut him in halves, and two men behind him.

A KNOWING BACHELOR.—"A fine gold lady's breast-pin" is advertised as lost. A bachelor makes the inquiry if she is a single "gold lady," and is willing to be changed.

A HORTICULTURAL ANECDOTE.

When Sir Francis Carew had rebuilt his mansion house at Beddington in Surrey, he planted the garden with choice fruit-trees. There he was twice visited by Queen Elizabeth; and Sir Hugh Platt, in his *Gardens of Eden*, tells a curious anecdote relating to one of these visits: "I conclude," says he, "with a conceit of that delicate knight, Sir Francis Carew, who, for his better accomplishment of his royal entertainment of our late Queen Elizabeth, led her majesty to a cherry tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at least one month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover of canvass, over the whole tree, and wetting it now and then with a scoop, as the heat of the weather required; and so by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both great, and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry color; and when he was assured of her majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their maturity."

LARGEST OPERA HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

—They are erecting at Rio de Janeiro an opera house which surpasses the celebrated theatres of the lyric drama at Milan and Naples, and is four times the size of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, London. The government in Brazil sustains the opera. The emperor, who takes the lead in the literary and scientific matters of the empire, is a great lover of music. The successful plan for this temple of the Muses brought Messrs. Green and Deville, of London, about \$16,000.

PATHETIC.—A Connecticut tombstone has this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Jonathan Thompson, a pious Christian, and an affectionate husband. His disconsolate widow continues to carry on business at the same place as before the bereavement."

HEAVY DIVIDEND.—A gentleman in Alloa received a letter, which had the following item: "Edinburgh, Aug. 25, 1859.—Dear Sir,—Enclosed I send you four postage stamps, being your second and final dividend on the sequestered estate of —, late of Waterloo Place, Edinburgh."

ON THE AMOOR.—The Russian government are about establishing a cotton factory on the Amoor River.

LIGHT TAX.—In Georgia, the tax is only two-thirds of a mill on the dollar—light enough!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LABOR.

In reading the record of such a life as Humboldt's, the unthinking reader is apt to consider it a marvel that a man who performed such a multiplicity of labors should have attained such length of years. But he unconsciously suggests the very secret of his long life. It is the variety and many-sidedness of continual labor that renders it endurable and even salutary. You may say that Humboldt made science alone his pursuit. True, but science is a comprehensive term, and includes a vast amount of contracted details, affording that variety which is not the spice, but the very bread of life. It is not labor that wears us out, but monotonous, unvaried labor, or total inaction. The man who has nothing to do, is the most pitiable of mortals; and next to him, in the scale of suffering, is the man whose life is passed in one unchanging branch of labor.

The agriculturist will tell you that a system of rotation of crops is better for the land than an alternation of culture and fallow. The same piece of ground which has ceased to yield good crops of corn, or potatoes, or wheat, will yield an abundant harvest of grass, or turnips or cabbages. So with the human frame; activity is sometimes more refreshing than repose. A brisk walk after a long ride on horseback is much better than a nap on a sofa. And so with the mind. An active mind had far better seek refreshment in a change of employment, than in intervals of idleness. The man who passes from mathematics to music, and from politics to painting, finds himself in a much better condition than he who, wearied in a favorite pursuit, attempts to recruit by doing nothing, for if he take the latter course the perplexities of his habitual employment will project their shadows into his attempted leisure.

There is a popular prejudice against a "Jack of All Trades," and these same "Jacks of All Trades" have made such a brilliant figure in history, that if we but briefly sketched them we should fill a volume, not a column of a paper. Look at Rubens, who ranks in the annals of his country not only as a painter but a diplomatist; look at Leonardo da Vinci, a man of universal ability in science and art, excelling in painting, sculpture, architecture, engineering and mechanics; in botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy; distinguished also as a poet and musician. "Unpublished MSS. by Leonardo," says Mr. Hallam, "contain discoveries and anticipations of discoveries within the compass of a few pages, that strike us with something like the awe of supernatural knowledge." The name of our

countryman, Morse, will go down to posterity indissolubly linked with the electric telegraph, but few will remember that he was also a professional artist, a distinguished painter. Mr. Ball, one of our fellow-citizens, is an excellent instrumental musician, vocalist, painter and sculptor. He might make either of the arts he has mastered a speciality.

Labor, properly understood, is a blessing in disguise. By varying its application we can render it agreeable. Every man should have one leading pursuit, but the occasional cultivation of other trains of ideas will infallibly give vigor to his mind, and refreshment to his spirit.

AUTHORSHIP.—Author-craft is an imitative as well as a creative art; an original thinker is one who portrays the works of the great Author of the universe—the compiler, one who ingeniously adapts or re-arranges the thoughts and illustrations of others; both in their degree may be said to exhibit creative power. Pseudo-authors are counterfeits—and belong not to the true and honorable craft, and should be dealt with according to the laws of felony.

DURATION OF LIFE.—In spite of the constant croaking about physical degeneracy, it appears from the reports of the life insurance companies of Great Britain, that the average duration of human life is constantly on the increase. And with our modern appliances, how much more we live in a day than our grandsires did!

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and returned in one week.

MONSTROUS BIVALVES.—Some of the oysters from the newly-discovered bed on the coast of Connecticut, are said to be as large as garden spades. "A dozen on the shell" would make a supper for a small man with a moderate appetite.

ELEGANT SENTIMENT.—The annexed is a choice extract from an album kept at the Niagara Hotel: "Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah, is that of seeing Niagara."

AN IMPERIAL FARMER.—Louis Napoleon is an extensive farmer, and owns 50,000 acres of land, divided into twenty-six farms.

A GEM OF THE PUREST WATER.

One of the large capitalists of Paris, Mr. W—, is the envious possessor of one of the handsomest wives in that capital of grace and elegance. Every one is well pleased to be compared to her in any way. Proud of calling her wife, Monsieur W— spared no expense to richly adorn his idol. His pride was to see her eclipse all others in dress and beauty. Those who know the various means of expending large sums on dress, especially in Paris, may form some idea of what the cost was to Monsieur W—'s purse to have a wife a leader of fashion. Though large the allowance he made her, frequently she was obliged again and again to have recourse to his generosity to pay her debts; but then point lace, honiton, sable, all were so dreadfully expensive. Could he reasonably refuse, when it gave him the honor of being the husband of such a beautiful creature, the envy of all?

Very lately, at a grand *soirée* in the Faubourg du Roule, Monsieur W— and his wife were among the guests, and the entrance of the latter, as usual, was a complete triumph. But whilst every one was in ecstasies about the beauty of her dress, ornamented with rich lace, one of the flounces, thanks to her crinoline, caught in the gilding of a console ornament, and a portion remained suspended as the lady swept past. Two or three of the envious and curious seized upon the precious morsel to admire the fineness of the texture on closer inspection; but imagine their amazement on discovering that the lace was only imitation. It was truly delightful to find such a hole in the garment of a beauty *à la mode*.

Not a little astonished, next morning, was Monsieur W—, on the receipt of an anonymous letter enclosing the piece of lace, and saying, "Do you know, monsieur, that it is a breach of confidence to pass off imitation lace for real? Who now will assure us that madame's diamonds are not false likewise?"

"Imitation! imitation!" exclaimed the indignant man of money; "it's only envy which says so." And under the influence of the perfidious billet, he rushed off to his wife's apartment, and laid the missive on her lap, loudly exclaiming against the calumny.

"No, my dear," she calmly said, "there is no calumny, only a little evil-speaking, for all these suppositions are perfectly just."

"What," he exclaimed in amazement, "even the diamonds?"

"Yes, my love."

"Why, 'tis infamous!" he cried. "People will think I am ruined."

"What will that signify, when you are well aware of the contrary?"

"But what has become of all the money I have given you?"

"That is my secret, monsieur," she replied, "which I will tell you if you demand it of me."

"I do, madam," was the angry retort; "I insist upon knowing how you have dissipated my money."

"Here, then, is the register of my expenses," she answered, offering him an open book; "I was just making it up when you entered."

We leave our readers to guess the amazement of the husband, when, instead of extravagance and foolish squandering, he read an account of sums spent in wooden and other shoes, flannels, bread, and clothing of every description, for the assistance of the poor. In this consisted all the seeming extravagance.

We must do Monsieur W— the justice to say that from that moment the false diamonds and imitation lace of his wife seemed to adorn her far more than gems of the purest water would have done, or lace of the most costly texture and make.

FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.—No human being who habitually halts between two opinions, who cannot decide promptly, and, having decided, act as if there were no such word as fail, can ever be great. Caesar would never have crossed the Rubicon, nor Washington the Delaware, had they not fixed their stern gaze on objects far beyond the perils at their feet.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—Bantru presented a poet to M. de Hemery, saying, "Sir, I present to you an individual who will give you immortality; but you must meanwhile, give him something to live upon!"

PLEASURE.—All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor, 'tis like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

POWDER AND ROUGH.—It is noticeable that ladies who use much powder are constantly blowing up their domestics, and ladies who rouge are seldom well-read.

GREAT TALKERS.—Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness. Frogs cease their croaking when light is brought to the water.

COURAGE.—There are some men who will walk up to the cannon's mouth, and some women who walk up to a lover's without shrinking.

THE SMOKER'S CANCER.

Do our young friends, who use tobacco so freely, know that they run a fearful risk of incurring this terrible disease? The smoking mania, which now prevails to so remarkable an extent, is developing numerous cases of cancer, which puzzles the best medical skill of our hospitals. Several fearful cases, which have proved fatal, have occurred in New York, and some are now under treatment in Boston. In Paris, the press teems with the subject, and descriptions of the most revolting details. Cancer in the mouth M. Bouisson declares to have grown so frequent from the use of tobacco, that it now forms one of the most dreadful diseases in the hospitals; and at Montpellier, where M. Bouisson resides, the operation of its extraction forms the principal practice of the surgeons there. In three years this gentleman himself has performed *sixty eight* operations for cancer of the lips, caused by tobacco! Youth, middle age, and especially the poor, all are the victims, and several cases of women are also mentioned. M. Bouisson is especially eloquent upon the horrors of the disease, and advises the physicians everywhere to make a regular crusade against this poisonous agent, more destructive than many of the more desecrated vices of the day. It is a bad and expensive habit, and we pray our young friends, especially, to avoid it. The money expended for cigars by many of our young men, if placed at interest, would make for them small fortunes in their old age; but above all, health, and even life itself, would be preserved by abstinence from this indulgence.

AMERICAN LAZZARONI.—There is in the county infirmary at Columbus, Ohio, a woman of 89 years, called the "last of the Mohicans," because she is the last of a family of twenty-four, equally celebrated for their longevity and laziness, nearly all of whom have lived and died in various poor-houses in Ohio.

COST OF AN ERROR.—A clergyman in Erie county, Pa., recently married a young man who was under age, of which the minister was ignorant. The father of the young man compelled his reverence to pay \$35, on pain of prosecution.

WHAT NEXT?—They lately gave a ball, in a town in New Hampshire, the proceeds of which was announced to be appropriated to the purchase of a hearse for town use!

SAN FRANCISCO.—The valuation of real estate in San Francisco, for the present year, exceeds seventeen millions of dollars!

THE IRON CROWN.

Our readers are aware that the famous iron crown of Lombardy was removed by the Austrians from Monza, and that its restoration is now claimed by the French government. A few years after the coronation of Conrad, the kings of Italy were crowned at Monza, the arch-priest of the cathedral of that city officiating. The crown is of solid gold, set with jewels, and surrounded by a band of iron; and it is this band, said to be forged from nails of the true cross, which gives its title to the circlet of royalty. The iron crown is therefore not only a treasure, but an historical monument, an emblem of the true royalty of Italy. Emperors who claimed the additional sovereignty of Italy came to Milan expressly to be crowned, and it was the token that their election had been approved by the Milanese, when they received the crown at Monza. The crown was always kept in the treasure-house of the cathedral of Monza, and Ezzelino himself did not venture to touch it. It was reserved for Austria to constrain the guardians of this crown by force to give it up, that it might be removed to Vienna. It remains to be seen whether Austria will succeed in retaining a sacred property of Lombardy, and the symbol of Italian royalty.

A BAD BILL.—It is said that a hard customer in Wisconsin, named W. S. Bill, is the husband of twelve living wives! If they should all seize hold of him at once, and tear him into a dozen pieces, he would be a mighty difficult Bill to collect.

VERY COMFORTABLE.—Another piece of old household furniture has been bought in New York for a trifle, and when the new owner got it home, he found it to contain a small fortune in bank bills.

SPECIE.—If more silver mines be not discovered, the relative value between gold and silver will ere long be entirely changed. Fanny, isn't it?

DISCOVERY.—Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, has lately discovered an immense lake in the interior of that uncivilised country.

BUILDING IN WASHINGTON.—Five hundred new dwellings have been erected in Washington during the past year.

A PERPETUAL STRIKE.—A bass drummer is continually striking for wages.

GYMNASTICS.

Our people seem at last to be fully aroused to the importance of regular and systematic muscular exercise, so long a part of the educational system of the old world. We allude to the subject now—in the first place, because we are entering upon the season when athletic exercises are most necessary and most agreeable; and, secondly, because there will soon be two gymnasia in full blast in this city. Thirty years ago there was a spasmodic enthusiasm for gymnastics, started by some educated Germans, the lamented Dr. Follen taking the lead, but it turned out to be only a "Boston notion." While it lasted, the fever was universal. All professions and classes were represented in it. Doctors of divinity climbed masts, and doctors of medicine swung dumb-bells. We ourselves, then a school-boy of tender years, had the honor of pulling at the weights by the side of Dr. Beecher. Being an innovation, the system, of course, was severely ridiculed. D. C. Johnston published a caricature of it, which was full of amusing hits. All sorts of accidents were represented as occurring, and a corps of surgeons were hard at work amputating limbs and performing various other operations more improving to science than agreeable to sufferers. Gymnastics were never before, and have never since been, attempted on so grand a scale in Boston; but the enthusiasm died out, though the ice was broken and a way made for the revival of the spirit of the thing at some future time.

The prejudice against gymnastic exercises has long since passed away. Once they were thought fitting only for prize-fighters and circus-riders. Now it is not thought derogatory to the student or professional man to have a bloom on his cheek, and a well-developed muscular system. We are even willing to allow a little strength and health to the fairer and better portion of humanity. We are not shocked to see a young lady skating; we think she is no less an angel because she happens to swim on shore, when upset from a sailing-boat, instead of owing her life to a swindler and being compelled to marry him by the laws of gratitude; and we do not drop her acquaintance because she is able to walk ten miles before dinner, as the English girls do. Once upon a time the literary man who had a fresh color, and used no spectacles, was considered an unmitigated humbug; now we graciously permit him to enjoy a healthy mind in a sound body, and do not necessarily associate diplomas and dyspepsia.

Therefore, we boldly bid "Young America" "go in and win." We tell that young gentle-

man, on whom the hopes of the future rest, that we shall think none the worse of him, if he learns to swing a pair of hundred-pound dumb-bells, like Dr. Windship; that we have no objection to his being a proficient in the broad and small sword and single stick exercises; and that we shall not cross him out of our books even if he learns how to thrash a bully scientifically upon occasion. Provided Young America lives discreetly, and virtuously attends to his books and cultivates the amenities of private life, he has our full permission to develop his muscles by every manly exercise known to our heroic Saxon race.

LAFFDAY—A LADY.

The word lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon *Laffday*, which signifies *Breadgiver*. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed, once a week or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the boon with her own hands, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and gentle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan "rose up and called her blessed"—the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises—all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the *Laffday*—the giver of bread and the dispenser of comfort—a sort of ministering angel in a world of sorrow.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.—Corny and Patrick the mason were looking at a well-made wall on Washington Street, near the Roxbury line, when the latter, admiring the workmanship, ejaculated, "Faith, an' that wall wasn't laid in this country." "How could that be?" was the inquiry. "I mean," he rejoined, "that the man who built and laid that same wall was never in this country, for such work is only done in the old country."

WHY IS IT?—How is it that, if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they mostly commence talking foolishly, and keep it up until she makes her exit?

WORDS OF TRUTH.—Women grown bad are worse than men; because the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

INDIAN BATTLE.—A battle has taken place between a body of Californians and the Pitt Indians. Sixty of the latter were killed.

Foreign Miscellany.

Hoops and widely extended skirts are going out of fashion in Paris.

In the port of Liverpool alone, more than 1000 officers of customs are employed.

Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic author, is preaching in Ireland with great success.

The telegraph cable between Malta and Sicily has been successfully laid, and business commenced upon it.

A new serial publication is soon to be commenced in London, under the name of *Everybody's Journal*.

Professor Mason computes that about 3000 novels have been produced in Great Britain since the publication of *Waverley*.

The members of the criminal classes at large in Great Britain have been estimated to amount to 135,000, living by the plunder and the vices of the community.

The Prince of Wales is being brought up in the way he should go. He is made to attend all sorts of lectures. His education will not be complete until he visits the United States.

Dr. Kotschy, a distinguished Orientalist, is engaged in making explorations in parts of Asia Minor not hitherto reached, or which has been overlooked by travellers.

As a proof that the Persian government is inclined to introduce the improvements of European civilization, it may be remarked that workmen have begun to pave the streets of Teheran.

The Bishop of Oxford obtained a charter for what is now known as the Amicable Life Assurance Society, founded in 1706, and justly claiming to be the oldest existing institution of the kind.

A young New Yorker "broke the bank" three times at Baden-Baden this season—once for 26,000 francs, a second time for 45,000, and a third time for—not stated what. The bank "breaks" at whatever sum it pleases.

The Austrian expedition, which has been absent a long time in circumnavigating the globe, has returned in safety to Trieste, with a large scientific collection. The government, it is said, will shortly publish the results of this expedition.

The Russian government has just commenced a railroad to connect Kiev to Odessa. It will take fifteen years to build it, and will involve more difficulties and a heavier outlay than would a road from St. Louis to San Francisco.

The photographic process has been lately employed to take copies of the inaccessible inscriptions on the rocks near Mount Sinai, which extend for miles. As these photographs admit of indefinite expansion under the microscope, these inscriptions will now be read.

A worthy offering to the memory of Humboldt is to be made by the German residents at Constantinople. They are to erect a monument, and to establish in connection with it a museum, library and reading room for the benefit of his countrymen who do now, and may hereafter live there.

The British convict-bankers, Sir John Dean Paul and Strahan, will shortly be released.

Lady Franklin has spent all her fortune in Arctic researches. She is in the south of France, in ill health.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in Florence, of several drawings and manuscripts by Michael Angelo.

The friends of the late Professor Nichol propose to erect a memorial window to his memory in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral.

The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No Horses Shod on Sunday except Sickness and Death."

Omnibuses, the first seen in Syria, have begun to run at Beyrout. Crowds of natives stood gazing at them for hours with wonder and admiration.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the colonial secretary, and other distinguished persons, will visit Canada in the end of May or the beginning of June next.

Steps are being taken to promote the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of the late Sir John Franklin, in Spilsby, that being his native town.

In 1858, London alone received imports to the value of £77,595,090 out of £187,844,441, the aggregate amount of the imports of Great Britain and Ireland.

Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" has been translated into Armenian by T. C. Averoom, Esq., a distinguished Armenian scholar and an established merchant in Calcutta.

In Liverpool, England, there is a missionary to the hack drivers, and his work during the past seven years has been very satisfactory. The "cabbies" recently presented him with a watch.

The prices of the necessities of life are now extremely high at Venice, and consequently the lower classes are gloomy and discontented. The middle classes and nobles are more disaffected than ever.

During the last eighteen years, twenty-eight additional bishoprics have been founded in the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown—a number of new Sees exactly equal to the total number of English and Welsh dioceses.

Colonel Wildman, who purchased Byron's Nottingham property and expended \$600,000 on Newstead Abbey, besides the purchase money, recently died. He is as immortal as Childe Harold himself.

The copper coinage of England is to be replaced by coinage in bronze of a more convenient size. The weight of the copper at present in circulation there is 3500 tons, and the profit on calling in and recoining that large quantity would amount to £92,000.

The North China Herald says: "Opium is becoming the winter crop of several of the Chinese provinces, where the country produce is fast superseding the Turkey and the inferior classes of the Malaya drug. It is largely used for intermixture with the dearer Patub and Malaya. The juice has an acrid taste. In cultivation the Chinese look more to quantity than quality."

Record of the Times.

One of the courts of Ohio has decided that a railroad has no right to mortgage its road franchise.

The Vermont House of Representatives has appropriated \$200 for a statue of Ethan Allen.

A Dashaway Association, similar to those in California, has been formed in New York, with Orville Gardner as president.

The Cherokee Indians are getting civilized. They have a debt—small, to be sure—but so large that they cannot pay the interest of it.

The letters I. O. S. M. (Independent Order Sons of Malta) have been interpreted to mean, "I Owe Some Money."

Six hundred and fifty-seven mules were sold at public sale in Paris, Kentucky, lately, for the aggregate of \$63,495 20.

What is in a name? One of the candidates for county officers in La Salle county, Illinois, is Wait, and another Waitmore.

With four weights, viz., 1 lb., 3 lbs., 9 lbs., and 27 lbs., any number of pounds, from 1 to 40 may be weighed.

The first book published on the subject of genealogy was Kelton's Chronycle, printed in 1547, with a genealogy of Edward VI.

New York can whip the world in dry goods "palaces." One going up on Broadway will have one enormous window of plate glass seventy feet in width.

The Masons of San Francisco have purchased a lot on the corner of Montgomery and Post Streets for \$92,000, and will erect a building worth \$100,000 on it.

In digging a well in Bureau county, Illinois, recently, a vein of gas was struck which burned with a flame fifteen feet above the surface of the ground.

An exchange paper says: "The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer. Congress may legislate till doomsday, but as long as the officers carry too much steam, the boats will follow their example."

The late George Brown, of Baltimore, left in the hands of his widow \$400,000 for objects of benevolence, of which sum Mrs. Brown has appropriated \$30,000 to the Princeton Theological Seminary.

A San Francisco paper, in noticing the shooting of a boy at the Collegiate School, Oakland, says: "It is stated that the use of fire-arms is not permitted in this school, except at the special request of the parents or guardians of the boys. Young Carter had this liberty."

Dr. Johnson, the great "Leviathan of literature," was, as is well known, an immense tea-drinker; but in Philadelphia there is a gentleman who beats the burly doctor, as he has been known to drink twenty-one good sized cups of tea at one sitting!

In the course of a lecture in London, Mr. Snow, formerly second in command of the discovery ship, Prince Albert, stated that there had been no less than ninety expeditions fitted out to search for Sir John Franklin, at a cost of £830,000.

The Natural Bridge in Virginia has been sold to John Lustré for the sum of \$12,000.

Beavers still exist in the backwoods of Maine.

A married lady in Loudon county, Va., is said to weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds.

More than two millions and a half of dead letters are collected in Washington every year.

The celebrated picture, "The Duel after the Masquerade," has been sold to a gentleman who resides in Chicago for \$2000.

Mr. Potter, a Hartford school teacher, has been fined \$10 and costs for punishing a pupil in a violent manner. Mr. Potter appealed.

Innocence and beauty, twin sisters by birth, and inseparable through life. If innocence dies, beauty fades away also.

The cheapest pleasures within the reach of all are the most enjoyable; but what is more costly in the end than sin?

Scientific Parisians have discovered how to bottle daylight and uncork it for photographic operations in obscure places.

The vitality of eggs is destroyed by being transported on a railroad, and it is no sort of use to put such under hens, expecting them to produce chickens.

According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea god, created the horse, and was the patron of horse races. This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half seas over."

A discovery of great importance has just been made by the State geologist in Texas. It is no less than the discovery of vast bodies of iron ore, as well as tertiary coal or lignite, beds of limestone, pipe clay, fire rock and hydraulic limestone in the region of country immediately south of Harrison county.

There is said to exist a confederation of outlaws, whose headquarters are in New York, who came originally from Poland and Germany, and extended their travels to all portions of the United States. By daytime they operate as shoplifters and pickpockets, and by night as burglars.

A reformed opium eater writes to the Rochester Democrat, that he commenced eating at the age of twenty-four, and continued it till four years since. He will be sixty-nine on his next birthday. During part of the time he took eighty grains a day. He thinks there are thirty opium eaters in the village where he resides.

A German paper in New York made a curious arrangement of its advertisements the other day. At the head of a column were the cards of a number of doctors, followed by the announcement of several drug stores, the whole brought up by a lot of undertakers' cards, with a picture of a coffin attached to each.

Some highly interesting discoveries have been made at Port Royal, Jamaica, by a company of divers, in the harbor of that ancient town, of remains of the submerged city, which was overthrown by the great earthquake of 1682. Could any considerable portion of the enormous treasure buried there be discovered, it would be a windfall to the island.

Merry-Making.

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he's a bit of a buck.

The editor of a New York journal calls another editor "a dilapidated eld Zouave."

Punch says the only way to keep food on a weak stomach is to bolt it down.

A frequenter of public dinners complains of the overwhelming quantity of dry toast.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?"

"No; but I've got the next thing to it."

"What's that?" "A severe cold."

In modern days people are accustomed to earn their living, but in former times it was usual for them to urn their dead.

"I don't think, husband, you are very smart."

"No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows I am awfully shrewed."

A boy was recently arrested for theft. His father pleaded guilty for him, but said, in extenuation, "James is a good boy, but he will steal."

Why is the common chord in music like a portion of the Mediterranean? Because it's the E G and C (Ægean Sea).

A distinguished statesman of Central America, being asked how his country was getting on, replied, "O, very well, very well; a mild anarchy."

Mrs. Partington wants to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridle ceremony?

A sentimental chap intends to petition Congress for one act to improve the "channel of affection," so that henceforth the course of true love may run smooth.

A few years ago the ladies wore a kind of hood called "kiss-me-if-you-dare." The present style of bonnet might be called, with equal propriety, "kiss-me-if-you-want-to."

A person having occasion to notify a doctor to visit his wife, said to him as he was stepping into his chaise, "Now, doctor, you'll drive on to kill, wont you?" "Yes, certainly," replied the doctor.

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers, is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life to live on what he owes.

There is one advantage in being a blockhead—you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can worry, he ceases to be a fool.

"I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat?" "Please yer honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that missis gave me yesterday, when you were to town."

President of a Western bank rushes up to his friend: "Charley, can't you give me change for a dollar? I see the bank superintendent is in town, and I want some specie in the vault to make a show."

If "brevity is the acle of wit," what is the upper leather?

A time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

The dress of a frivolous coquette, however abundant, is next to nothing.

A fine woman, says the New York Post, like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scatters the sparks and transports the mails.

Why are poets like children's toys? They are given to a muse (amuse), and indulge in fancy (infancy).

Swinging is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health; but we have known many a poor wretch come to his death by it.

Supposing you have got a fish, when is it like a flower? When you have got a mignonette (him in your net).

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

What is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog? One is formed on the bough, and the other of the bow wow.

When may it be conjectured that an army has become sick of a war? When they are obliged to throw up fortifications.

A New York milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

Roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold-water baths, will make almost any man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

A farmer in Scotland, sowing a field of turnips, appropriated a ridge for the accommodation of the public, with this label, "You are requested to steal out of this spot."

Crinolines appear to have been so generally adopted by ladies with a view of acquiring the title, hitherto engrossed by dandies of the stronger sex, of extensive swells.

"Here's Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed to like a new unabridged dictionary. "Study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

It's very pleasant to meet a suspicious-looking individual in a lonely road on a dark night, who carries a very thick stick, and wishes to know what time it is.

It is a common saying of moralists that the lower order of animals have not the vices of man, yet it is certain that some of the insects are back-biters, and all of the quadrupeds tale-bearers.

An eminent rider has undertaken, for a heavy wager, to ride the well-known horse Chestnut against the celebrated horse Radish. He will use the saddle of mutton and the spurs of necessity for the occasion.

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JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE.



John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.



John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride.
But soon got down again.



Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing on the stones
With caution and good heed.



But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.



"So, fair and softly!" John he cried:
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein



So stooping down—as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright—
He grasped the reins with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Away went Gilpin neck or nought.
Away went hat and wig;
He little thought when he set out
Of running such a rig!



And still as fast as he drew near.
Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.



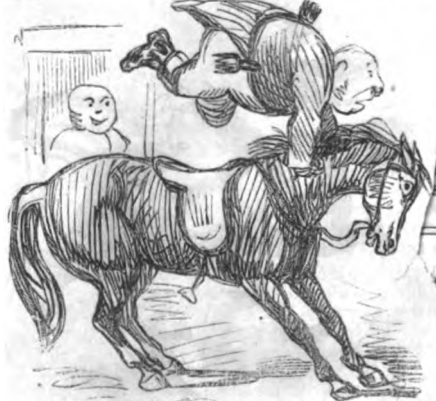
And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.



He came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay,
And there he threw the wash about
On each side of the way.



"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired!"
Quoth Gilpin, "So am I!"



Away went Gilpin out of breath
And sore against his will,
Till at his friends, the Callenders,
His horse at last stood still.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 62.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN SALEM, MASS.

We present our readers in the accompanying article, with a series of views drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and depicting the neighboring city of Salem, Mass. It is one of the most interesting places in our State. One of the earliest colonial settlements, it has a quaint, old-fashioned air about it, that is quite attractive to those who love to dwell upon the memorials of the past. It is not, to be sure, comparable to Newport in antiquity of appearance, for a large proportion of its structures are modern and elegant, as our engravings show, but there are sufficient vestiges of by-gone generations and departed styles of architecture to give it a peculiar character. The irregularity and narrowness of many of the streets speak of a period when the future greatness of the country had not dawned upon the founders of American cities. The situation of Salem is low, but is remarkably healthy. It is built chiefly on a tongue of land formed by two inlets of the sea, called North and South Rivers, and communicates with Boston by means of the Eastern Railroad.

The Custom House, shown in our first engraving, is a fine specimen of the style of architecture so much in vogue in the early part of the present century. Hawthorne has rendered this building classical in the amusing preface to the "Scarlet Letter," as Lamb immortalized the South Sea House in his essays.

As a memorial of days gone by, we present in our second engraving a sketch of an old building situated at the corner of Washington and Lynde Streets. Its peaked gables and projecting second story are quaintly characteristic. Such an old house, perhaps this identical house, Hawthorne had in his eye when he sketched the locale of his glorious romance, the "House of the Seven Gables."

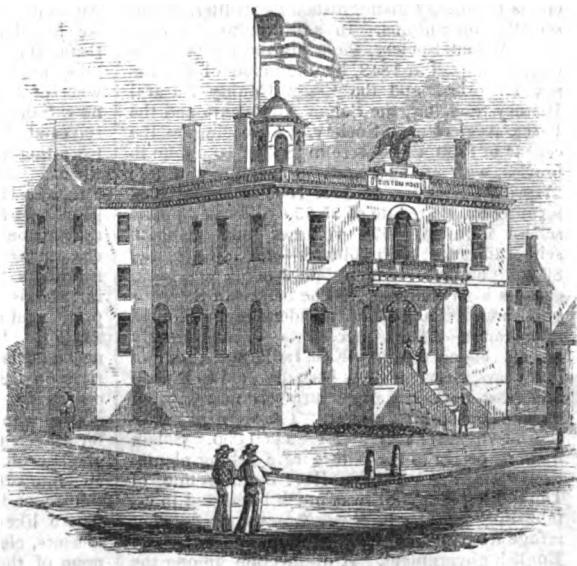
The East India Marine Hall forms the subject of our third view. It is a neat structure, well adapted to the purposes to which it is ap-

plied. The East India Marine Society, which was formed in 1799, by those who, acting as either captains or supercargoes, had doubled Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope—"mariners of the long voyage," as they used to be called, have in this building an admirable collection of curiosities from the farthest "Ind," and indeed from almost every quarter of the globe.

The next engraving shows us the front and side of the City Hall, a fine building faced with granite, built in 1837. The shade trees which enhance its effect are characteristic of Salem, many of the streets being lined with beautiful elms.

The State Normal School, shown in our fifth engraving, is a neat brick building, two stories in height, and was built by money jointly raised by the city and the board of education.

The subject of the sixth picture in our series is the Asiatic Building, on Washington Street, a



CUSTOM HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.



OLD BUILDING CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND LYNDEN STS.

fine freestone edifice of recent construction. It is occupied by the Asiatic Bank, the Merchant's Bank, Savings Bank, Oriental Office, Post Office, Loan and Fund Association, etc. From the cupola of this building a fine and extensive panoramic view of the city and its environs is obtained.

The seventh view shows us Mechanic Hall, a fine building situated on Essex Street, and occupied by the Salem Mechanics' Society.

Salem is largely built of wood, but contains many substantial stone and brick buildings. The city is honorably distinguished by its literary and scientific institutions. In addition to the East India Marine Society, there are the Essex Institute, organized in 1848, by the union of the Essex Historical and the Essex County Natural History Societies, the Salem Athenæum and the Essex Agricultural Society. According to the census of 1850, there were in Salem 10 public libraries, with an aggregate of 23,300 volumes; 27 private libraries, of over 1000 volumes each, forming an aggregate of 55,650 volumes; public school libraries, 3995 volumes, and Sabbath school libraries, 4700 volumes—making a total of 86,643 volumes. The public schools of Salem enjoy a high character. The harbor of Salem is good, and is a place of considerable commercial importance. Her merchants were formerly largely engaged in the East India trade, but of late years, that trade has been diverted to Boston and New York. Manufacturing is now carried on to a considerable extent. The aggregate capital of the banks is about \$2,000,000. Salem owes its origin to the failure of a fishing plantation at Cape Ann. The Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, was much interested in establishing colonies in Massachusetts, as places of refuge from the persecutions of dissenters by the English government. A disaffection among the

Plymouth settlers having forced some of them to reside at Nantasket, the most prominent being Rev. John Lydford and Roger Conant, the latter and their companions were selected by Mr. White and his associates to manage their affairs at Cape Ann. Conant, thinking Naumkeag preferable to Cape Ann for a permanent settlement, gave notice of it to his friends in England, and this information gave birth to a project for procuring a grant for settling a colony in Massachusetts Bay. In 1628, a patent having been obtained, Captain John Endicott was sent over with about one hundred persons, to carry on the plantation at Naumkeag, where he arrived in September. For his dwelling he purchased the materials of a house which had been located at Cape Ann, and belonged to the Dorchester company. Those who remained at Naumkeag passed through severe afflictions. A large proportion died of scurvy and other diseases. In 1629, the Massachusetts company obtained a royal charter, author-

izing them to administer the government of the colony. Their title was the "governor and company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." The device on their seal was an Indian with a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other, with a label in his mouth, with the Scripture expression, "Come over and help us." The spirit of emigration now gained new strength, and additional emigrants came over, bringing with them cattle, tools, provisions, arms, ammunition, etc. On the condition of the plantation, Mr. Higginson wrote: "When we came first to Nehumkek, we found about a score of houses: we found also abundance of corn planted by them, very good and well liking. There are in all of us, both old and new planters, about 300, whereof 200 of them are arrived in Nehumkek, now Salem. All the rest have planted themselves at *Massachusetts* Bay, beginning to build a town there, which they do call Cherto or Charles-town." The Indian name was changed to Salem, a Hebrew word, signifying peace. It appears that the natives had forsaken the spot, and that "none ever claimed it." Salem at first increased very slowly, but it soon surpassed its neighbors. The following description of Salem in 1639, is from Wood's "New England Prospect," and affords a pleasant contrast to Salem as it is. "Salem stands on the middle of a neck of land very pleasantly, having a south river on the one side, and a north river on the other side. Upon this neck where most of the houses stand, is very bad and sandie land, yet for seven years together it hath brought forth good corne, by being *fished* but every third year. In some places is very good ground and good timber, and divers springs close by the seaside. There likewise is store of fish, as basses, eels, lobsters, clammes, etc. Although their land be none of the best, yet beyond their rivers is a

good soyle, where they have taken farms, and get their hay and plant their corne; there they crosse these rivers with small cannowes, which are made of whole pine trees, being about two foot and a halfe over, and twenty foote long. In these likewise they goe a fowling, sometimes two leagues at sea. There be more cannowes in this towne than in the whole patent, every household having a *water horse* or two. This towne wants an alewife river, which is a great convenience. It hath two good harbors, the one being called winter and the other summer harbor, which lieth within Derbin's fort, which place, if it were well fortified, might keep shippes from landing forces in any of those two places." Let us make one more extract from the records of the past, showing the style of dress among our ancestors, and how grave legislators interfered with the fashions of the day. In 1634, "the court taking into consideration the great, superfluous and unnecessary expenses occasioned by reason of some new and immodest fashions, as also the ordinary wearing of silver, gold and silk lace girdles, hat bands, etc., hath therefore ordered that no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woollen or silk, or linen, with any lace on it, silver, gold or silk thread, under penalty of forfeiture of such clothes, etc. Also, that no person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back. Also, all cut works, embroidered or needle-worked caps, bands and rayles are forbidden hereafter to be made or worn, under the aforesaid penalty. Also, all gold and silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs, beaver hats are prohibited to be bought and worn hereafter, under the aforesaid penalty. Moreover, it is agreed, if any man shall judge the wearing of any of the forenamed particulars, new fashions, or long hair, or anything of the like nature to be uncomely or prejudicial to the common good, and the party offending reform not the same upon notice given him, that then the next assistant, being informed thereof, shall have power to bind the party so offending to answer to it at the next court, if the case so require. Provided, and it is the meaning of the court, that men and women shall have the liberty to wear out such apparel as they are now provided of (except the immoderate great sleeves, slash apparel, immoderate great rayles, long wings, etc.)" The year 1692 was signalized in Salem by the witchcraft delusion with its afflicting consequences. This excitement commenced in Salem village, since Danvers, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parris, the clergyman of the place. A fourth part of the inhabitants left the place in consequence. Twenty persons were executed for witchcraft, one of them, who refused to put himself on trial, being pressed to death. The unfortunate victims of popular delusion were executed on a hill in the westerly

part of the town, ever since known as "Gallows Hill." The good and learned Dr. Cotton Mather was a firm believer in the existence of the Salem witchcraft, and wonderful are the stories he relates concerning it in his quaint and curious *Magnalia*. "Some scores of people," he says, "first about Salem, the centre of all the towns in the colony, and afterwards in other places, were arrested with many preternatural vexations in their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments which were evidently from the demons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested with such demons, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining alteration upon their eyes, that they could see their tormentors; they saw a devil of little stature and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres that appeared in more human circumstances." But we learn to look with charity on the delusion of our ancestors, in view of numbers around us who believe in the existence of greater marvels than Mather himself records. During the revolutionary war, Salem exhibited an energy in the good cause which has crowned her with undying fame. No fewer than sixty armed vessels manned by four thousand men, are said to have sailed from Salem harbor. Shoulder to shoulder with Boston, she upheld the honor of old Massachusetts throughout the glorious struggle, and one of the initial acts of the Revolution was performed within her limits. The city charter of Salem dates from 1836. We know of few pleasanter places in New England for a residence than Salem. With the exception of a few localities through which the tide of commercial activity flows during the busier hours of the day, it unites the quiet of the country with the conveniences of city life. The man of leisure and taste may find here the charms of polished society, libraries and scientific collections to aid his mental culture, and the most agreeable scenery in the environs to gladden his



EAST INDIA MARINE HALL, SALEM, MASS.



CITY HALL, SALEM, MASS.

eyes when he goes forth to take the air. Besides a thousand historical associations, brilliant and thrilling, or sad in tone, cluster round the venerable place. It was here the fancy of Hawthorne caught many of those tender and many of those tragic hues whose reflections on his pages have charmed so many thousands of readers. Salem claims her share of distinguished names in art and science; among whom that of Nathaniel Bowditch, author of the "Practical Navigator," is identified with its fame and nautical achievements. This celebrated work, which has been translated into every European language, is co-extensive with maritime adventure.

LIFE IN ITALY.

In a late number of Blackwood's Magazine is an interesting article, sketching life as exhibited at "the seaside in the Papal States." While sojourning at Neltuno, a delightful old hamlet on the shores of the Mediterranean, the writer made the acquaintance of a worthy Franciscan monk, who told her the following little tale: "It had happened not long ago, and it is very well known. A steward of Torlonia, one of those vast farms on the Pontine marshes, was sent with a great sum to pay the laborers and herdsmen on the farm. He took every precaution, though they did not turn to account. He was compelled to pass the night in the town of Braccielo. Instead of going to the public tavern and taking the usual risk of travellers, he went to the governatore, and told him of the money he carried, and that he feared to be plundered. The governatore, after commending his prudence, and, thinking it over, sent him to the house of the Padre Roberto—a man much beloved—where the padre received him willingly, and gave him his best chamber. They supped and all was well; and the stranger, with his treasure and his pistols, went to rest. About the middle of the

night, some one came knocking violently to the padre's door; the housekeeper rose to ask who it was—for the house of a priest must be ever open to the demands of his flock. It was some one in the town who would see the priest, and was dying, he the answer; upon which, as necessary, the woman opened the door. The steward, sleeping lightly, as men do who carry treasure, was awake and listening. It was dark—he had no light—and his chamber was on the opposite side of the house; but he could still hear. The next sound that came to him in the darkness, after the unbarring of the door, was the sound of a pistol shot—a sound one does not mistake when one hears it in the depths of the night. This sound roused the steward to draw forth his own pistols and barricade his door with the furniture. Then he heard the good padre come forth to ask why he was wanted, and what the commotion was. Then sounded another pistol shot, and another groan, and the steward knew he now could have no hope but to defend himself. Shortly he heard the steps of the assassins. They knew where he was lodged and assailed his door, which he had locked and barricaded without any loss of time. At a venture he fired, taking all the aim he could from the sounds he heard—for he was bold and in despair. Twice he fired, and twice a groan and a fall showed him that it was not in vain. When he had waited a little, and heard nothing, he withdrew his barricade and rushed out. Two men lay there before his door. He rushed to the house of the governatore to claim protection. When he had roused some one to answer him, the governatore was not to be found—he was absent; then the poor man hastened to the secretario. The secretario was gone also. The steward returned to the house at last, with lights and a body of the townsfolk. There lay Padre Roberto, dead, and his housekeeper; and above stairs, were the two men, one of them still living, with muffled faces. When they uncovered the robbers, there lay the governatore and secretario; that was the explanation of the mystery. The living robber went to the galleys."

PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING.

Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.—Death's the only master who takes his servants without a character.—A sour faced wife fills the tavern.—Content's the mother of good digestion.—When Pride and Poverty marry together, their children are Want and Crime.—Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.—Folly and pride walk side by side.—He that borrows binds himself with his neighbor's rope.—He that's too good for good advice, is too good for his neighbor's company.—Friends and photographs never flatter.—Wisdom's always at home to those who call.—The firmest friends ask the fewest favors.

RUNNING A SLAVE CARGO.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

It was on one of those deliciously fragrant tropical mornings which render the early day so incomparably beautiful in Cuba, that I found myself awakened from a refreshing night's slumber upon the plantation of Dr. Finley, near Alquizar. My host was abroad before me, early as it was, and I reached the broad shaded piazza just in time to see the slaves file past it, directed by the overseer, towards their field labor. They were a cheerful, thoughtless set of beings, chattering and laughing among themselves, and in their various native dialects, the doctor now and then calling some favorite one by name, who would stop and pleasantly answer him.

At my host's suggestion, we took an early cup of coffee before the ladies were prepared to breakfast, and mounting a couple of his little ambling Cuban horses, we dashed off down the long alley of palm trees which formed the entrance to the plantation, and soon turned our faces towards the south shore of the island over a finely made road, lined for miles with fragrant lime hedges in full bloom. It would be impossible not to grow enthusiastic, surrounded by such delicious fragrance, such richness of foliage, such abundance of fruits, and such tropical grandeur of vegetation. I breathed in of the soft beauty of the scene, and cantered by my friend's side, elated and happy.

I was aware of the purpose of our ride. The doctor had already told me that a cargo of "boys" (all male slaves are called boys) was to be landed during the day on the south coast, and if I was desirous I could witness the scene. A smart ride of a couple of leagues or more brought us to a gentle rise of ground, which opened to our view the ocean and a line of coast extending for miles. The mist of the morning yet hung over the still waters, but a gentle breeze just then began to disperse it and to lift the veil from the face of the waters. For a long time we could discern nothing; but my companion was sure that this was the spot chosen, and that by exercising a little patience we should be witnesses to the scene.

Directly the indistinct outline of a graceful tracery of spars met the eye through the misty gauze, and gradually grew more and more distinct, commencing at the top hamper and descending towards the deck, until at last there lay, with a look of treacherous tranquillity, the beautiful outline of a three-masted brigantine. She was perfect in model, but the rig was new to our eye, and novel in the extreme. Her deck was flush fore and aft, not so much as a rise of an inch was visible for her quarter deck, leaving great capacity below decks, the line of which

came up to within two feet of the bulwark caps. A single glance sufficed to identify the rakish craft as a Baltimore clipper, of a couple of hundred tons, and a slaver.

But see! hereaway to windward there looms up over the mist, which holds to the surface of the sea, three topmasts, the stately set of which, with their firm rig, an experienced eye would at once detect, betrayed the fact that there floated beneath the hull of an English or French man-of-war, such as cruise in these waters to intercept the traders from the coast of Africa. But there are watchful eyes in the brigantine, for ere our gaze was withdrawn from the caps of the three top-gallant masts, a drapery of snow white canvass had fallen like magic from the spars of the slaver, ready to catch the first breath of the northerly breeze which the stranger was bringing down with him, as he crowded a bank of fog before him.

"Why did not the slaver effect a landing under cover of the night?" we asked.

"She has been kept back by the fog," said the doctor, "and after running in as near as she dared to do, has dropped her anchor, and waited for daylight and a breeze to clear away the mist."

"But the slaver is off without raising her anchor," we suggested, as she commenced to move gracefully southward.

"She has slipped her cable, but will be back to pick up the buoy attached before many hours. Nothing on the coast except a steamer can hold speed with those fly-aways. She will leave yonder cruiser a wild goose chase, double on her track and land her cargo before midnight, depend upon it. See, it is a Frenchman, and you can make her out to her flag dangling at her peak. She must scent the game, for she cannot see the slaver."

But the wind now fast cleared the waters of the Caribbean Sea, and both the cruiser and the



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SALEM, MASS.



ASIATIC BUILDING AND POST-OFFICE, SALEM, MASS.

brigantine rose in full view of each other. The stranger had come down under an easy press of canvass, simply wearing jib, three main-topsails and spanker; but as a view was gained of the slaver, at a signal which we could not hear, a throng of dark objects peopled the shrouds and spars of the Frenchman, and sheet after sheet of heavy duck was lowered and sheeted home, until the mountain of canvass propelled the dark hull of the vessel at a rapid rate through the water. In the meantime the brigantine had not been idle; in addition to the regular squaresails of a brig, she had a short mizen-mast stepped well aft, not four feet from her taffrail, upon which she now hoisted a spanker and a gaff-topsail, completing a most graceful and effective rig.

The cruiser got her bow chasers to bear upon the slaver, and attempted to cripple her by a few shots, firing first from the larboard and then from the starboard port, but the distance was at least long range, and the shot flew wide. Though it would have seemed that the immense spread of canvass the brigantine carried might have afforded a good mark, yet she was untouched, and evidently, in the steady, but light wind that prevailed, was creeping gradually away from the ship. Everything was packed upon the Frenchman, but he did not gain a ship's length upon the chase with all his effort.

"She steers due south," said the doctor, pointing to the slaver, "and will lead the Frenchman away among the Caymen isles, where he will get aground in spite of fate, with his big hull and heavy draft of water."

In half an hour both were out of sight, the breeze having freshened, and with my companion I was soon after seated at a cheerful repast in the village inn of Lenoir. We ate with huge appetites after our long ride, and never did any home dishes, with which I am familiar, taste more pal-

stable than the fried plantains, fresh eggs and Yankee ham, which, with a bottle of sour wine, formed our meal. We passed the afternoon in strolling through the flower begirt aisles and fragrant paths of a neighboring coffee estate, and at sunset were quietly partaking of goat's milk and cassava bread, when our host rushed in, and with a significant remark to the doctor as quickly disappeared. I understood the pantomime better than the rolling Spanish which the landlord uttered, and hastened to prepare and follow the doctor, who was all impatience to reach the shore as soon as the slaver should anchor; for it was to announce her return that the landlord had so suddenly darted in upon us. As we came out and gained a view, we saw the slaver just rounding a small promontory, and entering a tiny bay with scarce water enough to float her. All was at once bustle on board and on shore. The spot was comparatively a lonely one, and not twoscore of people were in the vicinity, but these were persons who understood

their business, and who were interested parties. The brigantine was now as close in shore as possible, and a broad plank shipped from her gangway to a projecting rock, over which a line of dark naked objects at once poured like a flock of sheep in single file. Mostly they were full grown men, but occasionally a woman or a boy came out and hurried forward like the rest. We approached the spot of disembarkation. Scarcely a word was uttered by any one, the Spaniards worked understandingly, with despatch, not a moment being lost, and ere an hour had passed, the whole cargo, of which I counted two hundred and eleven souls, were marching inland in gangs of twenty or more, by different routes, and guarded only by two or three armed Spaniards to each gang.

As the various parties filed past us, the doctor who was well versed in African nationality, described to us the tribe of each, and the striking characteristics of the people to which they belonged.

"Yonder go a couple of Congos," said he, "they are small, but agile and good laborers. 'T would amuse you to hear the fellows sing, they never whistle, but are humming constantly. That woman and the half-dozen men behind her are Fantee; you see they are a larger race than the rest, but they are revengeful and apt to be uneasy."

"But here comes one larger than the Fantee." "Ah, yes, that fellow is from the Gold Coast, he will bring a heavy sum in doubloons, and will be sold in Havana for a domestic servant, a calisero perhaps; they are a favorite tribe, too, with the planters."

"Here comes a squad that must have white blood in their veins," we suggested.

"No, they belong to the Ebro tribe and are mulatto. They too are very faithful, but slow,

and somewhat stupid. See these three shackled together, with surly looks and gaunt forms, those are Ashantees, and have thrived but poorly on their small allowance of rice water. They are a powerful inland tribe in Africa, and are rarely captured and sold to the factories on the coast. They are sturdy and serviceable fellows, but they must be humored, the lash will not subdue them."

"Of what tribe are those slim and quiet-looking men who are standing behind the palm trees?"

"Those," said the doctor, "are Carobellees, a singular and superstitious tribe; they are highly esteemed by the planters, but not when first landed. They must be first domesticated, for they believe that after death they will return to their native land, and consequently they are prone to commit suicide."

As the doctor spoke, the last of the human freight which had been landed was put in marching trim, and moved inland, while at the same moment there boomed over the sea a report of a gun, which called our attention to the distant sea. A change had taken place since we had last turned that way. The moon at intervals now lighted up the waters, but was often obscured by clouds. Off in the southern board there was seen the French cruiser, which had returned just in time to be too late.

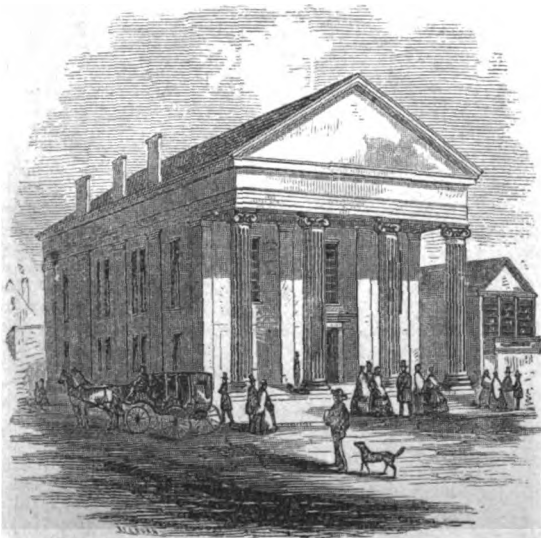
The brigantine was standing seaward with every sail, and we could discern her quarter boat now leaving her side with a couple of hands, and pell for the shore, while at the same time a bright blaze sprang up amidships, and in a moment more crept like a living serpent from shroud to shroud, and from spar to spar, until the graceful brigantine was one brilliant sheet of flame. She had performed her mission, had made a fortune by her ill gotten freight, and, as is the custom now when escape is hardly possible, was thus destroyed. We watched the brilliant bonfire, and saw the cruiser cautiously haul her wind and bear away, for fire was an enemy she could not contend with, and anon there rose a shower of broken and blazing matter heavenward, and a confusing shock and thunder-like report filled the atmosphere, as the beautiful but guilty brigantine was blown to atoms.

WHICH END OF TROUBLE.—Not long ago a bridegroom returning home from his wedding, was met by a friend, who thus addressed him: "Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position, thou'st seen the end of thy trouble now." "Thank thee, lad," was Jack's answer, "I hope I have." About a month afterwards the two friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed: "Bill, thou telled me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen th'end of my trouble?" "I did," said Bill, "but I didn't tell thee which end."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SCHILLER IN BOYHOOD.

The earliest years of his boyhood already show Schiller as endowed with an indomitable spirit of independence, a soaring imagination, a genial affection for all humanizing ideas. His education, it is true, was little calculated to develop these tendencies, except that the very restraint it imposed upon him drove his ardent soul into rebellion. Placed in the military academy of the Duke of Wurtemberg, in whose service his father then was, he had much to suffer from the narrow martinet method prevailing in the institution of that despotic princelet,—so much so that he often formed plans with his companions for escaping from the yoke which daily became more galling. This mind of fire, this Promethean spirit, was strapped down by a hundred petty bonds, in the name of "subordination."

With an imagination constantly communing with the gods on Olympus; with a heart thirsting for great deeds, and a consuming desire to be up and doing that which would rouse his country from lethargy and startle the world, young Schiller found himself, as it were, pinioned in the strait-waistcoat of the most unbearable military discipline. Even the mental food for which he craved was denied him. He had to read by stealth, with fear and difficulty—behind lock and key, some friendly companion keeping watch the while—the standard works of the then classic authors of his country! But the severer the trammels imposed, the bolder flew his fancy into the boundless realms of free thought. In the midst of petty miseries, he built up an ideal world of his own. With the pains and penalties of the barrack constantly before him, he strove to mould himself to the classic pattern of Plutarch's antique worthies. Together with his fellow sufferers, he in secret adopted as a device expressive of their aspirations, a lion rampant, with the motto—"In tyrannos."—*Karl Blind.*

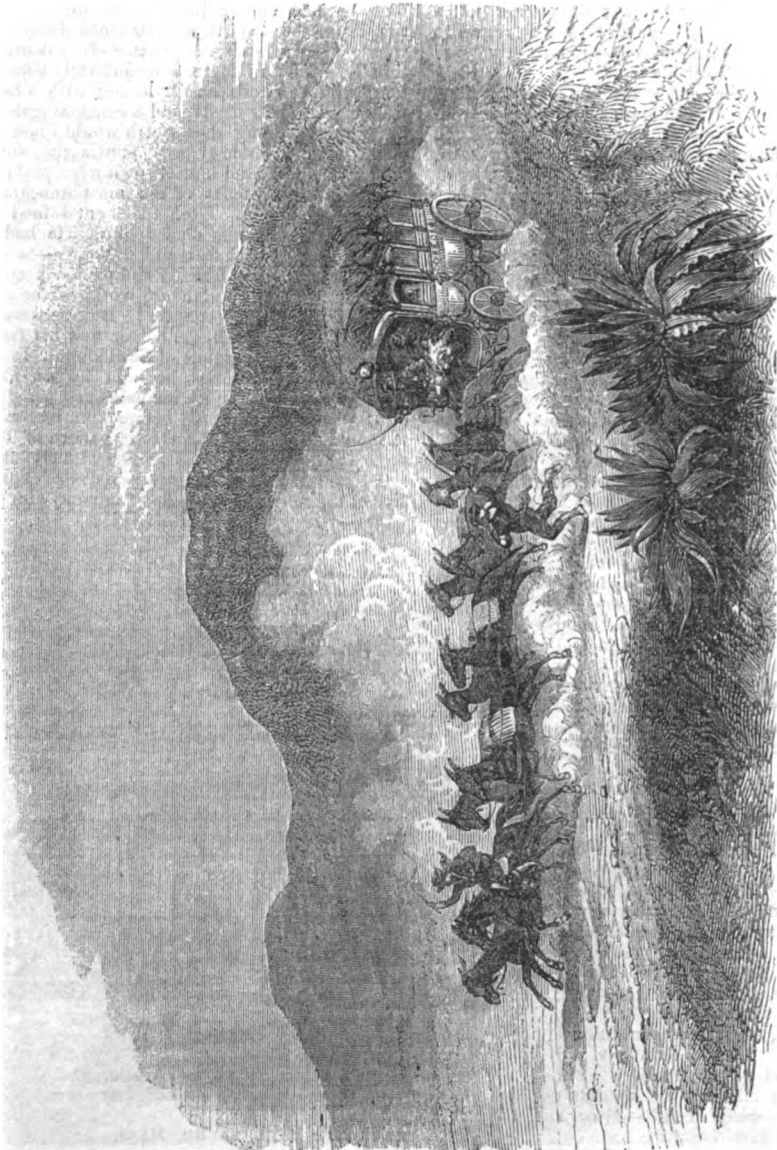


MECHANIC HALL, SALEM, MASS.

MODES OF TRAVEL.

In the three engravings which follow, we present some spirited pictures of some of the modes of locomotion in use in Europe and the East. The first is a Spanish diligence, a cumbrous affair, in many respects resembling the old French diligence, now nearly fallen into disuse, and quite as clumsy, drawn by nine or ten mules and one horse, pushed to the top of their speed by the shouts and whips of the drivers and postilions. The rider of the only horse in the team is plying his lash lustily, and another postilion has dismounted so that he can distribute his favors all along the line of mules. He will throw

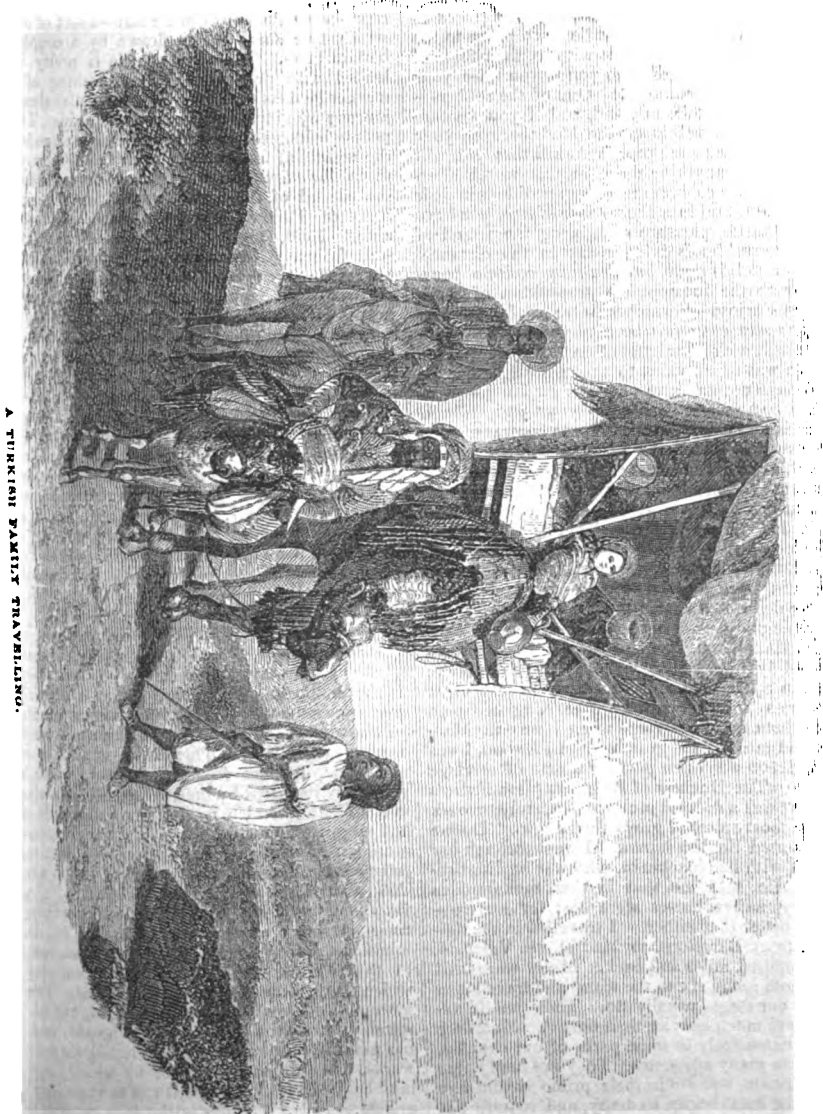
himself into the saddle again when his arm is weary. When a long team of mules is used, the driver generally carries a bag of stones with him, which he hurls from time to time at his animals with unerring precision, and these stones are sometimes used with terrible effect upon each other when two muleteers chance to come into collision. The diligence is divided, it will be seen, into three compartments, the seats of which vary in eligibility and price. The vehicle is a quaint and curious old world affair, a huge ark, a mass of timber, iron, leather and glass. It would be top-heavy but for its breadth of beam.



A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

Still the royal *diligencia* sometimes makes good speed, thanks to frequent relays of mules. But "slow and sure" is the motto of these conveyances for the accommodation of the public. The drivers have a very great respect for the fable of the hare and tortoise. Still, it must not be supposed that a journey in a Spanish diligence is void of all romance. By no means. To say nothing of the interesting character of the country, with its broad vegas, and stern sierras—the rivers with names as musical as the waves—the storied cities through which you pass—the picturesque but uncomfortable *posadas* at which you halt—the manners and costumes of peas-

ants, innkeepers and priests, which have changed little since the immortal Cervantes wrote his history of "that ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha," there are "inklings of adventure," which occur to almost every one who travels much in Spain, worthy to figure on the pages of romance. What say you to a highway robbery, *Senor Traveller*? The jaded mules are drawing your diligence through a rocky defile skirted with wood on either hand. We will throw in an escort of half a dozen cavalry soldiers by way of picturesque effect. Suddenly a group of fanciful villains, such as you see on the operatic stage, well mounted and armed with carbines,



A TURKISH FAMILY TRAVELING.

pistols and sabres, appear in the road, and the leader, in a loud voice, commands the driver to halt, on the penalty of a brace of bullets in his cranium. But you have soldiers—they will beat back the ruffians and clear the way. Not a bit of it. *Tout au contraire*. The escort haven't the slightest idea of showing fight. They know that pure Castilian blood is too precious to be wasted in a highway brawl. They discharge their carbines at random, and then turn bridle, set spurs to their nags and gallop off at a furious rate, saving their necks if not their credit. Robber No. 1 now makes the driver and passengers alight, appropriating their watches, rings and purses by way of remuneration for his polite attention. The order is now given—*boca a tierra* (faces to the ground), and you must lie down prone to the earth, so that you may not witness the rifling of the diligence. Woe be to you if you raise your head after the command! One of the robbers is on the watch, knife in hand, and if you venture to disobey, he will insert the blade between your shoulders with such practised skill that you will never know anything more in this world afterwards. The robbers are very expeditious in their operations, and in a short space of time you have the exquisite pleasure of hearing the sound of their horses' hoofs dying away in the distance. Your watch is gone, but you may console yourself with the indisputable proposition of *Bombastes Furioso*—"watches were made to go." Your spare cash has been abstracted—but you have still a circular letter of credit in your pocket which was of no value to the robbers, and then you have not an extra ounce of lead in your cranium, or a stiletto sticking in your pericardium. This is no fancy sketch. On the contrary, such an event used to be very common in Spain, and is still not such a rare thing as to cause any great amount of concern. Lieutenant Slidell was robbed in this way, and gives a graphic account of it in his "Year in Spain." The *salteadores* of Mexico, in this country, are the legitimate descendants of those of Spain, and their manner of operating is identical. The Spanish mules, such as are delineated in our engraving, are very serviceable and frequently very handsome animals. J. N. Hambleton, Esq., of the U. S. Navy, as quoted by J. S. Skinner, says: "Mules are more used in Spain and Portugal than in any other countries I have visited. The King of Spain used them for his carriage when I was in Madrid, and most of the *grandees*. In Lisbon, I was told, \$1500 was often paid for a pair of carriage mules. The Duchess of Braganza (Don Pedro's widow) was a decided mulewoman, and drove six of the most splendid grays I ever saw. Donna Maria used English horses. I went through her stables with her coachman, who was an Englishman. He told me that in that mountainous country, native horses were best for service—mules better than either. I travelled in the diligence from Barcelona to Madrid, via Valencia, four hundred miles and back. Mules were used the whole route, six to the team, and travelled as fast as our stages usually do. Their public vehicles are much heavier than ours." Mules are raised extensively in some parts of our country, and have many advocates. They are hardy, free from disease, and are in their prime at the age when the horse begins to decay, and require but

two-thirds the feed of a horse. Their proverbial obstinacy is rather the effect of bad breaking than a natural characteristic.

Another of our engravings shows us a Turkish family on their travels. The patient camel, the "desert ship," so admirably adapted by Providence for travelling the arid wastes of sand that abound in the East, bears the burden of a huge frame covered with cloth, which contains the veiled women and children of the Turkish family. This contrivance must be well balanced and ballasted to keep it trim. A grave Turk paces beside it on his barb, preceded by a Nubian on a diminutive donkey. The young camel driver is also a Nubian. Another engraving of the series represents a Persian farmer's cart—a sort of truck with very clumsy wheels, drawn by a couple of buffalo bulls. The rude vehicle is pretty well loaded with passengers, to say nothing of the market baskets. A young man is enlivening the journey by playing an air on a rustic pipe. These people belong to Khosrovah, a village situated in the middle of a fine plain near Lake Ourmyah, three or four days' journey from Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. Its inhabitants, numbering about 1200, are of Chaldaic origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but are now Catholics, having been converted to Catholicism about a century ago. Industrious and intelligent, these people have succeeded, notwithstanding the taxes which burthen them, in acquiring a degree of ease in their circumstances not common with the subjects of the Shah. Persia is poor—the people generally occupy, in common with their cattle, miserably cold and smoky huts. At Khosrovah the houses are clean, large and well built. There are many gardens, and the cultivation of the surrounding lands attests more agricultural knowledge and care than is generally found among the farmers and *rayahs*. Artificial irrigation is almost everywhere employed in the raising of crops, and is an art perfectly familiar to the Persian agriculturist, having been practised from the remotest antiquity.

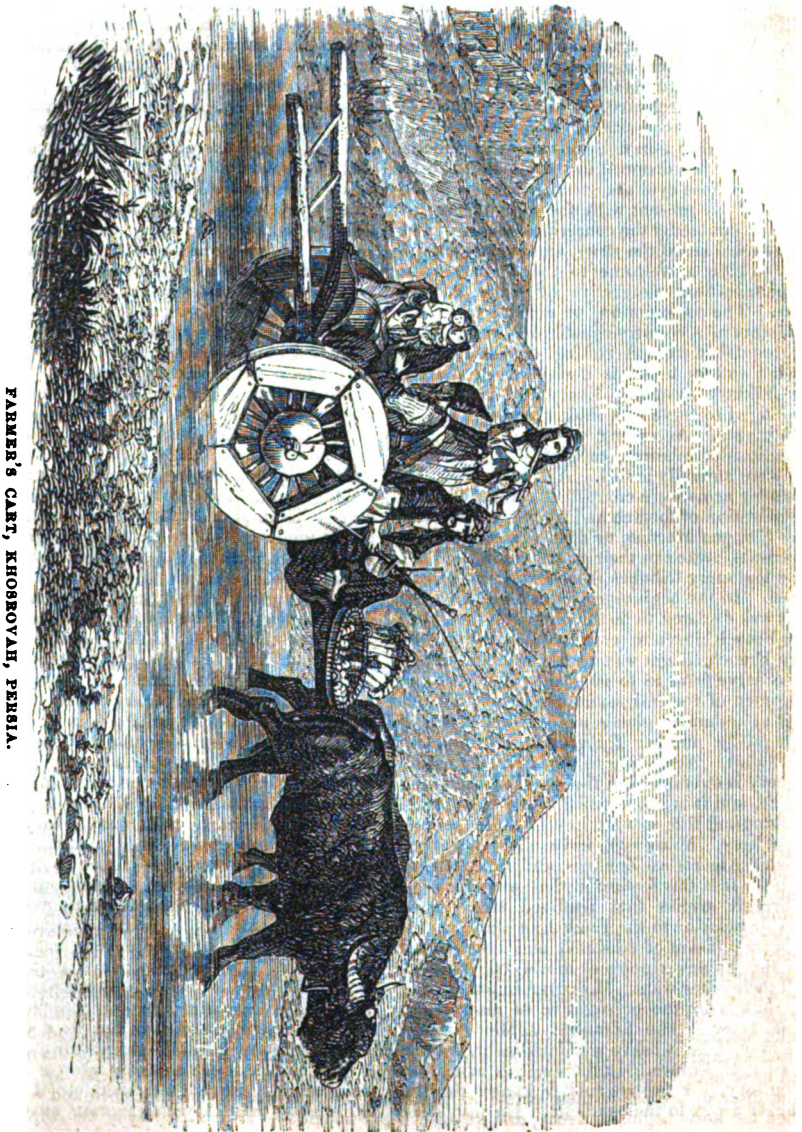
POPULAR INTELLIGENCE.

It is a common error to overrate the intelligence of the present day, and underrate our forefathers in the intellectual scale; for, although our nomadic ancestors were long without the cultivation of knowledge and literature, they were not, therefore, mentally inert. There is an education of the mind, distinct from the literary, which is gradually imparted by the contingences of active life. In this, which is always the education of the largest portion of mankind, our ancestors were never deficient. The operation of practical but powerful intellect may be traced in the wisdom and energy of their great political mechanisms and municipal institutions. It pervades their ancient laws; and is displayed in full dimensions, as to our Saxon and Norman ancestors, in that collection of our native jurisprudence which one Braston has transmitted to us. The system of common law there exhibited, was admirably adapted to their wants and benefit; and has mainly contributed to form the national bulwarks, that individual character by which England has been so long enriched and so vigorously upheld.—*Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons.*

THE FRENCH CONSCRIPT.

The two pretty pictures which accompany this sketch are particularly distinguished by grace and truth to nature. The first depicts the "Departure of the Conscript." The scene of this little drama lies, as we perceive from the costumes, in Bretagne. War has brought its evils home to the heart of a peaceful, rural village, whose inhabitants have no aspirations for glory, and are probably ignorant of the national dispute which has rendered a levy of men inevitable. The fatal lot of conscription has fallen upon the best-loved, the Benjamin of a little rural family. In the distance the drum is beating the *rappel*,

and the young conscripts are falling into ranks, at the summons of the non-commissioned officer who is reading the roll-call. The conscript hears it and must obey. His youthful countenance expresses the deepest anguish. His afflicted mother, almost overpowered by her emotions, droops her head upon his shoulder, and clinging fondly to her darling, sighs out her sad farewell. On the other side of the youth stands his father, a toil-worn man, whose hard features, as he gazes on his son and clasps his hand, are relaxed by grief and tenderness. The young brother, who holds the conscript's wallet, and who is to accom-



FARMER'S CART, KHOSROVAH, PERSIA.

pany him to the rendezvous, also stands the picture of grief. An older sister, with a babe in her arms, is hiding her tear-filled eyes with her hand. Even the dog gazes wistfully on the little group, as if conscious of the distress of the family to which he is attached. It is a bitter moment for all. Turn we to the second picture. Years have passed. We are standing on the same spot—before the same doorway. A pent roof has been added to it—and even the decay of that addition attests the march of time. The conscript, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, ripened from a soft youth into a stern, bearded man, rushes to meet his old mother, whose prayers for his preservation on the field of battle, nightly and daily poured forth, have prevailed. In the shadow of the doorway the youthful brother, now a full grown man, is advancing to greet the wanderer. We miss the figure of the father. Sire and son will never meet again on this side of eternity. The old man is laid to rest with his fathers in the churchyard. In one of the boys in the foreground we can scarcely recognize the baby brother; but that thin figure by the cottage door, whose basket has dropped in the moment of surprise, and whose eyes are seeking to reconcile the features of the present with the memory of the past, is undoubtedly the conscript's sister. The villages have heard the news, and are rushing together to give a welcome to the soldier. The two pictures are suggestive of quite a little drama. The conscription, or enlistment of the inhabitants of a country capable of bearing arms, is distinguished from recruiting, or voluntary enlistment, and its name is derived from the ancient military system. Every Roman citizen was obliged to serve as a soldier from his 17th to his 45th year. According to the Roman law, four legions of infantry, each consisting of 6666 men, were annually levied. All citizens capable of bearing arms were compelled, under penalty of deprivation of fortune and liberty, to assemble in the Campus Martius, or near the capitol, and the consuls, seated in their curule chairs, assisted by the legionary tribunes, made their selections of men. In the beginning of the French revolution it was declared to be the duty and honor of every French citizen to serve in the French army. Every French citizen was born a soldier, and liable to serve from 12 to 40 years of age. The young men of the designated age assembled annually at appointed places, and the selections of the requisite number from each locality was made by lot. According to this system, no rank in society is exempt from the duty of defending the state, and it is not unusual to see young men of fortune and title serving in the ranks as private soldiers. Many such have made the campaigns of Algeria as *Zouaves* and *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. It is this feature in the composition of the French armies that rendered the French troops so superior to the English in the Crimea. The large infusion of educated and refined men gives the French troops a moral effectiveness which their allies want. Moreover, in the French army rank is not the prerogative of money and official favor. The humblest soldier in the ranks may, if he is brave and intelligent, become a marshal of France. In the English army, on the contrary, the private soldier knows that he can never aspire to the epaulette. He may shed

his blood for the honor of his country and the glory of his chief, but his sword can never carve out advancement for himself. The French have from time immemorial been distinguished for their feats of arms and for their love of military glory. It was the boast of the ancestors of the present race of Frenchmen, that, even if the arch of heaven were to sink, they would sustain it on their lance points. In theory, every man in France is born a soldier—and in fact, there is scarcely a man among the many millions of France, who has not, in the course of his life, experienced the thrill of military ardor. Even the women have been infected with this passion. In the wars of the old republic, General Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp two of the most beautiful women in all France. They were seen under the heaviest fire, rallying the faint-hearted and heading the heroic soldiers in the most desperate charges. In the civil wars of Paris, grisettes have fought and fallen beside their lovers; and an epaulette and spur go a great way in winning the smiles of the French fair. Louis Napoleon has made good use of the Gallic love of arms, and his throne may be said to rest on bayonets. It is an alarming fact that in France, in every twenty years, at least a million and a half of men are restored from the army to agricultural pursuits, a large proportion of whom are unfit to resume their stations in civil life, from the idleness and vicious habits engendered by campaigning. M. Alletz says: "Look at the soldier just freed from service. He spends before his departure, in some coarse pleasure, the money that he has received from home to enable him to return. Reduced to pawn a portion of his garments to supply the deficiency thus created, he reaches his native place half naked, drooping with fatigue and hunger. In a few days is exhausted the natural joy he feels at finding himself among his friends again. Accustomed to the excitement of danger, if he has been in the field, or to the vagabond indolence which he leads in great cities during a long peace, he soon feels a heavy and brutal *ennui*. Everything is strange and monotonous to him; the uniformity of life which he is compelled to lead wearies him, used as he is to perpetual change; the solitude of the village gives no scope to his loquacity; the necessity of work alarms his indolence; his newly-acquired liberty embarrasses a character broken by discipline; he misses the public places of the cities; *ennui* makes him irritable and hard; he seeks out old companions of arms and idleness, gets drunk with them, quarrels, ruins or drives his family to despair; shortens, perhaps, the days of his mother; becomes an evil example to youth, excites the indignation of all respectable people, is a cause of affliction and dishonor to his family, and disturbs the repose of the magistrate. It is a sad thing to say, but it is too frequent to find old soldiers among the greatest criminals. Louvel, Fieschi, Alibaud, moreover, had been soldiers." M. Randot, also, says that the fifty thousand men who generally return per annum to civil life, find it difficult to compete with workmen whose education has not been disturbed. They generally go and inhabit towns, and, according to him, form an army always ready for insurrection. In civil war, therefore, it is against old soldiers that the young recruits have to fight.

THE FATAL HELMETS.*

A GALLIC LEGEND.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It was on a dark evening in the month of February, 814, that two horsemen, clad in complete armor, and mounted on fleet and powerful charges, rode rapidly towards one of the gates of the city of Paris. They were young and gallant knights, favorites of Charlemagne, and now bound for the ancient palace of Thermes, with

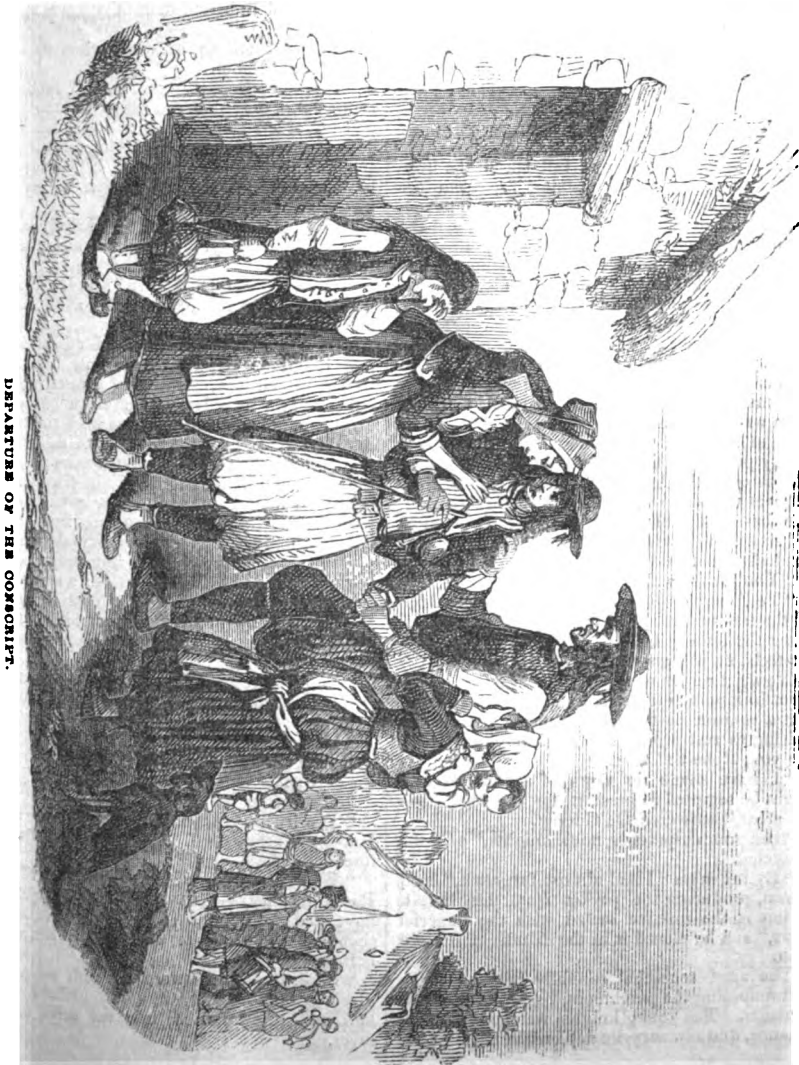
* The basis of this sketch may be found in that very agreeable and valuable illustrated work, "Les Rues de Paris."

sealed despatches for its seneschal, from the new monarch, Louis, the brother and successor of the great emperor.

"Look, Raoul!" said one of the riders, Robert de Guercy, addressing his companion, Raoul de Lys, "the clouds have lifted a little, and through a rent in the murky canopy of heaven, one star beams out, a prestige of good fortune."

"Ay, Robert," replied his brother-in-arms, and methinks I behold, rising in the distance, the hoary battlements and time-worn towers of the old palace. Dearer to me, that old Roman pile, in all its rude severity, than the fairest citadel of other lands—for is it not the bower of my ladye love, Rotrude the peerless?"

"Not peerless!" answered de Guercy, "you forget her sister Gisla."



DEPARTURE OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

"They are twin-stars of beauty," said Raoul. "Worthy of the blood that courses in their veins—worthy sisters of the imperial Charlemagne."

"What think you the new monarch will say to our attachment?"

"I know not. I have not learned to read his character. But I fear his austerity and pride. Yet a little while, Robert, must our loves be hidden. We have wooed and won our mistresses in secret—let us still shroud our passions in the veil of mystery. The hour will come, believe me, when we can avouch it in the face of day. When we have carved our fortunes with our swords, and earned with our blood the highest honors of chivalry, each can claim the hand of an emperor's sister as his guerdon. But here we are at the gate."

Raising his bugle to his lips, Raoul blew a vigorous and martial blast. The gate was opened, and the knights, setting spurs to their horses, dashed under the archway, the flambeaux of the guard throwing a ruddy light upon their gleaming armor and white plumes. Recognizing the companions as royal messengers, a few cavaliers mounted in haste, and offered their escort as far as the palace of Thermes.

The party galloped on at full speed, the iron-shod feet of the horses dashing fire from the stones that lay scattered in the narrow, unpaved, and ill-kept streets. At length they reached the old palace, where the knights dismissed their escort. The seneschal, an old man, whose white beard descended half-way to his girdle, received them with the honors due to couriers from the emperor, and gave orders that their chargers should be cared for, while he himself marshalled the way into a long, vaulted hall, wainscotted with oak, upon the walls of which hung panoplies of arms and banners of all nations, many of them wrested from their original possessors by the gallantry of Charlemagne. Yet it was a dreary place, and the night-wind, that found its way through the loop-holes, swayed the rustling banners to and fro with a dismal, moaning sound, like that of the voice of the prophet of evil. The old seneschal, having conducted the knights thus far, halted and said:

"You are from Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Yes," replied Raoul. "And we have ridden all the way on the spur—securing fresh horses all along the route. I know not how my companion feels, he will answer for himself; but for my own part, I am as weary in limb as after a day spent in lopping off heads upon a field of battle. But a venison pasty and a flagon of wine before retiring to rest would not come amiss. What say you, Robert?"

"I have made no vows of abstinence, or I might be tempted to break it, for my necessities are great," answered De Guercy.

"But your despatches, noble knights," said the seneschal.

"By the mass! I had almost forgotten," said Raoul, producing the packet from his breast. "Here is the missive sealed with the imperial arms," and he placed it in the hands of the old man.

The aged seneschal carefully broke the seal, and unfolding the parchment, began to read the contents. The young knights watched his countenance, and saw surprise depicted in his features.

When he had read every word, the seneschal raised his head, and addressing the bearer of the despatch, said:

"You are named Raoul de Lys?"

Raoul inclined his head.

"And you?" the seneschal continued, turning to the second knight.

"My name is Robert de Guercy."

"Then, Robert de Guercy and Raoul de Lys," said the seneschal, "I arrest you both."

"By whose authority?" demanded Raoul, fiercely.

"By the emperor's," replied the seneschal, striking the parchment with his withered hand.

The two knights looked at each other with astonishment.

"You will surrender your swords," said the seneschal.

Raoul and Robert disdainfully gave up their weapons.

"At least tell us of what crime we are accused," said Raoul.

"It is not specified in the letter," replied the seneschal, "only that you are to be imprisoned, and my orders command your separation."

"Our separation!" cried Raoul, throwing himself into the arms of his friend. "Robert is my brother-in-arms—my companion in peril and pleasure. Part us not."

"Compel me not to use violence," said the seneschal, gravely. "Obey—and trust to fortune."

"Good-night, then, Robert," said Raoul, sadly. "What may be the issue of this affair Heaven only can decide."

The seneschal departed with his other prisoner, and Raoul de Lys heard the door barred and locked behind him. Throwing himself upon an oaken bench, he reflected painfully upon the sudden change which had fallen on his fortunes. A few days since, he was a favorite of the greatest monarch of the earth—now, he was a prisoner by the command of his successor. A few moments before, he looked forward to a rapturous meeting with Rotrude, now he was separated from her and perhaps forever. As these painful thoughts passed through his mind, the iron tongue of the belfry of St. James struck twelve; a secret door swung open on its hinges, and Robert de Guercy, holding a lamp in his hand, and followed by a female figure, entered the hall. Raoul started to his feet.

"Raoul! brother! friend!" cried the knight. "We must up and act. The emperor has doomed us to perpetual imprisonment."

"How know you this?"

Robert de Guercy pointed to the shrinking figure of Gisla.

"Is this true, lady?"

"Too true," replied Gisla. "And ere many hours, my brother will be himself in Paris to enforce his orders."

"Why did we give up our swords?" said Raoul, furiously—"it would have been better to have died fighting like knights and gentlemen, than perish like rats in a dungeon. But where is Rotrude?"

"Here, Raoul," answered the soft voice of a glorious, dark-eyed creature, who glided into the hall and threw herself into the arms of her lover.



RETURN FROM THE WAR.

Gisla wrung her hands and wept.

"Fie, sister!" said Rotrude, turning from the embrace of Raoul. "These tears are unworthy of a sister of Charlemagne—the mistress of a gallant knight. All is not desperate. The seneschal is sound asleep. I have corrupted the guards. Four fleet horses are saddled in the court-yard. Let us fly while yet we have the time."

"And whither fly?" asked a deep voice.

Rotrude turned in terror, and Louis himself, issuing from the secret passage, stood before them.

"Thou here?" cried Rotrude.

"Ay—sister mine," cried the monarch. "Why, you fly before me, maidens, like startled doves.

I found your nest warm; I knew you could not be far off."

"But how could you win your way hither?"

Louis smiled.

"Dear girl," said he, "the secret passages of the old palace are as well known to me as to the architect himself. I could find my way through their labyrinthine windings blindfolded. So," he added, turning to the two knights, "you are here?"

"Yes, my liege," answered Raoul, "and unarmed and prisoners by your order."

"Valor may well be a prisoner, when beauty is his jailer," said the monarch, smiling. "Am I to understand you, noble knights, that you love these damsels fair?"

"More than life!" replied Robert and Raoul, simultaneously.

"And you are not disposed to be cruel?" asked Louis, turning to the two sisters.

Their blushes answered in the affirmative.

"Ah!" cried Louis, reproachfully. "Why did you not make a confidant of me, and treat me as a friend and brother? You should have been wedded royally. Now, since it seems to me that the ceremony must immediately take place, there is no room for splendor. I have a priest in waiting. Go, dearest sisters, and put on your bravest attire, and return to me at once."

The sisters obeyed.

Raoul was astounded.

"Can I have heard aright!" he exclaimed.

"Does your majesty really intend to bestow on poor knights the sisters of your majesty?"

"If you live," replied the monarch, ye shall wed them ere the morning dawn. Poor knights! say you? Those who enjoy a sovereign's favor can never be called poor. And as a token of my countenance, I hereby present two costly helmets with the accompanying armor, which I pray you to put on immediately. A warrior should wed in mail."

At a signal from the monarch, four attendants appeared from the secret passage, bringing two complete suits of armor.

"These are curious," said the monarch. "You will value them as having once belonged to my illustrious brother—may his soul rest in peace! They were made in Italy, and sent him from Ravenna, in return for a huge goblet filled with precious stones."

As he spoke thus, the attendants disarmed the knights, and clad them in their new armor. This change accomplished, Louis bade them be seated, and await in the hall the return of himself and their brides.

When, after the lapse of some time, the two sisters, apparelled from head to foot in virgin white, and holding each other by the hand, re-entered the hall, they found the two knights sitting motionless in the huge oaken chairs where Louis had left them. Each lady, distinguishing her lover by his stature, repaired to his side. The warriors did not rise to welcome their brides.

"Raoul!" said Rotrude, placing her white hand on the shoulder of her lover.

Raoul replied not—and the cold steel sent a strange shudder through the frame of the beautiful girl.

"Speak to me, Robert!" cried the other sister. "It is I—it is Gisla, beloved one."

Robert de Guercy neither spoke nor moved.

Rotrude raised the hand of Raoul; when she relinquished it, it fell like lead. A wild shriek burst from the lips of the heart-broken sisters. At the same moment both had made the discovery that their lovers were dead.

A mechanical apparatus, the contrivance of some malevolent genius, was contained in each helmet, the operation of which excluded the air, while the throat of the wearer was gripped as in an iron vice, and life was speedily extinguished. Louis had probably decided that the mere fact of two humble knights aspiring to wed the sisters of their sovereign, was sufficient to merit death; but whatever his motive, his vengeance was speedy and effective. Of the two sisters, Gisla died on

the spot in discovering her lover's death. Rotrude, removed to a convent by order of the emperor, soon lost her reason, and died also, in the course of a few weeks, a raving maniac.

Many—many years afterwards, when the old palace was crumbling away, two suits of armor were brought to light, enclosed in a secret chamber. On examination a skeleton was found in each. But the visor of each helmet, on being raised by mechanical agency, discovered a ghastly head in a state of extraordinary preservation. These were the fatal helmets, and the heads those of the ill-starred lovers of Gisla and Rotrude.

ABUSE OF OUR STOMACHS.

No other civilized people, probably, are accustomed to abuse their stomachs so badly as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, and still more frequently spoiled in cooking, and always eaten in utter disregard of dietetic rules. We eat far too much flesh meat (and especially pork, in its most objectionable form), and too little bread, vegetables and fruits. Our hot, soda-raised biscuits, hot griddle-cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfasts, are, in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table.

Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of our ill-health to answer for. The mince pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda and cream of tartar. In either case, it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cake which our good housekeepers deem so indispensable, are still worse, and so on.—*Jacques's Hints towards Physical Perfection.*

EPISCOPAL CHURCH STATISTICS.

The Church Almanac, for 1860, contains the usual yearly summary of facts and information relating to the Episcopal Church, from which we gather as follows: The Episcopal Church in the United States contains 33 dioceses. The present number of bishops, provisional bishops and assistant bishops is 43; priests and deacons, 2030; parishes, 2110. There were ordained during the year 78 deacons and 93 priests. Number of candidates for holy orders, 281. Churches consecrated, 69. The baptisms were as follows: Infants, 24,415; adults, 5121; not stated, 487; total—30,023. Number of confirmations, 14,596; communicants added, 14,794; present number, 135,767; marriages, 7059; burials, 12,442; Sunday school teachers, 14,091; scholars, 118,069. The amount of contributions for missionary and charitable purposes was \$1,627,183 12.

CLOUDS.

He'd lie in fields,
And through his fingers watch the changing clouds,
Those playful fancies of the mighty sky.—SWINBURNE.

(ORIGINAL.)

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

The mirage of Egyptian sands,
 Illusive, fading like a dream:
 The shadowy touch of moonlight hands
 Upon the cheek in sinful gleam—
 These are the types of transient bliss,
 More futile than the moonbeam's kiss!
 Of brief delights, full-mixed with shade;
 Of flowers that bloom, alas! to fade,
 And leave us, when their time is o'er,
 More sad, more wretched than before!

Is it a dream?—or have these eyes
 Beheld, in truth, thy living form?
 Do phantoms of my brain arise,
 Like boreal lights in winter skies,
 To vex me with enchantment warm?
 Nay! I have listened to thy words,
 More pleasant than the song of birds;
 With rapture have these senses known
 Thy presence in those moments flown;
 The witchery of thy soulful eyes
 Has filled my breast with love-lorn sighs!
 Each dear enchantment of thy mien,
 Thy face, thy form; thyself once seen,
 Are graven on my heart's blank lead,
 Imperishable types of grief!

'Tis over now—the dream has fled,
 Like mirage vain, or moonbeam wan!
 The hopes, the joys which thou hast led
 In happy train, with thee are gone!
 An hour, a day—the little time
 To linger o'er in mournful rhyme;
 Yet hours like these are few and brief,
 Fit to be wept with silent grief!
 And thou art gone—and other skies
 Enfold thee in their varied dyes.
 O, may they softly, gently shed
 Their dewy blessings on thy head!
 Others by thee to-day are blessed,
 And, woe is me! perhaps caressed.
 Yet, lady, thou wilt not forget
 The lonely stranger haply met;
 Thy parting hand-clasp, warm and true,
 Thy sweetly-spoken, sad adieu,
 Are memories which may not depart
 From out this weary, sorrowing heart,
 Although—O heart of mine, be calm!—
 That voice may be no more thy balm;
 Although—O weeping soul, give o'er!—
 That hand be pressed in mine no more!

(ORIGINAL.)

DANGERS OF COUSINSHIP.

BY EDWARD O. TUCKERMAN.

WHEN you were still in jacket and trousers; dear reader, if you are of the masculine gender; or in frocks and pinafore, if you belong to that gentler sex whose name is a synonyme for loveliness, did you not feel distressed at always find-

ing a moral trailing at the end of your favorite fairy tales, like a piece of dirty paper catching at the skirts of a magnificent silk dress, and dragged along over the pavement by its charming wearer, wholly unconscious of the grinning chimney-sweep and shop-boys? We recollect very well the vexation of spirit that filled our own youthful bosom, when gorgeous palaces and fair princesses vanished at the approach of some axiom of commonplace morality, such as "Be virtuous and you will be happy," "Vice always produces misery," and the like. If your moral is a necessary accompaniment of your story, why not give it to your little victims at the beginning, rather than at the end, on the same principle that physicians give the nauseous dose of cod liver oil first, and then afterwards the nice little bit of preserved ginger, to "take the taste out?" We, however, hold that a moral is a disagreeable excrescence, a wen on a beautiful nose, the fifth foot of the five-footed calf, the one great and tiresome superfluity. We preface the following veracious history, therefore, with the frank avowal that there is no moral to it that cannot be summed up in this short maxim—"Pretty cousins are dangerous things." But if you, sage reader, still believe that the moral is the soul, and the story only the body, why, just bury this soulless body in the grate, and turn your attention to that useful and instructive little work, entitled—"Plums for Good Boys: or, How to buy a Pound of Happiness with an Ounce of Self-Denial."

Who does not know the pleasures and conveniences of cousinship? If you are a lively young bachelor, how pleasant it is, when you make your annual visit up country, to be greeted by half a dozen rosy faces with a—"Fie, Cousin Tom! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for your impudence!" Then, your male cousins are capital fellows to go partridge shooting with! What royal times you have with them trout-fishing! Moreover, cousins pre-suppose uncles and aunts; and who ever made mince pies so well as Aunt Mervable, or told a story so well as Uncle Josh? The delights of cousinship are manifold; and so are the conveniences, too. If your cousins are nice girls and hearty, pleasant fellows, it makes them tenfold nicer and pleasanter to know they are your own kith and kin; and if otherwise, they are only cousins, after all, not brothers and sisters—and, good gracious! who cares for his cousins? But these considerations are palpable and self-evident; did you ever reflect on the dangers of the relationship? If not; read this warning exposition of them, and ponder its awful lessons with due solemnity.

PART I.

IN WHICH THE HERO MAKES A RASH VOW.

IN the retired little village of Hanaford (don't consult your map—or if you must, look at Cochin-China; yea will find it there as soon as anywhere) no man was better known or more highly respected than Squire Ketchup. A selectman, a justice of the peace, the owner of some three hundred good acres and some ten or fifteen thousand dollars safely invested, he found life a "toler'bly pleasant kind of institooshun," as he phrased it; and he seemed disposed to make it "toler'bly pleasant" to those around him. He was very benevolent and open-handed, but shrewd withal; he had as keen a scent for an impostor as a dog has for a woodchuck, and about as much mercy, too. If one of his fellow-townsmen had a few hundreds to invest, he would "happen in" upon the squire some afternoon, and in the course of an hour or so, carelessly remark:

"Wall, squire, I dunno much about them 'ere sort of things, 'cause I aint so much in the way of hearin' on 'em as you men of prop'ty air, but I hearn 'em telling down at the store, t'other day, that the Hodge Podge Railroad is a doin' a purty smashing business, now-a-days, and makes consid'able dividends to the stockholders."

"Wall, yee," the squire would dryly say, "p'r'aps it doos do a purty smashing business; I calc'late it'll go to smash one of these days, directors and all. Tell ye what, neighbor, it don't pay to make dividends of ten per cent, and borrrer the money to do it with."

"Wall, I kinder thought as much," the other would say, closing his fingers tightly over something he had in his coat-pocket. "I sez to my old 'oman last week, 'Polly,' sez I, 'I don't b'lieve the Hodge Podge Railroad is worth half so much as the Cat's-Wool Factory; and Polly,' sez I, 'if I had a thousand dollars, it shouldn't go to the railroad, Polly. Eh, squire?'"

"Folkses has diffrent opinions," the squire would rejoin, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "I never sot much by the factory myself, but it's a free country, neighbor. I don't mind telling ye I consider them 'ere two critters mighty reaky kind of cattle. If I had a peck of dimes I didn't want to lay out on manure, and if there wasn't no claims upon me, sech as wife longing for a decent gown to go to meetin' with, or suthin' of the sort, wall, I dunno, I guess I might p'r'aps buy a few shares in the Farmers' Bank, or invest 'em in a safe mortgage. It doosn't do no good to 'make haste to be rich,' 'cause Scriptor's agin it, and Scriptor is gen'ally about

right, I expect. If I was you, I'd put your money in somewhere that you know it will be safe and pay you six per cent. There's more losses than wins when they play at speculatin'."

"Wall, I didn't exactly say, squire, that I'd any thought of layin' up money myself, jest now, but p'r'aps I may bimeby, if the Lord prospers me. Poor men like me, squire, hev other things to think of. Fine day, squire—good for the hayin'."

Now the worthy squire lived in a substantial, two-story house, with barns and outhouses around it, situated on the edge of a hill sloping gradually to the waters of the Assaquot River. Everything in the neighborhood, the orchards, the cornfields, the kitchen-garden, the little flower-plot in front of the house, the honeysuckle over the little porch, all betokened the careful farmer of easy circumstances. A matron of the true New England stamp, busy, good-humored and "smart," together with an only daughter, constituted the family of the squire; and it was commonly increased by the addition of a hired man or two. The daughter (we will be communicative and frank with you, gentle reader—she is our heroine) was a blithe, merry damsel of seventeen, of a generous and affectionate disposition, but withal, self-willed and (it must be confessed) a little coquettish. All the gay bloods of the quiet country village paid their homage at the feet of the triumphant little beauty, who was fully aware of her own charms and conquests. There was great strife and contention as to who should drive her to the temperance lecture, which was occasionally delivered in the "middle of the town," or drive her back from the huskings or other merry-makings, which were the especial scenes of her victories; a strife which not unfrequently resulted in the total discomfiture of all the contending parties, while she saucily declared that Pete Brown drove too slow and Jehu Crane drove too fast, and Ichabed Frey did not mind his driving at all, but kept looking at her; for her part, she couldn't conceive why he looked at her all the time. Was she a black slave from Kamschatka (her geography was rather vague), that she was to be stared at forever? And by this time, having worked herself into quite a little miff, she would jump into her father's sleigh, and vow she admired to ride three on a seat; while the rival aspirants to the honor of being her protector, were left to settle the quarrel among themselves as best they might. Her father used to watch her proceedings with a dry smile on his face, and simply say:

"Take care, Bess—it'll be their turn by-and-by!"

Things had been in this state for a year or two, and Bess had been growing more and more imperious, until the little tyrant was hardly to be endured, even by her most devoted admirers. In vain her father satirized, and her mother more seriously reproved her; she could no more help flirting than a bee could help buzzing. Her heart was kind, almost to excess; and the tears would come, at the mere thought of another's grief or suffering.

But the giddy-brained girl had never loved in her life, and how could she know that love is at once the root of half of the happiness and half of the misery in the world? She could not conceive that Jerry Williams could be touched, except in his vanity, when she smiled on his rival, Ike Jones; she did not care a snap of her pretty little finger for any of them—why should they care for her? So she coquetted and flirted to her heart's content, and felt lonely enough, when she sat down by herself to think; and she did think, once in a while.

For a long time past, the inhabitants of the little community of Hanaford had been ambitious to have an academy of their own, that they might "teach the young idea how to shoot" with guns of Hanaford manufacture. No one had been more energetic in promoting this scheme, than the squire; and at the last town-meeting he, with two others, had been appointed a committee to carry it into execution. An appropriation, deemed sufficient to start this school, was passed without one dissentient voice, except old Asa Stickleback, a crabbed, hard favored elder, who said that the town shouldn't put its fingers into his pockets, "jest to give Aaron Washburn's boy his schoolin' for nothin'." Of this committee, the squire was chairman; and on him devolved the duty of providing a teacher. Now there was some trouble in procuring just such a man as was wanted; and the squire was in some perplexity of mind about the matter, when one pleasant day in the latter part of July, the Dingtowntown and Gresham coach, which passes semi-weekly through Hanaford, rolled up to the squire's door, and dropped a young man with a carpet-bag and umbrella in his hand.

As he approached the door, he cried out in a cheery, manly voice:

"How d'ye do, all? Why, uncle, how hale you look! Never looked so well in your life—never!"

"Wall, lad, I aint in a consumption," responded the individual addressed, complacently regarding his burly proportions, and shaking his nephew heartily by the hand.

"And aunt, too! I declare, you must have lived in clover since I saw you last. And Bess! why, how you've grown! Must have one, the Great Mogul to the contrary notwithstanding."

And bending down to take a cousinly salute, he was somewhat startled at receiving such a boom on the ear from the insulted beauty as made his head ring on his shoulders.

"Take that, Mr. Impertinent, and learn to ask in a different style next time," she cried, laughing at the young man's look of bewilderment.

"Bess, Bess!" exclaimed the scandalized mother, "aint you ashamed of yourself to treat your cousin Roger in such a hoydenish manner? I'm sure I don't know what that girl will come to," she added, parenthetically, with a sigh and shake of the head, as she folded up her glasses and put them in her pocket.

"Now, Cousin Bessie," said Roger, good-humoredly, "they used to call me in college the Grand Unsempathetic Ethereal Rearing Bumping Invincible Tiger, because I never gave up what I once undertook, you see; so you must excuse me (seizing her in his arms) since you decline to help me voluntarily to Venus's Patent Panacea for the ear-ache, if (smack, smack) I ev (smack) er (smack) help—ev (smack) myself (smack, smack, smack)."

"Let me go, sir—let me go," screamed the surprised and mortified girl, "or I'll never speak to you again as long as I live—never!" And she ran off up stairs to hide her tears of anger and vexation.

"Served her right, boy—served her right!" said the squire, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment at his nephew's unexpected coup d'état, and the long peals of laughter to which he gave vent on its signal success; "but I reckon you're down in her black books now. Haw, haw, haw! I calc'late you're the first man ever did that to her—eh, Roger? I guess it'll be long enough 'fore you git another."

"Perhaps not," said Roger, demurely.

"Perhaps not!" echoed the squire, incredulously; "you don't expect to catch her agin, do ye? Mebbe you air a purty smart hunter, but you wont trap that 'ere rabbit agin, I can tell ye."

"O, I shan't trouble myself at all! she will come into the trap of her own accord," said Roger, following his uncle and aunt into the house, and depositing his carpet-bag and umbrella in the entry.

"What in the old gallus does the boy mean?" said the squire, turning short round and facing his nephew so abruptly as nearly to throw him sprawling backwards.

"Why he means, uncle," said Roger, laughing, "that the next time he gets a kiss from Jennie Bessie, she will give it to him of her own accord, without his asking."

"Walk, yes," replied the squire, dryly, "I reckon that will be the next time."

Roger felt a little piqued at the skeptical tone of his uncle's voice, and deliberately planting a chair by the open window and seating himself in it, he said:

"If you will give me leave to try, uncle, I'll engage that before three weeks are over, she will kiss me of her own free will before your face and eyes."

"Well, you'd better leave her alone," answered the squire; "you'll only burn your fingers if you handle hot coals, and she isn't exactly a cold 'un. It does well enough once, for a joke; but you'd better make up with her, and not mind her tantrums. You'd come off kinder second-best, I reckon! But I'll give you my best mare Dolly the day you can coax her to kiss ye."

Roger said no more, but mentally resolved to make a little experiment with his pretty cousin, and prove his own ingenuity by obtaining from her, *against* his uncle's predictions, one of those delicious little bonbons of the arch-confectioner, Cupid, which our expressive Anglo-Saxon tongue christens a *kiss*. He had considerable confidence in his powers of fascination, and still more in his strategical abilities; the combination of the two, he reasoned, could not but bring his plans to a successful issue. Meantime the steam of the dinner which was in process of preparation, scented his nostrils, and sharpened his appetite, never very dull, to such a degree that he welcomed the call to the table with the greatest alacrity.

PART II.

SHOWING HOW THE VOW WAS KEPT.

It was not long after the arrival of Roger Wheaton at his uncle's house, that the squire rode over to Deacon Covenant's, to have a consultation with him and his brother-committeeman, Colonel Bearskin. This visit was speedily followed by the news, which ran like wildfire through the little town, that Mr. Wheaton, the squire's nephew, who had just graduated at Dartover College, would open an academy in the middle of the town, and would receive applications until the twentieth of September.

There were enough gossiping tongues in the neighborhood to make every man, woman and child in Hanford acquainted with the fact that

Mr. Wheaton's salary, as offered by the committee, in accordance with the vote of the town, would be two hundred dollars per annum, with the privilege of making as much more as he could get. Everybody declared what a fine chance it was for a young man! As it happened, applications began at once to pour in, and Roger soon saw that he should have a full school, at least for the first term; and as the tuition fees of the scholars were his own perquisite, in addition to the two hundred dollars, he made his mind quite at ease on the subject of his next year's operation. Moreover, as he was to board at his uncle's, he saw the way clear for carrying into execution a scheme his fertile brain had already concocted for securing the now coveted kiss from the rosy lips of his fair cousin. To be sure, he sometimes regretted his braggadoccio boasting, when he looked at her spirited little head, and he felt secret misgivings that he should never bestride the handsome mare Dolly, as his own property. He saw plainly enough that notwithstanding her coquetties and saucy, self-reliant manner, she was at heart coy and shy as a wild deer of the woods, and was far more of a mature woman than he had given her credit for being. He felt half inclined to give up this mock chase, and then perhaps—pshaw! what a foul he was! So he watched his opportunity.

Two weeks elapsed, and Roger had long ago made peace with Bess, and they were often together. The bilberries furnished an excuse for many a ramble in the pastures and fields; but Roger was not altogether pleased to see that for some unaccountable reason Bess was almost sure to be accompanied by her friend Jennie Singleton, who lived in a little house on the banks of the Assanquot. Why he should object to the society of a very pretty and intelligent girl, who evidently liked him much, we leave to better magicians than ourself to divine; but as to the fact itself, there can be no doubt. He concealed all chagrin, however, and devoted his energies to making himself as attractive as possible to his cousin, who found him of a very different character from her other admirers; for the first time she had met her equal.

They were in the squire's garden together, one forenoon, only two days before the expiration of the three weeks, and, strange to say, Jennie Singleton was not present. A peach tree, well loaded with luscious fruit, hung its gifts near where they were standing, and one large downy, mellow peach caught the fancy of the young girl, who pointed it out to Roger.

"What! that one?" said he. "Perhaps I might reach it, if my arm were as long as the

Boston Liberty Pole. "Is there any particular star in the milky way you would like me to fish for you, Bessie?"

"No, thank you," she replied, with a mock curtsy, "my cousin Roger is more brilliant than any star, and he is always visible in my horizon."

"He will be most happy to set, if his radiance is too refulgent," said Roger, taking off his hat and making a low bow.

"I should prefer to see him rise, at least as far as that peach," was her answer; "but perhaps such a star would be put out, if it had to climb a tree."

"Well, then, here I go, Bess, regardless of expense!" exclaimed he, with a face of feigned terror, as he nimbly swung himself among the branches. "Adam fell because of an apple, and if Roger Wheaton falls because of a peach; remember it was a woman tempted them both!"

So saying, he climbed up as high as he thought the branches would bear him, but found the peach still beyond his reach. Unwilling, however, to give up, perhaps through fear of losing his soubriquet of the Invincible Tiger, he strained forward as far as he could, keeping hold of a small bough with one hand, while he reached forth with the other. But his last words were ominous; just as he was on the point of securing the prize, the bough which supported his weight gave way, and after an ineffectual effort to save himself by clutching at another branch, he fell heavily to the ground and lay motionless. Bessie stood aghast for a moment, and then, without losing her presence of mind, ran to her cousin and raised his head—at the same time calling loudly for her father. Before many seconds had elapsed, her father and two hired men were carrying the senseless form of the young man into the house, where they laid him on a bed, and tore off his cravat.

"No bones are broken, thank God!" ejaculated the squire, feeling his legs and arms; "but no thanks to the pesky tree. Rub his wrists, wife, and wet 'em in cold water; and here, Bess," he added, turning to the poor girl, who, now that she could do no more, stood "like Niobe, all tears," "chafe his temples, and pour cold water on 'em, too!"

By some chance, the two women exchanged offices; good Mrs. Ketchup took his head, and Bess his wrists, laving them plentifully with nature's ever-ready restorative (prythee, kind reader, do not take us for hydropathists), and using their best efforts to resuscitate the lifeless figure before them. As Bess looked at the pale, handsome face of her prostrate cousin, a new

feeling sprang up in her bosom, different from any previous tenant of that lovely mansion, which she called to herself by the harmless name of pity. (And here, O fair reader! let a friend speak a word to you in confidence—all for your own good, of course—when you begin to "pity" a handsome young fellow, no matter for what reasons recover, beware! beware! for the little god masks himself in no disguise oftener than in the garb of Pity.) The truth was, Roger was by no means an ill-flavored twig of the tree of humanity; and Bess was never so fully aware of this interesting fact as at the present moment, when he lay helpless and insensible through his desire to gratify an idle whim of hers. Her mother, too, was so struck with a likeness to her own honored spouse, whom the good lady dearly loved—a likeness all the more prominent from the perfect immobility of the features—that she stooped down and gently kissed the pale white forehead of her nephew. The young man opened his eyes.

"Uncle!" said he, faintly, while a feeble smile played over his face.

"Well, lad, how be you now?" was the answer, as the squire bent down to catch the words his nephew was essaying to speak.

"Is Dolly safe?"

The squire looked with a puzzled expression now at his wife and now at his daughter.

"Is Dolly safe, I say!" repeated Roger. "I'll trot her out to-morrow, and see how it feels to own a lively mare."

"Not so fast, I reckon," said the squire, fully understanding the young fellow's drift by this time, and with the faintest ghost of a smile flickering round his mouth. "I calculate she won't change hands in a hurry, boy, though you're welcome to ride whenever you're able."

Roger turned his head so as to see Bess, and at once comprehending his mistake, said, with a decided blush and a much more energetic expression of voice than before:

"Hang the luck! I needn't have played possum quite so long." At the same time, he got up slowly and limped to a rocking-chair, with a strange mixture of amusement, mortification and physical pain in his face.

Bessie looked in astonishment at her cousin, evidently thinking him out of his mind, and then at her father, for some clue to the riddle. But Roger laid his finger on his lip, when her head was turned, and glanced meaningly at the squire. The two women, however, were so rejoiced at his recovery, that they asked no questions as to what they merely considered the incoherencies of returning consciousness. But the look of per-

plexity that occasionally clouded Bessie's brow, showed that this explanation was not fully satisfactory to her, at least.

The next day, Roger exhibited few signs of having been seriously injured by his fall; on the contrary, he found himself able to walk as far as Miss Singleton's dwelling, and to request to see the young lady. She was somewhat surprised at this unexpected honor, but did not refuse an audience to her young and handsome visitor.

The interview was not very long, but Roger, as he left the door, wore a look of satisfaction and complacency on his countenance, and there was a quizzical expression on the features of the young lady as she watched his retreating figure. All that day he was more than usually attentive to his cousin, and, as she felt some compunctions of conscience at having caused the accident of the preceding day, she received his attentions with more than her usual urbanity and kindness. The squire watched his motions with a curious eye; but in the imperturbable gravity of his strongly-marked physiognomy, you could read little of what was passing within.

After tea, which took place at the old-fashioned country hour of half past five, the squire and his nephew were sitting together in the growing twilight, while Bess and her mother were engaged in their household duties, in another part of the house, when a light rap was heard at the door, and a soft voice inquired:

"Is Bess at home to-night, squire?"

"Wall, yes, I guess so," was the reply; "nless she's harnessed the horse and cleared out in less than no time. She was here half a minute ago. Come in, Jennie! Sit ye down, and I'll call the gal right away."

With these words, he left the room and presently returned, followed by Bess. The room was nearly dark by this time, as candles were only so many baits for mosquitoes; and the squire's only weakness was a terror of those winged pests of summer. In the uncertain light Bess advanced hesitatingly towards her friend; and, just as she took her hand and leaned forward to kiss her mouth (how provoking to see women waste their honey on one another!) the treacherous Jennie slipped her head aside, and the ready mouth of Roger received the proffered salute. A suppressed giggle at her side first warned poor Bess of the mistake she had made; but when she heard her cousin say to her father, "Well, uncle, perseverance is a 'rum 'un,' and I'll try Dolly to-morrow. if you please," the whole truth flashed across her mind, and with a low sob, covering her face, she noiselessly stole out of the parlor.

The squire made no response to Roger's remark. Deliberately lighting a candle, he looked around for Bess, but found her gone. Having carefully snuffed the candle and closed the windows, he left the room, and his heavy boots were presently heard ascending the stairs that led to Bessie's chamber. Roger and Miss Singleton looked in one another's faces without speaking a word, alarm unmistakably painted on her every feature, and uneasiness as plainly written on his. At last she likewise left the room, and inercly saying—"I am afraid, Mr. Wheaton, I have hurt my friend and done you no good," she took her homeward path down the hill.

PART III.

SHOWING THE RESULTS OF THE VOW.

At breakfast, the next morning, Bess appeared silent and wholly changed in her demeanor; her sprightliness was gone, and her eyes showed signs of a restless, perhaps tearful, night. The squire likewise was rather taciturn, and made no allusion to the events of the preceding evening. Although Roger endeavored to dispel the gloomy atmosphere of the breakfast-table with his accustomed raillery and jocoseness, his shots rather hung fire, and provoked but little merriment. No sooner was the ceremony of the morning repast concluded (and it was not much more than a ceremony), than Roger seized his gun and started for the woods, hoping that by noon the effects of his unlucky pertinacity in keeping his resolve might have worn away.

For an hour or two he strolled through the woods in search of game, but at last, wearied with ill success and his own uneasy thoughts, he turned his steps toward the banks of the Assa-quot; and finding himself not far from an old haunt of his boyhood, he resolved to visit it again, and rest awhile in the shade. The woods descended from the top of a hill of considerable elevation to the water's edge, and half a dozen large trees formed a little clump together nearly in the form of a semi-circle; while in front the river had hollowed out the broad pool much deeper than the rest of the stream, in which the water slowly eddied round and round. Here Roger and his cousin had been accustomed to float paper boats in former years; and his boyish ingenuity had formed a delightful little arbor by weaving evergreen branches together, from trunk to trunk, and carefully clearing away all dead boughs and underbrush. This romantic little retreat he had christened with the name of Bessie's Bower, and many a happy half-day had they spent in its calm seclusion, before they had

been separated by his departure for college. By some impulse which he did not care to analyze too closely, Roger was drawn to visit the spot once more; and, pre-occupied with his own thoughts, he found himself there before he was aware of it. The little arbor was partly concealed from view by intervening bushes and trees; but as he was turning aside to find the old entrance, he was startled by seeing his cousin, with her hands clasped before her, leaning carelessly against a veteran pine. For several moments he stood petrified at the sight. Her bonnet lay beside her, and her hair, escaping from its confinement, lay drooping upon her shoulders, its wavy brown tresses mingling and twining in exquisite confusion. The perfect colorlessness of her face, enhanced by the dark background of the tree's trunk, gave her beauty a more delicate loveliness than usually belonged to her fresh, rosy face. Her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her whole attitude was expressive of entire self-forgetfulness. Roger was unable for some minutes to do aught but contemplate the beautiful statue before him; and it was only with an effort that he at last broke the spell and said in a low tone of voice:

"Bessie!"

The girl startled, and, meeting his glance with a frightened air, for a moment stood irresolute what course to pursue. The only exit from the arbor was by the opening where Roger now stood, and she seemed at first to shrink from approaching him; but soon recovering her self-possession, she moved forward with a quiet dignity which Roger had never beheld before, and said, calmly:

"Let me pass, if you please, sir."

"No, Bessie," exclaimed the young man, passionately "stay just a moment, if only to hear me ask forgiveness for my shameful conduct, and to tell me that you will pardon it."

The pale face before him, which as yet had not changed color, became suddenly suffused with a blush so deep that the rebellious blood mounted even to the roots of her hair, and tinged her neck with its rosy hue.

"I cannot stay," she replied, hurriedly. "I have nothing to pardon; or if I have, it is all forgotten. You must let me pass, indeed you must."

"Bessie, dear Bessie," pleaded Roger, retiring a step, but holding out his arms to prevent her egress, "I have been a wretch, a cruel, heartless wretch, and wounded the feelings of her I love best in all the wide world. Yes, I love you, I love you," he cried, with increased vehemence, "and I would die for you, if that would make

you happier. O, believe me, Bessie dear, and tell me you will forgive the past."

"I have told you so already," said she, turning again pale as ashes, and trembling from head to foot; "but how can you speak to a woman of love, when you prove by your conduct that you do not respect her? Yes, you make her the subject of a disgraceful bet, and that, too, with her own father, and then insult her still more by speaking of love! O, Roger, Roger!"

The poor girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"It is too true, Bessie, dear," said the young man, sadly, "and the second crime is worse than the first. I have no right to speak of love where I have sinned so deeply, and I will go where I can love alone, without paining by my presence the heart of her I love better than my own life. May God bless you, dearest, and send you a worthier, nobler heart than mine to lean upon."

The poor fellow dashed his hand across his eyes, and stooped down to pick up the gun he had dropped. As he rose again, he cast one look back at Bessie, before leaving her to go or stay, as she chose. She had dropped her hands from before her face, and was looking at him with all her soul in her blue, moist eyes. In their clear depths shone what a world of earnest, strong, unspoken love! It was but a pause—a step—a cry—and the two were locked in one another's arms.

Reader, will you believe it?—Bessie's soft lips, of their free will, imprinted a kiss on the mouth of her Cousin Roger; and what is worse it was not the last time they did it!

VERY CONCLUSIVE.

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," replied Hopeful, quite readily. "Very good. Now what is a tailor?" "One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply. "O, you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails, did you ever!" "To be sure," quoth Hopeful; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made they would all be jackets!" "Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure. I didn't think of that. Beats Watts's logic! Go to the top of the class, John; you'll be member of parliament some day."—*English Paper.*

MEN'S SINS.

There are two great sins of men—drunkenness in the lower classes; a still worse form of vice in the higher, which I believe women might help to stop, if they tried. Would to God I could cry to every young working woman, "Never encourage a drunken sweetheart!" and to every young lady thinking of marriage, "Beware! better die than live to give children to a loose principled, unchaste father."—*A Life for a Life.*

THE UMBRELLA BITE-BIT.

It rained hopelessly. The clouds came down in sheets and sluices. Mons. de H—, an elegant "of the first water," found this second water too wet for him. He was stranded under another man's portico, and not a hackney-coach or an umbrella within screaming at. Suddenly around the corner comes a plain citizen, housed under a protecting canopy of blue cotton and whalebone; but under this enviable umbrella, walking alone. A thought seizes Mons. de H—. He rushes to the citizen's side, and seizing him affectionately by the arm, commences an eager narration of a touching event. Not giving his astonished listener time to respond, he hurries him along—sharing his umbrella, of course, as he goes—and clinging closely to his side, and vociferating the confidential communications till they arrive at the Boulevard, he stops at a café, and then, for the first time, apparently, takes a surprised look at the face of his umbrella-lender. Overwhelming apologies—had wholly mistaken the person—thought it was his most intimate friend—begs ten thousand pardons—and dodges into the safe inside of a coffee-house. But the fun was to be in telling the story. To a convulsed circle of delighted fellow-dandies, Mons. de H— was telling his adventures, when, by chance placing his hand upon his heart, he missed the usual protuberance in his vest pocket. The valuable gold watch was gone! In his close clinging to the apparently plain citizen, the gay joker had hugged a pickpocket, and—"consequence was!" But he was subsequently fonder of "a dry joke" than a wet one.—*Paris Letter.*

 TRACES OF DREAMS.

Persons are frequently at a loss to account for the reception of certain impressions, which are commonly a source of erroneous judgment. Sir H. Holland observes: "There are few who have not occasionally felt certain vague and fleeting impressions of a past state of mind, of which the recollection cannot by any effort take a firm hold, or attach them to any distinct points of time or place; something that does not link itself to any part of life, yet is felt to belong to the identity of the being. These are not improbably the shades of former dreams; the consciousness, from some casual association, wandering back into that strange world of thoughts and feelings in which it has existed during some antecedent time of sleep, without memory of it at the moment, or in the interval since."—*Medical Notes.*

 PLAIN FEATURES.

Plainness of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great deal of difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be very plain, and yet attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined, otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman, we could not reply. We know there are such, for we have seen them.—*Home Journal.*

THE MYSTERIOUS PIANO.

Not long since I was invited to pay a visit to some friends out of town. In the family were three young ladies, besides young children. Being musical, we spent the greater part of the first evening of my visit in singing and playing, and at the proper hour retired for the night, as we supposed. As I was a great favorite with all the girls, each one wanted to sleep with me, and to effect this, it was decided that instead of going to my room, I should remain in their double-bedded room. Accordingly, instead of going to sleep, we lay and talked (as girls often do) some hours. Milly touched me on the arm in the middle of a most interesting account of the opera and certain regular attendants there, and said:

"C., do you hear that?"

"Hear what? I do not listen to people when they are not talking to me," naturally supposing she referred to Margaret and Fanny, who were in the other bed.

"There! now, girls, don't you hear it? Some one is playing on the piano."

"Who can it be?" said Milly. Why did you not lock it, Fanny—it is your place to do it?"

"Well," said Fanny, "I did, and the key is in the pocket of my dress."

This, of course, we would not believe. So, trembling from head to foot, she got up, dark as it was, found the dress with the key in its pocket. All this while we heard the piano, sounding in simple scales from top to bottom, and *vice versa*, but producing the most wonderful quality of tone, resembling those of a musical box more than anything else.

We had all heard of spirits, and were quite sure there were some in the house, for it was not probable that any of the children would be up at that hour of the night. So it was decided that we should hold each other by the hand, and go across the hall to father's room. All this time the scales were being played on the piano, as if some one had been ordered to practice for an hour. We succeeded in awakening Mr. W., and in a few minutes he came out with a light in his hand, when we formed a procession after him, with chattering teeth, but withal eager faces, for our curiosity was stronger than our fear. We enter the parlor; sure enough the piano is shut and locked, while the gamut is being played regularly and distinctly. The father asks for the key—all the girls scream out at once:

"Don't open it; it must be spirits."

But Mr. W. does not believe in piano-playing spirits, and opens the instrument, while we are all huddled together, and he exclaims:

"Gracious me, it's a mouse!"

How we laughed and screamed, and looked for the little animal; but 'twas no use, mousey had practised his lesson and gone.

It was easy to account for the evenness of his playing, as he was too small to skip a note, and therefore touched every one.—*Musical World.*

 PRAISE.

O, who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.
SPANAN.

[ORIGINAL.]

EMBARKED.

BY EDWIN S. LISBONER.

Embarked at last! For many years
The vessel lay a desolating wreck,
Blown where no warning light appears
The clouded sky with hope to flock;
From year to year, in creaking pain,
To drift and dash the rocks again.

That bay, wherein it idly cast
The fairest winds of time away;
These stagnant waters of the past,
Those heavy clouds that held their sway;
All were of passion's stormy home,
But nevermore the ship to gain.
For one fond day a beauteous star
Pierced strugglingly the lowering sky;
With loving beams it bathed each spar,
And hushed each sail's unceasing sigh;
The vessel opening with hope upright,
Arrived again by that pure light.

There rose a fairer, gentler breeze,
And cleared away the angry sky;
In sparkling beauty rolled those seas
Before concealed from weary eye;
Bright isles of verdure reared afar
Their winning arms beneath the star.

The boulder came, whose loving hand
Renewed with grace each sinking part
So long degraded, yet to stand
Accepted by his yearning heart:
Now, fairly trimmed, with swelling sail,
The vessel voices the prosperous gale.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CONFESSION OF AN UNHAPPY AUTHOR.

BY MARY W. JANVRAIN.

I AM in deep affliction. The poisonous breath of authorship has envenomed my being—its miseries have pierced my soul. I know now, by the test of sad experience, the strength and bitterness of that mysterious curse invoked by "the man of Uz" upon his unnamed foe, "O, that mine enemy would write a book!" for, possessed by the mania *scribendi*, I feel that my better angel has departed, and I am fast becoming demoralized, weakened, unmanned.

Will you, good Mr. Editor, listen to the confession of my miseries? Will you give them to the public, that so, perchance, some fellow-traveller, warned by my example, may shun the wild Charybdis against which my bark of happiness has been shattered? Contrary to the irregular Horatian maxim of plunging "*in medias res*," I will "begin with the beginning" and end with the end.

My antecedents will perhaps account in part for my tastes and predilections, for I came of a bookish family. My grandfather destroyed his eyesight by the common error of reading at twilight, in his old, well-thumbed volume of Josephus; my paternal relative was a great reader from his youth up, and I have a distinct memory of his always poring over some volume during the noonning in haying time, and the long winter evenings of my boyhood; and my mother was a learned woman, though gentle and unpedantic in the greatest degree. Then I had scores of uncles, and grown-up cousins who were either lawyers, doctors, or teachers—thus you see it ran in the family to take to books.

In my early boyhood it was a matter of astonishment how great a number of books I had devoured. All was fish that came to my net. I borrowed, when my own stock and the limits of the little library in the old farm-house was exhausted; I devoured Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare, Cervantes, Bunyan and Defoe, Robertson, Rollin, and the old dog-eared edition of Josephus, besides sea stories, magazines, and all the newspapers and light romances I could manage to procure. Later, I raced through the Waverley novels, and Cooper's; and in my teens was an intense admirer of Professor Ingraham's style. I lost a night's sleep over *Consuelo*, and fasted two days over the *Wandering Jew*. And small need to recall here the exciting mysteries of the Count of Monte Cristo, and other kindred tales. During my days of history reading I was conscientiously opposed to the habit of skipping—I wanted to say truthfully that I had read a work through—but latterly, when quality was exchanged for quantity, I fear I grew superficial. Like the gourmand who performs huge gastronomic feats, I gorged myself with the solids of the intellectual world of food, then finished off with such a repletion of the lighter trifles of the dessert, that the only wonder now is that I did not drop down some day in a sort of mental apoplexy produced by a surfeit of good things.

But, passing all this dreamy, bookish, blissful period of boyhood, I will speak of that time when, after a course of academic preparation, my good sire informed me one day that the profits of the farm would allow him to put into execution the favorite plan of himself and my mother, to wit, that I should be sent to college. Very fresh was the foster-chicken who sheltered himself under the wide-spread, protecting wings of our venerated Dartmouth. It was the parting wish of my mother, before I followed the trunk packed with my new shirts and warm

knitted socks to the stage-coach in waiting at the farmhouse gate, that I should distinguish myself in college, and obtain the valedictory. In this, however, my kind mother was destined to disappointment, for so quiet and musing had my life been among my books, that I failed to catch the spur of emulation; and I may as well say here, that, while buried in college studies I was distanced in the race for college honors.

But it was there that I acknowledge to have first imbibed the ambition of authorship. It was in one of the debating societies so common to all institutions that I first actually uttered my own thoughts, next, I became a contributor to the "Lit. and Sci.," a magazine edited by the students, and labelled incipient genius from one brown cover to the other.

I produced two poems and an essay over the modest signature of Tryphiodorus, and though the seniors were high, careless and cold, the juniors jealous, and the sophomores too busy in hard study or harder frolicking to praise my bantling efforts (for, somehow, the secret of their paternity soon leaked out), I found my comfort in the freshmen. They—I well remember them—a set of honest, unhackneyed fellows, who gave me a warm panegyric without a limiting clause! Unsophisticated, fresh-hearted, unselfish boys! They entered bears, I made them lions. I treated them to the sweetest wines, the best principles, the fattest oysters. I even introduced them to my sweetheart (for there was a blue-eyed girl in Hanover whom I found infinitely more agreeable than my alma mater)—Heaven forgive the most daring of 'em who cut me out, for I never did! But, personal piques aside, I will eulogize those freshmen.

From the day when my articles were published and praised, I date my ruin. The itch for writing and the lust for fame shot like fire through all my being. The abundant leisure left from the performance of college exercises was employed in writing. I sent a romance to the editor of a popular magazine. It was accepted. I was in ecstasies. My *nom de plume* should ring from the pine woods of Maine to the bayous of Texas. About that time it was, too, that the aforementioned freshman supplanted me in my dulcinea's affections; thus I had ample leisure to court the muses instead. I would show her yet, when the country should resound with my fame, whom she had slighted and scorned for a beardless freshman!

As I said, the lust for writing was in my veins. I had written and been praised again. Some of these articles were published, some rejected, and some remained suspended like souls in "limbo

patrum," uncursed and unbeatified, for I never learned their fate. Perhaps, from this, I should have taken warning, but the spell of authorship was on me, more powerful than the Circe's of old, and I could not resist. I was another being than the quiet bookworm student who had entered those venerated walls. Ever since the birth of my first born, and its arrayal in types and paper, I had become another man. I no longer lived in myself, but in my children—the bantlings of my brain. No more did I worship literature and imagination for their own sweet selves; but, like a priest at the altar, professionally. I began to look jealously upon other authors, too, lest they appropriated laurels which might be mine; I regarded the whole fraternity as odious rivals, whose triumphs were builded on the ashes of my defects. So I wrote on—much, and sometimes not wholly ill—robbing myself often of needful rest and sleep in pursuit of the shadow—fame.

There was one thing which troubled me in those days. Did I take pride in any particularly fine sentiment, or new thought, I was sure sometime to stumble on the same thing, under cover, perhaps of a slightly different garb, away back in some old volume I took up when weary. It vexed me. I began to believe there was no such thing as originality, because they chanced to write first. What right had they to appropriate the privilege of "squatting" over the whole realm of imagination, leaving no wild spot for future pioneer to clear? "The old poets be hanged," I said, "they have left us nothing but miserable, refuse ideas, or common-place imitation." I hated them in a body, and banished all but Shakespeare, consoling myself with the thought of his splendid originality and completeness. It is often thus that a little mind takes shelter under the shadow of a great one, as a little boat sends its passengers aboard, and swings by the davits at the lee side of a noble ship when vexed and storm-tossed.

But not to be prolix, I pass on. I left college. Though I did not win salutatory honors, I passed for a fair student, and came off with good repute. My mother came up to see me graduate. My father sat in the hall, too, and between commencement exercises read through a copy of the New England Farmer, with an eye to the crops at home, I suppose; but for all that, I felt he was proud of his boy, and thought him almost as erudite as any big wig of the college faculty on the rostrum.

I went home to the farmhouse; but it was too dull there, besides, it had been decreed that I was to become a lawyer; so, after a month

among the granite hills, I was duly entered as student in the office of Judge Roscoe, at Portsmouth.

It is true that at this era my preferences for an author's life and vocation were asserted, but these my father stoutly contested.

"Nonsense—write books—the world is full of 'em now. It's a starving trade. Go take the law, and make the fame you're talking about with a comfortable fortune tacked on the end of it. A writer?—I won't listen to't."

And so, to appease paternal predilections, I forsook for a season the more flowery walks of literature. The old judge gave me the credit of saying he never had a harder student. But it grew dry food soon—the law—drier than the fare at the college commons. Acts and sections would transform themselves into cantos and verses—lengthy dogmas would disappear in sonnets and imaginative weavings. I scribbled quotations from the bard of Stratford-upon-Avon all over the title page and blank leaves of my law books, and tied up manuscripts for the magazines with the red tape on the lawyer's table.

About this time, too, as almanac makers say, a new star dawned on my life. I still wrote, but mostly snatches of sentiment and sonnets now, and my existence became at once halved and two-fold. For I had given, and had received.

"What was the matter? Was I in love? Should he serve a subpoena for the court of Hymen?" jokingly queried the old judge one day in a bantering mood.

I did not answer him, for the time had not yet come when I could avow that a mightier than the love of authorship was upon me. But, Mr. Editor, truthfulness to you demands that I should here speak of the greatest joy and the greatest misery of my life—that I should speak of her whose love I had the happiness to appropriate while the dew of youth was on her. Her beauty, grace and purity I shall not attempt to describe, for they were indescribable. Her picture is best drawn in that golden line of Allan Ramsay:

"Wild, witty, winsome, beautiful, and young."

I will call her Jennie, for that is a sweet name, though there is never a Jennie in the world so sweet and lovely as she—Jennie Roscoe, the judge's only daughter.

There wasn't a particle of pride in her, or I am sure the courted beauty never would have looked encouragingly on her father's law student; but she did, and she told me she loved me in her soft, endearing way, and though I mustn't

let papa know it yet awhile, she'd coax him over by-and-by—she could do anything with papa—and she was very sure she loved me.

So said little blue-eyed Jennie Roscoe. And so the thrilling hope of one day calling her mine, was like nectar of the gods to my thirsty lips. But I must hasten to the unhappy circumstance which I cannot fail to attribute to the miserable fact of my being an author.

One evening in June, a soft, rose-scented evening, I remember it well, I found myself in the elegant parlor where Jennie looked bewitchingly like a blush rose in her young beauty. We talked long at the open window; then Jennie ordered lights, for she had a new song she wanted to sing for me. I listened to her sweet, bird-voice, and I suppose she read my admiration in my eyes; then, just before leaving, I took up the June number of the — magazine, which lay on the parlor table.

En passant, Mr. Editor, let me tell you that Jennie liked this magazine, and I wrote for it, though she did not know that, and that this very number contained one of my effusions. With a lover's natural desire to obtain his mistress's approbation, I read aloud the poem, and then asked how she liked the "Lines to a Dove, in blank verse?"

"Well, then, if you want my opinion," she replied, gayly, "I think they were written by a great goose, and had better be named 'Lines to a Goslin'! Blank verse—that is rightly called—blank enough, destitute of either melody or sense. I could grind better poetry than that myself out of our Bridget's coffee mill!"

I forgot to mention, Mr. Editor, that Jennie was always inclined a little to innocent satire; but you will have perceived that. I was horrified, shocked, petrified. An author's nature could not endure it. I quite forgot prudence, and also that Jennie was innocent of intentional unkindness. I remarked testily:

"Then if you think so very meanly of these verses, Miss Jennie, it is evident I never can suit you."

"George, you must be the author, and I did not know it. Why didn't you tell me? Forgive me," and she laid her little hand in mine, "I have unconsciously wounded you."

"I suppose you judge me to be its author because it is devoid of either harmony or sense. Those were your words, Miss Roscoe," I replied, angrily, flinging her hand away.

"Don't, dear George," she said, sweetly and soothingly, in a pained voice. "You distress me. I only judged this because of your sudden anger. Besides, I hardly heard you read the

poem—I was thinking of something else—and I dare say I should find it excellent if I listened aright. You will surely forgive me?"

But anger was in complete possession of me. "I dare say you were thinking of something else—somebody else perhaps, Miss Roscoe," I answered, satirically. "A thousand thanks for your kind offer to find something excellent in the poem; but I will relieve you of that trouble. I do not covet of your kindness what your taste cannot appreciate."

"Very well, sir," she retorted with flashing eyes, and cheeks red as the scarlet roses gone to sleep on the bushes in the frontyard of her father's mansion, "if this is a fair specimen of your temper, I believe you told the truth when you said you would not suit me."

"And I am very certain, miss, that you would never suit me, for your sarcastic tongue would fire a statue. Good evening, miss," and straightening myself *a la* poker, I prepared to bow myself from her presence.

"Good evening, sir," she returned, indignantly, and her little form got taller, and her cheeks redder, "I wish you joy of your amiability. But hadn't you better take along with you your 'Lines to a Goslin?'" And she lifted the magazine from the table with a polite gesture. "For if the little musician should ever grow to healthy goosehood, it might furnish additional feathers for your cap."

As I stalked away from Judge Roscoe's front door in about the tallest kind of rage I ever boiled in, how I wished his daughter was a man, that I might kill her!

That night I read over with savage gusto that old classic, Juvenal's Sixth Satire—the most merciless invective ever hurled by man against gentle woman.

But with the morning came cool repentance and reflection. I sent her a note of apology. It was brought back by her father's office boy, unopened. In the evening I called. But the maid who answered the bell brought me a card on which was pencilled that the cause of my hasty fever the evening before had given her a chronic chill, and consequently she should continue indisposed—to see me.

It was enough. I could not humiliate myself further, and I left that house. I have never called on her since; but I have met her several times in the street, pale, self-possessed, and lovelier than ever, and I have turned away with a sharp, quick pang at my heart, followed by days of blue-devil companionship and haunting regret.

Thus, good Mr. Editor, have I confided to

you this greatest woe which came upon me because of my unhappy authoring propensities. I could enlarge to infinitude on other particulars, but I forbear. I will only say, that, from that period I abandoned Judge Roscoe's law office and his books, and sought solace for my miseries in their cause, as the Orientals apply one poison as the antidote for another.

I have projected a work to be issued in serial form, entitled "The Life and Miseries of an Unfortunate Author." The Harpers, to whom I have written, asking their opinion if such a work would meet the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin, have not yet replied to me. But I shall doubtless hear from them soon, for I am confident that this work will bring fame to both publisher and author.

I am collecting material for five novels, a grand epic, and three dramas. I work furiously, rapidly. I have in course of preparation a "Treatise on Metamphycosis," which must be completed before the expiration of the month, and an article for the "Great Cochituate Falminator," as well as a poem in twelve cantos for the new "Parnassian Dipper."

There is this originality about all my writings—I get up taking, popular works—novels, poems, dramas and others, without a single romantic sentiment. I have sworn to eschew such henceforth from everything my pen gives to the public. Indeed, I intend devoting a long treatise to a new theory, called "Anti Love-Life," in which I design to prove that the world would be infinitely better off without women.

My friends tell me that I am toiling too hard, that I look neither healthy nor happy. And I will be frank with you, kind Mr. Editor, though I am not with them. I am neither well nor happy. I only write steadily, day after day, to kill time and drown memory. This *typeoid* fever which is upon me is consuming my life.

My friends advise sanatory measures—a new regimen—and I have taken enormous doses of medicine, lived on cold water and cucumbers, and whatever else was depletive; but all to no purpose. Reduction of the physical system only renders the mind more feverishly active.

They recommend to me now the water cure, and I may be induced to give it a trial, for I feel that unless the overcharged mind be relieved, I must surrender to inevitable death.

Can you advise me to any new sanatory measures, good Mr. Editor? Mayhap, during the course of your long acquaintance with the literary world, you have encountered a case similar to mine. If so, can such be cured? For truth compels the confession that mine cannot long be endured.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

BY ALBERT LEIGHTON.

I love each flower beneath the sun,
Where'er it buds and blows;
From the pale arbutus that hides like a nun,
To the flushed and queenly rose.

But the cardinal flower to me is best,
As, close by the rivulet's brink,
It regally wears its flaming crest,
In the woodlands old and dim.

When I walk from the dusty town at morn,
To rest where the waters flow,
And pluck from its long and stately stem
The flower that is mirrored below;

Though I turn again to the ways of trade,
I care not for gain or loss,
But seem to lie in the pine-tree's shade,
Or tread on the tufted moss.

And I peacefully fall asleep at night,
To the sound of singing streams,
While the gleam of a thousand leaves of light
Illumines the realm of dreams.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SISTERS.

BY MARGARET VERNER.

PART FIRST.

Miss HELEN LORIMER dropped her handkerchief. Richard Warner picked up the dainty lace trifle and gave it back into the little pink-gloved hand from which it had slipped. In return for the service, he received a smile, a bow, and a musical "thank you."

If Mr. Warner had been a young man of wealth and position, the bow might have been the thousandth part of an inch lower, and the smile sweeter by as much as six grains of honey, and the "thank you" might have had a trifle less of the iceberg formality, and a trifle more of the sunshine of cordiality in its silver melody. But he was only a poor clerk of her father's with a salary of seven hundred a year, and no personal possessions beyond a handsome face, fine figure, and widowed mother—the latter item to be supported out of the seven hundred. Miss Lorimer conducted herself accordingly.

Mr. Richard Warner walked on very coolly after the little act of courtesy above-mentioned. Miss Lorimer let her great black eyes follow him admiringly for a moment (if his salary hadn't been but five hundred, she couldn't have helped admiring such a fine face and figure), and then she turned them back, half languishingly, half disdainfully to the expressionless countenance of

Augustus Stickney, who had just taken up a standing position beside her.

Mr. Stickney was a young man who had a habit of saying and doing all manner of indescribably soft things, in all manner of indescribably soft ways. He was the owner of a very weak pair of milky blue eyes, a pale yellow moustache, the reputation of a *roué*, and an expectation of a cool fifty thousand in his own right, when the paternal Stickney should see fit to "shuffle off his mortal coil." Miss Lorimer conducted herself accordingly again.

"A very fine-looking fellow—that young Warner—don't you think so, Mr. Stickney?" she asked, arching her pretty brows in a very patronizing manner.

"Passable," replied the young man addressed, lifting with exquisite tact and grace, an eye-glass to the weakest of his weak eyes, and scrutinizing Warner through it with one of those long, aristocratic stares peculiar to well-bred people. "But who is he?"

Now Mr. Stickney didn't ask the question for information. He knew, as well as he knew that the habit of wearing No. 4, ladies' size gaiters was giving him some most excruciating corns, that the gentleman about whom they were conversing, was only a salaried clerk in the employ of his pretty companion's wealthy father. The query, taken in connection with the inquiring lift of the eyelids, and the slightly severe tone in which it was put, was intended to indicate in a delicate way, the great difference between seven hundred dollars annually, with a widowed mother to be supported out of it, and an inheritance of fifty thousand, with only a six foot mahogany coffin between him and its possession. Miss Lorimer understood and appreciated the hint.

"O, he's nobody to be sure! But father has some very eccentric notions, and insists upon our asking him to all our parties, as much as though he were a young lord."

Mr. Warner had made the circuit of the rooms again during this conversation, and was approaching the place where they stood—this time with Miss Adelaide Lorimer on his arm. There couldn't have been a greater contrast, had some little roseate morning cloud taken it into its head to run away with its grandfather, the midnight, than there was between the above named couple—Warner, with his tall, proud figure, in its suit of well-worn, but glossy black broadcloth, his dark, handsome, manly face, and magnificent black eyes—and Adelaide—slight, sylph-like, sunshiny, in her robes of some white, gossamer fabric, with her violet eyes, rose-tinted cheeks,

and soft curls floating to her waist like a golden mist.

They looked well together, nevertheless, and Miss Helen angrily bit a line of milky little teeth into the rose of her under lip on seeing them in each other's company. She had been thinking for the past few minutes what a nice person Mr. Warner would be to flirt with. She was tired of the yellow moustache, weak eyes and insipid gallantries of her devoted Augustus, and though she intended in due course of time to become Mrs. Stickney, unless some suitor with an extra thousand happened along, she couldn't see why for that reason she might not entertain herself by breaking the heart of her father's handsome clerk in the meantime. He was just the one to coquette with. It would be so delightful to entangle him heart and soul in the silken snare of her witcheries and arts, and then slay him, not as Lady Clara Vere de Vere was supposed to slay her humble suitor, "with her noble birth" (for Miss Helen's grandfather had been a butcher, and her father himself commenced life at the very foot of the social ladder), but to knock him down dead (forgive me, dear Tennyson) with her father's stone front mansion, velvet carpets, and her own frigid air of Fifth Avenue contempt.

What right had Miss Adelaide to step in thus unceremoniously between her and her intended victim? It was downright mean, and she wouldn't submit to it. Somehow, by some careless motion of the lady's wrist, her jewelled fan was jostled from its place, and sliding down her long skirt of rose-colored satin, fell directly at Mr. Warner's feet, as that gentleman was passing. Of course he could do no less than disengage his arm from his companion's and restore the misplaced article (Mr. Stickney had turned his head for fear of an introduction), and of course he saw no attempt at fascination in the beaming glance with which Miss Helen's superb eyes acknowledged the politeness. Of course, too, he failed to be aware of any art, in the way that charming young lady managed to engage him in a sentimental conversation, or any coquettish manœuvre in the skilful manner in which it came about that almost before he knew it, Miss Adelaide was promenading the room with Mr. Stickney, and her haughty sister was clinging, a bewildering and affable substitute, to the sleeve of his plebeian coat.

Perhaps, however, he noticed the little shadow of disappointment which flitted over Adelaide's pretty face, as the evening drew to a close, and he found no chance to speak with her again. How could she know that it was not his inclina-

tion, but Miss Helen that held him captive? At any rate, he muttered to himself in the solitude of his chamber that night:

"How provoking it was!—Helen's face may have the most artistic beauty, but Adelaide's is sweet as an angel's.—I wonder when Lorimer intends to raise my salary?"

At the same moment, Miss Helen, languidly disrobing herself, was remarking, with a wearisome yawn which stretched her little rose of a mouth to a width that might have surprised her delicate and fastidious Augustus, that "that Warner was a presuming fellow, and came near making love to her. She would take him down a little, if she died for it. She *did* wish Stickney would dye his moustache;" while Adelaide, listening with burning cheeks, snuggled her golden head down deeper into the great downy pillows, and let the embroidered sleeve of her night-robe fall across her face in such a way as to conceal the suspicious glitter of something very like to tears on her silken lashes, and which made her blue eyes look like May violets after a dash of summer rain has sprinkled the meadows.

PART SECOND.

FORTUNE is a very woman for fickleness. (I ask the pardon of all my fair sisters, and beg leave, if the comparison is offensive, to limit it to myself.) She likes to make men woo her ardently and long, and then when they think her won, and begin to bask in the glory of her smiles, to slip like a sunbeam from their embrace, and, coquette-like, fling herself into the arms of some disheartened suitor, for whom she has had only rebuffs and scorn before.

Many a rich man goes to bed at night mumbling over with his lips golden vagaries of speculation, when he should be saying his prayers, and wakes up in the morning a beggar. Many a beggar crawls to his pallet of straw to live over in dreams the bitterness of want, and awakens to find the coffers of some dead millionaire emptied at his feet, and the same hands that denied him alms but yesterday, stretched out in the fawning clasp of good fellowship to-day.

Mr. Richard Warner went to the post-office one morning and got a letter. A very important looking document it was—thick, awkward, and with a foreign post-mark. He had only two correspondents in the world—his mother and his cousin Lizzie. And he turned the strange epistle over two or three times in his hand, before opening it, knowing that it came from neither of them, and wondering where and who it could be from.

He broke the seal in the street; read a few lines and turned white; a few more and turned red; a few more and started on a dead run down the street, making be-crinolined ladies stare and bundle-laden errand boys dodge one side; knocking the breath out of two or three corpulent gentlemen's bodies, and giving a broad leap over the back of one old apple-woman who was stooping down by her fruit-stand to pick up a stray bit of change, and who looked up just in season to see the gentleman's undignified coat-tails fly like a pair of black wings around the corner.

The next thing known of him, he was standing in the counting-room of his employer, Mr. John Lorimer, panting, flushed, trembling—trying to stammer out something, between laughter and tears, about giving up his situation—hundred thousand dollars—old aunt—East Indies—died—left him heir—etc., etc.

The amount of it was the poor clerk had suddenly become a rich man. But when he repeated his intention of giving up his clerkship and entering into business for himself—Mr. Lorimer demurred—hesitated a moment—slapped him on the shoulder—called him a capital fellow (a facetious allusion to his unexpected acquisition of capital, probably), and offered him a partnership in the firm of Lorimer & Co.

Mr. Warner looked out of the window and whistled. Looked up at the ceiling and sighed. Down to the carpet and smiled. Into Mr. Lorimer's face and blushed.

"On one condition he would accede to Mr. Lorimer's proposal."

"What was it?"

"That he should allow him to enter into two partnerships at the same time—one mercantile, the other matrimonial—one with himself, i. e., Mr. Lorimer, the other with Mr. L.'s daughter."

"'Twas agreed—if the daughter had no objections. He meant Helen, of course?"

"No, Adelaide."

"But he couldn't spare Adelaide. She was nothing but a child. Helen was just the right age to marry, and beside—beside—"

Mr. Lorimer stammered there. He didn't like to say that Helen was twenty-four years old—going on twenty-five, and that he was anxious to get her married off. No, indeed—that wouldn't do. He scratched his head, and looked puzzled for a moment. His face brightened all at once.

"He believed Adelaide was engaged to a young lawyer—couldn't say certain. Mr. Warner needn't look so crest-fallen. Helen wasn't engaged. Was certainly the handsomer of the two. Would make the best wife, he thought."

Mr. Warner *didn't* think so, but was too polite to contradict. Hinted that Helen wouldn't marry him.

"Yes she would."

"No she wouldn't."

"Try her and see."

Mr. Warner didn't like to—knew he should fail. A bright idea struck him all at once. "Might he have Adelaide if Helen wouldn't marry him?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Lorimer wouldn't say anything to Helen about his sudden inheritance?"

"No—no."

"He might go right up to the house and ask her then?"

"Hadrn't he better wait until after dinner."

Mr. L. thought so.

"No—he must go then. He shouldn't take any comfort till his mind was settled."

"Well, run along then."

And he *did* run along. And Mr. Lorimer looking after him, rubbed his chin with the back of his hand in a disconcerted kind of a way, and muttered to himself:

"What a deuce of a hurry the boy is in. The jade will refuse him as sure as the world—and I shouldn't wonder if they both of them did. If he only hadn't made me promise not to say anything about his good fortune!"

He stood with a little vexed shadow on his face for a moment. Then another bright idea was born into his brain.

"But I didn't promise not to *write* anything about it, did I! Ha, ha! John Lorimer, you're an old one. You'll fix it yet."

He went to his desk and dashed off a few lines on paper. Called his errand boy and put it in his hand.

"Run up to the house and give that to Miss Lorimer. You see that man—Mr. Warner—going up the street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you don't get there before he does, I'll break every bone in your little lazy body when you get back, and turn you off without your last week's wages. Do you hear?"

"Y-y-yes—sir!"

(Exit errand boy, making up faces.)

PART THIRD.

MISS HELEN LORIMER's hour of triumph had arrived. Mr. Warner had come to the house, and asked for a private interview with her. Of course she knew what he had to say. She wouldn't be afraid to wager anything from her

new gold bracelets to her camel's hair shawl—(cost five hundred dollars)—that he had come to offer himself.

Wouldn't she wither him with her disdain—the presuming beggar! Wouldn't it be rare sport to see him cringe and turn white and apologise! She drew her head up and blazed her eyes experimentally before her mirror, to see how she would look refusing him. She wished he had Stickney's expectations, or Stickney had his handsome face and form. She would act a different part then.

A servant came to the door and handed her a note, just as she was getting ready to descend to the parlor. She glanced at it and threw it on the toilet-table.

"Father's hand-writing. Shall have time enough to read it by-and-by, but *this* fun is too good to be delayed."

She swept down the stairs, and into the richly-furnished drawing-room, like a princess.

It was just as she expected. Mr. Richard Warner made her a plump offer of his heart, hand and fortune, couching his proposal in words rather too cold to give her much of a triumph, and dwelling at much length on his poverty. It wasn't exactly what she had expected from such a man—not half ardent enough. She swallowed her chagrin, however, and gave her haughty head two or three extra tosses, out of sheer spite and revenge.

Richard fidgetted uneasily in his chair, during the moment of silence which followed his offer. Poor fellow! He began to be afraid she *would* accept him in spite of everything. He caught a glance at his handsome face in the mirror opposite, thought of Stickney's sallow, yellow-fringed countenance, and feared it the more. What if she *should*? Horror of horrors! He wouldn't marry her, if she *did*. He vowed he wouldn't. He'd tell her 'twas all a mistake—and he meant her sister. If he couldn't have Adelaide, he wouldn't have anybody.

The lady's first word set him at rest on that score.

"Sir, is it *p-o-s-s-i-b-l-e* that you have misunderstood my condescension in this way? You are very *p-r-e-s-u-m-p-t-u-o-u-s*! My father shall hear of this, and I fear you will lose your situation. Shall I call a servant to show you the door, or can you find it alone?"

"Don't trouble yourself, Miss Lorimer. I beg leave to inform you that it was your father's wishes and not my own that brought me here," replied Warner, with a smile so strange and self-possessed as to bewilder his companion. "Any information which you can give him will there-

fore be unnecessary. If I had not been sure what your answer would have been to my offer, I should never have made it, as nothing could be farther from my real desires than to call you my wife. If you please, I will speak with Miss Adelaide a moment."

With a blasing face, the baffled coquette left her unscathed victim, and ran up to her room, to drown in a flood of angry tears, the shame, mortification and wonder which her interview with Warner had occasioned. She didn't know what to make of the man; but one thing she felt pretty confident of—that she had burned her own fingers instead of his.

An hour later, Adelaide, stealing in, blushing, and happy, to tell her of her betrothal to Richard Warner (for she, like the dear, true-hearted little girl she was, had accepted him in spite of his supposed poverty), found her just tearing open her father's note, and going up beside her, leaned over her shoulder, and the two sisters read together.

"HELEN:—If Warner offers himself, accept him. He's just come in possession of a splendid fortune. I've no time to explain. I shall take him in partnership next week. Be sure and accept him. 'Tis the best match in the city."
"J. LORIMER."

"P. S. Old Stickney has failed."

Helen fainted!

TIME RECKONED BY ONIONS.

The progress of an age depends not so much upon natural growths as artificial appliances. Sixty years ago there were no daily papers. Friction matches had not even enlightened the world. The sun-dial and hour-glass alone took their notes of time. Darkness, it would seem, must have brooded over the earth. "At such a time as this," says a now aged friend, "I was teaching school in a Massachusetts village. One Monday forenoon, I had lost my reckoning, and time wore heavily away. I lounged to dismiss school, but feared to excite the surprise of the parents by sending the children home too early. In this dilemma, an idea struck me. I would send the dullest boy I had with an empty dinner-basket, to the house of a spinster near by, whose hour-glass had a more methodical reputation than mine, with instructions to bring back the time of day in the empty basket. It was not long ere he returned, bearing eleven and a half onions as the result of his expedition. I was satisfied, set my hour-glass in motion, and in half an hour dismissed the school."

OLD TREES.

Old trees by night are like men in thought;
By poetry to silence wrought;
They stand so still, and they look so wise,
With folded arms and half-shut eyes,
More shadowy than the shade they cast,
When the wan moonlight on the river passed.
H. W. FABER.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

She is an only daughter;
 With loving, artless ways—
 The sunshine of the fisher's cot
 For sixteen fleeting Mays;
 Her face is fair and modest,
 Her eyes like any dove:
 O, such a little maiden
 Has won the sailor's love!

Her songs are heard at morning,
 Her songs are heard at eve,
 The rosy hours around her brow
 Bright thornless chaplets weave;
 The lark may soar to heaven,
 And trill celestial praise:
 The happy gay young sailor
 But hears his love's sweet lays.

She smiles upon him fondly,
 And floods his soul with light;
 Her mimic frowns of anger
 Enshadow it like night.
 Sweet Avis loves her sailor
 With all the warmth of youth;
 But maims the world all over
 Will test their lovers' truth.

The chapel-bell is ringing,
 The young and old are there;
 Each breathes a tender blessing
 Upon the wedded pair.
 His arms of love unfold her,
 He says, "My own sweet bride,
 Thou seest that good ship anchored
 Upon the swelling tide?"

"The wind blows cool and steady—
 One kiss—I must away!
 The captain bids me hasten
 To steer her from the bay."
 Sharp thorns profane the bridal wreath,
 Each heart beats close to heart;
 They hear the distant seamen's cheer,
 In silent tears they part.

She watches for her sailor
 From amber dawn till dark;
 She hears the wild winds rising
 Around the home-bound bark.
 O, woe of woes! night closes
 On hill, on vale and town:
 No eye but that of Heaven
 Beholds the bark go down!

The chapel-bell is tolling—
 The chapel by the shore;
 Alas, her darling sailor,
 She ne'er will see him more!
 Slow wandering on the sea-beach,
 She wrings her hands and weeps:
 "O, cruel sea, give back my love,
 That on your bosom sleeps!"

Politeness is the shadow of civilization; Christianity is the substance.

[ORIGINAL.]

WOONG AND WINNING.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

You remind me, my dear friend (it was thus Harry Hylton's letter commenced), of a certain promise, made to you, as you write, full six months ago, when I shook your hand and bade you good-by; to the effect that I would keep you informed, by mail, of my impressions of matters and things in this beautiful little country nook, where I now find myself so happily domesticated. And I use this last adverb, understandingly, you will please observe; since (let me whisper it in your ear), I am enjoying any amount of antenuptial pleasure, in the society and under the roof of the person, who, in precisely six weeks from date, is to take the name of Mrs. Harry Hylton.

You stare, but this is the fact; as fate and love would have it, I am at last entrapped. I have, too, a sufficient excuse for not fulfilling my engagement with you, until now, in the fact that the exciting and interesting events which have led to my present enviable prospects, have hardly given me time or opportunity to eat or sleep—much less, to hold pen-conversations, even with an old friend like yourself. But now, without further excuse, I propose to begin at the beginning, and give you an exact account of all my adventures and misadventures since I last saw you. Therefore, "lend your serious hearing to what I shall unfold."

My destination, you will remember, when I parted from you, was Clairville, a little village several hundred miles west from you; and here, upon the evening of the third day, I arrived. I immediately repaired to the house of Colonel St. Claire, the man, *par excellence*, of the village, and from whom its name was derived. I found him at home in a beautiful and stately mansion, embowered among the trees, and surrounded by everything which should be sufficient to render a life of leisure delightful. The colonel, as you may need be informed, was the bosom friend and boon companion of my father, before the death of the latter; they had grown up together from boyhood, served together in the most stirring campaigns of the last war, and, in short, cemented between themselves a friendship which death alone had been able to dissolve. And as I am the only surviving member of my father's family, and had never before met Colonel St. Claire, you can imagine that my reception was of the most hearty and cordial kind. This was certainly the fact; my venerable friend is a gentle-

man of the old school, hospitable, warm-hearted and sociable; and from the first, I believe, transferred to me all the interest and affection which he had ever felt towards my father.

The household of this beautiful home consists of the colonel, its head, a housekeeper (Mrs. St. Claire being several years deceased), two mischievous juvenile grandsons, with whom my narrative has little to do—and last, and best of all, Isabel, familiarly known as Belle St. Claire, the “sole daughter of the house and heart” of my host, and with whom my narrative is entirely connected. I don’t mean to go into raptures over her, or even to describe her, further than to fastmate very decidedly, that of all lovely, lovable representatives of the sex feminine that these eyes of mine have ever beheld, the one of whom I am speaking is the most so. She is a woman, my dear friend, as lovely in mind as in person, and possessing in a wonderful degree all those charms and graces which, as you know, my fastidious conceptions of the good and beautiful require. Have I said enough?

The evening of my arrival was passed in the drawing-room, in company with Isabel and her father; its first hours being enlivened by the pranks of the young urchins of whom I have spoken, spoiled children, both. Certainly, a more delightful evening, I do not remember having spent in the course of my life. My arrival had been somewhat unexpected, and on that account, the more welcome; and I had been in the company of my new friends hardly an hour before I really felt as though I had known them for a century. The colonel was jovial and hugely good-humored; Isabel pleasant, sociable, and entertaining. If I ever exerted myself, upon any one occasion more than another, to make a favorable impression, I think it was upon this one. These efforts were, as you may imagine, directed chiefly towards my fair companion; and you will pardon the vanity which leads me to say that my success was marked. At my request, she sang, and in a clear, sweet voice as ever delighted my ear; and, in accompanying her, I am sure that my earnestness and expression fully compensated for all musical defects of mine.

I was in a truly happy frame of mind, that night, when I bade Isabel good evening, and retired to my chamber. I was always, as you know, remarkably sanguine, buoyant, and, withal, a most immoderate dreamer; but even you will be disposed to smile when I tell you of my reflections, that evening, when I found myself alone. They were after this fashion:

“Fortunate mortal that I am,” I thought,

“my future is now plainly marked out. Here I am, in a position at once gratifying and enviable—in the very bosom of the family of an old friend, and there to remain, *ad infinitum*. The father is pleased with me, most assuredly; the daughter, as certainly, doesn’t dislike me; and these, too, are mere first impressions. Now, for once in the course of human events, the course of true love *shall* run smooth; I will woo and win my lady in a most successful manner; a little time will fully suffice to secure my happiness; and thereafter, I will settle down in the glorious old mansion, and enjoy life as only the husband of Belle St. Claire can do.”

“Well—” I hear you exclaim—“so much for the prophecy; now for the fulfilment! In this latter there has been evidently a lamentable falling off.”

Patience, patience, my dear fellow; we will immediately inquire of that; for thereby hangs this most truthful tale, which I have commenced to tell you. And I think you will agree with me, before reaching its conclusion, that, for the nonce, love has proved a reliable soothsayer.

Morning came, after innumerable dreams of Belle St. Claire, and I again joined my friends. This second day of my visit was Sunday, and we rode in the family carriage to the village church. All that day, I was constantly near Belle, silently and momentarily receiving new impressions. And although the colonel’s family pew was in a position well adapted for hearing, I fear that the other facts, of my sitting by the side of my divinity, and reading the church-service from the same book with her, sadly interfered with my appreciation of the services of the sanctuary.

“A clear case,” you will say, “of love at first sight.” Even so; I freely admit it. Not an hour of that happy Sabbath passed without bringing to my knowledge something farther admirable in the character of Isabel St. Claire. I quickly discovered that my first estimate of her, ample as it was, really did injustice to the remarkable loveliness which dwelt within her; and I at once indefinitely deferred all further judgments upon the subject.

The two succeeding weeks passed away like a dream, and in a constant round of pleasures. My friends seemed to have taken my happiness in charge; and especially did Isabel devote her time and attention to me. We were together constantly, and, generally alone; we read from the same books, conversed together, walked, sang, rode, and beguiled the time in a hundred other delightful ways. Our intercourse was of the most familiar and friendly character; and I

was immeasurably gratified to discover that upon all occasions and in all places, my fair companion trusted herself implicitly to me and my protection. I am free to confess that this discovery gave me an honest pride which I have never before felt.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, which, you may think, should have encouraged me to press my advances upon the citadel which I had besieged—spite of all these favorable circumstances, I was far from satisfied with my progress during these two weeks. Although always kind and pleasant, and apparently, always gratified with my companionship, yet, at times, I fancied that I could discover in her manner a certain constraint, a species of embarrassment, for which I was at a loss to account. There were times when I longed to breathe into her ear the words of love which were constantly upon my tongue; but the strange and painful conviction that they would be unwelcome, restrained me. I became moody and thoughtful; there was, I conjectured, some secret cause operating to produce the results I have named. I was not long in deciding that I would not proceed one step blindly; and with my usual promptness, I quickly decided to lay the matter before Colonel St. Claire, and if there was, as I more than suspected, a reason which would operate to prevent my becoming a suitor for the hand of his daughter, to become acquainted with it.

I acted upon the impulse without delay. I found the colonel in the library, alone; and with an abruptness which I knew would please him, I opened the subject. First, I spoke of the relations which had subsisted between my father and himself, so pleasant and friendly in their character; then I reminded him, and with a sincere expression of thanks, of the interest which he had manifested in me; and lastly, prefacing the avowal with a hint of my circumstances in life, the position which my professional brethren had accorded me, and the sincerity of my present appeal to him, I boldly declared my love for his daughter, and demanded his permission to prosecute my addresses to her. And finally, I stood expectantly before his chair, anxiously awaiting his answer.

Colonel St. Claire listened attentively, and for a moment after I had finished he was silent. When he replied, it was with an expression of absolute pain upon his benevolent face.

"My dear Henry," he said, "I must say that this revelation of yours gives me real distress, notwithstanding the favor with which, under other circumstances, I should regard it. You have reminded me of my intimacy with your

father—he was the best and noblest friend I have ever known. You, Harry Hylton, are his son, and short as has been the time I have known you, I have come to love you like a second father. You recall to me in a thousand ways recollections of my old friend, your parent; and, in short, my dear boy, I should be proud to call you my own boy, the husband of my darling Bella, if—"

I anticipated his next words, and as he pronounced them, I sank down into a chair beside him, weak, faint, and utterly heart-sick and miserable.

"If it were not," he said, "that Bella is soon to be married to a person whom I in every respect approve."

"*L'homme propose*"—you know the rest. How perfectly wretched I was at that moment, you, my dear fellow, who know me well, can conjecture. Here, for the last two weeks, vain dreamer that I was, I had been building beautiful hopes and plans for my future, fancying myself about to be made perfectly happy, and deluding myself with all the vanity and delirium which a person in my situation could well conceive. And this was the end. A few words from Colonel St. Claire had swept away the whole fabric, and consigned me to the utmost depths of despair! It was a bitter disappointment—I could have shed tears of real distress over it. My old friend seemed to sympathize deeply with me. He rose from his chair and walked nervously about the room, while I sat gazing dejectedly at the figures in the carpet at my feet.

"Who, may I ask," I at last said, "is to be her husband?"

"Ah—I'll tell you. You've heard your father speak of General Morgan, I know. He served with us in our campaigns upon the frontier."

I had heard the name spoken of, as he supposed, very frequently, and so I intimated to him.

"Well—Isabel's future husband is his son, Victor Morgan, and an elegant fellow as you ever saw. The general, it seems, died shortly after the war, leaving but one son, as I learn from Victor himself. The young man has been much with us for the past few months, and in a few days we expect him again. The wedding will take place very shortly, and you must brighten up that sober face of yours for the occasion. I will frankly say, my dear Harry, that between you and Victor I could have nothing to choose. You both stand in exactly the same position in regard to me, as you see—both the sons of beloved and departed friends, and both entitled to an equal and large degree of my esteem

and affection. You are only unfortunate, Harry, in being a little too late in the day!"

Poor, miserable consolation! With hardly an idea of what I was saying, I hinted to the colonel that of course his daughter loved, and loved well this fortunate person—and immediately the face of the old gentleman assumed a puzzled, troubled expression, that instantly aroused me. When he hesitated upon a question like this, I reflected it was possible some hope might still remain for me!

"Ah—that is a question, Harry, which I hardly know how to answer. Yes, I may safely say that she *does* love him; but as you know, women have sometimes a strange way of showing their real feelings. This, you must understand, is a match of my making. I resolved from the first, that Victor should be my son-in-law, and have given Belle plainly to understand it."

"And how," I tremblingly asked, "how, may I ask, does she receive your commands?"

"Hum—ha—don't say *commands*, boy. The word is too harsh. Belle is a most dutiful child, and will, I make no doubt, cheerfully acquiesce in my choice. To be sure, she seems inclined, just at the present time, to look with some disfavor upon Morgan; but this, I take it, is merely a womanish fancy which will not last. If the truth were known, I'll warrant you, she loves Victor Morgan more than she does her old father. Why, there is every reason why she should. Morgan is handsome, talented and rich, although for the latter I do not particularly care. In short, he is just the man for Belle's husband, and I swear the world shall know it."

With a variety of conflicting emotions, I took my leave of the colonel for the present, and retired from the library. The matter now seemed to wear a different aspect, although still dubious enough. But I could not breathe freely while a doubt existed, and accordingly my first movement was to find Belle St. Claire, and receive my sentence from her own lips. I did find her, and alone. She received me with her usual pleasant smile and words of welcome, and I could restrain myself no longer. Without preface or introduction, I rehearsed to her the conversation which I had just held with her father. I told her of the hopes and fears which had for weeks made me miserable. I avowed my affection for her—the absorbing passion of my life—and I implored her, if she did indeed cherish a like sentiment towards me, to bless me with the confession, and leave the consequences to myself. I spoke earnestly and with all my soul—yes, I have cause to believe that I spoke eloquently; for I can tell you, as you will yourself some day dis-

cover (your bachelor vows to the contrary, notwithstanding), that if a man is possessed of any eloquence, it is exceedingly apt to make itself known upon an occasion like this.

Well, she listened, never once raising her eyes, or offering to remove her hand from mine; and when I had finished, she simply laid her head upon my shoulder, her dark eyes filling with tears. Do not, if you please, be too inquisitive about what immediately followed. Take my assurance instead, that I commenced to live again from that moment, and once more to consider myself in an enviable situation. In fact, I was perfectly happy. The prospect of the fulfilment of Colonel St. Claire's plans seemed remote and improbable, especially since I had now the certainty that the heart of his child was mine, whole and undivided.

These, however, were the transports of the lover, and sober reason soon assumed its rule. I learned from Belle, that much as she had always disliked Victor Morgan, her filial affection had hitherto prevented her from making any determined opposition to the contemplated union; hence, the reply which her father returned to my question upon the subject. As I thought longer, I perceived the magnitude of the struggle I had entered into. Opposed to me were the serious obstacles of a lover considering himself secure in the prospect of the proposed marriage, and a father determined to make the said lover the husband of his daughter. *Per contra*—there was the love of my beautiful Belle, enough in itself to send me unhesitatingly through fire and water, if necessary, and the dogged, stubborn resolution which sprung up in my breast coeval with my first knowledge of Isabel St. Claire's real sentiments—the determination, I repeat, to carry my point at all hazards, by fair means or foul! Perhaps you may think that the odds were not heavy against me, after all. But the struggle was destined to be formidable enough for all that, and it shortly assumed a more serious appearance still. This was caused by the arrival at Clairville of none other than Victor Morgan, my rival, as I was now well aware. And to tell the truth, I had no sooner placed my eyes upon him, than I inwardly pronounced him a despicable one. He was a tall, elegant person, with all that finish of address and coolness of manner which bespeaks the experienced man of the world, and had I not fully assured myself that the affections of Belle St. Claire were surely placed upon my humble self, I might not have been easy in my position. As it was, I must confess to a proper degree of indignation, upon observing the demeanor and bearing of the

dashing favorite of the old colonel. His air was that of a man who feels perfectly confident of success already acquired, and his intercourse with the household was such, upon his own part, as to show that he esteemed himself unquestionably the future husband of its fair mistress.

By the colonel he was received and welcomed with a warmth which showed the latter to be fully determined in his purpose of making him his son-in-law. By Belle he was treated with a significant coolness, and from myself he received a welcome of the most freezing description. In fact, we were avowed enemies from the first moment of meeting. Each comprehended the position and designs of the other, and we at once measured swords for an earnest encounter. Which should win? It was a question of deep import to me. Never have my slumbers been so haunted, as during those few weeks of mental agitation and torment, by the proud, sneering face of Victor Morgan.

At last the crisis came. For several days, at regular intervals, Colonel St. Claire had been doctored with his favorite; and upon the evening of the one to which I refer, both Belle and myself were summoned to the library, where St. Claire and Morgan were sitting. The former proceeded very abruptly to say, that as all present were well aware, his daughter had been for some time betrothed to Victor Morgan, the esteemed son of his old friend, and that he now wished us distinctly to understand that the marriage would take place in that very room, and in precisely one week from that evening.

The words fell harshly upon my ear. I looked towards Morgan—he was carelessly curling his mustache, glancing with a look of cold triumph at myself; next, I turned my eyes to Belle, and saw her pale, agitated and distressed. The sight stirred up my indignant anger. I remonstrated, and in no measured tones, with the colonel, upon the cruelty and injustice of the course he was pursuing. Setting forth the matter in its strongest light, I finally pointed to Belle, and appealed to him to say if he could deliberately condemn his only child to a union with a person whom she did not and could not love?"

In the firmest voice imaginable, St. Claire replied:

"Harry—Hylton, my poor boy, you are wasting your breath. You cannot move me one hair from my resolution. You will soon discover, I think, that I have quite enough of the old military spirit left to hold me to my purposes with a force that nothing can break. As I have told you before, I pity you, but as it is, you have no resource left but submission. This match is

one that I have set my heart upon—it is, I am sure, as gratifying to Belle, as it can be to me. Why should you speak for her in that manner, Harry? I have yet to hear the first syllable of dissatisfaction from her lips on this subject!"

Here, our interview ended. I would not prolong it further, for I was already intolerably pained by it, satisfied as I was that this last assertion of Colonel St. Claire was perfectly true. His sterner will, it seemed, was destined to override and crush the yielding, pliant one of his child. She had, as I knew, been accustomed, even in her later years, to yield the most exact and implicit obedience to the wishes of her father, loving him as she did—and I doubted not, that even in a matter which so nearly concerned her happiness as this, I could never hope to teach her to rebel against the paternal decree. Nor do I wish to do injustice to that parent, apparently tyrannical as his course may seem. Doubtless he was actuated by a desire for the happiness and welfare of his daughter—his manner of taking the matter entirely into his own hands, leaving nothing to the decision of her who was certainly to be most affected by it, showed to me that his error was one of education rather than of principle.

Upon that same evening, after Isabel and myself had retired from the library, I sought a private interview with her, and a most interesting one it was, as you may imagine. I talked earnestly with her, dwelling long and bitterly upon the conduct and designs of her father, and with all the eloquence I could command, I urged her to avert the contemplated union with Morgan, by one bold and decisive act of her own. In short, I proposed an elopement. The struggle was a severe one for her. She hesitated, wavered, and finally—refused. I well knew her motives. I could not doubt her love, for even when she wrung her whispered "no" from her lips, she clung to me in tears. And I left her, repairing to my own chamber immediately, in such a state of agitation and perplexity as I hope never to be afflicted by again.

My table was strewn by unopened letters and papers, and these I commenced hurriedly to open. In the course of these operations, my fingers fastened upon the New York daily, and tearing off the wrapper, I unfolded it, and suffered my eyes to wander carelessly, almost unobservantly down its columns. And it was while thus engaged, that I bounded from my chair with such an exclamation of unqualified astonishment and emphatic satisfaction, as I'll be bound, never before came from human lips!

Merely snatching up the paper again, to assure

myself that I had really made no error in the astounding discovery which I had thus blundered upon, I crowded a few articles of wardrobe into a satchel, caught my cap, and descended at once to the library. The colonel was still there, and alone; and as he looked up in surprise at my unexpected appearance, I abruptly exclaimed:

"Colonel St. Claire, will you promise me upon your honor, as a man and a friend, that Victor Morgan shall not wed your daughter before the lapse of one week from to-night?"

"Why, Harry," he answered, "what in the deuce possesses you? What—"

"Answer—answer!" I frantically interrupted. "Give me your word that this time of grace shall not be shortened one hour!"

"Well—I give it. The marriage shall be celebrated upon the seventh evening from this, and not before. But in the name of all the gods, what—"

I heard no more, however. No sooner had I obtained his assurance, than I bolted from the room like a shot, and again repaired to the side of Belle. I had no explanation, even for her. I could only assure her, as I kissed her a hurried adieu, that I had discovered the means to save her, and that saved she should certainly be—that Victor Morgan should never be forced upon her, even if I should be compelled to call him out and shoot him (which, by the way, after the discovery I had made, I had no intention whatever of doing), and finally, that I should certainly return before the expiration of the week, bringing with me the means of her salvation.

In a tumult of excitement I hastened from the mansion, and from Clairville, and all that night the iron horse was whirling me swiftly towards New York; and there, upon the following day I arrived. Here I remained two days, searching for the object of my journey, and finding him, we were closeted together for several hours—a proceeding no doubt mysterious enough at present, but which shall be satisfactorily explained very shortly. And soon I was again speeding over the country, careering in a perfect delirium of excitement from city to city; so that when, upon the sixth day after my departure from Clairville, I found myself successful at all points, I actually swung my cap, and huzzaed in triumph!

My time of limitation had now nearly expired, and accompanied by two persons whose presence at Clairville would be necessary to the complete denouement of all this mystery, I retraced my steps as fast as steam and iron would permit. Again, then, I reached the village, and upon the very evening of the seventh day of my absence, and still accompanied by my friends, I walked

nervously towards the St. Claire mansion. It was brilliantly lighted—the fatal hour had evidently arrived! Leaving my companions in the hall, I entered the parlor. Here, already, the wedding guests were assembled—here was the minister, here the colonel, looking supremely happy, here the bridegroom-elect, appearing elegant, careless and assured as ever—and here was Belle, pale, agitated, and evidently despairing. But, as I pressed her hand, I whispered in her ear one little sentence which instantly restored her to hope and happiness.

You will admire, I am certain, the very effective manner in which I continued the scene that followed. It was better than a play. I permitted the ceremony to commence without interruption, and to proceed to the point at which the clergyman demands to know of any just cause or impediment why these persons should not be joined in lawful wedlock, and then in a firm, emphatic voice, I forbade the marriage. Almost every person present was instantly agape with astonishment; the colonel, in particular, seemed immeasurably indignant, and the bridegroom expectant stroked his moustache with a fierce and defiant twirl. But all doubts as to the nature of my objections were speedily put to rest. Going to the door, I admitted my companions, and taking the arm of one of them, I led him forward and confronted the person whom I last mentioned.

"Gentlemen," I said, "allow me to make you acquainted. This," and I pointed to my companion, "is the deputy-sheriff of A— County; and this, Mr. Sheriff, is a certain Peter Smith, *alias* several other names, with which you are better acquainted than I."

"Then, sir, you are my prisoner. I arrest you by the authority of the people of the State of New York, and by virtue of a warrant, charging you with the crime of larceny. Follow me, if you please."

By a dexterous movement, the officer snapped a pair of handcuffs upon the wrists of his prisoner while he was speaking. But this precaution seemed not at all necessary. Victor Morgan, otherwise Peter Smith, seemed perfectly confounded by this sudden turn of affairs—his supercilious demeanor vanished, his countenance bleached to a sickly hue of whiteness, and without so much as a word or look to any one, he turned and followed the officer from the room.

But I despair of conveying to you any perfect idea of the appearance of Colonel St. Claire at that memorable moment. His eyes followed the retreating forms of the sheriff and his prisoner; from them he turned and looked in undisguised wonderment, alternately upon his daughter, my-

self, and my companion who still remained—a handsome, noble-looking young man, standing now beside me. Finally, in a burst of astonished grief, St. Claire exclaimed :

"Harry—Henry Hylton, is this possible? Do I really see Victor Morgan, the son of my old and esteemed friend and fellow-soldier, arrested for the commission of a felony?"

"No, my dear colonel," I responded; "allow me to say that you don't see any such thing. Victor Morgan, whom I am proud and happy to call my friend, since he has so proved himself, is exactly in front of you, and at this instant. Allow me to present him to you."

With a pleasant smile, the young man extended his hand. The colonel mechanically took it—and then turning to me, he exclaimed with sudden energy :

"And now, you young villain, explain all this, before I go crazy! What does it mean—what have you been doing—what do you mean to do?"

"I will tell you, colonel, with great pleasure. And I shall be able to open the matter so that you can understand it, very briefly. Just one week ago to-night, when I was deliberating whether I should shoot the man whom you have just seen arrested, or myself, a paper fell into my hands, from which I learned of the arrival of one *Victor Morgan*, among others, in New York, by the European steamer. As I reasoned the matter rapidly in my mind, I concluded that it was unlikely, nay, almost impossible, that there should be two of this name, one in Clairville and one in New York; and I was not long in convincing myself that the person whom you have known by that name was an impostor and an artful simulator. A journey to New York was the consequence of these conclusions—and I was fortunate in discovering, after some search, the real Victor Morgan. From him I learned that the person whom I described to him, as the one whom I had known by that name, had formerly travelled with him as his secretary, and had finished a series of peculations by a successful forging of his draft for several thousand dollars, after which he absconded, to reappear several months afterward under the name of his employer, in Clairville. He was doubtless emboldened to attempt the enormous fraud, in which you, Colonel St. Claire, unwittingly assisted him, by a desire to increase his ill-gotten gains by the addition thereto of a share of your wealth, as well as by a sense of security meanwhile, arising from his knowledge of the fact that Victor Morgan was in England.

"I might have been satisfied by the simple

production of the latter here this evening; but my anger was so aroused by the discovery of the base villany of this hypocritical impostor, well-nigh fatal as it had been to my own happiness, as well as that of your child, that I resolved to make an example of him. To this end, I occupied myself for some time in investigating the matter of his crime, and soon advanced far enough to obtain a warrant for his arrest. Furthermore, I have to inform you that he will be tried in the county for which I am district-attorney, and that I have not the slightest doubt of my ability to convict him upon the evidence I have collected."

As I proceeded with this explanation, the cloud gradually cleared itself from the colonel's face, and as I concluded, he actually threw his arms around me, exclaiming in a transport of mingled joy and vexation :

"God bless you, Harry Hylton! You're a noble fellow—and I—well, I confess myself to be an old fool! Forgive me, Harry, for everything that has happened. Forgive me, Belle, my darling—and you too, Victor, my boy—you will pardon a foolish old man, who acknowledges and repents of all his folly! You've won her wholly, Harry. Take her, and may she live a thousand years to be your wife!"

And then, in his demonstrative emotion, the old man mixed us all up together in one grand embrace—Belle, Victor, and myself. The tears rolled one after another down the colonel's cheeks—Belle's black eyes were flashing with great drops, which told of anything else than grief—and if the contagion of weeping seized me too, it was solely because I found it impossible to express my happiness by laughing.

And here let me bring my too lengthy account of this important chapter of my life to a close, merely suggesting that your presence in Clairville in precisely six weeks from date, is hereby sincerely requested; at which time you will behold the last scene of "this strange, eventful history," as well as to witness with how much dignity and resignation this evil of bachelorhood can be shuffled off.

Happy Harry Hylton! Commend me to a fate as auspicious as his! And may you, my dear reader of a like gender, be as happy, as romantic, and as successful in your WOOLING AND WINNING.

CONSTANCY.

It is a noble constancy you show
To this afflicted house—that, not like others,
The friends of season, you do not follow fortune,
And in the winter of their fate forsake
The place whose glories warmed you.—JONSON.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOOK UP.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

Look up! the future's all before!
There—let the past deep buried lie;
While life still nerves the arm to do,
Let hope yet fire the soul to try.

O, bow not down before the blast,
But stand erectly, firm and strong;
And bravely meet opposing fate,
What though the struggle's fierce and long!

Yes, bare your arm, and raise your head,
And let your gaze be upward still;
The palm of victory lays before,
And you shall grasp it, if you will!

The world may seek to put you down;
But that the world can never do,
If strong in conscious truth and right,
Your purpose firm, you firm pursue.

The men who've made a living mark,
And won a name which ne'er can die,
Have toiled through years of doubt and gloom
Up to their immortality.

How bright the generative scroll,
Which marks the long descended line,
That bore the sacred ark of truth
Adown the dusky slopes of time!

They've often on the scaffold's deck,
And often in the lonely cell,
Maintained the dignity of right,
And triumphed over earth and hell.

O, fainting soul, fresh courage take,
While deeds like these immortal shine;
If thou wilt struggle to the end,
The victory must and will be thine.

And in that toll each drop of sweat
Shall flash a jewel in thy crown;
The world may strew your path with thorns,
But it can never put you down!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CAVALIER CLARENS.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

WHETHER my readers march under the conquering banner of curls and crinoline, or the no less potent moustache and patent leather, I am sure they would have pronounced the gentleman whose name is given above, the very ideal of masculine beauty, more especially if they could have met those dazzling eyes, fringed with lashes like a woman's, and pouring all their seductive fire upon the open heart of whose listener to his honeyed words. Those eyes, now dead and

buried these two hundred years and odd, belonged to the Cavalier Earl Clarence Clarens. Everybody who knew the young lord, liked him; yet always because they could not help themselves. His manner was the most charming in the world, his society the most entertaining, his apparent frankness the most winning. His motto was—*God and King Charles!* and that was about all God and King Charles got of him. He was a cavalier by profession merely, and page to the queen whenever he chose to fill that station. He nevertheless believed there was nobody in the world but Earl Clarence Clarens, and was determined that he should be considered before all, first of any one, and in spite of everybody; after him, the king. He owned the finest stud—the swiftest hounds in the county. He had the best voice in a madrigal, the best touch on a harpsichord, the best step in a galliard, the best seat in a saddle, of any man in England. His face was superlatively beautiful, his accomplishments not to be rivalled, his allegiance undoubted—he was, all in all, the bravest, handsomest, sweetest, most good-natured and fascinating—(I regret to use the word)—villain that the seventeenth century ever owned.

Owner of large estates that permitted him to squander sovereigns by the double handful, very little he cared into whose hands they fell, whether duchesses or charwomen, for he believed all creatures to be at his disposition, and that there was no virtue without its price; this might be pardoned to the courtier of such a court—and indeed the young earl had plenty of reason—that which was not so excusable was, that he never suffered himself to be enlightened till he had had far too much experience to warrant such youthful ideas.

It was the knowledge of Amy Herford's character that first taught him the word loveliness. A perfect little blossom was Amy Herford. Eyes like English violets, cheeks like English roses, lips that even her enemies—if the child had such—might have liked to kiss, and hair that, parting over a round, smooth brow, fell in many a wave, but no curl, till it reached a snowy, dimpled shoulder, where, as if to show that it could have curled all the way down had it chosen, it turned into wayward clusters and tendril-like ringlets at its own will.

The English are a famous people for visiting, so that one cannot guess what time they have to spend at home—and, indeed, in those troublous round-head times many had no homes to stay in—and thus a goodly knot of gentlemen and ladies were temporarily at Herford Hall, without regard to politics, for Colonel Herford had not

yet been heard to declare himself on either side, king or commons.

Never had lovely Amy Herford been arrayed to more advantage than on this evening, when Earl Clarens first saw her; for it was the fall of the year, and she wore some dark-blue stuff that, cut square in the neck and bosom, à la Anne Boleyn, and edged with a narrow frill of Holland, finely contrasted her brilliant complexion and snowy breast. She sat at the harpsichord, and had unconsciously been playing a solemn psalm-tune during the reception of the dashing earl. As she lifted her left hand from the instrument, the earl crossed toward her, and bending over her, so that his long dark ringlets brushed her skin, took and lifted it gallantly to his lips.

"My fair cousin," said he—"for you know the Clarens and Herfords quartered arms a hundred years ago, so we are cousins, if ever so little—you have given me a right friendly welcome, in so charming a tune! Such a slow movement, full of grace, it could hardly be a canonet; now if I ask was it a madrigal, or yet a minuet, will you pardon a poor ignoramus and enlighten him?"

"It was a psalm-tune," said Amy, simply.

"Ah! ah! By my troth, I am not too familiar with such. And so thou playest psalm-tunes, Cousin Amy?"

"It is the Sabbath night," she answered.

"As if that made any difference! You do not play them, then, any other night? Fie, for a little Puritan! Ah, you wear your colors in your cheeks, Cousin Amy!"

This, the second time he had so familiarly used her Christian name, brought fresher colors to her cheeks, and caused one sitting on the other side of the harpsichord to turn uneasily.

"And what psalm-tune may this especial one be, Mistress Herford?" asked the cavalier, perceiving that he encroached. "Did any responsible being write it?"

"Martin Luther."

"Bless his heart! Now, little iceberg, are you so provoked with me for my ignorance of old Noll's favorites, that you will refuse to repeat it? And should you sing it," added he, laughing, "could you not infuse a little of that rich nasal twang that I heard your friends the round-heads give when singing it—I, a prisoner in their camp—yestreen, at Tilbury?"

"Nay," answered Amy, laughing at last in her turn, "once will answer, I think, until your lordship's taste be corrected."

"So you have just escaped from camp, Clarens, they tell me," said the old colonel, approaching. "What did you see there?"

"Plenty of shaven hypocrites, sir," answered Clarens, carelessly, glancing at the gentleman on Amy's right, rather than at her father.

"Then you think they're not in earnest?" asked the colonel.

"If earnest is hypocrisy."

"A fault you accuse them of?"

"A fault," answered the gentleman for whom Clarens's speech was intended, "of which you cannot accuse their enemies. The Tories do not even affect concealment of their—"

"Peccadilloes?" suggested the earl.

"Rather a light name for murder, arson, rapine, and the leash that hunt with them."

"Well, well, if Sir Harry Aytoun has seen such traces in our track, he had better send us a missionary, or come himself to join us with—'*God for King Charles!*' before we reach Aytoun Crag Castle on our devastating route."

Sir Harry Aytoun, with no appearance of irritation, lightly turned the leaves of the music-book in his hand.

"I wish King Charles no more harm," he said, "than being compelled to chant this hymn and keep its word:

"What I have sworn, that will I keep,
Justice and Mercy shall not sleep.
The flock which Thou hast given me,
Behold! I lead them righteously."

He pronounced the words with a slow but full intonation; a blind man could have told the superiority of his character over the other, by the mere sound of his voice.

"Wilt thou sing it?" he said, placing the book before Amy, and with a certain air of respect and loyalty towards her.

Amy obeyed, and Clarens was forced to listen. At its conclusion, he bent again over the singer.

"So sweet a voice to be ruined on long metres!" he said. "We must practise rondeaux together. Now, my beautiful Cousin Amy, if you had looked aside at me, and sang these words to the same air, what a difference might there be!" And he hummed just loud enough for herself and Sir Harry alone to hear:

"The thought of thee by day or night
Fills me, my love, with such delight,
That—"

Here Sir Harry Aytoun rose abruptly, but with a graceful dignity that the cavalier never could have equalled, offered his hand to Amy, saying—"Colonel Herford beckons his daughter," and led her away ere the amorous distich had time to couple itself.

Whether Earl Clarens was discomfited or not, by this extremely cool treatment, deponent saith not; the only outward sign was a sudden sparkle of his dark eye, and a curl of the lip, that

said, with the swiftness and legibility of lightning: "Your work, Sir Harry Aytoun—is it? Treading on your toes? What do I care about the pretty minx? But since you are so determined she sha'n't care about me, we'll see, my man—we'll see! What is there a handsome gentleman, and Earl Clarens to boot, can't do? You are squeamish and delicate of her virtue? Very well, I'll give you reason to be!"

The next instant he was bending, as elegantly as his lithe form knew how, before fair Mistress Herford, Amy's mother, and ingratiating himself, with all his wily eloquence, into the invalid lady's favor. Shortly after that, the whole company, gay since the earl's arrival as if they had forgotten the day, sought the dining-hall and sat down to the substantial supper of those days—Amy relieving her mother of the weight of hospitality by herself taking the table's head. The young earl, though he sat at her right, soon saw that there was mingled with her manner a certain reserve different from that which had adorned it before, and which was as serviceable as a coat of mail. He did not know how to pierce this armor, and felt as if he had to thank for it Sir Harry, who sat opposite him and not far away. He resolved, setting his teeth as if cracking a nut, that he *would* succeed, and he cast up his scheme with his usual rapidity.

"So it seems," said he, in the lowest audible tone, "that I have offended Mistress Amy. My manners are very free and familiar, I know—greatly too much so; camps breed that error in us. But I would not, for the world, have failed in respect to her whose esteem I must henceforth value next to that of my sovereign lady the queen herself."

Amy just bowed, and spoke to a passing servant, while her lips showed the least incredulity possible.

"Ah, I see," he continued, with a touch of sadness in his tone, "that you do not trust me! What can I do, sweet lady, to convince you of my sincerity? Your doubt pains me."

And here he turned upon her those eyes that had done so much execution, just raising the drooping lids with their long veil and suffering them to fall again, when they had rained upon her a speaking glance of fire and tenderness and melancholy.

Poor little Amy would have had a stout heart indeed, had she been proof against it; many a stronger woman had utterly fallen. If she had received any previous warning, the next instant it was all forgotten, when, without raising his eyes again, his head slightly bent, a sigh, almost too faint to be heard, escaped him; then appar-

ently making an effort to shake off the mood, he looked up lightly, with half a boyish laugh, as if seeking her approval, and said:

"When a man who has followed our wild soldier life meets beautiful women, he seems to have a glimpse of regions to which he does not belong, Cousin Amy; and life does not seem to be worth living in the old way. More's the pity!"

When a profligate wishes to win a woman, his first and best cue is always repentance. Amy's heart was almost melted.

"Earl Clarens has opportunities and powers that will make his life well worth living," she replied, a little severely.

"Yes," he said. "But a man too frequently falls from high aims, when he is alone. If a companion scoffs, he has no sympathy of an ardent friend at home to console himself with. Enthusiasm for righteous things dies in the lack of loving counsellors and helpers. I think the man who has no sisters is very much to be pitied, don't you, Miss Amy?" And here he looked with the most frank and winning smile.

"O, very much!" said Amy.

"He has nothing at home; perhaps no place fit to be called a home, though he own palaces. He possesses no sweet sample of virtue. You never had a brother, Cousin Amy? And I never had a sister."

Here the former sadness usurped the smile. Amy gazed at him in open pity. I wonder the innocence of those wide blue eyes did not make the feigned conversion of this fine actor real; but it only confirmed him in his purpose. She was new to him; and, after the tawdry graces of the court ladies, deliciously piquant. She was more beautiful than any of them; and he promised himself success, even if it ruined her, a much for his own satisfaction as out of a mean and bitter hate that had arisen in his heart towards Sir Harry Aytoun—for, although so very little indication of anything of the kind had been given, he instinctively felt that Sir Harry's happiness was somehow inextricably connected with that of Amy Herford.

But Amy was not a fool; and as she looked at him, she detected something in that silent gaze that repelled her—something totally discordant with his words. She blamed herself for suspecting it; but, saying nothing more, rose with the ladies and retired. The Earl Clarens was not to be thus vanquished; he accompanied her to the door, and raising her hand again to his lips with the gentlest respect and significance, while his silken, scented curls swept her arm, relinquished it only on the threshold, flattering him-

self that he had made some way in his purposes. For once, he was not so wide of the mark.

When he re-seated himself at table, the flagons and glasses were in full circulation. Sir Harry Aytoun had not once seemed to notice him during his conversation with Amy, but not being a valiant trencher-man, sat toying with his dishes, one arm on the great oak chair, and now with a glass before him still full of sparkling Rhenish, and bidding fair to remain so.

Clarens had now new tactics to assume. He drank the colonel's health with the company—that of the ladies—that of his neighbors; finally, lifting a full cup, he nodded to Sir Harry Aytoun. Sir Harry nodded in return, just touched his lips with the crimson draught, and set it down again.

"You're churlish with your liquor, sir!" said the earl. "You do not toss it off with a relish!"

"I am not so good at my cups as—"

"At your sword?"

Sir Harry bowed. "Your lordship has anticipated me," he said.

"Come, come, Clarens!" cried Colonel Herford, from the foot of the table. "You have not told us about your late escapade. Been with the rebels? Ha! What did you learn there, may I ask?"

"A trick or two, sir."

"And what may they be?"

"One, sir, allow me; the other is at your service. I learned who was the knave that rode into the royal camp and threw the defiant papers of conditions at his majesty's feet!"

"Who was it?" said Herford, with a twinkling eye.

"That, sir, I beg leave—"

"Beg nothing, my lord," said Sir Harry.

"There are few at the table who do not know his name."

"A traitor at all odds?"

"A title he boasts."

"If the second trick that Earl Clarens learned among his enemies serves him no more truthfully than this, he has spent his time there to little profit. It was not I. But I applaud the magnificent courage of the man who did."

"The other trick? You shall judge," said the earl, flushed with wine and anger. "I learned that the three hundred who ride to-morrow midnight through Eyretol downs, and round by the meadows, will attack the king at Oxford, and are led by—shall I say?"

"Sir Harry Aytoun!" shouted the guests as with one voice, delighted to disappoint him. And each one filled his glass, stood up and emptied it with a cheer.

Perhaps mortification deepened the flush of the sherry in Clarens's handsome cheek, his eyes flashed wide open, the scornful curve of his delicate lip lengthened into an indignant sneer. As they re-seated themselves, he rose, held his long glass, crimson and bubbling, above his head.

"A health!" he cried. "And the man who refuses it, I brand traitor and coward!" And he called, in a voice clear and sonorous as a clarion—"Here's a health to King Charles!" Not a soul rose, not a glass reversed, not a voice responded. "All of you?" said Clarens, looking slowly round the table. "You think yourself safe, Aytoun, knowing I am not a spy?"

"I do not know any such fact."

Clarens had previously put on his gloves. Now he paused, ostentatiously unbuttoned one, drew it off, flung it, and it fell directly before Aytoun.

A contemptuous smile passed over the latter's face. He beckoned a servant, bade him take up the glove, and restore it to the owner.

"I shall be very glad to meet your lordship in battle," said he, calmly, "but from private bloodshed you must excuse me."

"Traitor and coward once, now doubly branded!"

"Earl Clarens's word is not sufficiently good current coin to prove me the latter."

Clarens was almost beside himself with wrath.

"Herford! Hsley! Everton!" he shouted.

"Are you all in a league? Is it a nest of rebels I have fallen into? Here's my gage to all of ye for a pack—"

The red blood that had dyed his face, burst in a torrent from his mouth—the cheek and brow became pale as death—he reeled, and fell to the floor. A dozen arms were spread to receive him—for though they were all of an opposite persuasion, the most of them admired his spirit. But Sir Harry Aytoun, springing across the table, caught him and bore the senseless form from the room. In the long west library he met Amy, who hearing the tumult, divined its occasion; and resting his charge on the lounge, he surrendered him to her keeping. This, the noblest proof of his uninterrupted confidence in her, she received silently—a guilty blush dying her face. In an instant she felt the true nobleness, the manly honor and trustfulness and courage of Aytoun. A flashing glance, raised for a second to his, told him all there was to know, and directly, with the needful assistance, Clarens was revived. Sir Harry again lifted him more gently than an infant, and carried him to the great state bed-chamber of Herford Hall, once honored by Queen Elizabeth's slumbers.

That night, Amy and Aytoun watched beside him. A bright hectic in his cheek, lips brilliant as the blood that lately stained them, long shadowy hair streaming backward over the snowy pillows, the profusion of costly lace in his apparel, and the small white, restless hands—all together made such a picture as would have touched any woman. The lids were fallen over the eyes—the black lashes swept the cheek—the low, long brow was smooth as a girl's—a look of pain now and then distorted the beautiful repose of that countenance. Once or twice the eyes opened, and dusky and feverishly bright, looked bewildered around the room with its heavy tapestries, its velvet matings—the bed, with its thick drapery festooned away that the air might reach him, and the great cheval glasses opposite, that caught the gleam of the alabaster lamp and showed him himself, with Amy's pitying face above and Sir Aytoun's on the other side. Then he closed them again, unable to speak, and, in the intervals of cordials and lotions, dreamed away the night with delirious fancies. After that, he saw no more of the little lady; other attendants filled her place. Aytoun, also, had vanished. Every morning, Mistress Herford came in person to inquire for his health, and chat awhile; half the day the burly colonel sat beside him and did his best, which was not much, to keep him from *enai*—a very unsuccessful effort, by the way, for the courtier of King Charles had nobody to conquer, nobody to be conquered by, nothing under the sun to exhibit his graces to, but the cheval glasses.

At length the ruptured vessel, not an important one, seemed to be healing. He had regained his voice, his appearance was interesting, like that of all convalescents, and he descended to the library—having been absent a few days more than a week. He wondered if Aytoun had gone on his expedition, but no one mentioned it, and he had had no opportunity himself; had he gone?—had he succeeded?—had he returned?—was he alive?—these questions were all unanswered in his mind.

Colonel Herford, having led him down to a small room usually filled with flowers, and arranged him comfortably, as he thought, with cushions and footstools, went out and left him to his ease. Men were now constantly riding to and fro between the house and various stations of rebels, Clarens surmised, and he expected the colonel would be greeted by a chorus of newly-arrived voices so soon as he opened the door. But no such sound rose now. He waited, then, till he heard him whistling to his dogs in the avenue; then Clarens rose and crept to the

library door, opened it noiselessly, and slowly entered.

The room was full of rich shadows; he himself, so pale and silent, seemed a ghost. He closed the door, and stole forward to the only place where sunbeams fell—fell in a broad sheet on Amy, curled, like a scarlet blossom, among heaps of cushions, and sound asleep. He sat down in the great arm-chair beside her, and watched these smiling slumbers—too wise to break them with a kiss that would destroy all chance of future ones.

Suddenly she started, wide awake, surveyed him with an angry air, then relenting at sight of his pallor and mournfulness, came towards him with a smile of sweetest sympathy.

"O, I have been in your place," she said, "and kept you out of the sun! Please take it now."

"I thought you would forgive me," he answered. "How could I help your being asleep? No, that position has been mine too long—let me sit while I may. The dead always lie, you know."

Amy started. "The dead!" she said. "You are recovering."

"Can I ever recover?" he asked, as if he were speaking of an impossibility.

"Papa and the doctor both said you were nicely, and would be entirely restored in a day or two."

"They do not know," he said. "I do. I shall not, cannot live a month. I must go to Clarens House. It will not do to impose a dying man on you."

"No, no. You must not be low-spirited. You shall stay here and be nursed. Mama will make you all manner of refreshing *tisanes*. Don't have such fancies; you will live to fight papa in a great many battles yet—for do you know he is a declared rebel now? You are not so glad for that as I. Nonsense! You will live to die yet of love for Princess Henrietta, who is nothing but a little girl now!"

"Die of love for her? When all my heart is— What can it matter now? Too late! Too late!"

"What is too late, Lord Clarens?"

"Do not ask me, child!" he replied with so wearied an air, that Amy thoroughly believed him.

"Do you really mean," she said, "that you are in danger?"

"Precisely."

"And you fear you will die?"

"I did not mention fear. I said I should die."

"If you cling to life strongly enough, you will not. Is there nothing to attract you to it?"

"Nothing? There is everything! Your kindness, your pity, fill me with all hope. O, Cousin Amy! if that pity were a dearer feeling, I might indeed live, if you loved me, if—"

"Cousin Clarens," interrupted Amy, for since she must refuse him the greatest boon he could ask, she was willing to allow him the courtesy of cousin, "do not speak to me so. You must not. Even if I loved you, I could not be your wife—and I do not love you."

"But you might, you could."

"No, there—"

"Why? Am I hateful to you?"

"No, again; I like you very much."

"Then there must be some obstacle!"

"Yes. Do not say any more; let us not provoke each other."

"An obstacle to your loving me? I will know it! I could make you love me. It must be Aytoun! Yes, he! that—Curse!"

But here Amy rose again. Her face grew pale as his own.

"If you have nothing more to say to me than that, my lord," she exclaimed, "excuse my not listening!" And she was about to sweep past.

He caught her hand. "Amy! Amy!" he cried in such a stifled tone of utter anguish, that it could not but move her. "Can you be angry with me?"

She paused a moment, then again moved forward. But the bracelet that always clasped her arm, was gone—was in Clarens's hand.

"At least let me keep this!" he murmured, kissing it.

"No, give it me!" she cried, in alarm.

"Never—unless the arm and hand are given to me."

"Give it me, Lord Clarens! You took it unfairly. I value it too highly to part with. Take anything else. Give it me!"

The earl put it in his bosom.

"Amy! Amy!" shouted her father from the porch.

She was too proud to repeat the demand. She knew she could tell Aytoun the simple truth—for well indeed did she remember the day he shut it and bade her never unloose it till the love for him was unloosed from her heart.

She heard her father's step, and hurriedly left the room. Clarens took the bracelet from its hiding-place; it was simply a triple circlet of rubies, with the crest A. in black-letter.

"Aha!" said he; "as good luck as if the little lady herself were won, or nearly!" And he rang for his valet.

On that functionary's appearance—"Ambrose," said Earl Clarens, "take this gewgaw, this bracelet, and ride with it till you find the whereabouts of Sir Harry Aytoun. That should be behind Oxford. Once found, suffer yourself to be arrested by the rebels. You are only my body-servant, and will be instantly freed, of course, on demanding to see Aytoun, more especially since he owes me a grudge—and isn't the fellow to take it out on you? You run no sort of risk. Soon after you are in the tent—be very sure that Aytoun is there too—order some rebel to buy you a glass of ale, and toss him this bracelet for his pains, saying your master got it as a love-gift from a pretty girl lately; there are plenty more lasses for the earl, and will be plenty more bracelets for the servant. Mark that Aytoun hears you, and then trust luck for the rest."

Ambrose, body and soul the creature of Clarens, took the thing and vanished.

Meanwhile, Sir Harry Aytoun, on the midnight following Monday, had led his bold three hundred secretly forth on their victorious march. Down lane and alley, from cottage and hall, they flocked to their leader—self-devoted men, who gave all for conscience. Silently by night in one band, by day in scattered clusters, they rode or marched on. Rivers were forded, hills crossed, fields and highways left behind, and at last they stole up the meadows and rested near the king's camp by Oxford.

If some daring painter should give us the scene of that wild midnight melee ensuing, the moonlight, the torch-light, the gay cavalier costume, and flowing locks, the flash of armor, and the dashing brook, waist high, in which the fight was fought—if any painter gave us this scene, we should scarcely dare believe the splendid color the thing would wear. And I am sure that of all the brilliant countenances there, none would rival that of Sir Harry Aytoun when fighting hand to hand with the king, disarming him, and then, as he recognized the royalty before him, restoring the weapon, and galloping to other portions of the strife. Of course it was a victory, and, being obtained by such a handful of men, worn with travel, one of the most memorable of that season. It is enough to say that Sir Harry Aytoun gained his object—the king and his party were forced to fly, and thus a greater battle was prevented between him and the rebel forces, who, few and insufficient, to the northward, had not yet dared break across the royal line, and join the body of their friends further south.

It was four nights after the surprise and conquest. The northern roundheads had ventured

down, and to the number of two thousand had joined Aytoun. They were soon to march for Tilsbury, where the greater army lay. The fame that Sir Harry had gained by this bold exploit was of no value to him, a soldier's life pained him with its crimes and vices, his sole satisfaction was that he had so thoroughly performed his duty. He was willing to suffer death for his country's cause. All his self-renunciation wrote its own history on his face; he would have resigned everything, even Amy, for the sake of right, and Amy he loved better than himself, than all in the world beside. Perhaps he thought of her to-night, and fancied her now in her ministrations of mercy and kindness to his enemy, for not only was Clarens that politically, but he had insulted Aytoun too pitilessly to be forgotten, if forgiven. As he stood on a little knoll above his camp, his face with its clear-cut features pallid in the moonlight, the serene brow, the masses of waving brown hair blowing lightly in the wind, the mouth curving in a smile of passionate thought, and the large gray eyes shining with a softened lustre, he seemed the worthy compeer of Hampden and Vane, and any artist would have chosen him as an ideal of true nobility, valor and manliness. He had that ruggedness of stature which when joined to tenderness of manner no woman resists. Moreover, a certain beauty, the precise opposite to Clarens, beamed in his every look and gesture, and nothing so frank and sunny existed elsewhere. It was not to be wondered at, that knowing his own worth as he must have done, he dared confide his fate and happiness to such fragile hands as Amy's. A slight fracas at the outposts caught his ear while he stood, the sentinels seemed to have arrested a vagrant or spy whom they were bringing to the tent occupied by his own aids. He stepped down to see what it was.

"Nobody but a tramp, your honor," said one. "The godless rascal vows he's servant to an earl, but nobody believes him."

Sir Harry entered the tent. A little dark valet sat coolly before him, lolling at his ease, and ordering the men about like a satrap.

"Yes, I tell you I am Earl Clarens's man. Earl Clarence Clarens, page to the queen. Come, get me a stoup of wine, one of you, there's a good fellow, I'm so thirsty. I was just about a little pleasure of my own, since my master's taking his. Where's Sir Harry Aytoun? He'll know me. Confound you for a set of knaves! There he is now, I'll speak with him while one of you runs for my wine. You won't go without pay? Well, then, take that; it's a bauble my master got for a love-gift from a girl,

lately. There's plenty more lassies for him, and so plenty more bracelets for me. Take it and welcome, only bring me the wine, and hark ye, let it be Burgundy; and I say, a bone of meat along with it."

So speaking, Ambrose tossed the bracelet where it fell fall in sight of Sir Harry's eyes. Sir Harry extended his hand, and received it; he would not be guilty, as Clarens had surmised, of the meanness of wreaking his hatred for the master on the man, so he simply ordered him to be turned from the camp.

"You have done your master's errand well," said he, with a significant look. "Tell him that at Sansford Shore I shall meet him."

Therewith, Sir Harry returned to his former station. The soldiers were breaking up their camp now, and finishing their arrangements for departure. They were to make a forced march to the main army, afterwards, proceeding in company, were to join battle, as it was hoped, with the royal forces at Sansford Shore, where a decisive victory or defeat must inevitably result.

Now as Sir Harry stood again on the knoll, little he thought of the conflict and its approaching chances of life or death, his whole soul was bound in fear for Amy. He did not even suspect her of treachery to himself, he was too innately noble for that; he dreaded lest this villain should be trying to ensnare her; he knew Clarens well enough to be aware that he would leave no stone unturned to effect his object, and his generous heart bled that he had been forced to leave her in the very time of trial, and when she most needed him. That this was a trick of Clarens's—this affair of Ambrose and the bracelet—he at once perceived, but by what means Clarens had obtained this thing that Amy had always cherished so, that she had vowed should never leave her arm till death, and then should clasp it mouldering, was not easy to tell. She could not have given it to him, had she? Had he stolen it? Was she yet safe at her father's? On all these points he yet hung in torturing doubt. While he combated his fears and fancies, the main body had got upon their way, and at length, the last tent struck, the last man in marching order, the long column wound away across the meadows and round the hill. The last were out of sight when Sir Harry descended to his own horse picketed near, mounted and followed alone, and at a distance. The way to Sansford Shore admitted a brief gallop to the Herfords by-and-by he knew, and there, provided he arrived safely so far on his way, he resolved to halt a moment.

But at Herford Hall from the hour when

Clarens obtained Amy's bracelet, his manner to her was changed, he conducted himself as if she were in his power, and though she saw him as little as she could, yet he constantly pestered her with his attentions, his pursuit, his protestations. News had come of the king's complete rout in the meadow melee. Clarens gnashed his teeth, cursed Aytoun aloud, declared that if he were yet well enough to leave, another sun should not rise upon him under a rebel's roof, except that his love for Amy must bind him there forever. He had quite forgotten his intention of dying in a month; he was unutterably nettled to find himself baffled by any woman, and that so slight and fair a thing as Mistress Amy, and daily and hourly he besought that he might know the obstacle that prevented her loving him. He made her every promise, every concession, every supplication; a rock might have melted, but Amy was obdurate. Finally Ambrose returned with Sir Harry's message. The exasperation of Clarens was redoubled, he knew that the rebels were now within a dozen miles, on their march; he buttoned on his mail, his plumed casque, and swore secretly that he would dye himself crimson in Aytoun's heart's blood. In this guise, just after sunset, he presented himself before Amy. She stood in the library at the long window which was wide open, and which descended by two steps, ornamented with great stone vases of vines and flowers, to the garden. The chilly autumn air came in, and round her scarlet gown she had thrown a little cloak of eider down. He crossed the sill, and stood on the step without, a few inches below her.

"Bid me good-by," said he, "I am going."

"Your lordship is—"

"Going to kill Aytoun." Amy started. "That is not so pleasant news to you. Maybe he will kill me, Cousin Amy, who knows? You would rather I said, 'I am going to join the king's standard, I have been too long away?' Very well, I say it, 'I am going to join the king's standard, I have been too long away.'"

"I wish you honor and happiness, my lord, I cannot wish you success."

"If I do not have it with you, what do I care for it elsewhere?"

"You will fight the king's battles, you will be famous. I shall at some time see a sweet Lady Clarens, and love her dearly."

"What right have you to speak to me so? Never! You, Amy Herford, shall be that, or no one shall!"

"No one, then."

"Cousin Amy, I have troubled you a great deal?"

"A great deal."

"But I love you. You think, I dare say, that I am a villain. I may be. But I love you; that excuses much."

"Much."

"Cousin Amy, tell me that obstacle. You should never have mentioned it, if you meant to say no more. I have given you so much love, you owe me at least a little confidence, Amy Herford. Why can you not love me?" he asked passionately.

"I am not Amy Herford," said she, drawing back from his extended arms, his burning glances; drawing away with such an air of maiden dignity that Comus with all his imps could not have touched her. She looked the ideal of sanctity, something pure and holy beamed in her eye, a smile of unspeakable satisfaction at the words she was about to say played round her mouth. Aytoun himself would have been brimmed with happiness could he have seen her. It was already twilight in the library, but brighter in the garden, and she stood in the last ray of sunset an impersonation of beauty and trust.

"What?" cried Clarens, with astonishment. "What do you say? Bethink yourself, not that? Speak again, Amy Herford."

"I am not Amy Herford. I am Amy Aytoun. I cannot love you, Earl Clarens, because I love my husband. I am the wife of Sir Harry Aytoun."

Amazed and terrified, Clarens turned. A figure taller than he, glorious in the sinking sunlight that he intercepted on its way to Amy, stood beside him. It was Sir Harry Aytoun. Clarens shut his casque, bowed with the comeliness of Prince Charles, stepped down, plunged into a path, and disappeared. But Amy had flown to the arms of her husband, and with her sunny head nestled in his bosom, only returned his silent kisses, and laughed at herself in the midst of tears of joy.

"Where is Clarens, Amy?" said Colonel Herford, entering the library just then. "Gone? Ah, Aytoun, my fine fellow, is it you? Home again? A rare flogging you gave the varlets, a rich one. They're smarting yet. So you've got our mcuse again?" continued the cheerful colonel, rubbing his hands. "Clarens has been bothering the pet out of her wits, while you have been gone, sir. I bade her tell him to-day that you and she were one flesh, since it was only kept private, I said, because Harry was a rebel, and I was not decided; now, of course, it's no matter. You're on the road to Sansford Shore? I've the mind to try my luck with you. Kiss your wife for good and all to-day, man, and

we'll see what good another drubbing will do them."

Clarens had plunged into the garden, while going to the stables for his steeds, chewing bitterest curses, and swearing that he would have his revenge on both, promising Amy every horrid fate, and Aytoun a test of endurance in knowing what his wife was suffering before his eyes. All this he swore should be at some future day when he had them both in his power, and victory turned the scales in his favor. Pale and desperate with rage, he saddled his horse for himself, called Ambrose, and leading a second beast by the bridle, galloped away. He had strength and fire enough to have kept his word; one trembles to think how completely he would have done so, and of the sweet Lady Aytoun's dreadful lot, had it been possible. The brow bent with savage determination did not once unbend as he dashed along.

It was the next day but one that world-remembered battle of Sansford Shore was fought. Foremost in the charge, reckless and brilliant, and devilish as Satan himself, rode Clarens. Let us not pause on the details of murder, they interest none, appall all. Defeat and bloodshed, and total ruin never fell more completely on any party than on the wretched king's that day.

As Sir Harry Aytoun, victorious, magnanimous, and crowned with fresh fame, strode with Herford over the red field at nightfall, they reached a pile of slain, gashed and hewn by the now broken sword of one fallen beside them. A wide wound had ripped the armor and severed the chest, and, leaving him beautiful as formerly he was, life and revenge had gushed out together from the dead heart of Earl Clarence Clarens.

WHITENING OF THE HAIR.

Mr. D. Parry, staff surgeon at Aldershot, gives a very interesting account of a case of sudden whitening of the hair. On the 19th of February, 1858, after an engagement with the rebel force, in the south of Oude, a captured Sepoy of the Bengal army was brought before the authorities for examination. Apparently aware from the first of the danger of his position, he trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted on his countenance, and he seemed almost stupefied by fear. While under observation, within the space of half an hour, his hair, from the glossy jet black of the Bengalee, became gray on every portion of his head.—*Medical Times*.

Amid the scenery of the Alps, surrounded by the sublimest demonstrations of God's power, Shelley, the poet, had the hardihood to avow and record his atheism, by writing against his name, in an album kept for travellers, "An atheist." Another traveller who followed, shocked and indignant at the inscription, wrote beneath it, "If an atheist, a fool; if not, a liar."

LAMPS.

Lamps are of great antiquity. The invention of them is ascribed to the Egyptians, who, at any rate, were the first to use the place-burning lamps in the tombs with the dead, as emblematic of immortal life. We read of them as far back as the time of Moses and Job. The Greeks used them after the Egyptians, consecrating them, like the latter, to the worship of Minerva. Then we find them among the Romans; and the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum furnish us with hundreds of specimens of the lamps and candelabra of ancient times. Many different substances have been employed in the manufacture of lamps; as iron, bronze, terra cotta, etc. The practice of burning oil is also of very ancient date, as we find it mentioned by Herodotus. Thus we have old and respectable usage in favor of lamps, which we may still use notwithstanding the almost universal extension of gas. There are different kinds of lamps and of lamp oil, adapted to different tastes and circumstances; and there is one, at least, most abominable invention under the name of camphene oil, or burning fluid, which were better denominated a swift and ready means of destruction for private families; for this designation would convey a true idea of its nature and effects.—*New England Farmer*.

CONNEMARA PEASANTRY.

The Englishman who desires a new sensation should pay a visit to the Claddah. When we arrived, the men were at sea; but the women, in their bright red petticoats, descending half-way down the uncovered leg, their cloaks worn like the Spanish mantilla, and of divers colors, their headkerchiefs and hoods, were grouped among the old gray ruins where the fish market is held, and formed a tableau not to be forgotten. Though their garments are torn, and patched, and discolored, there is a graceful, simple dignity about them, which might teach a lesson to Parisian milliners; and to my fancy the most becoming dress in all the world is that of a peasant girl of Connemara. No, whatever may be the wrongs of Ireland, no lover of the picturesque and beautiful would wish to see her redressed (so far as the ladies are concerned—the gentlemen might be improved); no one would desire to see her peasant girls in the tawdry bonnets and brass-eyed boots, which stultify the faces and cripple the feet of the daughters of our English laborers.—*A Little Tour in Ireland*.

FRESH AIR.

Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is so cheap, and so good, and so necessary with all, that every child should have free access to it. Horace Mann beautifully says: "To put children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath."

PAST TIME.

The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.—*Young*.

[ORIGINAL.]

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

Sweet flowers of the garden, the chill winds of autumn,
 Relentless, are bowing your beautiful heads,
 And where late were your charms in magnificence glowing,
 Are now the bare leaves on your bright sunny beds;
 And your half-opened buds tell a tale of night's coldness,
 That soon will be strengthened, o'erpowering the ray
 Of the mild autumn sun—and the winter with boldness
 Will sweep every vestige of summer away.

Sweet flowers, I have loved, in the stillness of morning,
 To visit your bright-blooming borders, and learn
 Of your progress and beauty, so sweetly adorning
 Your places, and yielding a generous return
 For the care I bestowed on your springtime—your graces
 Have gladdened my heart, and a lesson impressed
 Of the worth of well-doing, which leaves its bright traces
 When flowers and their lovers have gone to their rest.

Sweet flowers, I must bid you farewell, but the brightness
 And pleasure ye've yielded will not soon depart:
 And from memory's treasures may yet furnish lightness
 From care, and bring joy to the weary in heart.
 And still may I live with your spirit around me,
 Though your beauties are swept by the cold wintry
 blast;
 And like you, may the gifts and the graces adorn me,
 That affection shall cherish and beauty outlast!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CHIEFTAIN'S PAGE.

BY GEO. DUDLEY HUDSON.

It must have been a stirring scene; Englishmen of all ranks, all ages, gathering round a consecrated standard with its saintly banners; and on the other hand, the mixed, half-savage troops of David of Scotland, revelling in every luxury, and indulging in every excess their own vitiated tastes could suggest! Stephen of England was not at the head of his army, being called to defend the more southern part, and consequently leaving his northern friends to depend on their own bravery for success.

Among those who joined the standard, was young Roger de Mowbray, a brave and noble boy, who heard the call to head his vassals with a beating heart; and with a high-souled resolution bent before the venerable Thurston, Archbishop of York, to receive his blessing. Ay, it must truly have been a contrast worth noting—the aged and brave l'Espee generalling the army in which the youthful Roger held command. They were encamped on Cuton Moor, but, as yet, the Scots rested at Northallerton.

"Robert de Bruce," said l'Espee, "we are but

ill-prepared, at present, for battle; you are a friend of this Scottish David; do you go then and win him over to give us time. Moreover, you hold lands in both countries—"

"Nay, my lord," exclaimed the impetuous de Mowbray—"why should we beg time? We are ready—at least one is. You know the havoc they have made from time to time in our lands and in our houses. I have a fair sister, my lord, and I would not wish that she should be borne away as the wife of these savages. Let us on, then—"

"Cease, cease, boy," interrupted the aged Bruce. "By the time your years are more in number, your words will be fewer—you will ponder long before you give a thought utterance. But you are an inexperienced boy, though a brave one; your passions are in their first flow, and war seems to your spirit but a step, a long one, towards manhood—a pastime, in which your companions will be, for the first time, men. But, boy, at my age the passions are on the ebb, and I think peace, so long as it may be maintained with honor, the greater glory. You are not a husband, neither a father, and cannot be expected to think of those whom glory might leave fatherless and widows."

A tear glistened in the youth's eyes, for he was an orphan, and war itself had made him so; he remembered with a sinking spirit, the agony of his lady mother when the news came that her lord was among the slain, in one of the many marches called out against David—the David he was now so anxious to assist in defeating. Meanwhile the elder leaders were conversing apart, when they were interrupted by a cry of "The Scotch!" And a soldier entered to say that they were within sight, as they came down an eminence.

De Bruce tarried no longer, but mounted his steed, and calling a beautiful boy who acted in the capacity of page, but was considered more of a protege, mounted him behind him, and galloped away for the Scotch king. They had halted not more than a good mile from Cuton Moor; the camp was formed, and they were even debating on the best mode of attack, when David was informed that a messenger waited his permission to enter—and Bruce was immediately admitted.

Long and friendly was the greeting between the king and Bruce, for, as has been said before, the latter held lands in the sister countries, and had long been the friend of the Scottish monarch, who now sat surrounded by the nobler part of his uncouth army. On one side, stood Malise, Earl of Strathorne, a brave though savage chief—then there were the ancient Britons, the men

of Moray, and many others, as may be learned from Scottish history.

"You have some one with you, my lord," at length said the king, after listening in silence to the brave Bruce, whom he had hoped to win to his own interests. "Is it meet that he should hear our conference? He hath a marvellously fair countenance, to be sure, but mayhap his heart does not partake its purity."

"The boy is deaf and dumb at my pleasure, sire," replied Bruce, "and I prefer that he should not leave me."

"Well, be it so then. But, Bruce it hath often given us pleasure to think of you as a friend—one who would not forsake us. Is it not a pity that we should meet otherwise?"

"Nay, sire, I think not. I hold broad lands in merry England—some, too, I own in fair Scotland, and I have, moreover, ever felt a leal-hearted desire toward you, sire. But this is little to the purpose. I come from England's l'Espee, in our good King Stephen's name, to ask the Scot's king his intentions in coming hither. Consider, sire, how often England's arms have been tried in Scotland's cause, and think, too, of the desolation 'the accursed army' you have brought hither are committing. Our homes, our children are in danger, from the license they enjoy. Withdraw it, then, and treat for an honorable treaty with Stephen."

"No, no, Sir Bruce—do you think I would become perjured? I have sworn to maintain the rights of my kinswoman Matilda, and I will. For the army I lead, I would fain counsel them to better order—but they are brave. Go then, and tell l'Espee that we will have none of his false truces. But,"—and the large tears rested on the dropped lashes of the kindly David—"if our old friend Bruce will accept a generalship in our army, perchance his words might have greater weight with our wild Scots, and we would strive to advance our old friendship."

"Sire, I cannot," said Bruce, turning his eyes from the benevolent ones he gazed on. "I have chosen England's cause, and besides, I have a fair young daughter, as you may remember, in her midst, to defend from the incursions of your immoral soldiers. Believe me, then, I will fight to the death. My lands in Scotland, sire, I surrender—do with them as you will."

Then bowing low to David, and the amiable Prince Henry, as did also the blushing, half-tearful page, Bruce was about to withdraw.

"Perhaps you are right, Bruce," said the monarch. "But as a sign that we part in amity, reach out your hand, my pretty sir," to the page. And as the boy held forth a trembling and beau-

tifully delicate hand, the king slipped on his finger a ring drawn from his own. Then, with a more friendly salutation, Bruce withdrew.

"It is strange," muttered David, as the tent closed on him, "so very fair, and so timid!"

And, indeed the page just then was the cause of much jesting among the attendants of the king, at the expense of the aged Bruce. But Bruce took his way in silence towards the English camp, while the page hung familiarly on his arm, occasionally looking anxiously into his face which wore an unusually stern expression. The furrowed brow was bent till the flashing eyes were almost imperceptible in its shadow, while the lips were firmly compressed. Then the boy would look on the jewelled gift of the king with a smile, which might perhaps partake of vanity in no small degree. At length, as the brow grew less dark, and the lips parted in their usual bland smile, the page spoke:

"It is a beautiful ring, my lord."

"A king's bauble!" muttered Bruce. "Look not on the gift of the hand or the tongue."

"Did you notice the young Prince of Scotland—is he not very handsome?" again spoke the page, not heeding, or, probably not hearing Bruce's admonition, who now faced quickly round on him, and fixed his deep eyes on his.

"Ay, I noted him," he replied, "but mayhap my sight is dimmer than yours—I did not see that he was very handsome."

The boy's head drooped. For a few minutes there was an utter silence, and when Bruce spoke again, his tone and manner of address were completely changed.

"Child," said he, "it was sorely against my will that I allowed your coming here, even as my page; and though I should have forfeited the many happy hours and little comforts your presence has given me, to-night I would that another had been found to bear this commission instead of me. For I could not leave you in the camp, lest some rebel soldiers should have treated you roughly, and I feared to take you with me, lest the—the king should recognize your likeness to your mother, whom he often saw during our sojourn at his court; and should it be known in the infidel camp that you are here—O, I hope David's broad stare of surprise was only at your unusual beauty; else should he but whisper his suspicion, it would have been better had I left you unprotected in our own castle, or sent you into the tainted atmosphere of the court. And since David persists in fighting us, if I should fall—"

But here the page interrupted him, by bursting into tears on his bosom.

"Cease, child," he continued, "I did not mean to trouble you. We have both been guilty of forgetting under whose banner we rest—it is the arm of l'Espee and Bruce that bends the bow, but it is the Lord that directs the arrow to the bosom of the infidels. He will protect you alike when I am with you and when you shall be alone."

"My lord, my dear lord, my heart will break if I must think that I shall ever be without you."

Bruce smiled as he kissed the tears from the flushed cheeks; probably he thought the void was one but too easily filled. But now they approached the camp, and Bruce desiring him to compose himself, walked quickly onward and attended the council, while he entered the tent.

With the next morning's dawn, Bruce arose and put on his coat of mail. Then, softly approaching the couch whereon the page slept, he bent over him till he felt the breath on his cheek.

"O, I would not rouse you now for the world's wealth," he whispered. "I could not look on your tearful eyes and blanched cheek, but with an unnerved hand. Ah, do you smile?"

The sleeper unconsciously raised the hand where King David's present rested.

"Alas, alas!" continued Bruce, "I fear me I am going to fight against those toward whom your heart inclines. Would it not have been better to accept David's offer? Your rank would only have found an equal, at least, not much your superior in Henry— But no, no. I could not raise my consecrated sword with those accursed infidels. Ay, poor child, your pure breath mingles with mine, and 'tis as well as if our lips met—better, better far, for now your being becomes incorporate with mine. Farewell! O, may God watch over you—the spirit of your mother be around you. Farewell, my child, farewell!"

At this moment he heard the call "To horse!" and the page's eyes unclosed. Bruce stopped not a moment, but rushed from the tent, or he would indeed have looked upon a scene of agony. The youth, too, rushed forth, but when he saw Bruce's horse fall into rank, he fainted. Too soon consciousness returned, and he listened with uplifted finger, to impress silence on the motionless tent, lest it should prevent every sound of battle cry and groan reaching his strained ear. Suddenly horsemen came galloping wildly toward the camp, who, as they drew nearer, were recognized as some of the half-savage Scots that had been seen on the preceding evening with Bruce. Some of them entered the tent of l'Espee, while others were now close to the boy.

"What ho! my pretty page!" exclaimed the

foremost, "your master has been making havoc yonder, and meanwhile we are come to revenge ourselves on his valuables. You are the first we claim."

"Tell me," was the breathless response, "is my lord safe?"

"Ay, ay! But quick, or we shall be interrupted by David—for the day is ours. Didst see, Allan, how our young Henry fought? Up with the lad. By our country, 'twill be a fair present to our lord of Stratherne. He has not one so fair as this."

And despite the boy's struggles, he was soon bound before one of the men, while the others mounted, and he was borne away to some distance from the battle, the decision of which, from their conversation, the men seemed to await.

"Ride on, Percy," said one, "and get tidings how our army stands." And immediately de Percy was on his way to the moor. But the time that elapsed ere he was seen returning, could scarcely be termed a space.

"Drop the page and fly—fly!" he exclaimed.

"The English have the day—David is slain, and Henry is prisoner! See! they come!"

And as the rest looked towards the place he was pointing to, they beheld foot and horse in one wild chase for their lives and the English were close in their rear. The man who bore the page's almost lifeless form immediately loosed his grasp, and he fell to the ground. When he again opened his eyes, not one of those who had so roughly compelled submission was to be seen, but his head rested on the arm of one, whom he recognized to be King David.

"Bruce's page!" exclaimed the latter. "How is this? Tell me, have my troops dared to—I know not what to ask you—are you what you seem?"

"Sire, they said you were slain. But, O, can you tell me, is my father safe?"

"Yes, Ada Bruce, for such must be your name, —your father lives, and I doubt not is half-maddened by your loss. But rouse yourself, my child, and I will return you, at any risk, to him again."

"Sire, if it be possible, my father will be bound to you more in love than heretofore. He is rich in lands, but this calling his vassals has made his coffers marvellously low. It would take much, perhaps, to ransom me, an' it were not for your generous—"

"Hush, hush, maiden! It would be but a poor malice, for the sake of a few marks, to see you weeping your soul sick for your father's presence and cheering words. Our beloved son —Scotland's prized Henry—is a prisoner with

your English troops, so you see that there may be, perhaps, a little of selfishness in my visit to de Bruce—for I shall stipulate for princely treatment of him."

David then placed her before him on his steed, and continued :

"But I had nearly forgotten that my dress would betray me. You must steel your heart, Ada, for I must visit the field of the slain, and take off your soldiers' cloaks and caps. I wish it were in my power to avoid paining you with such a sight."

Ada groaned with a sickening sensation as she closed her eyes ; for their horse was snorting and drawing back instinctively, as it was pacing over and among so many hideous forms, gasped and hewn, which were all that remained of the proud, erect, soul fraught frames of the morning. All that man boasted as distinguishing him from the brute, was gone—he could no longer draw his body to its haughty bearing, as he vaunted his energy—and the soul was departed ! Yet there was something in the human face, though so fallen, on which brute animals might not tread unheedingly. God made all things—but in the form of man he stamped his own image. But to proceed, David stripped off the battle-cloak of one of the men, and throwing it around him, mounted one of the riderless horses which were grazing quietly around, and rode forward, leaving Ada to follow him as his page. Thus they proceeded towards Bruce's tent, where he sat cursing in the bitterness of his heart, the strength which had borne him safely through the day, when so many had found their rest in the battle-field.

"My child—my Ada !" he murmured, "where are you now—in the lawless camp of David ? O, madness—madness !"

A soldier entered to say that their prisoner, Prince Henry, begged he would allow him to speak with him.

"Begone !" exclaimed Bruce, in the irritated despair of the moment—"begone ! and tell him I will hold no converse with him till he appears with the rest before our king."

As soon as the soldier left, he threw himself madly on the couch where he had last bent over her, and uttered passionately the bitterest curses against all who had Scottish blood in their veins. But a soft voice interrupted him, "as, with her arms around his neck, Ada said :

"Stop, stop, dear father ! Recall those dreadful words—you do not know what you are saying."

"Ada !" he exclaimed, "Ada, is it indeed you, or some imagination cheating me ? But

was it a fearful dream ? Tell me—quick—where have you been ? Why did I not find you here, when I returned triumphant, and expected your greeting ? Ah," as his glance rested on the cloaked figure of David, "how is this ?"

"Your old friend David," replied the Scottish king, "has not forgotten that he parted with Bruce in amity. In token of which, and to repair the temporary trouble given you by my soldiers bearing away your fair daughter, I have come hither to restore her. I can judge your surprise at seeing me here, after entertaining the certainty of my death. How the report was first raised I cannot say—it is enough to know that it has been the cause of our defeat."

Bruce bent over the hand of David, and his voice faltered for very shame, as he recalled to mind the petulant, unmanly message sent to Prince Henry.

"Sire," he said, "I wish your son were at my—"

"I know—I know, Bruce, what you would say—that my son should be even now in my arms, if at your disposal. But I am not inconsiderate. I know well that he is a prisoner of your king—not yours. But it was far different with Lady Ada. All I ask of you, Bruce, is to treat him with all the consideration you can, and to use your influence, when Stephen is settling his ransom, for its total being as small as possible, for the royal coffers have been sorely drained of late." And with a smile at his own poverty, David rose to depart, saying : "For myself, I know that I have risked much in coming hither ; and I know, also, that I need not ask you if I am free to return. I am well aware that I am needed to bind the loose, daring natures of those I command. I have them now in my power, and I will curb them well. Farewell, young lady—farewell, Bruce !"

Ada knelt and bathed his hand in tears and kisses, and David, with a strange emotion at his heart, blessed her, and resuming the English cloak departed.

For several minutes Ada continued sobbing on her father's bosom in silence. At length Bruce seated her beside him, and said :

"My child, if you do not love a stranger better than you do your own parent, leave this grief. Do you not think it must pain me ?"

Ada turned and kissed his cheek. "Father," she said, softly, "would it not be well to issue orders for the well-tending of Scotland's prince ?"

He bent kindly over her, and gently said :

"At present he must be treated as *l'Espee* shall order, but I will see to what and where he destines him, and arrange accordingly. But,

Ada, why that question? Was not my gratitude—my honor to be trusted by my child? Ada, the love of a mere stranger has entered your bosom, and henceforth you will be, in heart, almost a stranger to your father. I shall no longer be able to read your soul in your looks; you will learn to smother the feelings that would betray you. I shall never know when your smile is indeed a smile, or whether it may not be but to hide the heart's sigh. And I fear, too, Ada, that your affection is misplaced—nay, do not droop your head. I would rather tear my heart out than wound your feelings, and it were not a duty I owe you.” Then, taking her by the hand, he continued: “Think—were Scotland's king victor, most likely he would seek a king's daughter for the future queen of his country; but as Stephen has conquered, do you think he would be pleased to hear that the daughter of one of his noblest barons had wedded his avowed enemy? But enough of this—I am glad that none here know of your disguise. Still your heart, for we must again be baron and page.”

Then smiling, with a cheering voice he added:

“And now, my young sir, you must go to the tent of our brave old general, and ask him what his intentions are with regard to his prisoners.”

“Where are the prisoners?” thought Ada, as she walked quickly towards the tent of l'Espee. But when she entered it, she did not need to ask of all those she cared for—there sat, conversing with a friendly air, Henry of Scotland and l'Espee.

“Ah,” exclaimed the latter, as his gaze fell upon the slight form of the page, who stood blushing and trembling before him, and utterly forgetting for what purpose he came.

Had Bruce imagined that l'Espee was likely to be won by the smooth tongue of Henry, to the forgetting of his usual stern and distant manner, it would have been very long before he would have sent Ada thither.

“Ah, Bruce's young favorite!” said l'Espee. “Will you taste of our tankard, boy? But, no, now I remember, you never drink these strong draughts—perhaps it is as well. But you will never make a soldier with those downcast lids and soft lashes. Look, sirrah,”—this was the general's most good-tempered mode of expression, for the page was no small favorite with him, probably from the very contrast between them—“look, sirrah, this is the Prince of Scotland, do you not pay him your courtesy? So, that is well,” as she bent very low. “But may we crave your message, fair sir, for the sun is a-out to show us his last ray, and it will make our Bruce tremble that you should be walking our camp so late.”

“He bade me ask you, my lord, to communicate to him your intentions with respect to the prisoners.”

“O, we will wait on your master. I have a few necessary orders to issue, but will be with you again in a few moments.” And he left the tent.

Ada's heart beat violently beneath the slight vest she wore, and she leaned on a table for support, as she felt a sinking faintness come over her.

“How fares your master? But you are weary—will you not sit down?”

And the kind-hearted Henry rose and took the hand of—as he imagined—the shy boy. It was cold as those of the brave ones lying on the battle-field, though her cheeks burnt like fire. As the hand was half-withdrawn, the motion and the touch struck him as extraordinary, and he turned his eyes full on the half-averted face, and read the secret hidden beneath the disguise.

“A woman!” he exclaimed—“Bruce's page!”

“O my father! my father!” she uttered passionately, “I have betrayed that which you so earnestly enjoined me not.”

“Your father!” said he—“are you indeed a female and a Bruce?”

Ada raised her form proudly as her name fell upon her ear, and he read in every feature that she was so.

But a few minutes passed before the return of l'Espee, but all that occurred in that interval may be best known from after events. In one week from that time, Stephen had ceded to Prince Henry the earldom of Northumberland, and Bruce attended his daughter to the Scottish court as its future queen, and one of its brightest ornaments. Thus a permanent peace was established, where lately all had been strife and bloodshed, and Ada Bruce never had occasion to regret her capture at the Battle of Coton Moor.

USES OF FELT IN RUSSIA.

The Russians make a much more extensive application of the article of *felt*, in the arts and in manufactures, than we of America. Vases, jugs, toilet sets, waiters, baskets, candlesticks, fire-screens, baths, boots, etc., are each and all constructed of this material. A composition is laid on the felt, which hardens like clay, and receives painted designs; after which it is polished. The ware is said to be very elegant in appearance, durable and light; and to be in great demand by foreigners and others, in St. Petersburg. When there is great liability to breakage, it will prove useful; though gutta serena and India rubber furnish considerable elasticity.—*City Item*.

ETERNITY.

Eternity, thou holdest in thy hand
The packet of all secrets!—Death the key!—BARNES.

[ORIGINAL.]

FAREWELL.

BY EDWIN L. MERRON.

The little dream is past—is past!
 I should have better known,
 And better thought of skies o'ercast,
 And storms around me thrown
 Throughout the weary, darkened years,
 Which tell of nought but care and tears.

My heart-strings yet must bear—must bear
 The tension of earth's constant strain;
 I should have known that skies so fair
 Could never from the past again
 Beam sweetly on my wandering ways,
 As in the earlier, happier days.

And yet 'twere even best—yes, best
 For me to fling fond hope away:
 For to thy bosom's presence blest
 It brings no gladdening ray;
 It thrills no chord with pleasure there,
 But fills with sadness, tears and care.

And now, farewell!—last hope, farewell!
 In pain untold the word bursts forth;
 The years to come a tale may tell
 To some few hearts of priceless worth
 Contained in one poor bosom's love,
 That failed below, but lives above.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOCKED ARCH.

BY LYDIA DE HONE.

"AND this, love, is your future home," said James Gray, tenderly, to his young bride as the carriage which had brought them from the station turned into a shady avenue which after more than one bowery turn ended at the foot of a long flight of granite steps. Upon the uppermost of these, now stood a tall and stately lady somewhat past the meridian of life, but bearing in her pale and somewhat melancholy face, evidence of great former beauty. "And that is my mother, now yours also, my Rose," added the fond husband, as the driver, dismounting, opened the door and threw down the steps.

"What a darling! I know I shall love her," murmured Rose as, barely touching her husband's proffered hand, she alighted, and ran lightly up the stone steps.

"This is my wife, mother—your daughter."

"She is welcome for your sake and her own, my son," responded the elder lady, imprinting a benignant kiss upon the sweet young face upraised to hers. "I fear, my love," added she, conducting the pretty bride into the quiet old-fashioned parlor as she spoke, "I fear you may

find your new home rather dull after the dissipation of the city, to which you have been accustomed. We live a very monotonous sort of life, with few visitors, and fewer amusements, except such as we can find within ourselves."

"O, I shall not suffer for amusement with this delightful old house to explore, nor shall I want for company while I have you—and James always with me."

"Thank you, my dear, for the compliment, and I trust we shall spend many happy hours together, but I should warn you that delicate health, and long-established habit have made the loneliness of my own chamber during a large portion of the day essential to my happiness. Were you a visitor, I should make an effort to break through this habit during your stay, but as Oakwood is now as much your home as mine, I know you will consider it no lack of courtesy or love, if I go on in my accustomed way."

"No, indeed, ma'am, I would not for the world have you do anything disagreeable to yourself, through politeness to me," said Rose, quickly, for the volatile and warm-hearted child could not help a little chill and repulsion at Mrs. Gray's somewhat formal manner and speech.

"And James, you know, must go every day to his office in town," pursued the mother. "I am very sure, my daughter, you would not let his love, and delight in your company, interfere with his serious pursuits in life."

"No, ma'am," faltered Rose, almost crying, but in a moment her light and elastic heart rose with a bound, throwing off the sad chill which was creeping into it, and she added gaily, "No, I shall devote myself to exploring Oakwood, and then to writing my travels. I don't believe either James or you have ever thoroughly investigated either house or grounds."

Mrs. Gray smiled wanly, and looked with a sort of wondering admiration at this bright, joyous young girl, who already began to flit restlessly about the room, taking up every little thing she saw, and always laying it down again in a more picturesque and graceful position than she found it. The mother hesitated for a moment, and then gliding to the side of the beautiful girl, kissed her again, far more warmly than at first, saying softly as she did so:

"Pretty Rose, your beauty and your fragrance will drive out all the mouldering sights and smells from our old house, and make it a fit garden for roses and rosebuds."

A cordial embrace and kiss was exchanged, and the moral atmosphere rose at once from temperate to summer heat.

"Now let me show you your own room, my

daughter," resumed Mrs. Gray, "and then I will leave you till tea time, which is six o'clock."

"Yes, mother." And the two ladies passed together through the long hall, and up the quaint oaken staircase, to the large, sunny, yet tree-shaded front chamber, which with its snowy draperies and vases of flowers, seemed a fitting nest for so fair a bird.

A few weeks of receiving and returning calls ensued, during which Mr. Gray devoted himself more to his wife and society than to his law-business, and Rose led a busier and more exciting life than she had done in her city home, but gradually this state of things subsided, and matters resumed their old routine, and the young wife began to find herself a good deal alone.

Still she would not allow herself to subside into low spirits, but sought amusement and occupation in her books, her music, her needle and her flowers. When all these failed, she wandered about the grounds, which, though only a few acres in extent, were pretty and secluded. At last, one rainy day, when no other occupation looked attractive, Rose remembered her determination to explore the forgotten nooks and corners of the old house. She accordingly mounted to the rambling old garret, and was soon very busy in overhauling old trunks filled with long obsolete garments, once rich and fashionable, in turning once more to the light old pictures which had been for years unseen except by the spiders who wove their webs across their faces, in reading old letters, records of love, of enmity, of friendship, of polite indifference, or of careless friendship.

All this was delightful to the eager, inquisitive little wife, and many a tear she dropped over the letters, many a sigh she heaved as she dreamed over a broken cradle, which she chose to fancy had been the last resting place of its little tenant, many a girlish laugh shook the air of the musty old garret as this new Rosamond the Fair tried on before one or other of the broken looking glasses, some antique head gear, or cumbersome ornament. The attic lasted for several days, during which our little bride was full of occupation, but at last even this rich mine was exhausted, and she was obliged to remove the scene of her investigations to the inhabited rooms below, which were of course far less remarkable and attractive, and Rose flitted through them without much interest, until upon the ground floor in an unfinished room used for drying clothes she found a door, not only locked, but so sealed with spider's webs and dust, with mildew and fungi, that it was obvious that many years had passed since it was opened.

Rose, full of eagerness and curiosity, ran to find Hannah, the old cook, who from long and faithful service, had risen from the position of a common servant to that of housekeeper, and general superintendent. Of her, the young mistress requested both the key of the locked door, and information as to what lay within.

"Here is the key, ma'am," replied the old woman, selecting one from a bunch of iron keys which hung upon a high nail in the closet of her little sitting-room. "But there's nothing inside, ma'am, but dust and desolation," pursued she. "The colonel, that's your husband's father, ma'am, he was fond of company and good livin', though there wa'n't no humor in him, bless you, not a bit, only kind o' gay by spells, and then all down, way down, you'd a thought he hadn't a friend in the world. Well, one time when he'd been round considerable to hotels, he came home and said he was agoing to build on some more rooms, and have a heap o' company to come an' stay jist as long as they would stay. My mistress—that's my old mistress, ma'am—she took on a sight, I used to hear 'em talk when I was in and about you know; but 'twa'n't no use, he got his carpenters and his masons, and all, and they set to work. That room where we dry the clothes was to be a great dining-room, and the door you asked about led into a smoking-room, and over both was to be a billiard-room, or a nine-pin alley, I forgot which—some kind of an evil place, at any rate. Well, they'd only got up the outside walls, when the colonel, he was took with one of his down fits, and the fust any one knew, he sent off all the workmen, every mother's son of 'em, except one carpenter that he kept a day to board up all the windows of the new part, and sent away all the lumber and the ornamentalions and the furniture, and everything that he'd been a getting together so long, and had sot such store by ony a day before. Well, when all was gone, he locked the door of the dining saloon, which was the only way to get into the sweet—that's what he used to call it, though I'm sure I don't know why—and from then to the day of his death, no one ever saw the inside o' them rooms except himself. He used to go, every day, and every night too, pooty much, and stay hours to a time; then he'd come out sometimes a-groanin', and sometimes a-cryin' and go up to my mistress's room, that was when she began to keep her chamber so much, and then sometimes he'd lie all kind o' weak and helpless till he got ready to go to his sweet again. I tell you miss, we didn't get much flesh on our bones that time, neither my mistress nor me, more especially 'cause I sent off the gal I had to help

me, and did all myself. I couldn't bear to have a stranger a-pryin' and a-peakin' round at such a time. Well, all that lasted most a year, till one day, master he came out of the rooms with two or three keys in his hand, and took the key of the dining-room with 'em, and carried 'em all up stairs. After he was dead, we found 'em hid away on the top shelf of his dressin'-room closet, with that ere writin' slung to 'em that's there now."

Rose, who had listened with breathless interest to this recital, glanced at the bunch of keys which Hannah extended to her, and observed a slip of parchment tied to the ring which held them, on which was written in tremulous characters, "Keys of the new rooms."

"But did he never go there again?" asked she.

"No, ma'am. That very night he took his bed, and the next day he was—well, he was very sick, and never got no better. My mistress and me, we nussed him, and I aint afraid to say he didn't want for nothing; but two weeks after he took sick, my mistress was a widder."

"Dear me, no wonder she is so sad," murmured Rose. "Well," added she, aloud, "I will take a peep into the locked rooms at any rate. How long since that door was opened, Hannah?"

"Goin' on three an'-twenty, ma'am. After we got to what you may call livin', again, I thought that dinin' room would be a fust-rate place to dry clothes in, so I asked Mrs. Gray for the keys, and opened it, but I didn't care to look into the other places, for I didn't know but I might see more'n I wanted to."

"What were you afraid of seeing?" asked Rose, quickly.

"Well, miss, they do say that folks walks sometimes. Any way, the door haint been opened since the old colonel shet it, and I aint noways anxious to go inside on't now."

"Well, Hannah, I'm not afraid, and I am going," laughed the young lady, as, grasping the keys she danced away.

The old woman looked after, muttering, "Pooty dear, I hope you mayn't see more'n you'll like to. I should hate to have you get skeered and sobered down like the rest of us."

Rosamond soon reached the door, and applying the key, succeeded after several efforts in turning it, and pushing open the door, which was held almost as closely by the thousand little chains with which time had secured it, as by the lock itself. The door once open, the inquisitive little body would have entered, but all within lay in midnight darkness. She had forgotten that the windows had been built up. Rose, however,

was not a person to be easily discouraged, and hastening to the kitchen, she soon returned with a lighted lamp in one hand, and a bunch of matches in the other. With these she at once entered, and closing the door behind her, began to make the circuit of the apartment.

"Nothing but bare walls, carpenter's shavings, and chips of mortar," murmured she. "Hardly worth the trouble I have taken. Here are some stairs—to the smoking-room above, I suppose—*allons*, let us take a peep at it."

Ascending the stairs, Rose opened another door, and found herself in a long, narrow apartment of considerable size, but presenting nothing more attractive than the one below. After a brief examination, she turned away, and descending the stairs, looked again about her, hoping to find at least one little point of interest to reward her for the curiosity which she had experienced. She, however, saw nothing except another door which, opening under the stairs, appeared to lead to a cellar beneath.

"Come, I will see the whole," murmured the vivacious Rose, as she found and fitted the key which opened this door, and then descended a flight of stone steps.

She now found herself in a small arched cellar, and containing some dozens of dusty bottles laid side by side upon the floor. At the further end was a small closet extending across the arch from which it was separated by a stout partition. The door was secured with a padlock which could not be fitted by any of the keys upon the ring.

"It is too bad," pouted Rose, "perhaps the secret of all lies in here."

But the lock was stout, the door fast, and besides, the air, so long unrenewed, except as it filtered through the chinks of the partition separating this from the other cellars, was so bad that Rosa reluctantly turned away and was ascending the stone steps, when her little slippered foot trod upon something hard and uneven. Holding the light down, she soon discovered a small brass key, so corroded by damp and time as to be scarcely distinguishable from the green and slimy step on which it lay.

"The key of the locked arch," whispered Rose, as, daintily taking it up with the tips of her fingers, she hastened to try it in the obdurate padlock.

It fitted, the lock turned, and the door swung reluctantly open. The pretty head bent eagerly forward, and the bright eyes looked searchingly around. Upon the floor were more bottles, piled one upon the other; but what attracted Rose far more, was a folded paper, pinned against the

wall by means of a gentleman's penknife. Quickly detaching and opening it, the young woman perceived that it was a letter, commencing with the words, "My dear son;" but without pausing to see more, she hastened up the stairs, locking the door behind her, and in a few moments found herself in her own pretty chamber, with its soft sunshiny light and its cheerful elegance of air.

"What a contrast," murmured Rose, as after glancing around, she threw herself into the luxurious little arm-chair before her mirror.

But great as the contrast between that bridal chamber and the gloomy cellar-arch may have been, it was trifling to the contrast between the Rose of early morning, and the Rose who reluctantly answered old Hannah's repeated summons late in the afternoon.

"I hope you'll excuse me, ma'am, but here's a letter from Mr. Gray, and the boy's awaitin' for an— Goodness gracious, me, ma'am, what's the matter?" pursued the old woman, breaking in upon her own speech as she caught sight of her mistress's ghastly countenance. "O, dear, it's all along of mouseling round in them old haunted rooms. 'O, deary me, child, why would you go, arter you knew that the old colonel walked!'"

"A letter—did you say my husband had a letter—where did he get it—another one?" asked Rose, in a hoarse, low voice, entirely changed from her usual soft, childish tones.

"Bless you, darling, it's a letter he's sent to you—not got for himself—and the boy's waitin' for an answer. Sha'n't I call old mistress?" added Hannah, peering anxiously into the poor, scared young face before her.

"No, Hannah, no, thank you. I—I have got a headache. Give me the letter."

The old woman obeyed, but it was not till she had read it more than once, that the young wife could sufficiently command her own mind to take in the meaning of the few lines in which her husband informed her that owing to an important consultation to take place that evening, he could not be at home till late, and begged for some little note or message to assure him that his message was received, and that his beloved Rose was well and happy.

"I cannot write, my head is so dizzy," murmured the poor child, as she finished, and looking up met the pitying eyes of the old servant-friend fixed upon her. "But here, Hannah," added she, taking from her breast a knot of pink ribbon which she often wore, "put this in paper and give it to the lad, with the message that Mrs. Gray is very well."

"Yes, dear, and then let me come and set in the room 'long with you. I sha'n't worrit you with talking, but you don't look fit to be alone."

"Thank you, Hannah, but I had rather be alone," faltered Rose, and no sooner was the kindhearted attendant out of the room, than the door was bolted behind her, nor was it again opened until late at night, James Gray reached his home, and bounded three stairs at a time up to his wife's chamber.

"Dearest Rosy, darling little pet—" menced he, but was checked by the little icy fingers which grasped his hand, while his wife whispered softly:

"Hush, James, if I let you talk so, I never shall have courage—"

"Courage, dearest love, what can you mean?" asked the wondering young man, turning the face which had hidden in his breast toward the light, and starting to see its ghastly pallor. "What has happened, my darling?" asked he again.

Rose, without other reply, placed the yellow moulded paper which hitherto she had concealed in the folds of her skirt, within her husband's hand, and as he seated himself to read it, she sank upon the floor beside him, and laid her little weary head upon his knees.

Fondly the young husband patted and smoothed the glossy, golden hair which glittered in the lamp light, but as he began to read, the hand first paused in astonishment, then grew heavy, and finally grasped the soft curls with an unconscious, nervous violence that at any other time would have made Rose wince with pain, but now she did not even feel it. She was mentally re-perusing the lines over which her husband was now pondering. They were these:

"MY DEAR SON,—It is now several weeks since I received a warning that my days on earth are numbered, and every day brings me a more torturing sense of my own guilt, and the necessity of such reparation as lies in my power. And yet I cannot bear to disclose my own and another's sin without absolute necessity. It may be that you, now a little child, will never reach to years of manhood; it may be that your mother, tortured like myself by a sense of guilt, may succumb as I have done. In either of these cases my confession is unnecessary, but I will write it down and hide it in a place so secret, that should it be found before time and damp have rendered it illegible, it must be by some one led on by fate, resistless fate. Know, then, my son, that you are not only a beggar, but the child of shame! My father, on account of early misconduct on my part, wrote on his deathbed a will, disinheriting me, and leaving all his property to my sister, his only other child. I received the will from his dying grasp, folded and sealed it, and saw it deposited in the strong box where all our valuables were kept. But in the

dead of night I arose, opened the chest with a key which I had long possessed, and by means of which I had repeatedly robbed my father, took out the will, and replaced it with a forged one by which I inherited the entire property. Your aunt, my only sister, died a beggar in a distant almshouse. You will say, can there be any disgrace worse than this—surely I now have reached the end? Not so, O, unfortunate boy! Your mother, a professed nun in a southern convent, was never married to me—it was impossible. Thus you see that you are doubly cut off from the inheritance to which at my death you will succeed—you have no right even to your name. My last commands are these. Conduct your mother again to her convent, and to appease the wrath of the church to which she belongs, endow the convent with all the property which I may leave, except sufficient to erect a splendid marble monument over the humble grave where sleeps my poor, defrauded sister. Do this and receive your father's blessing—neglect it, and his curse shall follow you. I pity you, my son, but better is it that we should suffer all things than to enjoy the fruits of iniquity. MORTIMER GRAY."

The paper fell from the nerveless hand of the unhappy man who held it, and with a deep groan he hid his face upon the table before him, but soft arms wound about his neck, warm, sweet breath played upon his cheek, and a tender voice whispered close in his ear:

"Dearest James, if you have lost all else, you still have me."

"O, Rose, O, injured, blighted Rose, there lies the keenest pang of all. Alone, I might suffer uncomplainingly; but you—my delicate, pure flower—you wedded to a beggar and the child of shame—"

"Hush, dearest, hush! Did we take each other for better and not for worse, for sunshine and not for storm, for summer and not for winter? Could there be a greater misery for me than to be denied my share in what afflicts you? Let us go and find your mother, and consult with her what we must do; I cannot be easy another night in this house after that solemn warning. O, your poor father, how he must have suffered!"

"But, Rosamond, stop; let us think before we decide. It is a long time ago—everything has been settled for years—my mother's health is feeble, and she will not live many years at any rate. Why should we beggar ourselves, and the children which may be sent us, to enrich a Catholic convent? We can erect the monument without any such sacrifice. What need of all the scandal and misery that would ensue—and the world's talk—"

"Dear husband," interposed the young wife, her childish face assuming an expression of earnest meaning, and lofty resolve, such as it

had never worn before. "Dearest James, this terrible calamity has for the moment confused your senses. You do not think what you are saying. Shall we question of expediency, and allow ourselves to think of the world's scorn, when the clear path of right lays before us, when our duty is so manifest? This property which we are enjoying is not ours—it never was, or your father's either—it was fraudulently gained, and all we have to do is to honestly restore it; or since that is impossible, to dispose of it according to your father's injunction. At any rate, we must consult your mother."

"Come, then, Rose, it is daylight, we will go and ask her to rise. Poor mother, it is cruel to disturb the last peaceful sleep she is likely to enjoy—it will kill her!"

"Right is right, if it kills us all," murmured Rose, in a choking voice.

"You are stronger than I, sweet wife."

"Not stronger than you will be when the first shock is over, darling. I have had many more hours than you in which to accustom myself to it. Shall I go and ask mother to admit us?"

"If you will, poor child."

A few moments after, Mrs. Gray, having risen and thrown a wrapper about her, admitted her son and daughter to the little dressing-room adjoining her chamber.

"What is it?" asked she, startled at the pale, worn faces, made more ghastly by the dim morning twilight.

"It is, dear mother," said James, tenderly, "some very bad news which we have brought you. Do you feel strong enough to hear it now, or would you rather wait a while?"

"We have no moment but the present. God will strengthen me. Tell me quickly."

"Rose visited yesterday the new rooms which my father commenced just before his death," began James, watching narrowly his mother's face, which now grew pale and frightened. "In the little wine-cellar, she found a paper—a paper written by my father, and dated just a month before his death—it is a confession, mother—"

"A confession of what?" gasped the mother.

"Of all—the wrong done to you and others. God forgive me if I speak harshly of my father. Here it is, will you read it?"

Mrs. Gray took the paper, and held it with trembling fingers to the light, but before she had read half through it fell from her grasp, and she sank fainting back in her chair, murmuring:

"Do nothing, James, till I am able to talk—"

Rose ran to summon Hannah, and the young couple leaving their mother in her charge retired to their own room to talk in low, melancholy

tones of the future which lay so blankly before them.

Several hours passed, and then Hannah came to announce that her mistress felt better, and wished to see them both. They found her in her chamber, looking pale but calm, and even serene. Upon the table before her, lay an open desk, on which were arranged a number of old-looking papers. She motioned them to seat themselves in two chairs placed opposite hers, and then said in a calm, though feeble voice:

"You no doubt have concluded, my dear children, that the agitation which you saw me experience this morning was occasioned by remorse and shame at being discovered. Such, however, was not the case; it was simply the shock of such a monstrous charge, and the memory of the cruel sufferings which both your father and myself experienced during the last year of his life. It is a secret upon which I thought the grave had closed, but secrecy is now impossible. Your father, my son, was for years subject to fits of gloomy depression, alternating with seasons of wild gayety, and I often trembled with anxiety for his mental health. At the time he so suddenly discontinued building the rooms in which this terrible paper was found, his malady declared itself, and he rapidly became, first a gloomy hypochondriac, and finally a raving maniac. This frightful secret has hitherto been confined to three people, Hannah, myself, and our good old Doctor Woodworth. The sufferings, mental and bodily, which I experienced during that period have shattered my health and my spirits; but I do not fear that I shall be doubted, my children, when I add that no guilt of my own, or another's, has weighed upon my heart. Nevertheless, here are proofs. This is my marriage certificate. This is a copy of your grandfather's will, bequeathing his property as you will see, in equal shares to his beloved son and daughter, Mortimer and Lucy. Your aunt inherited her share, but owing to an early disappointment, never married, but died in our house soon after your birth. She left her property by will to your father, with many expressions of love and gratitude. Here are letters from her, in which you will see the feelings she entertained for us, and also that she speaks of making large investments. You, James, as a lawyer, can easily determine the authenticity of these papers—"

"Dear mother, what proof do we need, other than your word? The reality is shocking, but compared with what we feared, fades to nothing. You have relieved our minds of a terrible load of apprehension and uncertainty."

"I must, however, add," resumed Mrs. Gray,

"that I never was a Catholic, or had the least intention of becoming a nun."

"Say no more, dear mother," interposed James, who perceived that his mother was feeling a little wounded at the suspicions which had been unavoidably cast upon her by her beloved son and his young wife.

"All is now explained, and happily so; nothing remains but for you to kiss us both, and forgive us for causing you so much uneasiness, although we have had our full share too, I do assure you."

"No forgiveness is necessary, my son, and of my love and blessing you have a right to feel confident; you have been a good son, and have consoled me for much suffering. Kiss me, both of you, and then leave me for a while."

The young people obeyed, and left the room with hearts lighter and happier than they had supposed they should ever possess again.

This night of terrible suffering and mental struggle had, however, developed in little Rose a strength and depth of character which never again deserted her—the child had become a woman—as young, as pretty, as gay and charming as ever. She no longer suffered for amusement and occupation, she felt a purpose in life which she had never known before, and looked about her to see what good thing she could do.

The first of her undertakings was to win the heart of her mother-in-law, whose early sufferings had been so unexpectedly revealed to her. She succeeded, and before long Mrs. Gray preferred for the greater part of the day the sunshiny atmosphere which surrounded Rose, to the sad reveries in which she had spent so large a portion of her widowhood.

In proper time, too, came other claimants for Rose's loving care, and both mother and grandmother found new life and strength in fondling and caring for the little Jameses and Rosamonds, who made the old house more young and joyous.

CALIFORNIA CONTRIBUTION BOX.

Those who go around with the contribution boxes in California churches plead and argue the case to the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue occurred. Parson L—— extended the basket to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give us something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, but I am not able to give anything." "Pooh, pooh, I know better; you must give a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson, but then he aint pushing me like the balance of my creditors!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BELLS.

BY MARY FERCIVAL.

How varied thy language, thou many-toned bell!
Thy melody floats as a magical spell,
In sweet soothing measure, at morn's early dawn,
Ere Sol's golden radiance illumines the lawn.

At eve, too, when darkness has mantled the earth,
When all care is forgotten, and friends meet in mirth,
When bird, bee and floweret are seeking repose,
And the honey-dewed goddess is bathing the rose.

Still dearer thy tones on a calm Sabbath morn,
When from soft flowing symphony echoes are borne;
A signal to call from false pleasures away:
Obey the great mandate, keep holy the day.

Thy deep, thrilling tones send a pang to the heart,
When the sad summons comes from a loved friend to part;
And the slow tolling bell, and its faint echoes say,
All that is earthly is passing away!

And the wind-rocked bell on the mountain wave,
Chants a solemn dirge o'er a watery grave,
Where a stately ship was tempest-tossed,
And father, brother and friend were lost.

O, I love that bell!—it speaks to my heart,
And causes the tear of sorrow to start;
It awakens the bliss of other days,
And a tribute to past affection pays.

Dearer than all are the Christmas chimes!
They're welcomed and hallowed in other climes;
They proclaim the dawn of a Saviour's birth,
Auspicious day to this darksome earth.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE ROBBERY OF PLATE.
A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

SOME years ago I was travelling from Amboy to New York—it was a cold, blustering November day. I had gone into the ladies' cabin on board the John Potter, and was settled near the stove among the pile of soft velvet cushions, before I discovered a figure directly opposite to me on the other side. His great coat was buttoned up to the neck, around which a heavy muffler was wound. Upon his head a heavy fur cap rested, from beneath the rim of which a pair of sharp, ferret-like eyes glowed on me, appearing to take in my whole character, history and business at a single glance. The man's features seemed familiar to me, and I soon recognized him as a noted detective officer, who lived in Philadelphia. He had succeeded some two years before in bringing some famous counter-

feiters to justice, one of whom selected me as his counsel. They were tried at Trenton, New Jersey, and I recollected this man's puzzling, sharp answers to me as I cross-examined him, and through his instrumentality he was convicted. I addressed him by name, and after we had talked over this trial, some desultory conversation ensued, when I remarked to him:

"Benson, I suppose you have had many strange adventures in your life, which must be one of excitement, and where success is only obtained through the possession of such rare qualities as prudence, foresight, calmness and courage."

"Yes, yes, many strange scenes do I pass through, but about the queerest case happened about a year ago in Philadelphia, and the principal actor is now serving out a term in the State's Prison."

"Do narrate it, Mr. Benson." And the little, strongly knit man undid the muffler from about his throat and said:

"I was sitting in the office of our chief about nine o'clock in the morning—let me see, it was much such a day as this—raw, and damp, and blustering. I was tucked up near the stove, thinking over an arrest I had made the night before, way out towards Doylestown. And an ugly ride I had of it too, over the hard roads with my man, in a wagon without springs, clear into town—but I thought no matter, there he is in the corner; I will get a snug reward, and perhaps be promoted to the 'bank' business—for in our corps that pays the best (I mean tracing bank robbers, defaulters, and such like big villains.) Well, I was thinking of all this medley, and I believe I was almost half asleep, too, for I hadn't got in till two o'clock that morning—when in comes to the office a fussy, bustling old gent, in a great flutter.

"'I want to see the Chief of Police,' said he, as soon as he could get his breath. I pointed to a back room, and he had a long conference with Captain B—, our chief. At last, the captain came to the door, and said he:

"'Jerry, go along with this gentleman. He will tell you what is the matter as you accompany him—'

"'But there ought to be a reward,' blustered the old man.

"'Not at all,' said Captain B—, calmly. 'You would only give them a better chance, and you will never recover your silver, for they would melt it up at once. Trust to Mr. Benson, he will do all that is necessary.'

"So I went along with the old gentleman, whose name I learned was James B. Castor.

He lived in a fine house in Vine Street, and from what I learned afterwards was quite rich. The night before he had been robbed of nearly a thousand dollars worth of jewelry and silver plate.

"We soon arrived at his house, and we proceeded immediately to the room where the robbery had been committed. It was a large and sumptuously furnished chamber in the back building of the third story. It appears that Mr. Castor had retired to bed with his wife upon the previous night, after his usual custom of looking at all the fastenings, and examining if the silver plate—of which he possessed many massive old family pieces—was in its usual place in the strong mahogany, buckskin-lined box, beneath his bed. And when he arose in the morning, the doors and windows were all fastened as he had left them the night before, except the door which led out upon the 'flats' upon the roof behind, which was principally used for drying clothes, and no possible communication could have been had with that from the street. But the mahogany box was completely emptied of its contents. While I was conducting this examination, Mr. Castor's wife came into the room, and I was surprised to see her a young, handsome-looking woman—yes, sir, I suppose thirty years younger than her husband—and she added to her husband's information, 'that within this box, and among the stolen valuables, were two splendid bracelets of hers.'

"'But, dear,' said she, speaking to her husband, 'was it not fortunate I did not put my diamond armlets, necklace and ear rings into the box? I carelessly had them locked in the bureau.'

"'Do you usually keep them in the box?' I asked her.

"'Yes; but I had been to a wedding reception in the afternoon, and had returned home fatigued, placed them carelessly in the drawer, and had forgotten them,' was the reply.

"I was busy noting everything—the exit and entrances; the windows, doors, etc., while the old gentleman was speculating how the robbery might have been accomplished. But the strangest thing of all, he had slept with the key of the box under his pillow, and it was found there in the morning. Every possible way for the escape of the robber or robbers was suggested. At last, I said:

"'They may have got on this roof in some way,'—and I pointed to the 'flats,'—'this is the only unfastened door—and made their escape in the same manner.'

"'O no, that is not possible,' said Mrs. Castor, coming forward to where we stood.

"'Why not, madam?' I asked, abruptly. I thought she was frightened at my manner, but she replied:

"'O I don't know, but I should think so.'

"I soon after left the house, to make out my plan of operations, and you will see, sir, that the reason why detectives are often wonderfully successful in the detection of crime is, *that they take notice of the smallest things*, which in many cases give a faint clue, which judiciously followed up leads to success. My clue in this instance was the wife of Mr. Castor changing color so quickly, and her embarrassment when I spoke of the roof as a means of escape. And that instant I made up my mind that she was somehow connected with the robbery, and I determined to develop it further.

"I commenced by making quiet inquiries in regard to the antecedents of Mrs. Castor. I found she had been a seamstress in the family, in the employ of Mr. Castor's late wife, who had died some five years before, and that she became Mr. Castor's wife about two years after that event. Her character was unimpeached previously, and although many rude people said she 'married old Castor for his money,' none ever traduced her character, and she moved in a very good circle of society, and although the knowledge of these facts would satisfy the world, a detective policeman is a good deal more inquiring and incredulous. However, I proceeded as usual, allowing no hints to be dropped of my plans or suspicions, and I pretty soon after made up my mind that the two old servants were perfectly innocent in the whole matter. So I was perplexed, I assure you, to know how to go to work, but I and my 'shadows' soon commenced earnestly working up the case, the game began to move, and we awaited the moment the birds should rise from cover, with our fingers already placed upon the triggers of our weapons.

"On the evening of the third day after the robbery, I was about relieving my partner from his watch, which had been kept from a restaurant a few doors below their house, on the opposite side of the way, when we saw a female figure emerge from Castor's house, shut the door softly, look up and down the street quickly, then start out on a brisk walk toward Thirteenth Street. She was wrapped up very warmly, and had a double veil over her face. It did not need me to look twice at the figure to recognize it as Mrs. Castor, and soon saw that she was afraid of being followed, for she looked around nervously right and left several times. She passed down Thirteenth to Chestnut, down Chestnut to Eighth, always selecting the crowded thoroughfares, go-

ing into stores every once in a while, and then dodging out again. When I saw these actions, I was certain I was on the right scent, for it is an old dodge with females when they fear they are followed, to practise going into a great many stores, merely pricing an article, then coming quickly out again and mingling with the moving crowd.

"Well, after a while she retraced her steps again, going into Chestnut, up Thirteenth to Race, then out into Broad, then we followed her past Vine Street, till she came to a little street above the latter, and running parallel with it, which was noted for its dens of wretchedness, and of being the abode of many pickpockets and thieves. She continued down this street—I believe they call it Wood Street now—and proceeding a short distance, knocked at the door of a house. We now bustled by her, as it was getting quite dark, and heard the knocking reverberate through the house as though it was empty of furniture, and we had not proceeded many paces before the figure vanished from the doorway, and entered the house.

"George Corson (the partner of mine) and I retraced our steps to the building and looked for some way of entrance. There was a narrow alley-way which we entered, and found the gate unfastened, and a back window looking into the patch of yard was open. We crept quietly up to this and listened. All was still, and we saw the room was empty. We leaped quietly into the house and groped our way up stairs. We had reached the second story, when we heard for the first time voices up stairs, and softly as cats we still pushed on. The quiet was so profound we could hear each other's breathing, and almost the beating of our hearts. We grasped our revolvers, for we did not know how soon we would burst upon perhaps a gang of desperate scoundrels.

"Now the voices were plainly heard, they were only those of a man and woman, and every word they uttered was distinctly audible. We were now in rather a wide entry, and we crouched down near what appeared to be a pile of rubbish. We could listen to what was said, and if necessary to our plans, would allow the twain to pass us in going down stairs, but if discovered, we would spring up and arrest them both. The woman was talking in a troubled voice:

"'Indeed, I cannot do so,' she said. 'You promised if I got the silver to you, that you would leave the country, and never come near me again.'

"'Yes, confound you!' a gruff, thick voice answered—and I supposed from the utterance

the fellow had been drinking—'and now that such a cursed fuss has been kicked up about it, the beaks are almost about my heels, I can't use the stuff, and I tell you once for all, that I must have the money-box that you say is hidden in the stone shelf.'

"'O spare me, Jack—spare me!' was returned in the other's sobbing voice. 'I will give you all my diamonds, but we shall surely be discovered if I attempt to take the box—'

"'Stop your snivelling! I say I must have the box, or I will blow you so that you will have to acknowledge your real husband, anyhow—but aid me in this, and I will leave you and this infernal country forever,' said the man, in a blustering, threatening voice.

"There was a great deal more bullying and coaxing, interrupted by sobs and prayers, and then the woman yielded, and we heard the plan formed for a more extensive robbery than before. At last the conference ended, and they both came out of the room—the woman sobbing and trembling, and her companion telling her in rude terms to make less noise. We heard the front door close, and then the man came up stairs again, seemed to fumble around in the dark in the next room—afraid, we supposed, to strike a light, because the house was supposed to be vacant. He then went down again, and we heard him go out, relieving us thus from our unpleasant positions.

"We went into the next room, struck a match and lit the small bull's-eye which Corson always carries with him, and hunted around for some of the evidences of the late robbery. But all of no avail till I thought of the chimney. Upon removing the board and examining, we found a sack suspended some four feet up the chimney, and after we had pulled it down, it was found to contain almost entire the stolen property—thrown in carelessly with a 'jimmy,' a bunch of false keys, and other burglarious implements. We replaced it where we found it, afterwards setting a watch on the premises. But we had made a discovery which was valuable, and when we looked out from the window of the room where we were, we found that this back part of the house was directly opposite to the rear of Cas-tor's house on Vine Street, and as we peered out in the darkness, the 'flats' of the latter house could be distinctly seen, and was not more than twelve or fourteen feet distant, and it was more than likely that the burglar had climbed the intervening fence, and propping up the old boards which were lying in the yard against the house, had thus got to the porch at the second story, then, by the aid of the columns had reached the

roof above, upon which the door of the Castors' chamber, already described, opened—and by the expressions of the ruffian, which we had heard, we judged that the woman who was now Mrs. Castor, had been the wife of that villain who was now playing upon her fears, and threatening exposure, thus exacting 'black mail,' the payment of which the unhappy victim could not deny. We were now enabled to form our plans, so as to fix the traps for the detection of this rogue.

"The next day I had an interview with Mr. Castor, and although not betraying to him in the least our plans and suspicions, lest he should thwart them by his precipitancy, we gave him to understand that there was a traitor in his house, and received from him a *carte blanche* to act as we pleased.

"About a week after the meeting of Mrs. Castor with the man, at the house in Wood Street, at nine o'clock in the evening, George Corson and I were admitted into the house in Vine Street, quietly, at the front door, by James B. Castor himself. We immediately slipped up stairs and took our positions in a sort of lumber room situated behind the old gentleman's chamber, and looking out upon the flats. This position was one of double value to us, for, by leaving a chink in the door open, we could glance sideways in Castor's sleeping-room, and see all that was going on there.

"After the clock on the old State House struck eleven, Mr. Castor and his wife came up to their chamber to retire. We could see the old gentleman was nervous and excited, and his wife was fearfully pale, seeming to start at every sound, and I thought to myself what cowards guilt makes of people. The old man was continually looking around, as if to hear a noise at any moment, and as though he had not full confidence in the vigilance of those who should be watching. And when he put his watch away, instead of putting it beneath his pillow, he thrust it quickly and slyly between the mattress and sacking. A few moments afterwards the twain were in bed, after Mrs. Castor had lit the little night-lamp and laid it upon the floor. In a short time longer we heard the heavy snore of the old man—we knew it was affected, but his companion by his side did not. It was hard work for us, keeping in one position for over two hours, and in the silence we were almost afraid of our breathing being heard. Twelve o'clock was pealed forth by the iron tongue of the State House bell, and rang sharply upon the still night, but old Castor slept on undisturbed, and the moment its tones had ceased, Mrs. Castor slipped quietly out of bed, making no noise, and ap-

proaching the door which led out upon the flats, waved the little night lamp once, twice, three times—the last time a gust of wind nearly extinguishing its flame. She closed the door softly, glancing quickly around where her husband lay. His breathing had become hard and labored. She took it as an index of sounder sleep, but we, the excited watchers, knew it was his fearful state of mind, as the truth gradually came to him that his wife was about to be proved a shameful deceiver.

"We knew the moment had nearly arrived for action; we felt to see if our arms were all right, and that the iron wristbands were convenient, and then watched on. You may well say, sir, ours is an exciting life, full of peril and adventure. And you can well imagine this—if you had been placed in our positions, watching that woman steal slyly up to the bedside of old Castor, and take a small bunch of keys from beneath his head, and then softly approach a closet with a heavy door, which seemed set in the wall, opening this carefully, then unlocking an inner door of thin sheet iron, which creaked slightly on its rusty hinges. Then to see her start back and gaze towards the bed, and observing the old man still motionless, resume her task by unlocking what appeared to be a sort of fire and thief safe, and taking therefrom a heavy box which she set down upon the floor—yes, sir, if you had been watching all this, as we were from our concealment, you would have been no less excited.

"Then we observed a slight noise in the direction of the roof, and we could just observe by staring into the darkness, a head appear above the edge. Then higher and higher it came, seeming to be forcing itself up by sheer strength—then a pair of arms, then the body, and at last all these stood upon the legs belonging to them, and the said legs upon old Castor's roof. One watched the tiptoeing roof-walker, advancing softly as a panther to the chamber door, and the other, the woman within the chamber, trembling, tottering towards the door with the stolen box; and a glance at the bed convinced us that it was only by a superhuman effort of the will, that Castor remained quiet, as he saw the full guilt of her he had called wife.

"In another moment the door was pushed partly open by the robber outside, so that he could meet the woman and receive the box—when Corson and I rushed forth upon the man. Corson caught him by the throat with an iron grip, but the fellow with a curse threw him off, as a startled bull dog would a snarling puppy. And no sooner was the act performed, than quick as lightning he pulled from his waist a heavy pistol,

and crying, 'You fiend, you have betrayed me!' he pointed it at the woman and fired, and would certainly have murdered her, but she had, the instant before he pulled the trigger, fallen to the floor in a deadly swoon, and the ball went crashing into the headboard of the bed, cracking it through and through, and in another instant we had thrown ourselves upon him, and bore him to the floor, while I quickly fastened the 'darbies' upon his wrists, and while he lay floundering and cursing, we stepped to the side of the woman. She was lying apparently dead, her flowing black hair falling around her shoulders and lying in a heavy mass down her pure white night-dress. Old Castor immediately upon the opening of the door, had jumped out of bed, seized a strong cudgel by his bedside, and after we had the villain handcuffed, and before we could prevent him, dealt the scoundrel a stunning blow over the head. He capered around in a perfect fury, and prayed that 'God would not let that woman live.'

"Well, we soon had the robber, who was recognized as the notorious villain, Jack Masters, conveyed him to the station-house, and his whole history came out. He had been the husband of Mrs. Castor, and had left her many years before in poverty, when he wandered off to California. She had obtained the situation in Castor's family, finally marrying him, when her former worthless husband returned, and commenced his persecutions and threats of exposure, which led her to become his accomplice to save herself from his wrath. But, poor thing, she died before her husband was tried, awaking from that swoon, only to be attacked with brain fever, from which she never recovered. Masters is now, sir, in the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, serving out a sentence of nine years and—"

Jerk—bump goes the boat. Bump—creak again—then she labors hard—creak—and she's fast. A thousand voices are heard, myriad faces are upturned—nothing is noticeable but whole lines of arms, with waving whips, and no sounds salute our ears except—"Astor?" "American?" "Ride up?" "Ride up?" "Here's for the Howard, right off!" "St. Nicholas?" "Have a cab, sir?"

"Why, we are at the Battery already. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Benson, for your very entertaining adventure."

NO MORE.

O, sad no more! O, sweet no more!
O, strange no more!
By a mossed brook bank, on a stone,
I smelt a wild-weed flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely, all pleasant things had gone before,
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee.
No more!—TENNYSON.

IS THE WORLD A MISTAKE?

One of the saddest mistakes which good people have made, is in supposing the world to be a mistake. To these people—and their number is not small—the earth is but a theatre of pain and sickness, sorrow and death. Joy is illusive, pleasure a cheat, laughter a mockery, and happiness a thing impossible, and not even to be looked for on this side the grave. The performance of all duty is the "taking up" of what they call "a cross." They are actually afraid to be happy, under an overshadowing impression that they have no right to be happy in this life. They believe there is something intrinsically bad in the world we inhabit, and all the joy that proceeds from it. They have an idea that the moral evil which afflicts the human race has struck in. All the sufferings of the brute creation—the throes of labor, and sickness of body and pain of death—are so many voices proclaiming the fatal failure of Adam. Human nature itself is an awful thing. God is a great lawgiver, an inexorable avenger, an awful judge, a being to be feared more than loved. Life is a trial—severe, unrelenting, perpetual. All that seems good and graceful and glorious in the world is a hollow sham, for the deception of the unwary and the ruin of the unwise.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

A MOTHER'S FEELINGS.

Mrs. Neill, of Barnwell, mother of the late General Neill, in acknowledging the receipt of a letter conveying to her, from the meeting at the inauguration of the statue at Ayr of her son, General Neill, their deep sympathy in her grief for the loss of her son, Colonel John Martin Bladen Neill, Deputy Adjutant-General of Victoria, killed by a fall from his horse, says: "God knows, I require something to alleviate the bitterness of my grief; and if universal sympathy could bring comfort, I indeed have received a large share from far and wide, and it does help to support me. Still I am now without a son! Three now lie in different far-off lands, beyond the reach of kindred ties—all remarkable for talents of no ordinary type, and following up with energy the duties of their profession—and all gone down to the grave in the very midst of their usefulness, in their well-earned positions; but it was God's will, and who shall dare to arraign it?"

THE WORKING MEN.

"The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and the great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

Beware of an itching tongue and itching ears; that is, do not detract from others, nor hearken to them that do so.

[ORIGINAL.]

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

BY STIRIL PARK.

When the days were full of sunshine—
Golden sunshine warm and bright;
When the apple-trees were laden
With their blossoms pink and white,
And the buttercups and daisies
Fringed our meadow paths with light;

When the hills were bloom-empurpled
By the sunny skies of May,
And the air was blithe with music
Of the songbirds on each spray
From the crimson glow of morning
Till the evening's dusky gray;

Then there came the sweetest vision
Of a maiden wondrous fair,
With a crown of starry blossoms
Woven mid her golden hair;
And I loved her—loved her dearly—
Darling white-browed Mabel Clare.

Oft beneath the trailing willows,
Where the sunbeams crept like gold,
I have sung for her sweet ballads—
Loving ballads quaint and old;
Wove for her the strangest legends
Poet-lips had ever told.

Now the winds of chill November
Wall across the lonely plain,
But she never comes, nor answers,
When I fondly call her name;
For the yellow leaves are dropping
On her grave like autumn rain

Yet sometimes amid the gloaming
Of these dreamy purple eves,
I have caught the passing echo
Of light footsteps 'neath the trees,
When I knew 'twas not the water,
Or the rustle of the leaves.

[ORIGINAL.]

LUDOVICO THE MOOR.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

EVERYBODY in the city seemed rushing towards one spot, one centre of attraction, the cathedral of Milan. Everybody seemed happy, expectant. In the magnificent cathedral was to be solemnized that day the marriage between Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and Isabella, granddaughter of the King of Naples. Very little had been heard concerning the bride; her beauty had not been extolled and commented upon as is often the case, and besides the interest always felt upon such an occasion, was the desire to see if Isabella of Naples was beautiful. The young

Duke of Milan was brave, handsome and manly, a model of virtue, totally unlike his father, who was sensual, tyrannical and weak-minded. Giovanni was loved by all his friends, and adored by the people—he was the pet of the Milanese. Always ready to listen to the troubles of the people, he did not remain a mere passive listener, but set about to redress the wrongs as far as lay in his power. Whoever applied to him was sure to obtain justice, and speedily, too, for the duke held to the opinion that tardy justice was oftener worse than a sudden wrong. Thus, on the day in question, Giovanni Galeazzo's wedding day, the people rejoiced with one accord. All the streets through which the marriage procession was to pass were decorated with flags, ribbons and garlands, while the pavements were strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs.

The hour arrived, and with it the marriage procession. At the vast portal of the church it was met by a number of young girls, the fairest in Milan, bearing beautiful flowers and wreaths, which they threw in the pathway of the bridal pair; over the steps, up the broad nave, even to the foot of the holy altar, the maidens spread the choicest, fragrant flowers, then stood on each side eager to watch the bride. Almost an audible exclamation of delight ran through the crowd, as, robed in white satin, shrouded in the richest lace, and resplendent with diamonds, leaning on the arm of Giovanna Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, came Isabella of Naples. The people rejoiced, and almost worshipped the bride, for she was as beautiful as an angel—few people had more than dreamed of such exquisite beauty. All the court, all the relations were there, save one, the uncle of the duke, Ludovico the Moor (*il Moro*). The marriage ceremony being completed, the bridal train turned, and proceeded to the palace of the duke, where was prepared a sumptuous feast. At the gate of the palace they were met by Ludovico.

"I regret, my dear nephew, that I was unavoidably prevented from being present at your marriage. I now welcome you with a blessing, and pray that upon entering this palace, she may lay aside her veil, that I may behold the beauty which the people are raving about."

At these words Isabella shrunk a little, but she in courtesy drew aside the veil which she had drawn over her features upon leaving the cathedral, and displayed to the bold gaze of Ludovico her exquisite loveliness.

"Blessed mother!" exclaimed Ludovico, "I have been in many lands, beheld the choicest beauties of many climes, but all charms fade be-

fore the resplendent loveliness of the Duchess of Milan. The feast is prepared, and the guests wait—a double feast they will have.” So saying, Ludovico led the way to the banquet hall.

Weeks passed, even months, and, ever following the beautiful bride, was the tall form and dark face of Ludovico the Moor. If she rode, Isabella was sure to meet her husband’s uncle, ever felt his dark, treacherous eyes bent on her face, looking the unholy admiration which he dared not express in words. Isabella began to feel afraid of this man, who followed her so like a shadow; a shudder always passed over her as she heard his rich, insinuating voice. Giovanni noted nothing beyond the admiration Ludovico seemed to have for the beautiful duchess, and thought nothing of it.

Up a dark, winding staircase, up and up, to the very top of a tall house, carefully crept a muffled figure. Carefully creeping upward, and ever and anon looking behind him suspiciously, went this dark man. Arrived at the top of the stairs, he knocked at a small door in front of him. A long time, spent in impatient, fruitless waiting, and he repeated the summons, and this time more boldly. Upon the instant of the second signal the door opened, and a little, withered, ill-favored old man made his appearance, and asked fiercely:

“Who disturbs me at this hour?”

“One who wishes to consult your science.”

“Too late. Go home. Come when the sun shines fair and bright upon all the gay earth, and not come like a nighthawk. Go home.”

“No time like the present,” calmly answered the stranger, standing firmly in the doorway.

“Dark deeds needs must be done in darkness. No sun can lighten your black heart. Walk in.”

This the old man muttered, as he ushered the stranger into the room, then closed and locked the door behind them.

“Your words are ungracious, old man,” said the stranger, hoping by his ease of manner to gain ease of mind.

“Cavil not at my words if you wish my aid. Be seated.”

The new comer looked about him, and seeing only one chair, he hesitated to occupy it, but a sign from the owner made him take it. It was a strange room into which he was ushered. High dark walls covered with all sorts of fiendish pictures, bones, talismans, trophies, everything fearful and revolting; in each corner, standing upright in a dark coffin, each coffin surmounted by a large stuffed raven, grinning hideously, were skeletons. Bones, skulls, stuffed

birds and reptiles of every variety now hung round this fearful room. In the centre of the apartment stood a large table, covered with black velvet, upon which were embroidered in silver and carmine, cabalistic signs. Upon this table lay a huge volume, bound in deep red velvet, and fastened by silver clasps, bearing strange devices. This den was dimly lighted in the day time by two narrow, slit-like windows, and now by a single lamp suspended above the table. This room was the abode of Calistro the famous Moorish sorcerer, who had of late come to work his wondrous spells in Milan, and had already gained a most wonderful influence over the superstitious Milanese, from the poorest peasant to the highest noble. People of all ranks consulted him, and bought charms and spells of him, and had their fortunes told.

Calistro seated himself upon the huge carcass of a stuffed crocodile, and from some secret hiding place, grinning and chattering, came an impish little black monkey, who perched himself beside his master on the head of the reptile. The master, small, ill-favored, and malicious, looked hardly unlike his pet monkey. When both stranger and magician were seated, the latter turned to the former, and spoke, while he fixed upon him his searching, restless eyes.

“What brings you here, my friend?”

“I wish your aid.”

“In what way? Shall I tell your fortune, or that of a friend?”

“Neither.”

“Neither? You are wrong. You may not care to know each event of life, but you would know the end of that life. Is not death, Sir Stranger, the consummation of everybody’s fortune? I cannot pass beyond the grave.”

“I spoke not of death.”

“You might have done so just as well. If I can read in the stars the destiny of each human being who comes to me, can I be blind when reading the faces of men, when each passion engraves a line deep in the face, when the eyes—you need not lower yours, for I have read the tale they tell—speak to me? You come here to gain the wherewithal with which to rid you of a troublesome relation, Ludovico Sforza.”

At the mention of his name, the stranger turned pale, and sprang to his feet.

“Be seated,” coldly said Calistro, with a malignant smile. “You should not be startled at hearing your own name. I will do your bidding, but before I give you all you require, you must give me that seal ring you wear; that I request, so that should I need you I can send a messenger who will be accredited. The second thing

is also simple. You must sign this paper. Read it."

"I promise to give to Calistro, Moorish sorcerer, half of that which he aids me to gain. I give him the casket."

"That is simple enough, surely, Signor Calistro," said Ludovico, smiling scornfully.

"I am glad you think so, and hope when the time of payment comes you will find it still as easy. This paper you must sign with your blood."

"Cheerfully, willingly will I sign," said the wicked Ludovico, as he thought of the prize he was to gain. "When the time comes," thought he, "we'll see who loses in this game."

"Roll up your sleeve—there, that's enough—a small incision—your blood flows readily—now for the pen—quick, ere it dries!"

So spoke the little, dark, impish physician and sorcerer, and the bold, reckless Ludovico Sforza wrote his name in deep red characters on the paper. The magician took the paper, and unclasping the book of magic upon the table, placed it between the leaves, and again closed the volume. That done, from a quaint little cupboard he took several minute bottles, from each of which he poured a few drops into an empty bottle in a rich flagree case which stood upon the table. When he had completed the mixture, he handed the silver-cased bottle to Sforza, saying:

"Go, now. This liquid, which is perfectly tasteless when mingled with wine, and perfectly colorless, will produce death. Five drops each day, and in three months your victim will pass away to another world, and none to say, nothing to prove who sent him there. Increase the dose—give ten drops instead of five, and in half the time he who swallows the dose will die. Increase the dose still more, and in less time Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and husband of the loveliest woman in all Italy will be beyond your power to work him good or ill. Know now that I know you and your victim. Beware how you seek to deceive me, or play me false, your life will be the forfeit. Go!"

Without a word, Ludovico Sforza took the fatal bottle, and fled down stairs, without daring to look behind him, trembling at what he had done, but never swerving from his purpose. Could he have heard the low chuckle which followed him, Ludovico would have been less sure of getting the best of the bargain.

"Fool, fool! The compact is made, and well he will rue it. Ha, ha, ha! Isabella of Naples will feel what it is to scorn an Italian. Because I was homely, withered and old before my time,

she scorned my suit. I, an Italian nobleman, wealthy beyond count, she refused. She let her beautiful eyes express surprise, then pity, and then, O heavens, as I urged my suit, she scorned me! She didn't say so, but I saw it in her eyes, those glorious eyes. I saw her beautiful lips curl, and those bewildering eyes grow dark with scorn as she refused me, the Marquis of Spasi. What fools the world contains! By the aid of a little native wit and shrewdness, these hideous skulls, pictures, stuffed birds and reptiles, I pass for a magician, and fool even the intelligent. Do I not know Ludovico Sforza the Moor? Tyrannical, selfish, envious and unprincipled, I read his vile thoughts, as disguised like a beggar I lingered near the portal of the duke's palace. I could have killed Ludovico for gazing so boldly upon the beauty I never can possess. I saw his surprise as he gazed on Isabella's blushing face. I read his desire in his eyes, and the look of hate he cast upon the lucky duke. Not in vain have I watched him day by day, and seen the hatred deepen, and the desire of passion grow each day more powerful. The poison I gave him is sure if science can tell anything. Ludovico Sforza will give the tan drops, and in three weeks the Duchess of Milan will be a widow. Sforza, you are a fool! Half of what you gain is mine. Ha, ha, I will take the body, the beautiful casket, and if Ludovico can gain possession of the soul without injuring the body, let him do so. He has pledged the casket."

A few weeks and the Milanese mourned like one great family—Giovanni Galeazzo, the loved Duke of Milan, was dead. He had rapidly faded away before their eyes. Each day on the balcony he grew paler and weaker; at last he came there no more to receive the welcome of his people. Pale and tearful came the adored, the lovely Isabella, and the people learned each day from her wan face how the duke was. At last she came not at all, the balcony was draped with black, a great grief fell upon the people, for their loved master was dead, the brave, generous duke. A great lamentation filled the city. A dark, sad day it was for the devoted Milanese when the vault closed over all that remained of Giovanni Galeazzo. Isabella was tearless.

With tears and kind offers, Ludovico Sforza came to her, and rage filled his heart when he saw that she scorned him. Isabella distrusted and feared him, and in her own mind resolved to rid herself of him. One day he came to her, and being inflamed by her beauty, he gave vent to his admiration in the following words:

"Isabella, beautiful creature, my heart burns

within me. The world will come. Have you been blind to the love which nearly consumed me while Giovanni lived?"

The words struck terror to her woman's heart. She was fully convinced now of the truth of her suspicions that Giovanni had died an unnatural death. Rising in her wrath and indignation, Isabella quivering with passion exclaimed:

"Go, vile assassin, murderer, and pollute this place no more! Go, before I kill you, for I would dare do anything, now." And so speaking, she drew a glittering dagger from her bosom.

Foiled, beaten back for a time, Ludovico retreated. Open war was between them now, and she would feel his power. The next morning, Isabella, Duchess of Milan, had disappeared. Furious, Ludovico Sforza rushed to the magician's den. No clue could he gain there. Calistro thought that this frenzying was mere acting on the part of Sforza, done to blind him to his acts, and Sforza thought the same of Calistro. Insulting words passed between them. Swords were drawn, and Calistro fell. Ludovico sought night and day for the lost beauty, but could gain no trace of her. One night as he returned from one of his vain searches, he heard a step behind him, and the next instant he was stabbed from behind, and fell dead upon the pavements. Few were sorrowful when the news of the assassination spread abroad. Out from her sanctuary, which was a convent near Milan, came the beautiful, sad duchess, fearing nothing now, since the death of the bold LUDOVICO THE MOOR.

A HINT TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole winter. All the different varieties of the plant being used, the various shapes and colors of the leaves blend into a beautiful effect. They require no fresh water.—*Telegraph*.

RETIREMENT.

What, what is virtue but repose of mind—
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud, malignant worm;
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy—as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

THOMSON.

STATISTICS OF HEADACHE.

The Medical Times and Gazette contains some interesting medical data, obtained by inquiries made in the usual course of professional experience, concerning the causes of headache. Of ninety cases cited, seventy-six were females—a number which establishes pretty strongly the fact testified to by most of the old writers, that females are more frequent sufferers. Of the seventy-six females, forty were single. The predisposition in the case of females is believed to originate in the nervous system—susceptibility of nervous disorder being much oftener found in the female than in the male subject. It is likely to exist in organisms which evidence a capability of so much fineness and delicacy of perception, united with so much proneness to emotional excitement, and in which the functions of organic life are observed to be so readily wrought by passing states of sensation and emotion.

Of the exciting causes, emotional disturbance has the highest number. Out of ninety cases, fifty-three declared this to be one of the causes of their attacks, forty-eight also considered that atmospheric states were to be blamed, and twenty-five specified thunder. In regard to inheritance of the liability, in nineteen cases the mother is mentioned, in nine the father, and in twelve both parents; in all, forty gave explicit evidence of hereditary predisposition, and a few others mentioned cases in collateral branches. Out of the ninety cases, only nineteen blamed their diet. As to the influence of climate, twenty-nine seem very clear that they are least liable to attacks of headache in places where the air is dry and bracing; six commend cold atmosphere and six condemn it; eight praise warm atmosphere and three dislike it; six are in favor of sea air and four are averse to it. Fatigue is mentioned as an inciting cause by thirty-two.

A MODEL WOMAN.

"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B.—is poor?"

"Yes, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No; and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter—I shall see more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"O, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house, and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with thin, cheap carpets."

"Then I shall hear his steps the sooner."—*Bee*.

A DECISIVE ANSWER.—It is narrated of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., that she once inquired of Mr. Pitt, who subsequently became Earl Chatham, what it would cost to close the parks of London to the populace and make private grounds of them. "Three Crowns, your majesty!" was Mr. Pitt's sententious reply. And Queen Caroline never felt in a disposition afterwards to recur to the subject.

[ORIGINAL.]
SONNET.

BY E. G. JOHNSON.

What boots the graces of thy form and face?
In estimation of the truly wise,
All human beauty is in poor disgrace
That lacks the crown of love's sweet sanctities.
Think not to move our lips with words of praise
With such an empty challenge for applause;
Give us the theme of consecrated days
Spent in the service of some worthy cause!
I ask thee not to fill the public eye
With deeds to win the sounding voice of fame;
But in thy proper sphere do thou comply
With all that thy peculiar duties claim.
Then shall thy goodly honor be confessed
In heaven and earth, and thou be truly blessed.

[ORIGINAL.]

THIRTY-FIVE.

BY MISS M. A. DANA.

"THIRTY-FIVE to-day! My life is just half through—that is, if I am to live the threescore and ten which the Bible says is the life of man. I sometimes wish that I had already reached the end."

Such was the remark that I addressed to myself upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday. I was not in the best of humors, as may be inferred from a portion of my remark. But when I had pushed aside the curtain and opened the window, and had revelled for a while in the glories of an October morning (for the reader must know what I am proud of telling, that my birthday comes in the glorious month of October, "which makes the woods so gay"), then did my spirit acquire its usual tone of serenity, and I became half-ashamed of my first exclamation. But the day had begun badly, and I was destined to encounter and overcome many more vexations before it ended.

As I looked in the glass that morning, never, so it seemed to me, had the ravages of time been so perceptible. My brow locks, which had been the pride and admiration of my friends, and which only yesterday had seemed to me as glossy, abundant and beautiful as ever, now looked faded and thinned—and, yes—actually there was a gray hair! I am ashamed to confess, that for one instant I was almost disposed to sit down and cry, but happily, I did not yield to the temptation. My eyes, too, which in my younger days had been dark and lustrous, and which, as my cousin John had once said, "shone like an angel's when I was animated," now, upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday, looked dull

and green. There were wrinkles, too, upon my face, which could only have been placed there by the hand of time. In fact, I looked like a wrinkled, faded, grim old maid, and with this impression strong upon my mind, I put on the most Quaker-like dress I possessed, combed my hair back as plainly as possible, and went down to breakfast. As I opened the door, I was unfortunate enough to interrupt a family conference. For there were seated at the table, uncle and aunt, John, Harry, Frank and little Annie, all seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. Upon my sudden entrance there was an abrupt pause, and some embarrassment expressed by the younger members of the family.

"Another advantage in being an old maid," thought I to myself, "she's sure to stumble into places where she isn't wanted."

As I seated myself in my accustomed place at the table, there was an exclamation from John: "Good gracious, Emily, have you turned Quaker? What in the world is the meaning of that drab dress?"

"It means that I am thirty-five to-day, so be reverent, if you please," said I, shaking my finger at him.

"In half mourning for her hopes," I suppose, muttered Harry, with a most malicious expression of face. At this point I jotted down a memorandum in my mind—to give Harry a lecture upon respect before the day was through.

"I do believe cousin Emily has made a mistake," shouted my pet Frank, at this moment, shaking his curls all over his head. "I know she is forty instead of thirty-five to-day, and I'll prove it by the family Bible after breakfast. O, Cousin Emily, to think that you, of all others, should cheat in your age! I shall never believe in you after this."

"Hold your tongues, boys," interrupted my uncle. "If you don't behave yourselves, you shall take no part in you know what." And here my uncle nodded mysteriously.

As I left the table that morning, I felt sure that I hated boys most decidedly, and I came to the conclusion that they were the most ungrateful set that ever lived. Even Frank, by whose side had I had spent some years of my life, who had often declared that he loved me better than anything else on earth; even he had wounded me by a foolish jest.

"Please, Emily, don't come down to dinner in drab," said John, as he handed me to the door in an unusually gallant style.

"And, Cousin Emily, mother says you are not to enter the kitchen to-day," whispered little Annie, with a most bewitching smile.

"So they want to get rid of me," thought I, bitterly. "And what can have come over those boys this morning? I never knew them to behave so. I really believe they wish I were out of the house, and so I begin to think do uncle and aunt, too. Last year I was loaded with presents, and to-day there is not even the mention of one. Not, of course, that I care anything about the presents themselves, but then it is pleasant to know that there is some one in the world who cares about you. Well, I see I shall have to go away from here and find a home by myself, for who cares for an old maid?"

Thus grumbling, I entered my room and cast my eyes around to see what it was best to employ my time about—for upon this, my birthday, I was extremely fastidious as regarded my occupations. It pleased me just then to remember that there was a quantity of old letters to be looked over and sorted, a task that I had put off from day to day as a painful one, for it would necessarily recall the one bitter sorrow of my life.

Twelve years before, upon that very day, my marriage was to have taken place. But before the time came we had quarrelled, and when the sun rose upon our wedding-day, Philip Allen was across the sea, a sad and solitary wanderer. As I re-read those letters, relics of my love-dream, how vividly did every circumstance connected with it come up before me! How well I recollected our quarrel, which my own wilfulness had caused, and Philip's sad, reproachful face when I turned from him with the angry exclamation:

"Go, if you wish it—it is best—for we shall never agree—we had better never meet again."

And we had never met again. My words, bitterly repented of as soon as spoken, and repented of every day and hour since that time, had been literally adhered to. Philip was in a distant land, and I was an old maid of thirty-five. My musings were here interrupted by the most outrageous noise down stairs. I began seriously to think that my uncle was knocking away a portion of his house by the hammering that I heard. The most uproarious shouts of laughter likewise floated up from the regions below.

"I really believe everybody here is crazy to-day," thought I, as I commenced my toilet for dinner.

To please John, I put on the very gayest dress I possessed—for however much I might grumble about the boys, I knew and they knew that I would do most anything to please them.

"Very well, very well indeed—you'll do, Emily," said John, as he took a critical survey of my dress through his eye-glass.

At dinner time there were the same mysterious nods and glances that I had noticed at breakfast, and everybody seemed unusually excited. In the afternoon John prepared to drive me out in his new buggy, to see the country in its October dress.

"More likely to make acquaintance with Mother Earth," retorted I, "for, really, John, you are so excited, you will not be able to manage that spirited horse of yours."

But John protested that he was never calmer in his life, and as a proof of his placidity, performed some of the most ridiculous manoeuvres, without, however, convincing me at all.

"Better go, Cousin Emily," said Harry—"it may be your last chance. I don't expect you'll as much as look at me after to-day."

In my heart of hearts, I determined both to look at the gentleman and to talk to him in a way that he should not soon forget. But this matter was put off till another day, for there stood John waiting impatiently for me. Now, as I really had no fear, whatever of John's driving, I decided to go, little guessing the vexations I should undergo before I reached home.

"Now," thought I, as I seated myself in the buggy, "now I will find out the meaning of all this mystery. It will be impossible for John to keep the secret from me."

"Has anything unusual happened to-day, John?" I commenced.

"Anything unusual happened to-day?" repeated John—"why yes, I think there has."

"What?" demanded I, impatiently.

"Why, you are thirty-five to-day, are you not, Emily?" returned John, with a very demure face—"and quite young and handsome, too, for 'thirty-five.'"

Now I was both amused and provoked at the absurdity of this speech. To tell the truth, I had by this time become a little tired of hearing 'thirty-five.'

"No matter," thought I, "he will at least be moved when he hears that I am to go away. I know that he will say cousin Emily can't be dispensed with."

"John," I began, "sometimes—to-day especially, I have thought that it would be best if I should go away from here—that I should be happier in another dwelling-place, because—"

I was here interrupted by John, who was attacked by the most outrageous fit of coughing, which lasted several minutes, and which by its violence threatened to rupture a blood vessel. Indeed I was really alarmed by the evident distress in which he was, and which exhibited itself by the purple hue of his face and by the oddest

grimaces. No allusion was made to my remark during the remainder of the ride, and I must say I was not a little wounded by the perfect indifference manifested by John upon the subject of my departure.

"There's Amy Anthem," shouted John, as we passed a cottage, at the gate of which stood a blooming young girl. And as John spoke, he drew up with a sudden jerk, threw the reins to me, and was soon in earnest conversation with Amy. Now Amy was a great favorite of mine, and it was no secret that she was a great favorite of John's also, but I should have preferred that he should have taken another time to have shown his partiality, especially, as by their motions I knew they were talking about me. So I leaned further back in the carriage, feeling very uncomfortable, and imagining their whole conversation.

"I suppose he is telling her that I am thirty-five to-day, and of course she will answer with her prettiest smile, 'poor old maid, I pity her!'"

"Good by, Amy—now don't forget to be ready at the exact minute," was John's final speech, as we drove away.

John had several other calls to make, the object of which I could not discover. There were several mysterious conferences held with elderly spectacled ladies, and middle-aged ladies, and young ladies—all of whom nodded kindly to me, but all of whom I suspected of saying to each other, "she's thirty-five to-day, poor thing!" How I wished we were at home, and home we reached at length, only to be met at the door by Harry, who had spent the time profitably by composing an epitaph upon our probable fate, which, standing at the foot of the stairs, he shouted out to me word by word.

How long I sat in the solitude of my own room I know not. Weary of the present, I had gone back into the days of the past—days that could never return. When I awoke to actual life it was dark, and the room felt dark and chilling. There was an unusual clatter of voices and sound of feet below, and hurrying from one room to another. I passed down the dark staircase and opened the parlor door, and then started back at the flood of light and the sight that burst upon me. The parlors were most brilliantly lighted, and full of company—my particular friends, many of whom I had thought far distant—the friends of the family were all there. What a complete change from the dark, chilly room above, and the society of my own somewhat sombre thoughts, to these cosy, comfortable parlors and this pleasant company, every one of whom had something agreeable or complimentary to say to me, as with John beside me to

keep me in countenance, I received the friends who crowded about me. What a change, too, had come over the family. All the restraint which had so vexed me during the day, was gone. My uncle and aunt were ten times kinder to me than usual, if such a thing could be possible. My cousins, too, were completely transformed into polite and agreeable people. And as Harry presented me with a magnificent bouquet, he whispered:

"Let that atone in part for my saucy speeches to-day, Cousin Emily."

I thought at that moment, I could have forgiven him much greater offences.

"Now," said John, "we are to have a series of tableaux, all in your honor, Emily. You are not expected to take part in them, otherwise than by staring at them most intently, for I assure you they will be something remarkable."

I laughed, promised to stare at them most intently, and seated myself with such of the company as were not actors. In our rather old-fashioned mansion, the library connected with the parlors by means of folding doors, and these being now pushed aside, disclosed the theatre of performances. The changes which the library had undergone, accounted also for the hammering sounds I had heard in the morning.

The first tableau was rather a failure. It represented John in a very picturesque dress, and with drawn weapon standing over Frank, who crouched upon the ground in terror. The bright weapon so near his curly head, must have frightened my little favorite, for he made a very perceptible movement, which greatly amused the spectators, but destroyed the effect of the picture. Then followed a representation of Evangeline, with sweet, sad face, sitting by the "nameless grave;" Ruth among her sheaves of wheat, besides various groups which looked remarkably well. Little Red Riding-hood, which character was represented by blooming Amy Anthem, in a charming red cloak, was another attractive feature.

But the tableau which most engaged my attention was the last of all, where David was represented as mourning over the dead Absalom. Harry, as Absalom, lay in the very semblance of death, every feature in perfect repose. There was a hush among the spectators, for perfect stillness was such a novelty in connection with our wild, roguish Harry, that this seemed real, too real. Over the bier bowed David in all the majesty of woe. The face of the actor was hidden from my sight, but the bowed form, the attitude alone, proclaimed the depth of human suffering. Never before to my knowledge had I seen the person who represented David, nor did

he seem known to the company, for when the curtain fell, every one asked of his neighbor the question, "who acted David?" But none knew.

A little later in the evening I managed to find Harry, who looked now as little like the dead Absalom as it was possible to look, and endeavored to extract from him some information in regard to the stranger—for strange to say, that was the subject upon which my thoughts oftenest dwell. But Harry pretended perfect ignorance.

"How should I know who it was, when my eyes were closed the whole time? I tell you what, it isn't an easy thing to act Absalom."

"But you certainly know who was leaning over you, Harry."

"I know—I think not. I had as much as I could do to keep perfectly still."

I saw that there was nothing to be extracted from Harry, so I attacked John upon the subject. But my question remained unanswered, for John was again seized by one of those fearful fits of coughing that had engaged my sympathy in the morning.

"Now that I have recovered, Emily," said John, when it pleased him to stop coughing, "just come with me into the dining-room, from this crowd. I've something there to show you."

And something indeed there was—for there stood my good old uncle with a beautiful gold watch in his hand, which he presented to me with a few simple but affecting words. Then followed my aunt with a gift, at once elegant and appropriate. And then, in their turn, each of the boys. Before the presentation of his gift, which was an elegant rosewood writing-desk, John attempted to make a little speech, but broke down in the midst of it, to the great amusement of all, for John was very seldom embarrassed. Ah! how little justice I had done them all that morning. I had accused them of not caring for me, of wishing me out of the house; and here had the whole family united in honoring my birthday and remembering my tastes. How much had I, old maid as I was, and thirty-five years old, to be thankful for! How like a stab did every one of these kindnesses seem, when I thought of my morning soliloquy. As these ideas passed through my mind, I raised my eyes and encountered those of Annie, who, child-like, had been fluttering about from one room to another, and was now watching me intently.

"Now, Cousin Emily, if you will come into the library, I will show you my present."

The library had been entirely deserted by our guests, and as Annie and I approached it from the dining-room, I saw only one solitary figure, that of the stranger, sitting with his face turned

from the light. I was about to withdraw, but Annie urged me gently forward, and just then the stranger turned with an eager look, and for the first time for twelve years, I stood face to face with Philip Allen! There was no mistaking those features, which once seen could never be forgotten, and there was no mistaking the eager, impetuous haste with which Philip rushed forward to greet me. He was not changed; and that thought brought such exceeding joy, that I forgot that I was thirty-five, and no longer young and handsome.

Strange to say, this idea never occurred to me during the remainder of the evening, which seemed unaccountably short—neither the next day, nor the next day after. But, as Harry remarked next morning at breakfast, travellers have such wonderful stories to relate, that one cannot even think of anything else. Philip, indeed, had been a wanderer many years, and those years had been so full of marvellous adventures, and it was so necessary that he should tell them to somebody, that it happened, I hardly know how, that I was obliged to give him a great many conferences in the library. And these adventures had from one thing led to another, and finally, in the most unromantic manner possible (for what romance could be expected of such elderly people), it was proposed that we should give out another invitation to our friends some evening, and that we should become actors in that very imposing tableau, called marriage. We did as we proposed, and so I became Mrs. Philip Allen.

John congratulated me in a curious fashion:

"You are not half good enough for Philip, Emily—for haven't you deserted me most cruelly, when I took the trouble to take you to ride upon your thirty-fifth birthday, and nearly killed myself in keeping good news from you. The whole family took the greatest trouble to deceive you that day, for of course we all knew Philip had come. By the way, I must tell Philip how much happier you would be if you went away from here, because—"

And here John was seized with his old fit of coughing, which was speedily cured, however, by the sight of Amy Anthon.

As for myself, I need only to say, that I look back with the most pleasant recollections, to the day when I was thirty-five, and I assure you that that wasn't a great while ago.

MEMORIES.

Memories dwell like doves among the trees,
Like nymphs in glooms, like naiads in the wells;
And some are sweet, and sadder some than death.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

(ORIGINAL.)

"COME HOME."

Suggested by a sermon to young men preached Sunday evening, October 16, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Philadelphia. Subject—"The Prodigal Son."

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Come, weary wanderer, come again
Unto thy Father's house and heart!
Though guilty have thy wanderings been,
And stained thy soul with much of sin.
Yet do not longer stricken roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

Thy Father's willing ear inclines
Unto thy footsteps drawing nigh;
Though want before hath marked thy lines,
And sin made up thy strange designs,
Still, weary one, no longer roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

A yearning heart with pulses warm,
Waits anxiously thy faltering step:
To clasp with arms of love thy form,
To draw thee back from life's rough storm.
O, sad one, do not longer roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

No longer eat the husks of swine;
Thy Father's board is more than filled;
The fattest calf is wholly thine:
Let then with joy thy heart incline.
O, wanderer, do not longer roam—
Return again!—come home, come home!

(ORIGINAL.)

HERBERT GRANGER'S SIN.

BY CLARISSA W. STORY.

HERBERT GRANGER stood leaning over his dressing-table with a scowl on his forehead and a curling-iron in his hand. One of his glossy, purple-black ringlets, fresh from the artistic hands of his hair dresser, had taken a notion to straighten itself out in an audacious, unbecoming way, and this was what the scowl and the curling-iron were for. The table was littered up like any woman's—there were brushes and combs—bottles of hair-oil and cologne—scissors, pin-cushions—and a thousand little knick-knacks essential to the making up of a fashionable toilet, but, as the advertisements have it, "too numerous to mention." A couple of dainty boxes, with French labels, stood side by side under the elegant little mirror. The oval covers were unscrewed and half removed, and if one had been near enough to catch a glimpse of their contents, they might have taken a second suspicious glance at the brilliant white and red complexion of the young gentleman who stood there winding that refrac-

tory lock of hair about the curling-iron. Not that I would insinuate anything against the genuineness of the roses and lilies which blossomed so freshly between the enclosing hedge of whisks and curls in the garden of the aforesaid young gentleman's face. Not I. I hold that truthfulness to nature is one of an author's first duties, and who ever heard of such a thing as any person, not strictly feminine, resorting to the beautifying influence of pearl-powder and rouge?

There the little oval boxes stood, however, with their covers unscrewed and half removed, and their Parisian inscriptions staring up sanctily at the brilliant complexion above them, as though they could have told queer stories had they wished to, and preached queer sermons, and given queer advice. As if they could have said, and *would* have said it, too, only that their auditor understood nothing but English, and they talked nothing but French:

"Herbert Granger, you are a weak, vain fellow of a fellow. You are effeminate—you are silly—you are insincere—your heart is as false as your complexion—as hollow, and unreliable, and easily twisted about, as that lock of hair you are scowling at."

Perhaps they did manage to make themselves understood a little, for the young man suddenly gave an uneasy, downward glance—frowned, and pushed the little oval boxes impatiently out of sight under a crumpled newspaper.

"Heigh-ho! Now for an hour or two at cousin Harry's, and then an evening with Julia—charming Julia!"

These were his thoughts, not his words (for only children and people innocent as children are apt to talk aloud to themselves), as he laid down the curling-iron and gave a finishing touch to his hair, by smoothing it over with his jewelled hand.

"Beautiful Julia!" his thought ran on, "how the men envy me, and what wouldn't some of the dear creatures give to stand in my shoes—the affianced lover of the handsomest girl in the city!"

A gleam of the rich October sunset shone just then at a window of the luxuriously furnished room, and fluttered against the satin-papered wall. It looked like a little golden bird alighting there, ruffling its pretty plumage, and perching its rosy head on one side, as if it had a faculty of hearing the young man's unspoken thoughts, and had come in on purpose to listen.

"Jupiter! what would Miss Julia say to see me now? (He was softening down the rather hectic brilliancy of one cheek with the corner of a dampened handkerchief.) Confound it, what a daub! But it's a poor rule that won't work

both ways, and if she doesn't come out once in a while with more color than the Lord gave her, then I'm mistaken. She don't think I know it though, any more than I think *she* knows that I am by nature as sallow as an East Indian, and as straight-haired as a cat. By the way, what fools the women are, to take so much pains to please us men, and what fools we men are to take equal pains to please *them*. I vow I wouldn't do it—I would be as indifferent as a stone—I would let paint and hair-oil, and curling-tongs go to the deuce, if it wasn't that my purse was so mighty lean, and I must fatten it by marrying an heiress. O dear, why couldn't I have been born rich instead of handsome?"

At this period of his thoughts, he smiled a faint, sarcastic smile to himself, and the little golden bird, listening as it flitted softly along the satin papered wall, grew pale with disgust or fright, and as he went on thinking his vain, selfish thoughts, it grew dimmer and dimmer, fluttering and shrinking away across the clusters of roses on the paper, still fluttering, and shrinking, and fading away, till at last its little pale, gold wings shut together languidly, the listening head drooped, and creeping into a dim corner of the chamber, it vanished altogether.

Perhaps if Herbert Granger had watched his little timid visitor, instead of studying his mirror so attentively, and if his spiritual ear had been delicate enough to hear the divine song it sung, he would have washed the roses from his face, and straightened out his curling hair, for very shame—shame born of the dim perception that he was a most unmanly man. As it was, however, he only drew on his faultlessly fitting kid gloves, holding up his small hand before the glass as he did so, to admire its feminine whiteness and size, set his hat stylishly over his curls, took up his fashionable walking stick, and giving it a nonchalant twirl, sauntered down stairs into the street.

A little, thinly-clad figure, holding to its bosom a bundle that had a human look, as if it might be a baby, fluttered timidly out from one of the dark, narrow by-streets, as he went along, and laid its hand on his arm—a thin, white, trembling hand, that one might have taken for a snow flake, and almost looked to see it melt in the warmth of the glossy broadcloth sleeve, to which it clung so shyly, yet so pleadingly.

"A few pennies, sir—my baby is starving."

There was a pitiful sadness in the sweet, faint voice, but nothing that should have made the hot, red blood dash up into Herbert Granger's face, as it did, showing its crimson stain, even through pearl-powder and rouge.

"How dare you dog my steps in that way, you beggar?" he said, angrily shaking off the little hand as remorselessly as though it had been the snow-flake it looked. "This is the third time I have seen you to-day."

The girl's head, which had been drooped, as if for shame, during her appeal for charity, was lifted with a sudden start.

"Indeed—indeed I did not know who it was, Herbert! God knows I would rather starve than beg of you!"

And then the little slight, thinly-clad figure, holding its human-looking bundle to its bosom, fluttered and shrank away, as the sunshine had shrank away on the wall—fluttered and shrank away in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street—fluttered and shrank away, God only knows with what utter despair and weariness of heart and limbs!

Time hung heavily on Miss Julia Knowlton's hands. Time is apt to hang heavily, I believe, when young women are expecting their lovers, as Miss Julia was expecting hers.

The tiny hands of her jewelled watch (dear, busy, industrious hands—did they ever teach their wealthy, petted mistress, I wonder, the lesson of patience and faithful duty which those little golden pulses throbbed out day after day, and month after month!) indicated the hour of six, and Herbert was not coming till eight. Dear, dear, what a weary time it was to wait, Miss Julia thought. She had yawned over her embroidery, bored herself almost to death at the piano (though she played only Herbert's favorite songs), got sleepy over the last fashion plates, and crows over the last novel. She had paced the long parlors up and down, not because she was impatient for his arrival (she was too well-bred to love him heartily enough and healthily enough for that), but because she was alone in the house, with only the stupid servants to keep her company, and could think of nothing better to busy herself about—walked till her dainty feet fairly ached with their restless pacing back and forth. Then she had stopped before one of the long mirrors and arranged and re-arranged to suit her own capricious taste, the stylish braids of her abundant hair, petulantly wondering how much a fright her dressing-maid would make her, if left to herself.

"There's a beggar at the door, what wont be sent away all I can do, ma'am," said a servant, thrusting her head into the room, while the white, jewelled fingers were still busy at their task of unlooping and looping up again the silken, scented waves of braided hair.

"Nonsense, Nancy," was the peevish answer. "You presume on my good nature, because I happen to be alone this evening. Where's the earthly use of your coming to me with such stuff as that. Of course she'll go away if you tell her to."

"But she's such a pretty, scared, tender-looking little thing, ma'am, and so young, and has such a white, sad face, and such a tired way of speaking, that I hadn't the heart to send her away no better than she came, unless you are unwilling for me to take her into the kitchen—the back kitchen, of course, ma'am—and cheer her up a bit with something to eat and drink."

If Miss Julia had heard her described as old and infirm and haggard, ten to one she would have ordered Nancy to banish her from the premises instantly, though she was not naturally unkind at heart; but the servant girl's adjectives struck her fancy, as a pretty paragraph in a fashionable sensation sermon on charity might have done. A strange impulse came over her.

"You say she is young and pretty, Nancy," she said, glancing at her watch again, and yawning languidly. "If that is the case, she must be interesting, and you may show her in here. Don't roll your eyes out so, girl," she added, laughing at Nancy's stare of amazement, "but do as I tell you. I am dying of ennui, and perhaps she will serve to amuse me for awhile."

Amuse you, Lady Julia! God forbid!

What a sweet, white, mournful face it was that dawned upon her vision the next moment—with the roses blanched entirely out of the waxen cheeks—with the light of all womanly faith and joy and hope faded from the melancholy eyes, as though drenched away by constant weeping—with the delicate lips quivering, as in a pallid supplication for rest and peace—and the soft hair astray about the temples, as beautifully and sadly golden as sunshine on new-made graves. O yes, what a very sweet, white, mournful face it was—so wan, so pleading, so wistful, and so weary—with such a forlorn, dejected, pent expression lying about the young mouth, and over the low, smooth brow like a shadow! And what an old, old look it gave to the girlish countenance to have that little human bundle hugged to the youthful bosom beneath!

"Nancy told the truth—you are pretty," said Julia, speaking with impulsive frankness, and rolled into something quite like interest, by her strange guest's youth and loveliness. "I never should have mistrusted you were a beggar though, you don't look like one. You are not at all like those horrid old things who beg in the street. If you had been, I shouldn't have let you come in

here," she added, puffing the trembling little figure forward into the full blaze of light, and then pushing her good-naturedly down into the delicious depths of a luxurious rocking-chair, against the crimson cushions of which, her face looked more thin and melancholy than ever.

"And indeed I am not a beggar, ma'am—that is, I have not been one long." The words were articulated wearily and slowly, as though all the frail young creature's strength was concentrated in the effort to speak them. "I never before to-day asked charity, ma'am—never indeed. But I could not see my baby starve—O, I could not, *could not* see my blessed darling starve."

Down underneath all the vanity and pride and selfishness of Julia Knowlton's surface character, there was a sealed fountain of tender, womanly feeling and gentle womanly charity, which the pathos of those few plaintive words stirred into sudden life.

"Poor thing!" she said, leaning over the chair, and smoothing back with her jewelled hand the loose gold of the straying hair—"poor thing! tell me your story—you have a story, I am sure."

"Not much—of—a—one—ma'am." Still more wearily and wanderingly came the faintly spoken words, and still more thin and pallid for their utterance, looked the attenuated face leaning back against the glowing velvet cushions. "It is a—very—very—old—story, ma'am. I was so young—so silly—so vain—so credulous—"

She stopped there, raised her head a little, and withdrew the ragged covering from the tiny bundle nestling at her breast, revealing a baby face still more wan, and sharp, and pitiful than her own, and holding it forward a little more into the light (drooping her head as she did so), as though that would finish her story for her better than words.

"You were seduced then?"

Julia said it, snatching her caressing hand away from among the golden coils of hair, as though they had been so many serpents, and stepping suddenly back, with the quick, cold instinct of self-righteousness freezing over for an instant the sweet waters of pity, so lately troubled to their depths. Seduced! What a hard, cold word it seemed, coming from those haughty lips, and what a wide gulf it fixed between those two young and beautiful women—so near together, because they were young and beautiful, and yet so infinitely far apart in the world's dimly seeing eyes.

It was a sad, sad picture, and any artist who could have wrought it out on canvass, might have brought the very angels down from heaven to weep above the production of his genius. A

sad, sad picture—the little, trembling, penitent outcast—a child in years and in strength—a woman only in her sin and its punishment of shame—shrinking and drooping over her starving babe, in the glare and gorgeousness of that luxurious room, and her more favored sister holding herself scornfully aloof, with the light gleaming over her silken raiment, revealing the flush and the angry darkness of pride on her beautiful face, flashing and throbbing over the jewels in her braided hair—over the delicate laces on her bosom, and the golden bracelets banding her round white arms!—a sad, sad picture!

But the angel came down and troubled the waters of Julia Knowlton's heart once again. There came before her, while she stood there, the memory of a sweet story that has been handed down to us through the centuries—the story of the Magdalen of old—the penitent Magdalen, who found strength and pardon and peace, because of the holy, pitying love and tenderness of her Divine Brother and Saviour! Somehow, though Julia was a frivolous, giddy woman of the world, that memory touched and softened her heart.

"Poor child!" she said, again leaning over the chair as she had done at first, and gathering away once more the soft, stray tresses from the drooping face. "Poor child! poor child! I pity you from my heart. You have been sadly wronged. What is your baby's name, dear?"

The bent face lifted itself at the question, flamed all over for an instant with the sudden stain of shame, like snow turning blood-red under the sunset, then grew white with a whiteness as of death, and fell back faintly among the ruby cushions.

"Herbert!"

"Herbert?—Herbert *what*, poor dear?"

"Her—bert Fray, now. (What a feeble, forced, wandering whisper it was!) I have—called him Herbert Granger—until—to-day—but I saw him—saw him—its father—and he was—cru—el—O so cruel!"

With a face so changed that it seemed suddenly petrified into marble, Julia Knowlton turned away, and walked unsteadily to and fro, stretching out her clasped hands between herself and her guest, seeming to shrink away from the harmless, quiet little figure, as though the very sight of it hurt some tender place in her heart—seeming to shrink away, as that had shrunk away not long before, in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street.

Ah, even fashionable women have hearts sometimes, capable of loving and of suffering—and here, wrestling sternly with its pain, under

her jewelled boddice, was one of them. One of the barriers which she had so proudly built up between herself and the little outcast had been thrown down with such force, that her whole womanly soul recoiled from the shock. She went forward at last, still holding her clasped hands between herself and her guest, as though to ward off some apprehended hurt. But, O, how harmlessly still the fragile figure was lying! How pitifully white the thin face showed against the brilliant background of rosy velvet! How strangely close the long, fair lashes clung to the sunken cheeks! Was she asleep?

"Wake up, dear!"—the clasped hands were still between them—"wake up, and come with me to the kitchen. I ought to have thought of it long ago, you look so famished and exhausted. Are you not hungry?"

The baby stirring in its ragged blanket, woke up and smiled in her face. That was all the answer that she received.

"Come, wake up! It is strange you could go to sleep with *that* name on your lips." (The hands were shudderingly unclasped then, and one of them was laid gently on the sleeper's shoulder to rouse her.)

Ay, you may unlock your hands without fear, Lady Julia. The poor thing will never hurt your heart any more with her sad history! You may clasp the slender shoulders, and bend down closely over the pallid, mournful face, and call her by name, and try to waken her by the mention of food (you could have wakened her so yesterday, or the day before, or even a week since, for she was hungry as long ago as that—but you cannot waken her now.) God's saddest angel has been in your presence when you knew it not, and a ransomed spirit went out with him into the mystery of the unknown hereafter, never to know hunger, or cold, or sin, or shame, any more forever.

People wondered why the match was broken off between the handsome Herbert Granger and the beautiful heiress, Julia Knowlton—they had seemed so devoted to each other! And they wondered still more, as the years went by, why she remained single, and what strange whim had got into her head that she should adopt and educate as her own that pale-faced little pauper boy, whose antecedents no one knew or could even guess at. Perhaps if they could have looked into her heart, knowing whose child it was, and seen that she loved it less for its own sake than for its erring father's, yet loved it greatly for its own, they would have wondered still the more. But so it was.

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

The moonbeams are lighting the hills and the vales,
While night's deepest silence o'er all things prevails;
The stars shining brightly their watches still keep,
And Nature reposes to quiet and sleep;
But the mind is still active, and sends forth the ray
That illumines our life like the first beams of day.

We listen with rapture to Nature's sweet hymn,
At morn, or at eve when the daylight grows dim;
In the hour when we turn to the past, and reflect
On the hearts that we love and the minds we respect;
And 'tis well thus to cheer the sad spirit and lone
With music and memory, the lovely and gone.

And each hour has its lesson to kindly impart,
If we yield to its teachings a true willing heart;
Some breathings of heaven to throw o'er the gloom
And the cares of the world, like a wreath on the tomb:
Where the forms of the loved and the lovely repose,
Where bloom in sad beauty the violet and rose.

But at this seeming pause when deep silence bears sway,
When thoughts are more free, and glad spirits obey
Their heavenly missions, we wake to the power
Of truth, that seems born of the loneliest hour:
And the world stands unveiled to our vision, and light
Shines forth like the stars in the deep shades of night.

O, heed its grave teachings, for wisdom and worth
Are more to be sought than the riches of earth;
And the inward revelations are given to guide
To freedom and happiness—all things beside
May be doubted, if ever conflicting they prove
With their judgment of truth and the spirit of love.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

BY EDWARD D. PRABODY.

SOME years ago I was appointed agent for an extensive firm in the city of New York, and was obliged by the duties of my office to travel frequently in the Western States. In those days the means of communication between different parts of the country were much less extended than at present, and in consequence I very often performed long journeys on horseback, concealing commonly large sums of money about my person. For the better security of life and property, which were not seldom endangered in the less populous districts, I invariably made it my practice to go armed; and being naturally of a fearless turn, rather enjoyed than otherwise the sense of danger from which I was never wholly free. One of my adventures—and I met many well worth narrating—involved circumstances which at the time seemed to border on the su-

pernatural, and which, although subsequently explained in part, have always been in a great measure mysteriously inexplicable. No system of psychology has ever yet succeeded in analysing these occult operations of the mind, by which the imagination is determined to represent on its canvass scenes which are yet enveloped in the impenetrable darkness of futurity. But to my story.

The occasions of my business in the year 183—, rendered it necessary for me to traverse alone the western part of the State of Ohio, and I made the journey, as usual, on horseback. This State, now one of the most lustrous stars in the federal constellation, was at that time eclipsed in glory by many a sister luminary which has since grown dim beside it. The greater part of my route lay through a thinly peopled region, in which the houses were "like angel's visits, few and far between," and in which I was frequently obliged to put up with accommodations of the very plainest description. One wet, raw, windy day in October I had ridden further than common on a wretched road, which had greatly tasked the powers of my willing horse; and as the afternoon wore away, and still no signs of a house appeared, I began to feel anxious no less on his account than on my own. Just before evening closed in, however, I was overjoyed by the distant prospect of a house, rudely built, indeed, but as welcome to my eyes as the low-lying shores of Guanahani to the strained vision of Columbus and his comrades. Patting the neck of my jaded steed, and speaking encouraging words to him, I pushed on to the haven which promised us rest after the toil and weariness of the day's exertions. Through the uncurtained windows of the lower story streamed out into the increasing darkness a cheerful light, whose waver- ing brightness indicated an open fire-place. As I drew near the house, I could partially discern through the gloom the shapes of irregular sheds and outbuildings attached to the main structure; but I only cursorily glanced at these, being more intent on reaching the inside than scrutinizing the outside of the edifice. The sound of my horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the inmates, and a man issued from one of the outbuildings, bearing a dark lantern which entirely concealed his own figure, while it plainly revealed mine.

"Can you take care of my horse, and give me food and lodging for the night?" I inquired. "We are both exhausted, and can hardly go further before to-morrow."

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

I dismounted and followed the man as he led

my horse into the barn; and having seen him well provided for, we went without an additional syllable into the house. My companion all the while, whether accidentally or designedly, kept the bright side of the lantern constantly turned toward me; and it was not until we entered the apartment containing the fire, that I could fairly obtain a sight of him. I involuntarily turned my gaze upon him before even glancing at the room into which I now entered, impelled by an irresistible curiosity for which I was at a loss to account. He was a man of rather more than the average stature, with a breadth across the shoulders I have never but once seen equalled; indeed, so athletic was his appearance that I saw instantly I was but a babe in comparison of physical strength, although at least two inches his superior in stature. His features were not ill-shaped; if it had not been for a low forehead, he might have been called almost good looking; his complexion, however, was dark, and a profusion of bushy beard rendered the expression of his mouth hardly visible. I was just turning my eyes from his face to observe the aspect of my new quarters, when for a second his glance met mine; it was instantaneously averted, but a thrill of horror, loathing and dismay shot through my frame like an agonizing electrical shock. It was a rather small, black eye the other being sightless and nearly shut, which had thus powerfully affected me; in its horrible glitter seemed to lurk the concentrated quintessence of devilish malignity. No words can describe the convulsive recoil with which I shrank from that glimpse into the depths of his soul; it was as if the earth had yawned beneath my feet, and in the blackness of the gloomy abyss I had half desecrated the deeper blackness, vast and ill-defined, of the prince of evil. With an immense effort of will, however, I shook off the influence of the man, and directed my attention to the objects that surrounded me. The room was not large, and was roughly plastered, although dingy and dirty. At one end was a rude attempt at a bar, formed out of unplanned boards; and behind this sat a woman of about thirty, with a wild expression of despair on her face; not impulsive and ungovernable, but graven in sharp lines on every feature, as if it were the sculptured countenance of a condemned criminal. On one side of the fireplace sat a man with his legs up against the side of the room, looking moodily into the fire, and smoking a clay pipe, black as the chimney-back; he did not raise his eyes once towards me. On the other side sat a dog on his hind legs, a rough, nondescript-looking animal, with a sullen yet honest stare in his

eye, as he surveyed me, growling low all the while. The furniture of the room was of the rudest kind, consisting of a few chairs and a table, on which lay a large jack-knife, and a piece of plug tobacco; one tallow candle stood near by, with a long smoky wick.

I took a chair and sat down by the fire, and asked if they could give me any supper. The woman arose, and without saying a word, set on the table from behind the bar, a half eaten leg of ham, a loaf of bread, and a jug of milk, and then resumed her seat in silence. My conductor sat down near the fire, with his face half turned away from me, and lighting a pipe, puffed away, likewise in silence. My nerves are none of the most susceptible, but by this time the gloom of the party had thoroughly infected me, and my feelings were not to be envied, as I heartily wished the morrow were come. The one-eyed man rose at last, and went to the bar.

"Well?" said the woman, coldly.

"Brandy," was the reply.

"You've had enough, already," she retorted, bitterly.

"You lie," he answered, with a fierce oath, "I've got to stick the hog early in the morning, and I want some more."

"You'd rather stick the hog than kill a chicken, any day," exclaimed the woman, passionately, "I hate you, you brute."

"You do, do you?" sneered he. "Give me the bottle, or I'll break it over your head."

"Take it yourself," groaned she, leaving the bar, "I wish you were dead, and me too."

The man took the bottle and drank a long draught from it, casting at the same time a menacing look towards the woman, and shaking his head at her threateningly. The woman shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. I could not stand it any longer, and abruptly asked to be shown to my chamber.

The man, taking up a candle, motioned me to follow him, when the dog, which had been quiet before, evinced signs of great uneasiness, and, after trying to arrest my notice by a series of hybrid noises, halfway between a bark and a whine, seized hold of my pantaloons, and held me fast.

"Curse the dog," muttered the man, with an awful oath, under his breath, and adding, "Don't mind the cur," he dealt the poor animal such a kick with his heavy boot as sent him flying across the room with a yelp of pain.

Without further delay he conducted me up a narrow flight of stairs into a room containing a tolerably decent bed, a washstand, table, and a couple of chairs. Setting the candle down, he

left the room and went down stairs. No sooner had the door closed behind him, than I noiselessly bolted it, and placed all the available furniture in the room against it, which operations considerably alleviated the uneasiness of my mind. As I turned towards the table to examine my pistols, I was startled at seeing in a cheap looking-glass which rested against the wall, the reflection of the end of my money belt, just visible between my waistcoat and my pantaloons. I commonly wore this next my body, but on this morning I had accidentally forgotten it till nearly dressed, and had therefore strapped it around me hastily, as I had little time to spare. I recollected with no slight disquietude the opportunity of observing this which had been afforded by the dark lantern; and the enigmatical remark of the woman, the diabolical look of my host, and the suspicious behaviour of the dog, simultaneously recurred to my mind, and contributed greatly to increase this disquietude. My first impulse was not to go to bed at all; but my second was to apostrophize myself under the title of "infernal fool," and, following the line of conduct implied, although hardly expressed, in this remark, I took off my clothes, and plunged into bed.

The wild moanings of the wind kept me listening for a while to their gusty music, and enhanced the feeling of awe which I strove in vain to banish from my breast. After an hour or two, however, as every thing seemed perfectly still, the fatigue of my journey gained the mastery of all anxiety, and I fell into a state akin to sleep, but distinguished from it by my retaining a consciousness of where I was and how I was circumstanced. I was powerless to move or act, but I seemed gifted with an almost supernatural acuteness of mental activity, by which I took cognizance of the least noise or disturbance. In this abnormal condition I appeared to remain tranquil for a long time, seeing and hearing altogether independently of physical organs of sense, when I became aware in my dream—for it was only an unusual kind of dream—of a scratching noise just outside my chamber window, which was near the head of the bed. This grew louder and louder, until, bursting the spell of inaction which had hitherto bound me hand and foot, I appeared to leap up and rush to the window. All without was hidden in inky blackness, and the candle I had left burning on the table was flickering in its socket, evidently about to expire. With a great effort I flung up the casement, and peered eagerly into the gloom, but I could discern nothing; and as I was on the point of closing the window again, for the wind was high, and sent a

shiver all over my frame, a large object brushed against my hands, and leaped into the room. I started back, and giving a hurried glance round the chamber, saw by the latest flicker of the dying candle, the form of the strange-looking dog. I had seen down stairs, sitting on the bed bolt upright, and staring at me. The next instant I was in utter darkness.

For some moments, I hardly knew how long, I stood motionless, while a crowd of conflicting emotions swept across my mind; but soon recovering myself, I luckily remembered there was plenty of matches in my cigar case; toward my coat pocket therefore I groped my way, and securing them, struck one of them. What was my joy to see standing on the wooden mantel-piece a second candle, half burned, but still able to give light for a couple of hours, at least? This was speedily kindled, and then, turning towards the dog, I approached the bed. The animal seemed to have no ill-natured designs, but as I drew nearer, turned his nose upward, and gave a low growl, and finding I did not heed his pantomime, but stretched out my hands to seize him, he repeated the action, and took every possible means to direct my attention to the ceiling. Without understanding his desire at the time, I involuntarily glanced upward, and conceive my horror at seeing directly over the head of my bed, the faint but distinct outlines of a large trap-door.

My frozen blood had hardly begun to tingle along my veins once more, when my eyes, firmly rivetted on this mysterious object, plainly perceived it tremble, and commence slowly to open. The dog observed this likewise, and uttering a loud howl, sprang from the bed and out of the still open window. The door, nevertheless, ascended gradually, and just as a furious gust of wind swept by, and with one of its eddies extinguished the candle, a large, heavy something fell with a crash upon the bed. With a gasp and a cry of suffocation, I started, and opening my eyes, discovered I had been dreaming; and the sense of bewilderment accompanying my waking did not prevent a feeling of intense relief.

At first I could not recollect where I was, and fancied I must be at home; but a few seconds sufficed to dispel the illusion. Casting my eyes round in an effort to identify myself and ascertain my position, I saw the candle on the table flaring up every now and then in a desperate struggle for existence. Hastily glancing at the mantel, I saw another candle, half burned, which I had not noticed when I went to bed. I was now thoroughly aroused, and with a foreboding apprehension, looked up at the ceiling, and, O

heaven, in the dimness of the light I saw the regular figure of a rectangle traced upon the plastering directly above me. Every muscle of my whole body was paralysed by this discovery, and a weight seemed to lie with crushing force upon my chest; and with a spirit now completely overcome by superstitious terror, I lay attempting to summon sufficient resolution to arise, and examine the chamber more closely, when—hark, could it be?—yes—no—yes, there was, unmistakably, a faint sound outside my window, resembling the noise of a dog's claws against the wall. It grew more and more distinct, accompanied at intervals with a low whining, and an occasional short, sharp yelp. No sooner had I become convinced that this was really the case, than my self-possession returned; I got up, put on my clothes, took one pistol in my hand, leaving the other under my pillow, and walked resolutely towards the window.

My candle had become extinguished by this time, and as I looked out into the black abyss of night, I saw that the clouds, dashed here and there with spots of silver, were breaking up, and that before long the moon would appear. I threw open the window, and at once, as if borne by the gust of wind which rushed into the apartment, in leaped the black dog which seemed so mysteriously connected with this singular adventure of mine. I was now completely my own master; by a vigorous effort of the will I quelled the shadowy fears which besieged my heart, and looked out with straining eyes to discern, if possible, the means by which the dog could thus make his appearance outside a second story window. A transient moonbeam showed me one of the numerous outbuildings before mentioned, at right angles with the wall of the house, and from the eaves of this all along the side of the house extended a narrow plank, about five inches wide. A thick black cloud obscuring the moon again, precluded further observation, and I turned from the window.

I felt confident that my cigar case was empty of matches, but, to test the accuracy of my dream, I felt for it, opened it, and discovered at least twenty. I struck a light, and, as I expected, there was the dog upon the bed, in the very attitude of the vision. All doubt now vanished from my mind that I had been mysteriously warned of intended foul play of some nature, and I stood a moment revolving in my mind the best course of action. This I speedily decided on. Going up to the dog, I caressed him, and was on the point of carrying him to the window, when—to make my dream more exact a prophecy—he turned his nose towards the ceiling, and

commenced whining very low. I instantly seized him, and hurled him out of the window, with some little compunctions at thus treating my only friend in the accursed house, but I could make no delay.

Laying some clothes on the bed in the form of a man, as nearly as possible, and extinguishing the candle, I retired to the farthest corner of the room, and, sitting down in one of the chairs I had placed against the door, with my revolver in my hand, determined to await the issue of events. For half an hour I sat perfectly still, listening to every whistle and sigh of the wind, which blew intermittently through the window I had left open, and straining my eyes, whenever there was a gleam of light, to discern whether there was any movement in the trap-door. At last, when a momentary ray shone in, I saw it partly open, and now I anxiously waited in silence and darkness for the next development of this awful mystery. Presently I heard a low creaking, as of ropes, then a tremendous crash, the report of a pistol, the sound of heavy feet overhead, and the fall of some dull, yielding body outside the window. The pause which followed these almost simultaneous noises, was broken by low groans of pain from the ground beneath my window, and the general murmur of a great disturbance in the lower part of the house. I hastily re-lit the candle, and going to the bed, found a vast stone had been dropped upon the pillow where my head had previously lain. Suddenly remembering the pistol I had left beneath the pillow, with the exertion of my utmost strength I rolled off the massive stone, and found the pistol discharged.

Instantly the truth flashed across my mind. I rushed to the window, and looking down, saw the woman, and the man I had noticed in the bar-room the night before, bending with torches in their hands over the prostrate body of my host, who was evidently in the agonies of death. The ruffian had been waiting on the outside of the window until the accomplice had performed his hellish work, in order to rob my mangled corpse of the money he knew I had in my possession; and the pistol being accidentally discharged by the fall of the stone, the ball had pierced his brain, entering through the evil eye which had given me such a thrill of horror.

At the discovery of this hideous plot, and the awful retribution with which Divine Justice had punished its author, my senses threatened to desert me; but, reflecting that in such a house I could hardly be safe, no sooner had they carried the dying man within, than I clambered down outside, took my horse from the stable, and

mounted him unobserved. As I passed the house, however, and looked back at the room I had so recently occupied, and which had so nearly been the scene of a far different tragedy, I saw lights in the window. The sound of my horse's hoofs drew the attention of the man within, who had ascended to see what had become of me, and to ascertain the cause of his comrade's death; and instantly levelling a rifle at me, he fired. As I was looking at him at the very moment, I anticipated his action by clapping spurs to my horse, thereby somewhat disconcerting his aim, and in all probability saving my own life, for the ball grazed my shoulder, causing a scar which remains to this day. Ten long miles had my good horse to gallop before I reached the nearest justice of the peace, and returning as speedily as possible, we found our birds flown, and the house half burned to the ground.

No information in regard to them could be obtained, except that they had lived in this habitation about two years, and had been shunned and feared by the settlers of the neighborhood. The conflagration of the house was arrested, but nothing was discovered, throwing any light on the matter. The body of the foiled murderer was taken, charred, and scarcely recognizable, from the ashes of his dwelling, where he had apparently been flung by his associates as the quickest mode of burying him. Having ascertained the futility of further investigation, at least for the present, we rode away; and passing through an adjacent wood, the dog which had played so strange a part in this most strange drama, made his appearance suddenly on our left, and followed our horses to the village of R—. In gratitude for his efforts to preserve me from destruction, I henceforward shared my own home with my unwelcome monitor.

FLAXEN RINGLETS.

Poets have often sung in raptures of blue-eyed, laughing, flax-haired girls, but George Speight, of London, a thoroughly practical man, understands things better than those dreaming rhymesters who make sonnets to their sweethearts. He has just taken out a patent for making plaits and curls for head-dresses and other head ornaments, and employs Russian or American hemp, dyed to the exact shade desired, and glossed up with aromatic grease, and curled to adorn the head of some happy fair one, either with flowing auburn or raven locks, as may be desired. When it is taken into consideration that long brown hair, for making ladies' artificial curls, costs from \$10 to \$12 per pound, Mr. Speight may be considered a sort of benefactor to all those individuals deficient in natural cranial ornamentation, although we think his invention will spite the girls in Normandy, who cultivate their hair expressly for our wig-makers.—*Scientific American*.

A CEYLON JUGGLER.

As this was one of the idle seasons of the year, during which labor is suspended while waiting for the rains of the monsoon, ere re-commencing the sowing of rice, the Kandyaans were lounging about their villages, or gathered in groups by the roadside, engaged in listless and sedentary amusements. In one place, a crowd was collected to watch the feats of a juggler, who, to our surprise, commenced his performance by jumping up on to a pole, and placing his feet upon a cross bar six feet from the ground. On this he coursed along by prodigious leaps, and returning to the audience, steadied himself on his perch, and then opened his exhibition. This consisted of endless efforts of legerdemain: catching pebbles from his confederate below, which, upon opening his closed hand, flew away as birds; breaking an egg shell, and allowing a small serpent to escape from it; and keeping a series of brass balls in motion by striking them with his elbows, as well as his hands. Balancing on his nose a small stick with an inverted cup at top, from which twelve perforated balls were suspended by silken cords, he placed twelve ivory rods in his mouth, and so guided them by his lips and tongue as to insert the end of each in a corresponding aperture in the ball, till the whole twelve were sustained by the rods, and the central support taken away. This and endless other tricks he performed, balancing himself all the while on the single pole on which he stood. He took a ball of granite, six or seven inches in diameter, and probably fourteen pounds weight, and, standing with his arms extended in line, he rolled it from the wrist of one hand across his shoulders to the wrist of the other, backward and forward repeatedly, apparently less by raising his arms than by a vigorous effort of the muscles of his back; then seizing it in both hands, he flung it repeatedly twenty feet high, and, watching it in its descent till within a few inches of his skull, he bent forward his head, and caught the ball each time between his shoulders; then, bounding along the road, still mounted on his pole, he closed his performance amid the smiles of the audience—*From Sir J. Emerson Tennent's Ceylon*.

HABITS OF THE MARMOSET.

When properly tamed, the marmoset will come and sit on its owner's hand, its little paws clinging tightly to his fingers, and its tail coiled over his hand, or wrist. Or it will clamber up his arm and sit on his shoulders, or if chilly, hide itself beneath his coat, or even creep into a convenient pocket. The marmoset has a strange liking for hair, and is fond of playing with the locks of its owner. One of these little creatures, which was the property of a gentleman adorned with a large bushy beard, was wont to creep to its master's face, and to nestle among the masses of beard which decorated his chin. Another marmoset, which belonged to a lady, and which was liable to the little petulances of its race, used to vent its anger by nibbling the end of her ringlets. If the hair were bound round her head, the curious little animal would draw a tress down, and bite its extremity, as if it were trying to eat the hair by degrees. The same individual was possessed of an accomplishment which is almost unknown among these little monkeys—namely, standing on his head.—*Wood's Illustrated Natural History*.

The Florist.

There's a tree that blossoms in winter time,
In spite of tempests, and wind, and snow;
And fruit as bright as in tropic clime
On its fresh green branches wave and glow;
No matter how gloomy the winter be,
There's sure to be fruit on the Christmas-tree.

MARY M. CHASE.

General Care of Flowers.

Numerous plants, which it would require too much space to enumerate, will need attention at this time. Pelargoniums require some special attention; re-pot all the plants intended for early bloom, and carefully train out the branches, so as to make bushy plants; nip off the ends of the growing shoots; keep in a light and airy part of the house, near the glass, and fumigate often, to keep down the green fly. *Asclepias* will show signs of a fresh growth, and as soon as they do, water more liberally. *Cinéraires* will need to be shifted, if growing fast; keep them near the glass, and practice fumigation regularly, as the green fly is destructive to the beauty of this plant. *Achimenes* and *gloriettas* may now be re-potted, placing them in the warmest part of the house, and water sparingly for a week or two.

Cistus.

The rock rose. Beautiful hardy and half hardy shrubs, which grow freely in a mixture of loam and peat, and are readily increased by cuttings planted under a hand-glass, layers or seeds, which are ripened in abundance. Most of the species are of low growth, and are generally used for rock-work. The dwarf kinds being generally tender, will require a slight protection during severe winters, when they are planted out for rock-work. There are several other kinds of *cistus*, but none so beautiful as this rock rose.

Isoranda.

A climbing plant, a native of Brasil, with beautiful lilac flowers, shaped like those of the catalpa. The wood is said to be the rosewood of commerce. In England it requires a stove. It should be grown in a mixture of loam and peat, and it should be kept nearly dry during the winter. It is propagated by cuttings, which should not be deprived of their leaves, and which must be struck in pure sand under a glass. Some persons suppose the rosewood to be a kind of mimosa.

Divea.

This is the smallest of trees—and though some kinds of willow are of still lower growth, they are too herbaceous in the texture of their stems to be legitimately entitled to the rank of trees. The *divea*, on the contrary, is as completely a tree as an oak, though it seldom grows above three feet high. It grows in marshy soil, and if transplanted, should be grown in peat kept constantly wet. It is a pretty little tree, and very curious on account of its perfect yet Lilliputian form.

Arenaria.

Pretty little plants, with flowers shaped like those of the pink. Most of the species are natives of Europe, and they are all quite hardy. The flowers are red, white and purple. These plants are easy of culture in any dry, sandy soil, and they are particularly suitable for rock-work.

Sarcanthus.

East Indian epiphytes, nearly allied to *vanda*, which should be grown on logs of wood.

Protection of Roses.

Many plants require protection during the winter, and especially many kinds of roses. They should be carefully bent down to the ground, and fastened there by stakes, and their tops covered with leaves, seaweed, or a light dressing of litter, which is perhaps the better article of covering. Hybrid perpetual roses always should receive this amount of protection. The Bourbon, Noisette, China and Tea varieties are more tender, and require greater care to preserve them through the winter, which may be given in the following manner:—Peg the shoots carefully to the ground, set boards a foot wide around the margin of the bed, fastening them in an upright position with stakes; throw a few leaves and a little dirt over the tops of the plants, then fill up the space within the boards with spent tan-bark, and over the whole lay a few boards, so as to shed the rain. In the spring remove the covering a little at a time, and the plants will be found in perfect health.

In-door Plants.

A few hints concerning the treatment of in-door plants may now prove acceptable. All persons should recollect that plants in the house are more liable to mould and damp off than those out of doors, because, though they may have light and heat, there is no wind to dry up the moisture. Keep well watered, but do not allow the water to stand round the roots. Dust suffered to remain on the leaves of plants is very injurious. Occasional washing of the foliage with a mild decoction of quassia is very excellent—strengthens the plants and destroys insects. Plants should be turned daily, that every part may have an equal amount of sun.

Dwarf Plants.

Tall plants are not desirable for house culture, and yet by a very simple method they may be so dwarfed as to be very attractive. Take a cutting of any plant you may wish to dwarf, and having set it in a pot, wait until you are sure it has taken root, then shift it to another. The pot first used must be very small, and the plant shifted from one pot to another, each increasing but slightly in size. This way of cramping the roots prevents the plant from growing vigorously—it will be healthy and flourishing, but dwarfish, bushy and compact.

Isopogon.

Australian plants, with very curious leaves and flowers, nearly allied to *Banksia*. They should be grown in peat and sand, mixed with a little turfy loam, and the pot should be a third filled with potsherds broken small. These plants are very difficult to cultivate, as they are apt to damp off; the cuttings also are extremely difficult to strike.

Remedy for Bugs.

The decoction of camomile leaves, if sprinkled over plants, will destroy bugs or insects; and the plant itself, if cultivated in a garden, will in a remarkable degree contribute to the health of plants.

Peyronsia.

A genus of bulbous-rooted plants with rather small flowers, generally in corymbs, which require the usual treatment of Cape bulbs—the same treatment as the *Irises*.

Hardenbergia.

A new name given by Mr. Bentham to *Kennedy's monophylla*, Australian climbing shrubs, and five other species of that genus, which have small purplish flowers.

Lilies in Pots.

Among the most beautiful of the lily tribe is the "*Lilium speciosum*," and its varieties—some of which are variegated, as if rubies were stuck all over their petals. To cultivate these in pots, a compost of one-third turfy loam, one-third turfy peat, and one-third decayed cow manure, with sand one-sixth of the whole added, is suitable. Pot them about this season; use large pots, and choose very strong double-crowned bulbs—two or three may be placed in a pot a foot in diameter; drain them well, and plant the bulbs three or four inches below the rim. When the stems are five or six inches long, fill up the pots with the compost, which will cause them to root up the covered part of their stems. As they rise too high for the frames, remove them to the greenhouse, where they will flower in great perfection, and retain their beauty a long time, if shaded from the heat of the sun. Plants are easily raised from seeds sown an inch apart in pans, and placed in heat; when up, place them in the greenhouse for two seasons.

Moya.

The most common species, *Moya carnea*, has curious waxlike flowers, from which drops a sweet, honeylike juice. It is a hothouse climber, which requires a light, rich soil, and is propagated by cuttings, which, however, will not strike without the help of bottom heat. It is sometimes grown in a greenhouse. In a warm situation, exposed to the sun. In this case, it should be trained close to the glass, and a mat, or some other covering, thrown over the roof of the house in severe weather.

Photinia.

A very beautiful evergreen shrub or low tree, formerly called *crataegus glabra*, which is nearly hardy, but thrives best when trained against a wall, in a sheltered situation. The soil should be sandy loam; and the plants are propagated sometimes by cuttings of the ripened wood, but more frequently by grafting or inarching on some of the hardy kinds of *crataegus*.

Dracena.

The dragon-tree—Eastern trees and shrubs, with the habits of palms. They require the stove in England, and to be grown in peat and loam. The tooth-brushes called dragon's root are made from the root of the tree species cut into pieces about four inches long, each of which is beaten at one end with a wooden mallet, to split it into fibres.

Vicia.

The Vetch. The ornamental species are generally pretty climbing plants with pretty purplish flowers, natives of Europe. Some of the kinds, however, have white, pink, blue and pale yellow flowers. All kinds grow freely in any garden soil, though they thrive most when the soil is deep and sandy; and they are propagated by seeds or division of roots.

Anigozanthus.

Evergreen herbaceous plants from New Holland, with deep crimson flowers, one of which, *anigozanthus mangkessi*, well deserves a place in every greenhouse. It should have abundance of light and air, and grows freely in loam and peat kept moist. It is readily increased by division, or by seeds which it has ripened in this country.

Wanatah.

There is a Wanatah Camillia so called, because its bright crimson color resembles that of the true Wanatah plant or Tolopea of Botany Bay.

Planting Bulbs and Tubers.

Planting bulbs and tubers bears considerable analogy to sowing seeds. The bulb or tuber may indeed be considered as only a seed of larger growth, since it requires the combined influence of air, warmth and moisture to make it vegetate, and then it throws out stem, leaves and roots like a seed. There is, however, one important difference between them; the seed expands its accumulated stock of carbon in giving birth to the root, stem and leaves, after which it withers away and disappears; while the bulb or tuber continues to exist through the whole life of the plant, and appears to contain a reservoir of carbon, which it only parts with slowly and as circumstances require. In preparing the soil for bulbs the earth should be pulverized and enriched to a greater depth than if fixed for seeds. Bulbs in pots should be kept in comparative shade until they begin to start.

Green Flies.

The green flies cover the tender leaves and buds of the young shoots in myriads, and are extremely difficult to destroy, without spoiling the appearance of the shoots which have been attacked by them. Tobacco-water is an excellent remedy, if not too strong. It should be made by steeping half a pound of the best tobacco in a gallon of water—hot water; and as soon as the infusion is cold, the young shoots should be dipped in it, and suffered to remain a few seconds, after which they should be immediately washed in clean cold water before they are suffered to dry. If this be done carefully, the insects will be destroyed and the shoots will remain uninjured. Lime water may also be tried, if no more lime be used than the water will hold in solution; as unless the water be quite clear in appearance when applied, the plant will be very much disfigured with white stains of the lime.

Sollya.

This beautiful little shrub, though only introduced in 1830, is already as common as the Fuchsia, and it is a favorite everywhere. The leaves are evergreen, and the bright blue bell-shaped flowers, which are produced in tufts at the ends of the branches are so elegant that no one can see them without being filled with admiration. The plant is a native of New Holland, and it is nearly hardy, as it will stand in the open air if trained against a wall and slightly protected during the winter. It should be grown in peat and loam or heath mould, and it is propagated by seeds or cuttings. The fruit, which is a berry full of seeds, ripens freely; but the cuttings are very difficult to strike, and indeed, will rarely succeed with bottom heat.

Marica.

Fibrous-rooted plants, with very ornamental flowers, greatly resembling those of the Cape bulbs. Natives of Africa, some of which require a stove, and others a greenhouse, in this climate. They require the same culture as the amaryllis.

Eutaxia.

Australian shrubs, with yellow and orange pea-flowers, which, in England, require a greenhouse. They should be grown in light, peaty soil, and receive the general treatment of Australian shrubs. There are only two species.

Xylosteum.

Only the botanical name for the pretty Fly Honey suckle.

Curious Matters.

Remarkable Incident.

The Paris journals record the following singular and terrible fact:—"A physician, on his return from visiting a patient, ignited a lucifer match for the purpose of lighting his pipe. In doing this a spark fell upon his finger, stuck there, and burnt it. In an instant the pain increased to such a degree that he seized his incision knife, cut out the burnt part, and squeezed as much blood from it as he could. The pain continued to increase, and it was found necessary to amputate the finger. Some hours after the pain seized the whole hand, when he was obliged to lose that member. But it did not end there. The arm was next seized with the same agony; that was also obliged to be amputated. The following day the doctor died."

An astronomical Clock.

There is in the town of Nantucket, Mass., an astronomical clock, made by Hon. Walter Folger, when he was only twenty-two years of age. The plan of the whole of its machinery was matured and completed in his mind before he commenced to put it together. It keeps the correct date of the year, and the figures change as the year changes. The sun and moon, represented by balls, appear to rise and set on the face of the clock, with all their variations and phases, as in the heavens. It also indicates the sun's place in the ecliptic, keeps an account of the motion of the moon's nodes around the ecliptic, and the sun and moon's declination.

Abundance of Weeds.

An English botanist discovered, by careful examination, 7000 weed seeds in a pint of clover seed, 12,800 in a pint of congress seed, 39,440 in a pint of broad clover, and 25,500 of Dutch clover seed. In a single plant of black mustard he counted over 8000 seeds, and in a specimen of charlock, 4000; the seed of a single plant of common dock produced 4700 little docks. The white daisy has over 400 seeds in each flower, and sometimes fifty flowers from one root.

Curious Tenant.

The Mobile Tribune tells the following:—"Yesterday a man was fishing for crabs at one of the wharves, and pulled up a common half-pint bottle. On examination it was found that there was a small crab in the bottle, which could not get out. The crab had evidently got into the bottle, and finding a good, safe harbor, stayed there—but, in the meantime, had grown too large to admit his exit from the bottle."

Curiosities of Bible Literature.

It is a curious fact that there are about five hundred verses in Matthew's gospel that are also in Mark's, more than three hundred verses in Luke that are also in Mark, and about one hundred and twenty that are also in Matthew. Nearly one-half of the gospel by Matthew is to be found in Mark, and more than one-third of the gospel by Luke is to be found in Mark or Matthew.

Singular Superstition.

A man was recently hanged in North Carolina, for a murder which he was incited to commit through a superstitious belief in witchcraft, believing that the old lady he killed had the power to conjure his wife and child to death—and while in a state of intoxication, he committed the deed under an erroneous notion of self-defence.

Louis XIV.'s Bedchamber.

The bedchamber of Louis XIV., in the palace of Versailles, has been again thrown open to the public, after undergoing a complete renovation. Every portion of the furniture has been carefully restored, especially the bed on which the "Grand Monarque" expired. The bedstead, once regarded as a wonder of art, was made by Simon Lalobel, who worked at it for twelve years. On the bed is a coverlet embroidered by the ladies of St. Oyr, which was carried off into Germany during the troubles of the Revolution, and re-purchased by Louis Philippe. Two pictures representing the holy family, on each side of the bed, have been cleaned. The ceiling, which is by Paul Veronese, and was brought from Venice by Napoleon I., is in perfect preservation.

The World's Weight.

Mr. Bailey, the president of the London Astronomical Society, has been for six years weighing the world in different ways, and is now sure that he has obtained its specific gravity so nearly accurate that his figures cannot err more than 0,0068. He places it at 5,6747. The total weight of the world in gross tons of 2240 pounds, according to his scales, is (6,063,165,592,211,410,488,889) six thousand sixty-two million one hundred and sixty-five thousand five hundred and ninety-two billions, two hundred and eleven thousand four hundred and ten millions, four hundred and eighty-eight thousand, eight hundred and eighty-nine tons.

English and American Words.

The different uses of words in England and in this country are interesting. *Lumber*, which with us is applied to sawn timber, means *trash* in England. Where we say *boards*, the Englishman says *deals*. We take *baggage* on a journey; the Englishman only *luggage*. Our ladies are fond of *dry goods*; their English sisters are devoted to *haberdashery*. The Yankee cries *go ahead*; the Britisher says *all right*. The American travels "in the cars;" the Englishman "by the rail." The former sends a letter "by the mail," the latter "by the post." The one has a *bureau* in his bedchamber, the other only a *chest of drawers*.

A living Skeleton.

At the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Leidy lately exhibited to the medical class at his lecture an extraordinary thin man by the name of Brown, from Falls township, Bucks county, Philadelphia. Dr. Lippincott, who introduced him at the University, informed them that he is forty-three years old, five feet ten and a half inches in height, weighs about seventy pounds, and generally enjoys very good health; was actively engaged at all kinds of farm work till twenty years ago, when this wasting away of his flesh commenced and proceeded very rapidly, and soon left him in his present attenuated form, with his intellect bright and unimpaired.

Curious Accident.

A young man named Rooker, living in Chicago, met with a singular accident a few days ago. He had been using a pen-knife for some purpose, and laid it down into his cap. A short time after, forgetting all about the knife, he raised his cap to put it on, when the knife fell out, the blade penetrating entirely through his ear from the inside. The knife remained sticking fast to his ear until he drew it out.

Invention of Bells.

The invention of bells is attributed to Pelonius, Bishop of Nola, Campania, about the year 400. They were first introduced into churches as a defence against thunder and lightning; they were first put up at Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, in 945. In the eleventh century and later, it was the custom to baptize them before they were used. The curfew bell was established in 1028. It was rung at eight in the evening, when people were obliged to put out their fires and candles. The custom was abolished in 1100. Bellmen were first appointed in London in 1556, to ring the bells at night and cry out, "Take care of your fire and candle; be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead."

New Architecture.

A style of architecture new to this country, is beginning to break out in the Fifth Avenue. It consists in the elevation of the roof to the height of about ten feet above the rest of the building, and at a small retreating angle with it. This is slated like an ordinary roof, but is, in effect, an additional half-story with windows. The appearance of the thing is odd and affords an agreeable diversity in the monotonous rows of brown stone fronts, all of the same pattern, which line the fashionable avenue. The style is evidently copied from dwellings on the continent. The fine marble structure now going up just above the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is to be topped off in this fashion.

A Woman Passing as a Man for Forty Years.

A most extraordinary revelation was made at an inquest recently, before the coronor of Salford, England. The body of a man was found in the sluice at Mode Wheel, on the river Irwell, and in the evening an inquest was held. On inquiry, it was found that the deceased, who went by the name of Harry Stokes, was, in fact, a woman; that she had worked as a bricklayer for about a quarter of a century; that she had been twice married during that period; had kept a beer-shop in Manchester during the early part of her career, but in every way conducted herself as a man. The jury, after an examination, returned a verdict of "found drowned."

A Golden Gutter.

The Journal de Constantinople gives an account of a curious religious ceremony which has just taken place in that city. It is the reception by the sultan of the golden gutter in which is collected the rain that falls upon the temple at Mecca, and which thenceforward is considered by the Mussulmans as holy water. This gutter has been carried from Mecca, and received by the sultan with pompous ceremonies. It has been placed in the old palace at Constantinople, where the arms, flags and other memorials of Mohammed are carefully preserved.

Experimenting with Animals.

A Mr. Milne Edwards has been making some experiments in feeding animals whose limbs he had broken, with phosphate of lime. Out of six rabbits and ten dogs, whose legs he broke in the same way, half were fed on food mixed with ground bones, and their bones united much more rapidly than those of the unphosphated animals. He thinks the use in human cases would be decidedly beneficial.

Ingenious Mechanism.

A miniature steam engine, complete in all its details, was exhibited at the California State Fair, of about one rat power, manufactured by Henry Rice, watchmaker, of Sacramento. A steam attachment was formed with a copper pipe no larger in diameter than an ordinary straw, connecting with the boiler outside, from which it received its supply; and when under a full head, its fly-wheel performed over two thousand revolutions a minute. Nothing could be more beautifully accurate in its adjustment. The cylinder has a three sixteenth inch bore, with seven-sixteenth inch stroke. It propelled a small turning-lathe, and elicited from the spectators many complimentary remarks to the skill of its manufacturer.

An ancient Ship.

Ptolemy Philopater, who lived some two hundred years before Christ, had a ship with forty banks of rowers, being 560 English feet in length, being 190 feet longer than the Persia, and only 120 feet shorter than the Great Eastern; seventy-six feet from one side to the other; in height to gunwales it was ninety-six feet, and from the highest part of the stern to the water-line it was 100 feet, and it had four rudders, each sixty feet long. When it put to sea it held more than 4000 rowers and forty supernumeraries, and on the deck were 8000 marines. And besides all these there were a large body of men under the decks, and a vast quantity of provisions and supplies.

A new Ventilator.

A gentleman residing in Middlefield, Ct., says that he has discovered and applied a new plan for ventilating rooms warmed by stoves, which is as follows:—Apply a vertical pipe to the front of the chimney, into which the lower end should enter below the stove-pipe, and the upper end approach within a few inches of the ceiling. In its operation the foul air from the top of the room rushes down into the chimney, to fill a partial vacuum occasioned by the draft from the stove-pipe above. By applying a damper to the pipe, its capacity may be adjusted as desired. This makes a cheap, trustworthy ventilator, and is easily applied.

Curious Statistics.

The following curious account is given in "Appleton's Cyclopaedia," of the number of horses in the various parts of the world:—"The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants. Denmark has forty-five horses to every hundred inhabitants, which is more than any other European country. Great Britain and Ireland have 2,600,000 horses; France, 8,000,000; Austrian empire, exclusive of Italy, 2,600,000; Russia, 3,500,000. The United States have 5,000,000, which is more than any European country. The horses of the whole world are estimated at 57,420,000."

A travelled Needle.

A correspondent of the Manchester Mirror says that a few days since a needle was taken from the outer and lower side of the foot, near the little toe-joint, of Mrs. Ira Atwood, of North Sandwich, New Hampshire, which she swallowed six years since. The needle was a shoe needle, a little over an inch long, and it was whole, but quite rusty. The lady was alarmed at the time she swallowed the needle; but she had felt no inconvenience from it; and had forgotten the circumstance until she felt a pricking in her foot, when the needle was discovered.

The Housewife.

Potatoes Escalloped.

Mash potatoes in the usual way; then butter some nice clean scallop-shells, patty-pans, or teacups, or saucers; put in your potatoes, make them smooth at the top, cross a knife over them, strew a few fine bread crumbs on them, sprinkle them with a paste brush with a few drops of melted butter, and set them in a Dutch oven. When nicely browned on the top, take them carefully out of the shells, and brown on the other side. Cold potatoes may be warmed up this way.

To make Brilla Soup.

Take a shin of beef, cut off all the meat in square pieces, then boil the bone three hours; strain it and take off the fat, then put the broth to boil with the pieces of meat, a few carrots and turnips cut small, a good sprig of thyme, some onions chopped, and a stick of celery cut in pieces; stir them all till the meat is tender. If not cooking brown, you must color it.

Potatoes fried whole.

When nearly boiled enough, put them into a steppan with a bit of butter, or some clean beef drippings; shake them about often to prevent burning, till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement, if they are floured and dipped in the yolk of an egg, and then rolled in finely sifted bread crumbs.

German Puffs.

A quarter of a pound of almonds beaten very fine in a mortar with rose-water, six eggs well beaten, leaving out two of the whites, two spoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, a little nutmeg, and six ounces of sugar, all well mixed with a pint of cream, baked in buttered patty-pans, served up with wine sauce.

Potato Soones.

Mash boiled potatoes till they are quite smooth, adding a little salt; then knead out flour or barley-meal to the thickness required; toast on a griddle, pricking them with a fork to prevent them blistering. When eaten with fresh or salt butter, they are equal to crumpets, even superior, and very nutritious.

A plain Custard.

Boil a pint of new milk, keeping a little back to mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Thicken the milk with the flour, let it cool a little, then add one egg well beaten. Sweeten to taste. Set it on the fire again, and stir until the egg turns, but do not let it boil. A little lemon or almond may be added.

Apple Egg Pudding.

Beat an egg well, then add a gill of water or milk, seven tablespoonful of flour, and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix well together. Pare and cut in pieces three middle-sized apples; stir them into the batter; boil in a cloth an hour; eat with melted butter, flavored with lemon.

Johnny Cake.

Take a quart of sour milk, a teaspoonful of salt, sifted meal to make a stiff batter, a teaspoonful of dissolved saleratus; butter a pan, and bake nearly an hour.

To clean Knife Handles.

Bone or Ivory handles of knives may be cleaned, when they have turned yellow, by rubbing them with fine emery.

New Weather-Glass.

A correspondent says:—"For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor bottle, and when not disturbed it makes a capital weather-glass. It answers as well as a barometer. When there is to be a change of weather, from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of gum will rise up; and sometimes, when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather."

To preserve Ivory Knife-Handles whole.

Never let knife-blades stand in hot water as is sometimes done to make them wash easily. The heat expands the steel which runs up into the handle a very little, and this cracks the Ivory. Knife-handles should never be in water. A handsome knife, or one used for cooking, is soon spoiled in this way.

Bakers' Yeast.

Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water, take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk-warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour, and half a pint of brewers' yeast to work it.

Bran Tea.

A very cheap and useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pain. Put a handful of bran in a pint and a half of cold water, let it boil rather more than half an hour, then strain it, and, if desired, flavor with lemon juice; but it is a pleasant drink without any addition.

A Receipt for Pomade.

Three ounces of olive oil, three-quarters of a drachm of the oil of almonds, two drachms of palm oil, half an ounce of white wax, a quarter of a pound of lard, and three-quarters of a drachm of the essence of bergamot.

To cleanse Gold.

Wash the article in warm suds made of delicate soap and water, with ten or fifteen drops of sal volatile. (The sal volatile will render the metal brittle—this hint may be used or left at pleasure.)

A good Shaving Paste.

White wax, spermaceti and almond oil, of each a quarter of an ounce; melt, and while warm beat in two squares of Windsor soap, previously reduced to a paste with rose-water.

Preserving Milk.

Take any quantity of really fresh milk, put it into a bottle well corked, and plunge it into boiling water a quarter of an hour.

Remedy for House Ants.

Go at once to the nest and pour boiling water into it until the ants are destroyed. If they come in through a crack, stop it up.

Felons.

To cure felons on the finger apply the spinal marrow of the ox on a piece of cotton rag, changing it every four hours.

Soap.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar and should not be used till three months old.

Cheap and Hasty Pudding.

Take one common teaspoonful of sugar, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of baking powder, and flour enough to make of the consistency of sponge cake. Divide it in three parts, and bake quick in patty-pans. Put any kind of stewed fruit or mashed berries between each cake, and serve with a sauce of butter, sugar, a little seasoning to taste, and a small quantity of boiling water.

Harico of a Neck of Mutton.

Cut the best end of a neck of mutton into chops, flatten them, and fry them a light brown; then put them into a large saucepan with two quarts of water, and a large carrot cut in slices. When they have stewed a quarter of an hour add two turnips cut in slices, the white part of a head of celery, a few heads of asparagus, some cabbage leaves, and pepper to your taste; boil all together till it becomes tender. The gravy is not to be thickened.

Pickled Sweet Apples.

To half a peck of apples make a syrup of two pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Boil the apples in this syrup until tender, then remove them, make a syrup of two and one-half pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Add one teaspoonful of cloves and the same of cinnamon tied in a bag. Boil the syrup twenty minutes, and pour it hot over the fruit.

Wine Posset.

Take a quart of new milk and the crumbs of a very small loaf, or roll, and boil them till they are soft; when you take it off the fire, grate in half a nutmeg, add some sugar to your liking, and then put it into a china bowl, and pour into it a pint of Lisbon wine carefully, a little at a time, or it will make the curd hard and tough. Serve it with toast.

Broiled Pigeons.

Procure young pigeons, draw them, split them down the back, and season them with pepper and salt; lay them on a grilliron with the breast upward; turn them, but be careful you do not burn the skin; rub them over with butter, and keep turning them until they are done enough; dish them up, and pour over them melted butter.

Corn Cake for Breakfast.

Mix at night two quarts of corn meal with water enough to make it stir easy, adding a small portion of yeast and salt. In the morning stir in three or four eggs, a little soda, and with a spoon beat it long and hard. Butter a tin pan, pour the mixture into it, and bake it immediately for about half an hour in a moderately heated oven.

Mashed Potatoes.

Mash them in a saucepan, adding milk, butter and salt until nicely seasoned; beat the potato until it becomes very light. Keep it near the fire; afterwards turn it into a dish, smooth it, and spread over the top the white of an egg, then brown a few minutes in the oven.

Poisons.

Poisons of any description, which have been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil.

Sago Pudding.

Take two ounces of sago, boil it in water with a stick of cinnamon till it be quite soft and thick; let it stand till quite cold. In the meantime grate the crumb of a small loaf, and pour over it a large glass of red wine. Chop four ounces of marrow, adding half a pound of sugar and the yolks of four beaten eggs; beat them all together for a quarter of an hour, lay a puff paste round your dish, pour into it the mixture, and bake it a suitable time. Before serving it, stick it over with blanched almonds and bits of citron cut lengthwise.

Partridge in Panes.

Half roast two partridges, take the flesh from them, and mix it with a moderate quantity of bread crumbs steeped in rich gravy, half a pound of fat bacon scraped; two artichoke bottoms boiled and shred fine; the yolks of three eggs, pepper, salt, nutmeg and some lemon-peel cut very fine. Work all together, and bake in moulds the shape of an egg. Serve it up cold, or in jelly.

Rice Flour Pudding.

To one quart of fresh milk boiled add twelve teaspoonsful of rice flour (previously mixed smooth with a little cold milk), six eggs (the whites and yolks having been beaten separately), and a little salt. Then bake it carefully, and serve it with a sauce made of cream, butter, sugar, wine and a little nutmeg.

Quaking Pudding.

Boil one quart of cream, and let it stand till almost cold; then beat four eggs a full quarter of an hour with a spoonful and a half of flour; then mix them with your cream, adding sugar and nutmeg to your taste. Tie the mixture close up in a cloth well buttered, let it boil an hour, and turn it carefully out.

Panada.

Grate some crumbs of bread, and boil them in a pint of water, with an onion and a few whole peppers, till the mixture becomes thick and soft; then add two ounces of butter, a little salt, and half a pint of thick cream; stir it till it is like a fine custard, pour it into a deep plate, and serve it up.

Wild Ducks, hashed.

Cut up your duck as for eating, and put it in a pan, with a spoonful of good gravy, and the same quantity of red wine, and an onion sliced exceedingly thin. When it has boiled two or three minutes, lay the duck in a dish, pour the gravy over it, and add a teaspoonful of caper liquor.

Sago with Milk.

Wash your sago with warm water, and set it over the fire, with a stick of cinnamon, and as much water as will boil it thick and soft; then put in as much new milk or cream as will make it a proper thickness; grate in half a nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, and serve in a china bowl.

Water Gruel.

Take one spoonful of oatmeal and boil it in three pints of water for one hour and a half, or till it is smooth and fine; then take it off the fire and let it stand to settle; then pour it into a china bowl, and add white wine, sugar and a nutmeg. Serve it hot, with some buttered toast.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE TRAGEDY OF CITIES.

If we nowhere find the sunny side of life more splendid and attractive than in great cities, so also we nowhere find its shadows blacker or more funereal. To the moralist, how full of lessons is the life of one of these great centres of civilization! What an epitome of the tragedy-comedy which we call life does it present! Take a recent occurrence, which has been currently noted by the press, but detailed to us in a private letter from Paris, and ponder its ghastly features! The fashionable hive in the environs of the gay French capital is the Bois de Boulogne. It has been beautifully decorated with all that adds a charm to graceful and romantic nature. Yet the horses of the gay riders through its woodland paths, started at a strange object by the wayside—a lifeless human form hanging from a tree. One of the horsemen recognized the figure as that of a member of one of the oldest families in France.

The Count de Courtain was well known in former days as one of the most brilliant frequenters of Frascati's. Day and night he haunted the green cloth, and staked and lost the whole of a splendid fortune. Still he continued to haunt the pandemonium, borrowing, now and then, a trifle to try his luck. But fortune never smiled on him, and he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty. His friends assisted him, till it was folly to assist him. All the money he received, by whatever means, was swallowed up by the fatal bank. At last he only owed his daily bread, and a shelter for his head, to a wretched old fortune-teller who had once, like himself, known better days, and been the flattered idol of the theatre-going public, while her youth and beauty lasted.

But the old woman's profession at last ceased to bring her in anything, and, one by one, their miserable articles of furniture and dress were sold, to satisfy the cravings of hunger and the demands of the landlord. And one day, while the fortune-teller was absent, trying to beg a few sous, the inexorable landlord turned the old count out of doors, almost naked. A compassionate fellow-lodger gave him a greasy cap, a ragged sack, and a pair of patched pantaloons. But where was he to go? He had not a friend

left in the world. Starving and desperate, he tottered out to the Bois de Boulogne, and with the aid of a tattered neckcloth, hung himself. His body was conveyed to the dead house, but no one claimed it, and it was tossed into a common grave in the public cemetery.

Yet still the billiard-balls click, and the dice rattle, in the day-bright saloons of Paris. Still infatuated gamblers flutter, like moths around a candle, about the bright piles of gold before the *croupier*. Fascinating is *Rouge-et-Noir*! "Make your game, gentlemen, while the ball rolls!" The other day a wretched man, after losing his last son, blew his brains out at the table. They threw a cloth over the mutilated face, and took away the body; and the monotonous call went on—"Make your game, gentleman, while the ball rolls!" Reader, should you like to try your luck?

THE WELCOME GUEST.

No sooner had our first number of this brilliant new paper been issued than the orders for it poured in upon us beyond all precedent, exhausting the edition, and compelling us to re-print it. Being of the mammoth size, and entirely filled with original and attractive reading matter, it is a marvel of interest and beauty. Several of our cotemporaries have frankly declared it to be the handsomest and most perfect weekly journal that has yet been produced in this country. Any one already a subscriber to the *Dollar Magazine* can receive *The Welcome Guest* for \$1 50 a year, thus making it the cheapest paper in America!

A CASE FOR THE LAWYERS.—We are always being told that "property has its rights;" but surely, in the matter of gloves and boots, property has its lefts as well as its rights.

O, DEAR!—The *Paris Pays* makes the extraordinary announcement that the people of Maine ardently desire to be annexed to Canada!

BOSTON.—If you would form a just idea of the rapid growth of this city, just take a walk from Dover Street, on Tremont, to Roxbury line.

THE AGE OF HUMBUG.

Some people have been disposed to call the period we live in "the age of humbug," and they cite examples constantly occurring around us to prove the justice of the term. Only a few years since, they say, there was Matthias, the prophet, who pretended to be a messenger from Heaven, a new Messiah, gifted with divine power—among other gifts, that of being able to walk on the water—and though he was a vulgar fellow, though the sword he professed to have received from Heaven to wield as a symbol of authority, was a second-hand one that had belonged to a United States officer, and had an eagle and the maker's arms on the blade, though there were a thousand other proofs of his audacious imposture, still, he found followers even among shrewd business men, who yielded him their assent and their dollars. They point us to the vulgar impostor, Joe Smith, and to the vast array of followers that have sprung up from his ashes. Is it not the age of humbug? Why, but a short time since an English fortune-teller, a "Gipseey Queen," stopping at the plantation of Mr. Hezekiah Ferris, in Winchester, Franklin county Tennessee, told so palpable a story, that the hospitality of the plantation was tendered her. In a short time, she had completely secured the confidence of Mr. Ferris. On the day appointed for her departure, she called her host aside, and assuming an air of mystery, told him that an immense amount of gold was buried beneath his lands, which could only be secured after compliance with certain directions which she would give. The sugar planter was willing to do anything she might propose, and soon procured \$3000 in gold coin, which the queen said was necessary to enable her to commence operations. This money was to be placed in an earthen jar, covered with dirt, and the jar was to remain untouched for twelve days in a trunk, the key of which the queen was to keep. Mr. Ferris having acceded to these terms, the spell was initiated amid prayers and incantations. It is charged that the sorceress substituted lead for the gold at the first opportunity, and then departed, to return at the expiration of the twelve days. In the interval, Mr. Ferris was commanded to keep the whole matter a profound secret. The injunction was religiously complied with, but on the thirteenth day the deception was of course discovered.

But why multiply instances? Yet, after all, this is not pre-eminently the age of humbug. We must look to the elder and dark ages of the world. Then it seemed as if the community were divided into humbuggers and humbugged. Pop-

ular errors became hardened, crystallized and permanent. They endured year after year. With us, they have their season and then explode. Moreover, though it is a consoling fact for those who live by their wits, that there will always be plenty of fools in the world, still it cannot be denied that the number is decreasing. Humbugging is not the facile trade it used to be. It requires talent and tact, ingenuity and money. It is not a sure thing. It is hard to practise humbug, and less discreditable to be humbugged now than formerly. For one charlatan that succeeds, there are twenty that fail miserably. The world sees the success; it knows nothing of the failure, and hence we are apt to come to erroneous conclusions. The time, however, is approaching, even if gradually, when the light of intelligence will be so broad and steady, that deception will cease to be practised on any great scale, though

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat."

THE WELCOME GUEST.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

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THE WELCOME GUEST.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

Step into the nearest periodical depot and get a copy, for *four cents*, of this new and brilliant weekly journal. It is full of good things, fresh and beautiful from the beginning to the end.

FOR COFFEE MANUFACTURERS.—The peanut is extensively cultivated in California, and will in a few years form an important article of commerce.

IN THE FAMILY.—A good weekly newspaper in a family, is worth more to the children than three hours' "schooling" per diem.

WORTH KNOWING.—A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out the white spots that may stain it.

RASCALLY.—The Mormons are still perpetrating fearful outrages upon the emigrant trains.

THE WIRES.—The telegraph wires are fast stretching from one end to the other of California.

A BAD BREAKING OUT.—Sixty "spots" on the sun may now be seen with a good telescope.

SILVER.—Some of the newly-discovered silver mines in California are wonderfully rich.

ACCEPTED MASONS.

At an inn in a town in the west of England, several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other parts of the house, and among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor. In this inn was a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and it being lodge night, several of the members passed through the kitchen in their way to the lodge apartments. This introduced observations on the principles of Masonry, and the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other. The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could show anybody the Mason's sign.

"What," said the tailor, "that of the Free and Accepted?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I will wager you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members you please to nominate."

"Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted, and how is it possible you can procure it?"

"No matter for that," said she, "I will readily forfeit the wager if I do not establish the fact."

The company urged the unfortunate tailor to accept the challenge, which he at last agreed to, and the bet was deposited. The woman got up, and took hold of the tailor by the collar, saying:

"Come, follow me," which he did, trembling alive, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making of a Mason, of which he had heard a most dreadful report.

She led him into the street, and, pointing to the sign of the Lion and Lamb, asked him whose sign it was. He answered:

"It is Mr. Loder's" (the name of the inn-keeper).

"Is he a freemason?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the woman, "I have shown you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason."

The laugh was so much against poor Snip for having been taken in, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed on to partake of the punch.

QUICK WORK.—A letter was lately sent from Paris to New York and a reply received back in Paris in three weeks, four days and nine hours. The Vanderbilt out and the Persia back were the mediums of transmission.

A SLIGHT HINT.—A woman may laugh too much. It's a fact, for only a comb can always afford to show its teeth.

FLAYED ALIVE.

Some weeks since, a story went the rounds of the press, to the effect that a Mr. Haynes of Grayville, Indiana, having killed a squaw on the plains, was seized by a band of Indians, who, by the way of revenge, flayed him alive, and turned him loose to die. A correspondent of the Brother Jonathan gives the following interesting sequel to the narrative: "As I live within eighteen miles of that place, and know the unhappy man well, it may be interesting to your numerous readers to learn the sequel of that fearful and bloody event. It seems that after the Indians had got his skin, poor Haynes felt faint, and suffered a good deal of pain, as was very natural. One of his companions, in a spirit of compassion, offered the Indians a keg of whiskey for the skin, which the savages promptly accepted. Another contributed a box of Bump's all-healing salve, with which they anointed their flayed friend, and then drew on his skin again. The latest we have heard from the poor man is that 'the skin had took root,' and he was doing well. In the hurry of replacing it, however, his face was unfortunately set the wrong way, so that he will entirely lose the use of his nose, which now shows itself on the back of his head. Nevertheless, the man is in good spirits, and says that if he finds it inconvenient, he can easily overhaul the redskins again, get re-skinned, and then he will be particular to have the mistake corrected. Trusting this news from the flayed man will relieve the 'horrors' with which your readers must have perused the first account of his misfortune, I am, sir, truly yours."

VERY GOOD.—Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on the wall, "Try Warren's B——," but had been frightened from his propriety, and fled. "The rest is 'lacking,'" said the wit.

FUNNY.—A certain cockney once defined love to be nothing more than "an insane desire to pay a young woman's board."

FORGETFUL.—There is a man about Boston, just now, so near-sighted that he does not know himself two yards off—after dinner!

COMPLIMENTARY, VERY.—It is a fact that the bees mistake our Yankee girls for flowers, and "up" and sting them accordingly!

COAL.—Coal has been discovered in Van Buren county, Iowa.

CIVILIZATION OF THE GORILLA.

We have noticed with much satisfaction that Mr. Paul du Chaillu, of New York, an enthusiastic naturalist and hunter, has succeeded in bringing into this country several fine specimens of that newly discovered race of Troglodytes, known as Gorillas. Unlike most of the genus Simia, these fine fellows are, some of them, five and a half feet high, and one of them, it is stated, would be more than a match for any three champions of the ring in the world. What an accession to our population! If they can only be acclimated, what great results may flow from their introduction!

Much, of course, remains to be done with them. They are now in a crude state, and while commanding the admiration which the development of muscle is now everywhere exciting, in many respects they fall far below the popular standard. For instance, in spite of their extraordinary strength, they are peaceable and well-disposed, and are absurd enough to confine themselves to a fruit and vegetable diet, and the use of water alone as a beverage. But we do not despair of their reformation when subjected to the refining influences of our modern civilization. We have no doubt that they will learn from example to bully and swagger, to chew tobacco and to drink rum. When this is accomplished, they may take that rank in society which is justly their due. It is true that they cannot speak, but what of that? the gift of gab is so much abused in this country that it is really refreshing to find a living being destitute of it. The contrast between their silence and the insane utterances of our "swells" would not be striking or disadvantageous. When taught to walk erect habitually, and dressed in the height of fashion, it will require a nice eye to detect any difference between a civilized gorilla and a Broadway dandy.

A nice judgment and frequent experiment will be requisite to determine their social status, but eventually, we think, they will be nicely dovetailed into the brilliant mosaic of society. We see nothing to prevent their becoming admirable waltzers, and mastering the complications of the "lancers." This done, they will be most welcome guests at the balls of Fifth Avenuedledom, for they will be untiring. As male dancers on the stage, the educated gorilla would always command an engagement. Fancy one of them seizing Mlle. Hennecart, or Laura Wiadel in his arms and leaping up into the "flies!" It would be a stunning exhibition.

Politics, of course, would engage much of the time and attention of our civilized gorillas. They would be invaluable at primary elections,

and inestimable at the polls. They could easily be taught to distinguish the right ticket by the color, and then how gloriously they would hammer the rebels who attempted to vote any other! A troop of gorillas would beat all the shoulder-hitters in creation in the exercise of the high and enlightened privilege of smashing ballot-boxes.

We might expatiate on this theme to the extent of a volume, but we must resist the temptation from regard to our limits. We dare not hint even at all that our imagination suggests for the possible future of the gorilla in this free and happy country. We dare not say what the gorilla, capable of social distinction, enriched by industry and tact, might not aspire to; we dare not speak of the smiles of beauty; we dare not hint, as the result of the possession of gold and diamonds, worthily won and generously bestowed, at—at—a gorilla wedding!

CAN'T BE BEAT.—Among the vegetables exhibited at the recent California State Horticultural Fair, were a cabbage weighing fifty-three pounds, and a beet weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds. The latter is four feet long and nearly a foot through. It is two years old, having been replanted after exhibition last year, when it weighed forty-two pounds. There were stalks of corn twenty feet high with full ears sixteen inches long.

HIGH PRICE FOR A BOOK.—A copy of the first edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron" was sold in 1812, to the Duke of Marlborough, for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds sterling, equal to nearly twelve thousand dollars. It is supposed that this is the highest sum ever paid for a book.

WESTERN JEWS.—The Jews of Cincinnati have agreed to close their places of business on the Christian Sunday, and to allow no business to be transacted on that day in their stores and offices.

NOVEL RACE.—The Albany Knickerbocker says a fellow in Albany is training a lobster to run a foot race with the one-horse steamer at the Bath Ferry. The lobster is to carry weight.

MYSTERY.—Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun. The hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from its want of a body.

GOOD OLD AGE.—There is now in Liverpool a person named Elizabeth Roberts, who has attained to the age of 110.

THE MISSION OF ROMANCE.

A narrow-minded person might be led to argue, from the multiplication of fictitious writings, romances, novels, novelettes and tales, that the public taste was degenerating, and that the public mind was incapable of relishing and digesting solid mental aliment. But such a conclusion would be illogical and inconsistent with facts. Any bookseller will tell you that his historical and biographical works, his scientific essays, travels and sermons, meet with a ready sale, and the very persons who purchase his novels are the customers for his graver books; in other words, that a taste for fiction is no longer inconsistent with a taste for fact.

The truth is, that the character of fiction has changed with the times, and that truth must be the basis of romance-writing to be successful. The old antagonism to novels was neither bigotry nor prejudice. The character of the old-fashioned novel, with a few honorable exceptions, justified the war that good men waged on that species of literature. It was either absurd, frivolous or immoral; either wildly imaginative or detestably gross. When Don Quixote's best friends made a bonfire of his romances of chivalry, they were only serving rubbish as it deserved, and the hangman would have done the world good service if he had served in the same way nine-tenths of all the fictitious stuff of the past century. But bigotry continued the proscription which good sense initiated. The evil reputation of romance survived its sins. It remained for Scott and his splendid followers and compeers to achieve, during the present century, and within the memory of many of us, a complete "rehabilitation" of the proscribed novel. Scott, at first, "lone sitting by the shores of old romance," succeeded by his splendid pictures of the past in awakening the world to a relish for the gorgeous truths of history, and for faithful portraits of human nature. It was the element of truth embodied in his fictions, which gave them universal currency. His characters lived and moved and had their being. They are to us as actual existences as people whom we have met face to face. These stories of the great "wizard of the north" have led us to study history and human nature more closely; instead of weakening and disciplining the mind, they have led to its culture and strengthening. And centuries before, be it reverently said, the founder of our religion made the divine truths he imparted, more impressive by embodying them in the form of parables, professed fictions clothing undeniable truths.

Religious novels now form a large class by

themselves; but in all modern novels, truth is essential. The teachers of the million, recognizing the legitimate mission of romance, resort to it for enforcing their views. We have the religious novel, the moral novel, and the political novel; novels of society, novels of history, novels of war and the sea; we have even the prophetic novel, shadowing forth the possible future. The novel and the story of to day are what to some extent the drama was, and what it might be, the mirror of life. The great minds of the nineteenth century have recognized the truth, that, in dealing with human nature, it is worse than useless to war with innate tastes, and that the better way is to mould and shape instruction to the channels in which they flow. So that writers of fiction need no longer hang their heads, deeming theirs an "idle and unprofitable calling," but look the world boldly in the face, and take their ranks as teachers and benefactors. So long as this old globe of ours rolls on its axis, just so long will the popular mind crave for fiction and receive it.

HEAR THE OLD MAN.—The venerable and Rev. Daniel Waldo says: "I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupation, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger—a violent temper of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever."

A LONG TIME.—An advertisement, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, among other particulars, said, "that they would last forever, and afterwards, if the owner had no further use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

SKATES.—Last fall and winter our market was completely emptied of this article, none to be had; this year it is apparently overstocked.

DANCING GOTHAM.—Young New York is fond of dancing. Two professors there have 1100 pupils each.

CINCINNATI.—A superb new hospital is about to be erected in the queen city of the West.

PROGRESS.—An Arab newspaper has just been started at Beyrout.

A GALLANT BOY.

A brave little boy who was left alone in charge of a dentist's office and lodgings in New Orleans, recently, was awakened in the night by the entrance of a burglar. With eyelids opened merely to a line, he saw him step to the side of the bed, look through the mosquito bar, and bend his head down to listen if the occupant betrayed signs of being awake. Satisfied with the scrutiny, the burglar took a piece of candle from his vest pocket and lighted it with a match. He then raised the mosquito bar and put his head under, holding the light in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, the blade lying against the fore part of his arm. The lad preserved an appearance as if he slept, and fully satisfied with the last examination, the burglar stealthily and slowly passed into the apartment adjoining. The boy got quietly out of bed and made across the room which the thief had just left, to a drawer where were two pistols. The noise made in obtaining them was heard by the burglar, who rushed back and made at the boy, with knife uplifted, and his left hand at a pistol which he had by his side. The little fellow was equal to the emergency, for he stood firm, holding a pistol in each hand, presented at the thief. The burglar did not dare to advance, but retreated slowly, followed by the lad with pistols extended. He had succeeded in cocking one of the derringers only, but hesitated to fire lest he might miss. As the burglar went, he fell over a chair, but before the boy could decide upon shooting, was on his pins again, making out into the court and climbing up the ladder. Then the boy tried what the derringer could do, and fired as he was trying to get on the wall. The ball unfortunately missed, and the thief escaped, says the Delta.

NARROW QUARTERS.—A friend at our elbow says there is a piece of road not two miles from here so narrow, that when two teams meet they have both to get over the fence before either can pass.

IT IS SO.—If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity.

AN AFFECTIONATE BUILDING.—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "it embraces about 60 rooms."

DON'T DO IT.—Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye.

CHEWING GUM.

Trifling as the subject may appear, says the Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph, yet it is of importance. If it is of importance to have sound teeth in middle life and old age, proper precaution must be used in childhood. The habit of chewing gum is like applying small air-pumps to the bases of the teeth. When the gum is separated from the tooth, it forms a vacuum between itself and the tooth, and the consequence is a violent strain on the dental nerves. The bad results may not show themselves immediately, but the boy or girl who indulges in the habit may calculate on having rotten teeth when in the prime of life. Nor is this all. The habit, like tobacco chewing, induces an unnatural flow of the humors towards the mouth, where it must be ejected as saliva. This is bad enough when it can be ejected; but when, from sickness or other causes, the habit must be discontinued, the result may be, and no doubt has been, fatal. Let young persons and their parents take heed.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.—A theatrical company stopping at Bucyrus, Ohio, was hired by a stranger to give him a special performance of Richard III., with a farce thrown in, for \$35. Choosing an eligible position, and cocking his feet upon the back of the seat in front of him, "the audience" attended to the play, which was exceedingly well done, applauded vigorously at different points, and at the close calling out the leading actors, the manager responding for the company in a speech.

A REAL BLESSING.—A man speaking of a place out West, in a letter which he writes home, says that it's a perfect paradise. and that though most all the folks have the fever-'n'-ager, yet it's a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take. We never thought of that before.

KERN.—We do not remember a sharper reflection than that of the poet Rogers, lately printed in London; he said that Mr. Croker, the author of the article in the Quarterly Review on Macaulay's History, intended murder, but had committed suicide.

WEALTH OF NEW ORLEANS.—The total amount of taxable property in New Orleans, this year, is \$111,193,800. Last year it was \$108,651,100, showing an increase of \$2,542,700.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.—Religion and sorrow make men and women equals in tenderness and tears, in compassion and love.

Foreign Miscellany.

A Scotch clergyman lately read an original tragedy on the story of Saul from his pulpit.

In France, it is now the fashion for ladies to dress very simply at the opera.

Lola Montes has an annuity of \$2500 from the estate of her former husband.

It is stated that 4000 persons die annually of small pox in England.

China edible birds' nests in the crude state sell in Paris for \$70 per cwt.

The oldest known painting in the world is a Madonna and child of 886.

The King of Siam is said to have named a son George Washington.

The house in which John Huss, the great reformer, was born, at Husinec in Bohemia, was recently destroyed by fire.

The books in the library belonging to the British Museum, in London, occupy ten miles of shelf.

There is, probably, no country in the world where the refined and the educated of the female sex take more of out door exercise than in England.

An association of the members of the clergy in England have published an address in which they pledge themselves to a total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The Rev. Dr. Close, Dean of Carlisle, heads the list.

One of the Armstrong guns, of heavy calibre, has been lodged in the Citadel at Quebec. It will be mounted upon the cavalier of the Flagstaff Battery, from which elevation it will have the range of and command the whole bay.

They have in Philadelphia a Fuel Savings Society. Small deposits are received through the year, by ten of the druggists of the city, from those who wish to participate in the benefits of the association, and, in return, coal is furnished them at wholesale prices.

The London Morning Post says that a dog of African breed, which belonged to General Espinasse, who fell at Magenta, still lurks about the spot where he shed his blood, and though often taken away, even to some distance, constantly returns.

The Theatre Lyrique of Paris has been purchased by the city for the sum of 1,400,000*f*. The city enters into possession on the 15th of February, but nothing is yet decided as to when the theatre will be pulled down, nor as to the indemnity to be paid to the director.

In the island of Singapore tigers are now so numerous, that a man per day is devoured by them. The Chinese and Malays seldom report the disappearance of their friends, so that about 700 persons are annually devoured in a single island which has but a few leagues of surface.

The largest chain cable ever known is now being made at Pentypridd, Wales, for the use of her majesty's service. The section of iron of each link contains 1296 circular eighths of an inch, being 767 more than the cable of the Great Eastern, and double the size in diameter of those used for first-class men-of-war.

Austria owes her Bank of Vienna 80,000,000 florins, and is "hard up" financially.

Louis Napoleon has been inventing a new cannon on the principle of Colt's revolver.

During the siege of Sebastopol, the English expended 2,775,360 lbs. of powder.

Thackeray will receive \$10,000 a year for editing the new London serial, if it succeeds.

A London paper's Paris letter says Louis Napoleon will soon have a fleet of 22 steel-plated ships of the line—proof against everything but lightning.

The French government is gathering sea-weed to serve as wadding for artillery. It is said to be better than cotton, keeping the iron cool, and not liable to ignition.

A letter from a European wine merchant says that the vintage of Port was never so short as during the present year, while Sherry is only about one-quarter of the usual vintage.

The average armed force employed in the British colonies during the last five years has been 42,693 men, at an expense of £3,182,743, or about \$16,000,000.

Dr. Livingstone finds himself unable to prosecute his African explorations without a more powerful steamer than the fragile one hitherto employed on the Zambesi, and has appealed to friends in England for assistance.

A small steamer has been built in England of steel plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness. She is 70 feet long, 12 feet broad, and 6 1-2 feet deep, and measured 20 tons. She has proved an admirable sea boat.

In London a singular case of homicide occurred. Two men quarrelled in the street, when one knocked the other over. The prostrate man had a pipe in his mouth, which was forced down his throat, producing death. His assailant was committed on a charge of manslaughter.

The youngest son of the Viceroy of Egypt, Tousseon Pacha, who arrived some days ago in Paris from London, notwithstanding his extreme youth, speaks several European languages; he is accompanied by an English governess, a French physician, and a numerous suite.

As a sample of California forest trees, the Placerville Observer states that a tree lately cut, a few miles from Sierra Nevada, furnished, at the saw-mill, 10,240 feet of sawed lumber. A single log from another tree, of twelve feet in length, and sixty-five inches in diameter at the smallest end, made over 2000 feet of lumber.

"A very valuable discovery," says the Akhkar, "has just been made in Algeria of a tree which grows in great abundance here, and which has the property of dyeing a most beautiful black, so that it will advantageously replace sumach, nut galls, and other substances hitherto used.

M. De Beriot, the famous violinist, has partially completed the sale of his violin to M. Wienawski, another artist, for twenty thousand francs, or nearly four thousand dollars. The instrument is quite a famous one, and the last mentioned gentleman has taken the refusal of it at the above price. A rather expensive instrument that!

Record of the Times.

Vulcanized India rubber is found to be the best material for the manufacture of flutes.

The aggregate public debt of Virginia on the first of October was \$30,190,000.

The height of the Washington Monument is to be six hundred feet.

Twenty-five gambling houses are in one little circuit of the business portion of Chicago.

The corn crop of the United States, this year, is estimated at 900,000,000 bushels.

Oberlin College, Ohio, has 1253 students; of these, 488 are females.

A tunnel through the earth, from New England to New Zealand would be eight thousand miles long.

St. Helena has been recently made a bishop's see, by her majesty's letters patent. The bishop was consecrated in England.

A Connecticut schoolmistress having a troublesome big boy to manage, sat down upon him. She was a large woman, and quite "crushed out" his insubordination.

A hunter in Tolumus county, California, in climbing down into a ravine after a bear, struck a lead which yielded, in one week, \$7000 worth of gold.

The Maharajah of Cashmere has sent as a present to Queen Victoria a most costly shawl tent, which will contain moreover a bedstead of solid gold. The value of this royal offering is said to exceed fifteen lacs (£150,000).

A vein, or rather a formation, some thirty or forty feet wide, containing platinum and gold, has lately been discovered near Fredericktown, Missouri. The richness of the ore is not yet known.

It is stated that Stieglitz, the great Russian banker, who is about to retire, has a capital of fifty-six million dollars. The house has been established fifty years, conducted all this time by father and son.

Lady Morgan says in one of her works, that "one of the things worth a visit to Paris is the exquisite confectionery, so light and so perfumed that it resembles congealed odors, or a crystallization of the essences of sweet flowers."

Iowa has just completed her State census, showing a population of 633,549. She had 192,219 in 1850, and 43,111 in 1840. She has thus more than trebled her population in the last nine years, and increased it about fifteen fold in nineteen years.

The Harriaburg (Pa.) Telegraph says a lady had the habit of picking her teeth with pins. A trifling humor was the consequence, which terminated in a cancer. The brass and quicksilver used in making these pins will account for the circumstance.

A young fellow named Taylor, wishing to desert his wife, came up the river to Albany, and then sent a despatch to her signing it with the name of another person, that he had fallen off a sloop and was drowned. Mrs. Taylor at once started for Albany, and on arriving there she discovered the deception.

A mammoth steer, called the Great Eastern, raised in Vermont, weighs 4000 lbs.

Public executions have been abolished by a recent act of the Georgia Legislature.

A young lady fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a season about four hundred miles.

Washington Territory is 600 miles long, and 209 broad, and contains 123,022 square miles.

A society of Free Lovers from California have bought 50,000 acres of land in San Salvador.

An old man in Indiana recently cowhided his daughter, 19 years old, for wearing hoops.

A man was convicted in Worcester county, the other day, of being a common railer and brawler.

The German language is now taught in the public schools of the city of Cincinnati.

The first British steam packet that crossed the Atlantic was the Sirius, in 1838.

Boiling to death was made a capital punishment in the time of the Tudor Henry the Eighth, of England.

A good telegraph operator, working ten hours per day, on paying messages, brings a receipt of about \$75 to the treasury of the company employing him.

It is stated that the profits of the play called "Our American Cousin," during a run of one hundred and sixty nights in New York, amounted to more than forty thousand dollars.

The New Haven custom-house and post-office will be completed next spring. It will cost, including the site, \$190,000, and is built of iron, brick, and Portland stone.

There is said to be about 60,000 Chinese in California. They have a splendid temple in San Francisco, and have lately imported a huge ugly idol at an immense cost.

Gold is 19 1-3 times heavier than water, and melts at a heat of 2016° fah. It may be hammered so thin as to require two hundred thousand leaves to make an inch in thickness.

A lady who had a silk gown spoilt in being re-colored, brought an action against the establishment, and summoned several of the workmen to give their dying testimony.

The largest ingot of gold yet received from California was recently shipped to Europe. It is 11 7-8 inches long, 5 wide, and 4 1-4 thick. Its value is \$42,581.

A river, having a slope greater than ten inches to the mile, has its current so accelerated as to destroy its banks. In such cases the water spreads over a large surface, and the current is a constant succession of rapids and pools.

Governor Seward was presented in Alexandria with three superb Arabian horses, which will be shipped to this country. Two of them will be presented to the New York State Agricultural Society.

There is a firm in Troy, who, instead of signing the names of the firm, affix a couple of ambrotypes a little larger than postage stamps, one containing a life-like delineation of the features of the senior and the other that of the junior member of the firm. Homely men will, of course, set their faces against any such arrangement.

Merry-Making.

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

Appropos of earthquakes—one touch of Nature makes the whole world kick.

Down-East lyceum—question for discussion—"Can a big man ache harder than a little one?"

"My inkstand is stationery," as the school-master said when he found it nailed to the desk.

What would our day be without its morning and evening's twilight? A fierce and burning eye without a lid.

If an egg could speak, and you were to ask it whence it came, what sweetmeat would it name in reply? *Mame-laid.*

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

A lawyer on his passage from Europe observed a shark, and asked a sailor what it was, who replied, "Here we call 'em sea lawyers."

Brown being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

We have a lovely young female correspondent who has great skill in shooting pistols and fowling pieces, and still greater in drawing beaux.

Of all "suits that are down for hearing," we should say that the love suit with a rich widow that was deaf of both ears, was about as difficult as any to win.

A shrewd observer once said that, in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

Longfellow asks "what a single rose on a lady's forehead indicates." To which the Louisville Journal replies that it "probably means that, if she is kissed, it must be under the rose."

"Why," asked a little girl, "is Fred like a man that has fallen off a tree and is determined to go up again?" "Because he is going to try another climb!" Not bad for an eight-year old.

A wag being told by an acquaintance that Miss Brown (who is rather a broad featured young lady) had a benign countenance, replied, "Perhaps you mean seven-by nine."

The Bishop of Reiz thanked the Bishop of Lisieux for having consecrated him. "It is for me," said the latter, "to thank you. I was the ugliest bishop in France until you were elected."

"Have you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on board the Margate boat. "I've seen a good many *fish-women*, madam, if that's what you mean," was the reply.

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a dollar, answered briskly, "With pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending dollar—and that is out."

The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion. "By gar, you call my wife a woman two three several times once more an' I will call you the vatch house, and blow out your brains like a candle."

The New York Saturday Press says the greatest virtue in a sea captain is wreck loss-ness.

An Irish paper advertises: "Wanted an able-bodied man as a washerwoman."

Why is a certain hat called a wide-awake? Because it is worn without a nap.

The man who attempted to look into the future had the door slammed in his face.

Why is a butcher like a language master? Because he is a *retailer of tongues.*

Why would a printer make a good lawyer? Because he would always be sure to understand the "case."

The most economical time to buy cider, is when it is not very clear—for then it will settle for itself.

"It's all around my hat," as the hypocrite said when he put on mourning for his departed wife.

"I say," cries Dick, "old fellar, wot's the meaning of armistice?" Says Jim, "Why, 'coves a fightin', for a while unclinchin' fists."

Some men have the chameleon's power,—to turn one eye towards heaven, while the other looks in a contrary direction.

A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit, he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

Little Tommy T—— is five years old. He was in a musing mood the other day, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about. "O," said he, "I was thinking of *old times!*"

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They wont weigh much if he does," said the antagonist, coolly.

A bachelor editor of our acquaintance, who has a very pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor editor equally fortunate, "please exchange." We hope that it has happened or will.

Does any one remember what Mirabeau wrote to the young lady who had fallen in love with his genius and wished to know how he looked? He said, sententiously: "Fancy his Satanic majesty, who has had the small pox!"

A person said in our hearing, the other day, that editors for the most part were a thin, pale-faced set. A lad standing near, made this witty observation to his chum: "There, Bob! I told you I had often read about the editorial *corpses.*"

"Don't you think," said a vain fellow, "that I am fit to be King of Great Britain, or Emperor of the French?" "No, but you might make a Doge of Venice, if the title were only curtailed by a letter."

IT SHOULD BE KNOWN!

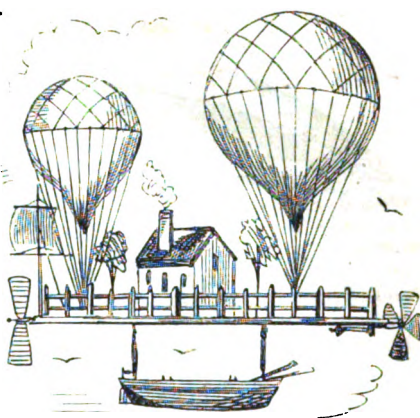
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MR. AIRY'S BALLOON EXPERIENCE.



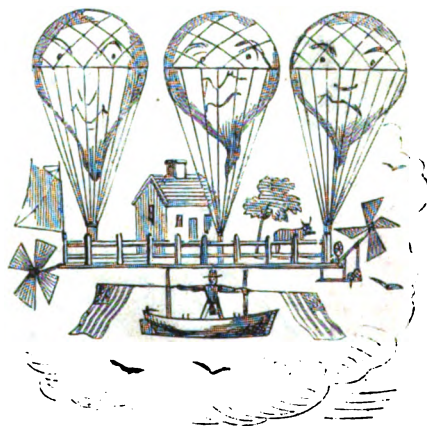
After a great amount of study, Mr. Airy produces a plan for a balloon, with which he is highly pleased.



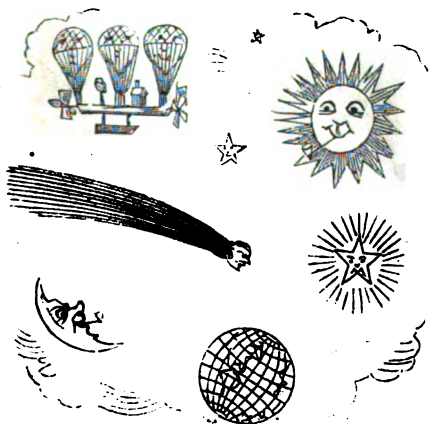
The appearance which Mr. Airy expects his balloon to have during an ascension.



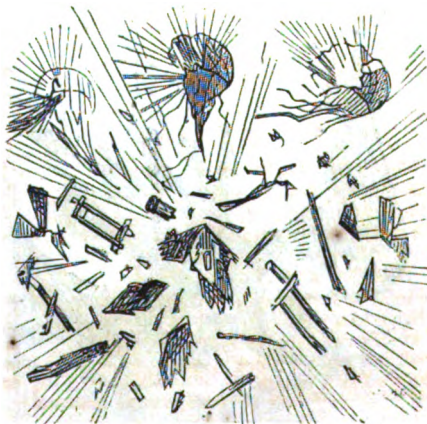
Actual appearance of the balloon on the trial trip.



Having made several essential improvements and additions, comprising all the comforts of a home, Mr. Airy makes a highly successful ascension.



Appearance of the earth, sun, etc., at the height of three hundred miles.



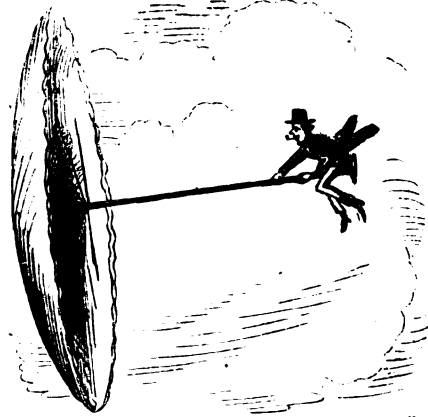
Having attained an altitude of 350 miles, Mr. Airy prepares to descend, when his balloon accidentally explodes

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

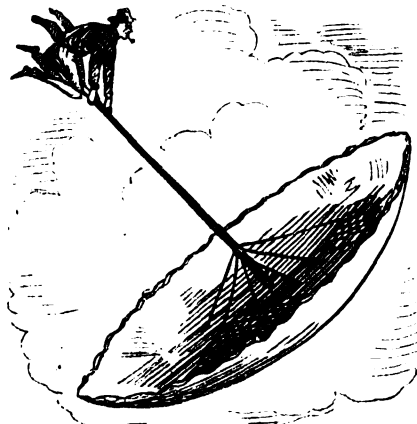
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



But being prepared with a parachute, he quickly proceeds with his descent.



Gets along nicely for the first fifty miles, when he strikes a current which renders his position less comfortable.



Strikes another current—Mr. Airy's position evidently unpleasant.



Being unable to retain his hold, he falls off, at a distance of seventy-five miles from the earth.



Is saved from instant death, by falling upon an American eagle, which is flying beneath him. He clings to the bird, and



Is carried safely to the bosom of his family, after an absence of 2 years 3 months and 4 1/2 days

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 63.

LIFE IN MANILLA.

IN the following article we shall present to our readers as illustrations of peculiar phases of life, several engravings from authentic drawings, representing the people of Manilla, their various costumes and occupations. Manilla is a fortified city of the Philippine islands, the capital of the Spanish possessions in the East, and is situated on the northwest coast of the island of Luzon, at the head of the bay of Manilla, in latitude $14^{\circ} 35' N.$, longitude about $121^{\circ} E.$ The city proper is about two miles in circumference, and communicates across the river Passig, by a ten-arched bridge, with the important suburb Biddondo, the seat of the greater part of the trade. If we include the suburbs, which are very populous, we may set down the inhabitants at 140,000, of whom but about 5000 are Europeans. Manilla has a university, a missionary college, numerous schools and hospitals, and a large government cigar factory. Its vicinity is thickly studded with orchards and plantations of cotton, cocoa and coffee, and it is the seat of an extensive commerce. Its harbor is impeded by a bar with 13 feet of water at low ebb, over which, however, vessels of 600 tons can pass. The exports consist of sugar, hemp, cordage, tobacco, cigars, indigo, provisions, cotton, rice, leather, dye-woods, ram, sapan wood, mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell. The imports comprise cotton fabrics, silks, woollens, haberdashery, drugs, clocks and jewelry. It was about A. D. 1565, as we learn from Horace St. John's "Indian Archipelago," that Spain, recovered a little from the prostration of her long decline, again displayed her flag among the waters of the further East, and claimed a share of influence in those magnificent regions. Her views were fixed on the Philippines, whose productions were by no means of that rare or precious description, which has tempted the

avarice of all the civilized world to the plunder of the unrivalled East. No rich spices, no precious gums, no abundance of rare metals or drugs, were there to allure her cupidity; but there was a fertile soil, a genial climate, and a race of inhabitants, hospitable, credulous and simple. Probably the comparative poverty of the Philippines was unknown to the navigators of those early days, who confounded under a general description the stately islands of the Indian Ocean, and attributed to them, in their sanguine fancy, a fabulous splendor and wealth. The Spaniards, nevertheless, appear to have been



MANILLA WATER-CARRIER.



MANILLA MILKWOMAN.

guided in their plans of colonization—at least in India—by a theory which nations still more great, and infinitely more free, might have adopted with advantage to themselves and to all humanity. They were not sordid monopolists; they ruled less by terror, and more by moral influence and the persuasions of their priests; and their power, not founded on the edge of the sword, was tolerable to the native race. They encouraged settlements; they allowed freedom to traffic; and though they levied unjust and irksome taxes, their system has been productive, within its narrow sphere, of more good than that of other conquerors in the Oriental Archipelago. That their commerce in the further East never developed itself to any lustre or grandeur, is true; but it was because their monopoly was less rigid, not because their vigor was less manly than that of the Dutch. Had Spain been more energetic, and still more liberal, her prosperity in the Indian Archipelago might have rivalled that which she once enjoyed in the Western world. Had Holland accepted the philosophy of trade, her commerce, instead of being forced to an unnatural growth, displaying a false brilliance for a period, and then sinking into a premature decay,

might have flourished for centuries with an increase at once rapid and steady, to reach its limits only when it had measured the full resources of the further East.

Forty years after the discovery of the Philippines by the unfortunate Magallen, Spain equipped an expedition to conquer them. On the 21st of November 1564, an expedition consisting of two large and two small vessels, with an armament of four hundred men, left Europe. It was accompanied by Andres de Milaneta, a Roman Catholic missionary, who had abandoned the military for the sacerdotal profession, and brought with him five Augustine friars, to convert the islanders to the Christian religion. He had served in the Indian Archipelago, and was well versed in natural science. Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, a Spaniard of aristocratic family, was commander. He was a man of considerable capacity, and had already displayed his aptitude for service in new countries, where conquest and colonization were to go hand in hand, in the course of a long career in America. Thus prepared with military and religious leaders, the equipment was rendered complete by the addition of an Indian interpreter, who had been carried to Spain in the ship abandoned by the unhappy Villalobos.

When they had been a month at sea, the smallest of the vessels—whether accidentally or otherwise—became separated from the rest, and sailed on to Mindanao alone. There loading with spices and gold, she did not await the arrival of the squadron, but steering through an unusual track, returned to New Spain. Legaspi, pursuing the route indicated in his instructions, reached on the 8th of January 1565, an

island where the people wore long beards, so unusual among the natives of the New World. Thence he named it Barbadoes. On the 22nd they reached the Ladronee, or Isles of Thieves—since called the Marianas. On the 13th of February they sighted the Philippines, and sailed to the southern isle of Bohol, between the extremities of Zebu and Leyte, where the people fled to their hills. They succeeded in attracting them from their places of refuge by conciliatory gestures. They brought down plentiful supplies of provisions, which were purchased at a just price, and the most amicable intercourse commenced. The natives were generous and friendly; the Europeans liberal and prudent. Legaspi, being hospitably welcomed by a chief of the island, entered into a treaty with him. The convention was ratified by each of the contractors drinking blood drawn from the other's arm, and the Spaniards were then munificently entertained. When they had enjoyed the festivities of Bohol, they sailed to Zebu, where the chief, with his forces collected on the shore, opposed their landing.

Legaspi then declared that he had come to conquer the island in retaliation of the treachery practised upon Magallen and his companions

forty-four years before. Had no such pretence existed his purpose would have been the same, for he had been charged not to avenge the name of Spain, but to add the Philippines to her dominions. Still the fate of the great navigator formed a plausible ground for his pretensions, to which the hostile attitude of the Zebuian chief afforded a still more complete justification. The Spanish commander understood the method of warfare most convenient and efficacious against such a foe. The race, which he was now employed to subdue, was not, however, a horde of savages, hurried on to the defence of their soil by the promptings of an impulsive valor, but easily routed, and with a spirit to be broken by a blow. It was a nation scattered in countless small tribes of from fifty to a hundred families, each with its own chief, but all united by a common solicitude for the independence of their inherited lands.

This patriarchal system,—occasionally divided as it was by the feuds of unappeasable private enemies,—favored the existence of the Spanish dominion, when once established, since it prevented formidable combinations of force. At the same time it obstructed their great schemes of

conquest, as a thousand petty enemies, animated by one spirit, though fighting under as many leaders, were to be defeated in a thousand petty conflicts, wasteful of life and fruitless of renown. The Islanders—Papuan, Malay, or Angolan—were wild and hardy men, subsisting on bulbous roots, or the spoils of the chase, and retreating into their impenetrable woods and other natural strongholds, as the civilized enemy settled on the coast lands. The Tagala, who dwelt in the district round about Manilla, and are derived, according to their traditions, from the Malays, have submitted thoroughly to their rule, and become the servants of strangers. Tagal and slave are synonymous terms in the Archipelago.

The state of morals among that rude people, at this early period of their history, was superior to that of most savage races: but their religion was a wild, mysterious idea, scarcely defined into a creed, which claimed the adoration of the simple barbarian for all that was awful in aspect, or strange to his comprehension. Idols and temples they had none; but erected green bowers, where a priestess sacrificed the hog and dedicated the oblation of its blood to the infernal gods or the souls of the sacred dead. All natural objects of



SHOEMAKER'S SHOP IN MANILLA.



NIPA HOUSES AT MANILLA.

extraordinary size or form were and are still among the unconverted tribes supposed to be the dwellings of invisible divinity. Some mighty spiritual power, nameless and immortal, haunted the air, and revealed its presence in darkness by the influence of terror upon the savage mind. In the course of years, however, the Muslim faith blended itself with the incoherent belief of the islanders, though when Legaspi commenced his campaign, their primitive religion remained untainted by the introduction of a foreign creed.

The Zebuans appeared firm in the defence of their independence; but were driven from their position by a body of men landed in good order from the ships. The Spaniards marched on a considerable town to which they were directed, and found it in flames, stripped of all its barbarous wealth. From that day a series of petty conflicts was maintained, although Legaspi carried on continual negotiations with the principal chief, to induce his consent to an amicable intercourse. In consideration of his submission, he declared Magellan's death to be forgotten and forgiven; but the Indians had sounded the depths of European faith, and continued to harass their invaders. Legaspi had a tent pitched on shore, ordered the erection of a fortress, and exhorted all his men to labor for the advancement of the Spanish name. To emulate the achievements of the numerous conquerors in the New World, although on a narrow field, appeared to him the taste fit for an exalted ambition. The zeal, however, which inspires the leader of a great enterprise, often fails to penetrate the inferior ranks, partly perhaps because these perceive that the labor is for them, while the reward is for others. Florid eulogies and flattering harangues, often, nevertheless, fire whole armies with ambition,

and the heart of every soldier leaps as though his was to be the name associated with every heroic achievement of the day; but one name is often all that is remembered, when the piles of carnage are covered with earth, and the clouds and dust of battle have dispersed. It was not so in this instance. The followers of Legaspi, associating no ideas of patriotism with their task in the Philippines, labored reluctantly to establish the influence of Spain, under the orders of their half-military, half-missionary leader. Murmurs were succeeded by mutiny. Severe examples were made of a few, and the rest of the malcontents were sent to Europe in the flag ship, which sailed the first of June 1565, with a report of progress, and solicitations for further aid from the imperial government.

On the next day the chief, who had despised the overtures made to him, was compelled to seek terms, and meeting Legaspi in formal conference, tendered his homage to Spain, promised to bring down supplies, and granted land for the site of a town and fort, which the Spanish admiral named San Miguel in honor of himself. This was the first European settlement in the Philippines. Induced by the submission of their chief leader, the inhabitants gradually left their mountain retreats, descended on the plains, spread along the shore, and lived on terms of peace with their visitors. Their rude industrial occupations were resumed. These were principally rural; but the famine which followed the arrival of the Spaniards vividly illustrates the condition of Zebu at that period. So little progress had been made in agriculture, that this little influx of population produced a scarcity which was at intervals relieved by scanty supplies from the neighboring islands; sometimes procured by traffic,

but more frequently as the prize of successful war.

For the Spaniards joined in alliance with their Zebu friends and constructed light gallies, fitted for the navigation of shallow seas, attacked the hostile towns, and captured their stores of provision. Still, scarcity continued to increase, although the natives of Luzon sailed over in a fleet of prahus, with two hundred baskets of rice. Parties were constantly sent out to gain knowledge of the movements taking place among the neighboring islanders. Scout boats continually departed and arrived with intelligence. Some of the population were found anxious for friendly intercourse with the Europeans. Others had swept all the means of subsistence from the plains into their places of ambush among the hills, whence they hoped to enjoy the spectacle of the Spaniards driven by famine from the Philippine group—to carry their arms, their merchandize, and their religion elsewhere.

Still the wealth of the islands was so envied, that danger and difficulty seemed more to enhance than damp the spirit of enterprise among the leading Spanish adventurers. They had been reduced to a state of famine, and were desperately

pressed when a vessel from New Spain arrived with provisions and supplies. The ship with the mutinous sailors had safely reached Mexico, when the solicitations of its captain had procured this assistance for the expedition of the Philippines. On board this vessel, bound on its mission of succor to an exhausted settlement, in the weakness of infancy, some bloody scenes of mutiny had occurred, but her arrival was as welcome as a burst of sunshine after a long night of storms.

It was now considered politic to send to New Spain for the profit of king Philip, and as an encouragement to his project of colonization, a small cargo of precious merchandize. With this view a galley sailed to Mindanao to collect gold and cinnamon, with pitch for the careening of the squadron. There the first great disaster of Legaspi's expedition occurred. The islanders attacked the party, and massacred every man. In a general sense, nevertheless, the Spaniards were singularly fortunate, and their settlements were established in the Philippines with unusual facility, and encouraging prospects of success.

The Philippine islands form a large and important group in the Asiatic Archipelago, and



THE RAINY SEASON, MANILLA.



MARKET WOMEN OF MANILLA.

next to Cuba, the most valuable colonial possession of Spain. They lie chiefly between latitude $5^{\circ} 32'$, and $19^{\circ} 38'$ north, and longitude 117° and 127° east, having the Pacific ocean north and east, the China sea west, and the seas of Soolev and Celebes south. There are at least 1200 islands, great and small, the principal being named Luzon, Mindanao, Palawan, Mindoro, Panay, Marindique, Negros, Zebu, Bohol, Leyte, Samar, Masbate, and the others being of smaller size. The total area is estimated at 120,000 square miles, the Spanish dominion extending over only 52,148 square miles. The population is estimated at 5,000,000, containing of the Papuan negro race and independent tribes, 1,025,000; Malay Indians, 3,700,000; half castes and Chinese, 30,000, the remainder Europeans and native whites. The islands are of volcanic formation, and contain a chain of active volcanoes. Earthquakes are also of frequent occurrence. The group is within the range of the monsoons, and violent hurricanes are common. From May to September the west coasts are deluged with rain, while the October monsoon brings rain to the east coasts; at other seasons it is dry. The high temperature and abundance of moisture produce a luxuriant vegetation, so that they are capable of yielding all kinds of colonial and probably European produce. Rice, millet, maize, sugar, hemp, tobacco, coffee and cotton, are raised, and sago, cocoa nuts, bananas, cinna-

mon, betel, numerous fine fruits and timber for ship-building, are among the products. Buffaloes and most of the domestic animals common in Europe are reared. The caymen is found in the rivers. Pearls, pearl oyster shell, the sea slug, edible birds' nests, and sapan wood, are important articles of export hence to China. Domestic weaving is pretty generally carried on by the females, and straw hats, cigar cases and earthen wares are made; but the chief manufacture is that of the government Manilla cigars, which occupies 2000 hands at a royal factory in Manilla.

The wretched colonial policy of old Spain excluded all foreign ships and Chinese settlers from these islands, and the trade with the Spanish dominions in America was also confined to that conducted annually by a single ship! But such restrictions have vanished since the revolution, and the colony is now making commensurate progress towards prosperity.

Manilla is the seat of the government and residence of the captain-general. To each of the larger islands is a lieutenant-governor, and each of the thirty provinces, governed by an alcalde, is divided into pueblos, or communes. The Roman Catholic religion has been extensively diffused among the Malay population. The public revenue is derived chiefly from duties on exports and imports, the tobacco monopoly and a capitation tax. The armed force amounts to

about 7000 men, one-tenth of them Spaniards and the rest Malays. The islands were discovered by Magalhsen, in 1521, and settled by the Spaniards in the reign of Philip II., in honor of whom they were named.

The series of engravings embodied in this article, are so graphic as to spare us the necessity of a labored description: they at once, in a sort of pictorial short-hand, show us the personal appearance, characteristics and pursuits of the people of Manilla. Thus we have the nearly-naked water-carrier, carrying on his shoulder a few joints of cane filled with the pure element, the Manilla milkmaid, clumsily attired, with a jar of the lacteal fluid on her head and the inevitable Manilla cheroot in her mouth, the shoemakers, stripped to their work, stitching and hammering, —the picturesque Nipa houses with their projecting thatches, and heavy wooden galleries and balustrades—men and women in the rainy season, plunging through the fallen water and the falling rain, keeping their cigars alight with difficulty —the market women with their queer hats and queerer attitudes; and the milkman with his extraordinary vessels. The poorer people of Manilla live principally on rice, which is extensively cultivated in the Philippines.

The rice-plant is all-important to the people of the East. It has altered the face of the globe and the destinies of nations; for there can be no doubt that to this grain the Chinese and Hindoos

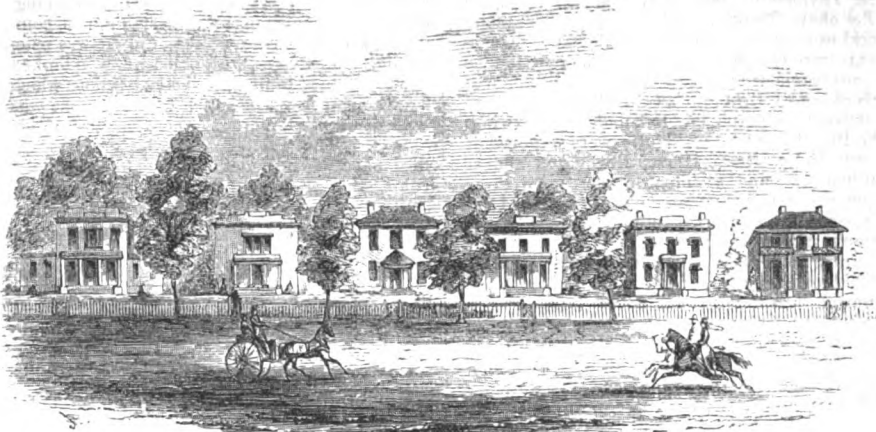
owe their early civilization. An immense population in those and the surrounding countries are now entirely dependent on the rice crops, and when these fail, thousands perish of hunger. The culm of the rice is from one to six feet high, annual, erect, simple, round and jointed; the leaves are large, firm and pointed, arising from very long, cylindrical and finely-striated sheaths; the flowers are disposed in a large and beautiful auricle, somewhat resembling that of the oat. The seeds are white and oblong, but vary in size and form in the different varieties. It is important to be acquainted with these varieties, in order to choose which are best suited to certain soils or localities; some are preferable on account of the size and excellence of the grains; others from their great bearing, or the time of ripening; others again from their greater or less delicacy with respect to cold, drought, etc. The Hindoos, Chinese, Malays and inhabitants of the neighboring islands have paid most attention to the cultivation of these varieties. One species of rice only is known. Rice can be profitably cultivated only in warm climates, and here it is said to yield six times as much as the same space of wheat lands. The Chinese obtain two crops a year from the same ground, and cultivate it this way from generation to generation on the same soil, and without any other manure than the mud deposited by the water of the river used in overflowing it. After the plants are set out in the

manner common to the cultivators, the land is flowed and the water kept on till the crop begins to ripen, when it is withheld; so that when the harvest arrives, the field is quite dry. It is reaped with a sickle, threshed with a flail, or the treading of cattle, and the husk is taken off by beating it in a stone mortar, or passing it between flat stones, as in a common meal mill. The first crop being cut in May, a second is immediately prepared for, by burning the stubble, and this second crop ripens in October or November. After removal, the stubble is ploughed in, which is the only vegetable manure such lands can be said to receive. In Japan, Ceylon and Java, aquatic rice is cultivated nearly in the same manner. A rice plantation requires constant attention. The proprietor must make daily visits, in order to see that the various aqueducts, flood-gates and embankments of the different compartments are all in good order, and that the water constantly remains at the same height. The maturity of the grain is ascertained by the yellowness of the straw, and it is harvested much in the same manner as other grains, with this difference, that in some districts the top only is cut. Aquatic rice is cultivated by the Chinese even in the midst of rivers and lakes, by means of rafts made of bamboo, and covered with earth.



MILKMAN OF MANILLA.

VIEWS IN TRENTON AND NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

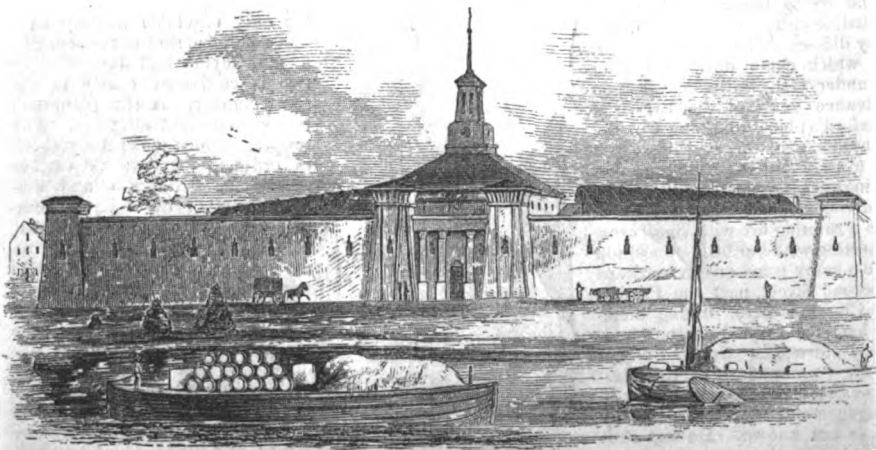


COTTAGE ROW, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

The city of Trenton, New Jersey, is situated at the head of sloop and steamboat navigation on the Delaware River, fifty-five miles southwest from New York, and thirty miles northeast from Philadelphia. It derives its name from Colonel William Trent, who was one of its earliest settlers, and this honor was awarded him in return for a gift of land on which to erect the county buildings. It contains some handsome public buildings, such as the State House and many elegant private residences. The visitor to Trenton, on arriving by the cars, will notice on his right, as he leaves the depot, a row of very neat, tasty cottages, which form the first of our series of pictures, and were built a few years since to lease, and exhibit a very commendable taste and judgment on the part of architects and builders. The State prison, shown on this page, is situated in South Trenton, about three-fourths of a mile from the central portion of the city, and near to the railroad and Delaware and Raritan canal,

which are represented in the foreground of the picture. It is built of stone, in the Egyptian style, and consists of a main building in which the keepers reside, and of wings radiating therefrom, so that a person sitting in the observatory, as it is called, can see at a glance the length of the corridors without the necessity of turning his person. The walls of the wings are twenty feet high and three feet thick, and the outer walls enclose an area of four acres. The building is warmed by hot water running through pipes in the corridors, etc., and can be heated to a temperature of 65 degrees. The means of ventilation are unexcelled, and both as regards the treatment of the prisoners and the arrangements for their security and comfort, the New Jersey State prison ranks with the first in this country.

Trenton is dear to every American as the scene of some of the most brilliant exploits of Washington and the revolutionary army. On the 25th of December, 1776, Washington with his army

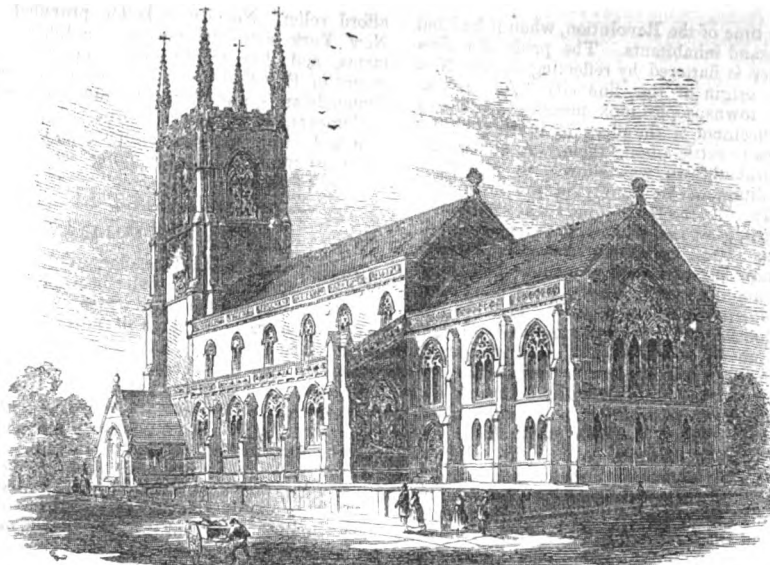


STATE PRISON AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

was on the west bank of the Delaware, encamped near Taylorsville, then McKonkey's ferry, eight miles above Trenton. The troops under Lieut. Dickinson were at Yardleysville, and detachments were encamped further up the river. The Pennsylvania troops were in two bodies, one at Bristol, under General Cadwallader, the other at Morrisville, opposite Trenton, under Gen. Ewing. The British, under Gen. Howe, were stationed at Mount Holly, Black Horse, Burlington and at Bordentown; and at Trenton there were three regiments of Hessians, amounting to about 1500 men, and a troop of British light horse. Washington's design was to cross the Delaware with his army at McKonkey's ferry, in the night of the 25th of December, and Gen. Ewing, with his command, was to cross at or below Trenton, that both might fall upon the enemy at the same time. At dusk, the continental troops led by Washington in person, of 2400 men, with twenty pieces of artillery, began to cross the river. It was not till three or four o'clock on the morning of the 26th that all were over and ready to march. They marched with a quick step in a body from the river up the cross road to the Bear Tavern, about a mile from the river, and then to the village of Birmingham, where they halted. The troops were formed in two divisions. One, commanded by General Sullivan, marched down the river road; the other, under Washington, filed off to the left, and crossed over to the Scotch road and went down this road until it enters the Pennington road about a mile from Trenton. They reached Trenton about daybreak. So silent was their march that they were not discovered by the enemy until they came upon a picket guard stationed about half a mile from Trenton, on the Pennington road, at or near the house of the Rev. Mr. Frazer, when one of the sentries called to Lanning, who was a little in advance of the troops, saying: "Who is there?" "A friend," replied Lanning. "A friend to who?" "A friend to Washington." At this the guard turned out, and seeing the troops, fired and retreated, keeping up a running fire as they did so. The division of the army which came down the river road, under Gen. Sullivan, fell upon the advance guard of the British at Rutherford's place, adjoining Colonel Dickinson's, near the southwest part of the town, about the same time that Washington entered it from the north. Both divisions pushed forward, keeping up a running fire with small arms and meeting with but little opposition till the enemy were driven eastward into Second Street, near the Presbyterian Church, where, finding themselves hemmed in and overpowered, they laid down their arms. Colonel Ball, the commandant of the Hessians, was mortally wounded early in the engagement, but where or by whom is not known. He was shot from his horse as he was endeavoring to rally and form his dismayed and

disordered troops. When, supported by a file of sergeants, he presented his sword to Washington (whose countenance was beaming with complacency at the success of the day), he was pale, bleeding and covered with blood; and in broken accents, seemed to implore those attentions which the victor was well disposed to bestow; he was taken to his head-quarters, where he died of his wounds. The number of prisoners was 23 officers and 886 privates; 4 stand of colors, 12 drums, 6 brass field pieces and 1000 stand of small arms and accoutrements were the trophies of victory. The loss of the Americans in this important engagement was two privates killed and two frozen to death; that of the Hessians was seven officers and twenty or thirty privates killed. Immediately after this almost bloodless victory, Washington commenced marching his prisoners up to the ferry, and before night they were all safely landed on the opposite shore. The victory achieved with so little loss, at a period, too, when the spirits of the patriots had been depressed to the lowest ebb, caused a thrill of enthusiasm throughout the country, and recruits came pouring in. Washington now felt strong enough to take the offensive, and moved his army across to Trenton; hearing of the approach of Cornwallis from Princeton with a large body of troops, he took up a position on the south side of the Assaupink, so as to have that stream between him and his enemy. Washington's army





HIGH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

was composed almost entirely of undisciplined militia, while that of Cornwallis, equal in point of numbers, was far superior in all its appointments, being composed of regular troops, thoroughly trained to war. Strong parties of Americans were sent out to harass the British on their march, and so well did they perform their part, that it was almost night ere they reached Trenton. Entering the city, he pushed on, intending to cross the Assaupink and give Washington immediate battle. So rapid was his march, that the Americans who were retreating before him barely had time to cross the bridge before the battle commenced. At the bridge and at a ford somewhat above, the Americans had stationed their artillery, and as soon as the British came in sight and their own men had crossed, they opened their batteries. Heedless of the shower of iron which was mowing them down by ranks, the British marched simultaneously to the attack of the bridge and ford. Three times did they make the desperate effort to cross the bridge, and each time were they driven back by the Americans in confusion and disorder. Cornwallis at last, believing their numbers to be greater than they really were, withdrew his troops, lighted his camp fires and awaited the morning for further action. During the night, Washington, finding himself in a critical situation, and feeling assured that another contest would prove fatal, silently withdrew his troops, and when the morning came, Cornwallis was surprised to find the camp of his enemy deserted. So certain had he been of having Washington in his power, that he had refused the solicitations of General Erskine, who wanted to attack during the night, saying, "he should certainly catch the fox (meaning Washington) in the morning." Alas, for his hopes! that morning's dawn showed to him a deserted encampment, and brought to his ears the sound of cannon from the direction of Princeton, but not be-

lieving his senses, and notwithstanding it was in mid winter, he took it to be thunder. General Erskine, more quick witted, exclaimed, after listening for a moment, "To arms, general! Washington has out-generalled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!" It is singular that history gives no account of the loss of the British at the Assaupink. Eye witnesses say that the slaughter was dreadful—the creek, almost filled with the bodies of the slain, running red with blood!

As specimens of the ecclesiastic architecture of Newark, N. J., we present neat engravings of Grace Church, Walnut and Broad Streets, and the High Street Presbyterian Church. Grace Church, (Puseyite,) is a handsome structure, in the English cruciform style. The Presbyterian Church was designed by Mr. Welch, of Newark, and reflects great credit upon all connected with its erection—architect and builders, as well as the congregation, whose munificent expenditure has adorned the city with one of its richest ornaments. Newark, the chief city of New Jersey, a port of entry, and capital of Essex County, is situated on the Passaic River, about nine miles from New York, by land, and forty-nine from Trenton, the capital of the State. It is handsomely situated on an extensive plain extending back from the river to a hill which runs parallel therewith, and on which are built some of the handsomest private residences of its more wealthy citizens. The city is regularly laid out, and well built, the streets running at right angles to each other, wide, mostly level, and many of them paved. There are probably few cities in the United States whose growth of late years has been so rapid, or whose prospects are more flattering than those of Newark. Settled in 1666 by emigrants from Connecticut, notwithstanding its pleasant location and many advantages, it attracted but few settlers to its precincts, and the growth of the town was slow

up to the time of the Revolution, when it had but one thousand inhabitants. The pride of a New Englander is flattered by reflecting on the New England origin of this fine city. As early as 1676 the townspeople took measures to hasten the advancement of the place by inviting skillful mechanics to settle among them. A shoemaker from Elizabethtown was allowed to join them "on condition of his supplying the town with shoes." In 1698 the first tannery was established here, and it gave rise to several extensive establishments. Other manufactures were introduced, and it now has almost the monopoly of some kinds of manufactures. In 1810 its population was 5984, and in 1853, 50,000. The original settlers, looking far into the future, laid out their town on an extensive scale, the advantages of which are seen at the present day in its broad and straight streets and in its large and commodious parks and parades. Newark is a delightful place, and one which no tourist who is passing a few days in New York should fail to visit. Our engravings show that it possesses many fine specimens of architecture, which amply repay examination, while the streets give a forcible idea of the activity and thrift of the city. It is a very agreeable residence for those who do business in New York, and are anxious to retire at night from the ceaseless whirl and tumult of that brilliant Babel, without plunging into an utter wilderness. The contrast is not too abrupt, and yet sufficient to

afford relief. No city is better provided than New York with the means of indulging such tastes, and they are liberally employed. The shores of East and North Rivers, and Long and Staten Islands, are covered for miles with villas, settlements, villages, and towns, which spring from a desire of the Gothamites to enjoy a little elbow room, which is becoming scarce in the London of America.

A TREASURE IN LIFE.

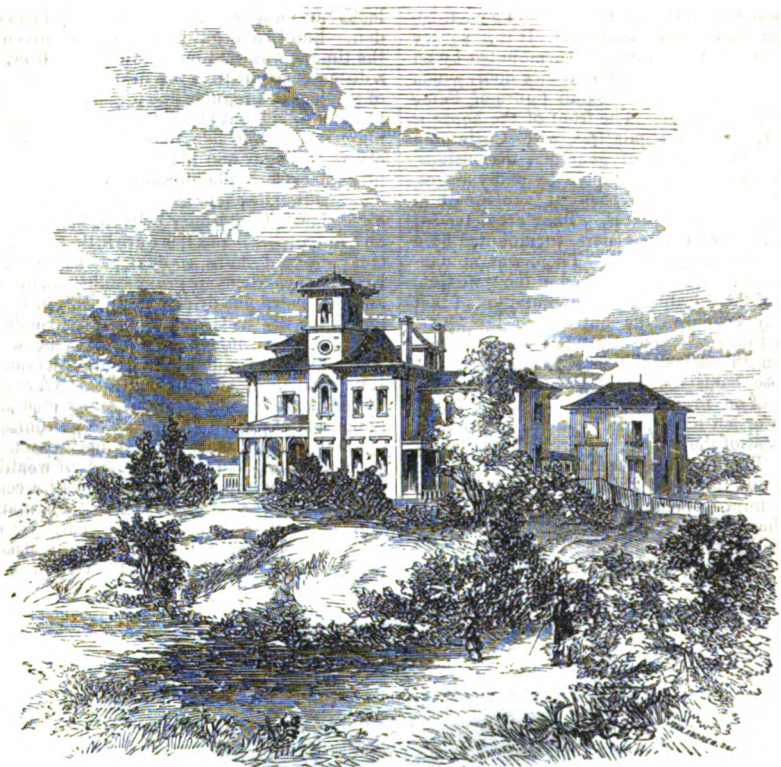
Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless and tender heart or two, and reckon among the blessings which heaven hath bestowed on thee the love of faithful women? Purify thine own heart, and try to make it worthy theirs. On thy knees, on thy knees, give thanks for the blessing awarded thee! All the prizes of life are nothing compared to that one. All the rewards of ambition, wealth, pleasure, only vanity and disappointment—grasped at greedily and fought for fiercely, and, over and over again, found worthless by the weary winners. But love seems to survive life, and to reach beyond it. I think we take it with us past the grave. Do we not still give it to those who have departed from us? May we not hope that they feel it for us, and that we shall leave it here in one or two fond bosoms, when we also are gone?—*Thackeray.*



MR. CROWNSHIELD'S HOUSE, AT LONGWOOD, BROOKLINE, MASS.

[See p. 216]

VIEWS IN BROOKLINE AND ROXBURY, MASS.



WILLIAM R. CARNES'S VILLA, HIGHLANDS, ROXBURY.

THE immediate environs of Boston, rich in the beauties of nature, present many sites for elegant private residences, which have been eagerly appropriated by men of taste and means, so that as soon as you enter the adjacent town, you are in the midst of picturesque buildings, of trim gardens and delightful lawns. We publish herewith several accurately drawn views of private houses in Roxbury and Brookline, showing the different styles of our suburban architecture. The first (on page 215) and the third of the series of engravings, represent houses at Longwood, in Brookline, about three miles from Boston. Mr. Crowningshield's house is in the style of the French chateau, with surroundings which enhance the beauty of the edifice, and the house built for Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, is a plain, substantial and unpretending structure. The territory of Longwood is beautifully laid out, with ample grounds for each house, and with beautiful roads and drives. The car drive thence is a direct line to Beacon Street, over the Western Avenue, and the views on all sides are striking and interesting. The scenery of Longwood reminds the travelled man of that English scenery which is so renowned all the world over. Mr. William R. Carnes's villa, on the Roxbury Highlands, of which we give a remarkably correct

drawing, is a showy structure in the Italian style. Another picture in our series—Mr. Pope's residence on the Highlands, Roxbury—so noted of late years for its elegant and tasteful private dwellings, is of considerable size, and is of the English architecture of the time of Elizabeth. There is a certain quaintness about the curves of the gables and roofing, which is not without a picturesque effect. Mr. Henry Burrough's house, Oak Street, Roxbury, is of a composite style of architecture, partaking largely of the Gothic elements, and harmonizes with the surrounding scenery. The great diversity of style in our modern country-houses is worthy of remark. Nothing like it was exhibited half a century ago. Then, if you knew how much money a man had expended on his country-seat, you might pretty safely describe it without ever having set eyes on it. It was apt to be quadrangular in form, and to have a cupola on top; it might or might not have pilasters. These houses differed somewhat from each other in ornamentation, but were generally very like each other. The stables were invariably of one model. Not that we would say a word in disparagement of these old-school mansion houses. On the contrary, we admire them; we cherish them as relics of past time; we respect them for their air of gentility, their solidity, their well-to-do ap-

pearance. We have in our mind's eye one of these old houses, which we regard with a great deal of reverence, and which we think quite beautiful, though we are not certain that the magic of association and memory does not somewhat beguile our taste and judgment. It is a square house, three stories in height, surmounted by an octagonal cupola. Over the entrance door, which is in the centre, there is a small figure of Fame blowing her trumpet. The front of the house is ornamented with six pilasters, with Corinthian capitals. The hall is of generous dimensions. The stairs ascend to the cupola by many stages, stopping every now and then to take breath at large square landing-places. They are defended by curiously twisted banisters, surmounted by a very heavy mahogany rail. There was no danger of a guest retiring to his bed in the "wesma' hours" of the morning after an exhibition of that hospitality which, in the anti Maine law days, was sometimes carried to imprudent excess, breaking down the balustrade as he surged against it. Those banisters would have sustained the pressure of an insane elephant. Entering either the right or left hand parlor, you are surprised at the lowness of the ceiling, traversed by its heavy beams. The fireplaces used to be vast, but they are now replaced by grates—a very inharmonious improvement. The deep window seats used to have lockers under them, and to be furnished with cushions, making admirable places for confidential *tête-à-têtes*, particularly when the

heavy curtains were drawn before them. The panes of the windows were very small—totally unlike the large Claude Lorraine plates that now admit every ray without deflection. This house looks out on a very pleasant but very formal garden. Landscape gardening was not invented at the time it was laid out. Along the front wall, a dozen chestnut trees are drawn up like a guard of soldiers in a regular line presenting arms. The walks are laid out at right angles. If there is a plum tree on one side, there is a plum tree on the other. Syringas and lilacs are planted out at regular intervals. The flowers are hearty, old fashioned flowers—such as peonies, London pride, monkshood, Canterbury bells, larkspurs, damask and moss roses—and there are little beds of medicinal and pot herbs, so dear to the housewife's heart in days when our grandmothers made soups, and concocted diet drinks and sovereign remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Such is one of the country houses of the old time, a few of which are still remaining in good preservation, in spite of modern innovations, just as a few of their owners are living to give our young men an idea of the sort of person that used to patronize powder and pigtailed and think Pope a poet. The style of living, like the standard of wealth, has changed very much, say within half a century. Fifty or sixty years ago, though no man was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," yet a man who enjoyed three thousand a year, passed as pretty well to do in the world. Of course flour



AMOS A. LAWRENCE'S HOUSE, LONGWOOD, BROOKLINE.



MR. POPE'S RESIDENCE, HIGHLANDS, ROXBURY.

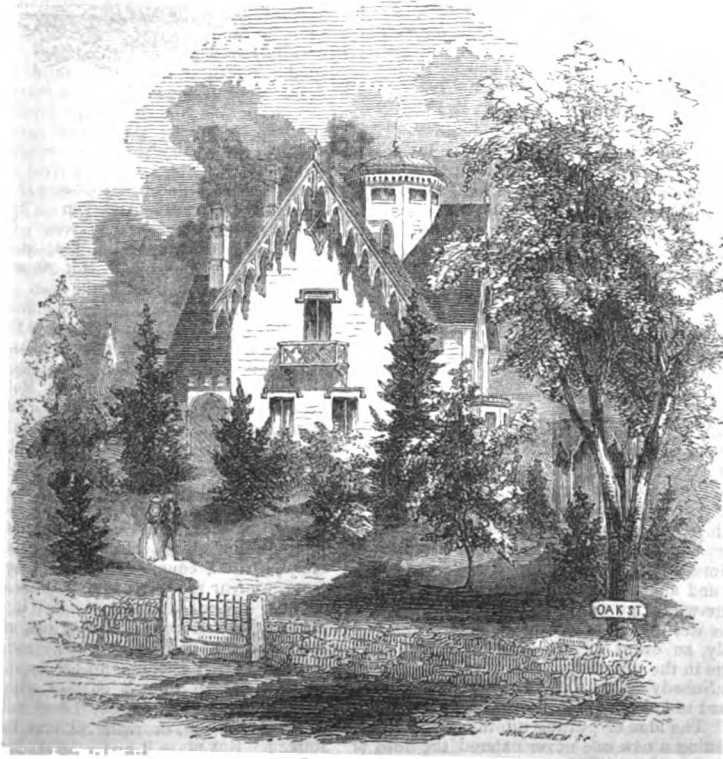
was not fourteen dollars a barrel and butter fifty cents a pound. The man who kept a horse and chaise, and a male domestic in addition to a couple of servant girls, and maintained this state in the country, was looked upon as a pretty rich man. The proprietor of a carriage and horses was a sort of Astor, and his goings and comings were the theme of gossip far and wide. And the gentleman who kept a carriage did not change it every three or four years, or feel bound to keep it running to the carriage painters. No! the ponderous mass of timber, iron, steel, leather and glass, once purchased, it became a sort of heirloom, a sacred representative of the family it belonged to. It slowly moved with them to church—it was too dignified to run, it was quite incapable of being hurried. It attended funerals, it carried joyous groups to assemblies, in fits of jocular condescension it went on bridal tours sometimes, but never long ones, for it was heavy and short-winded. Sometimes the family carriage would go as far as Saratoga Springs—but this was an exploit like Napoleon's invasion of Italy, an event of an age. No gentleman's carriage in the olden time was ever sold at auction. Nobody set up a carriage who was not determined to keep it up as a permanent establishment. The idea of putting off the old carriage and getting a new one never entered the head of a solid man of 1799 or 1800. He would as soon

have thought of getting rid of his wife by divorce and marrying again. And then his horses; what noble, steady animals they were. No 2.40 in them. Between three and four miles an hour satisfied their ambition. But we are dwelling too long on the manners of the past. We started with the idea that uniformity of taste characterized the old school, and diversity the modern. Of the houses here shown no two are exactly alike. We should like very well to see an American order of architecture. Charles Fennel Hoffman suggested some years since, an order, the basis of which he would copy from the Indian corn plant. The idea is rather fanciful and poetical than practical, but we do not see why something could not be made of it. A colonnade, with the pillars representing the jointed stalks of maize, the ear and falling leaves the capital, might not be amiss in a rustic dwelling. But so long as our architects have all countries and all time to borrow from, we fear that there will be little done in the way of original invention. But in borrowing designs from European authorities, and particularly for the purposes of rural residences, we must pay strict attention to the localities where they occur. A French chateau, with its steep roof, is not displeasing, but it does not look well in a sandy plain, or rising without the relief of foliage. But place it under the shadow of heavy trees, or in the glade of a piece of woodland, ap-

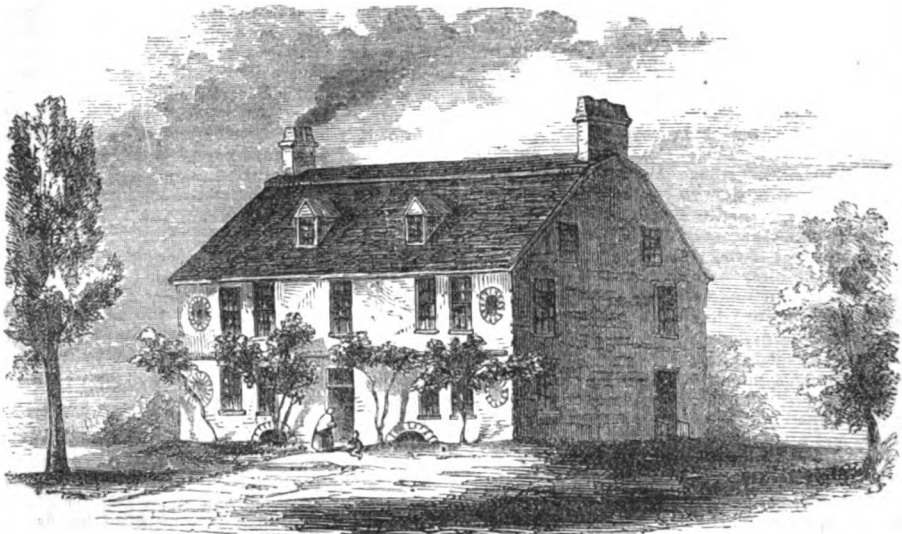
proached by an avenue of oaks, surround it with a wall, give it the necessary adjuncts, and you produce its full effect. So with a villa in the Italian style. It will not do to erect an Italian villa unless we are resolved not to neglect the landscape around. We must plant vines and train them on trellises and trees, we must have large-leaved shrubs and plenty of flowers, vases, terraces, balustrades and steps, if we would keep up appearances. Above all, in copying, let us not serve our models as gipsies do stolen children—disguise them to avoid being recognized. And let us be modest withal. Let us not seek to improve what the voice of all ages has pronounced absolute perfection. If some Yankee sculptor should undertake to improve the Venus de Medici, by straightening her up, enlarging the size of her head, and giving her more the air of a strong-minded woman, we should think him a presumptuous puppy, and yet we daily see the Parthenon disfigured, without a protest against the profanation. We see it perforated with windows and fitted with Venetian blinds, tricked up with fancy iron balconies, and crowned with cupolas.

As a contrast to the modern edifices we have depicted, we close with a view of the old fort at Medford, near Boston. There are few memorials of antiquity now standing in our country—few buildings, at least, to mark the earliest pe-

riods of settlement. The first houses, of course, were constructed in the cheapest and most rapid manner, the material being wood. The rapidity with which societies were organized, the fact that schools and houses of worship were not deferred to more convenient periods, but established at once, rendered *all* the earlier structures fragile and perishable. Dwelling-house, school-house and church went up simultaneously, side by side, the forest supplying the material, and the axe being almost the only implement employed. These buildings answered the purpose. Those who erected them deferred the substitution of more substantial structures to a period of pecuniary ease and leisure. But that period did not arrive very speedily; the war of man against nature occupied many years of toil. Forests were to be felled, and their giant roots extracted; huge rocks were to be removed from the surface of the soil, that the plough might have free play; fences were to be erected, and bounds defined, and every hour had its occupation. This process of reclaiming land was interrupted and delayed by sickness and war. The savage tribes, dispossessed of their hunting grounds by the whites, rebelled against their destiny, and often, and for many years, the husbandman, as he tilled his fields, carried his musket slung upon his back, and his powder-horn and bullet-pouch at his side. In the meantime, the houses first erected were grad-



HENRY BURROUGHS'S GOTHIC COTTAGE, HIGHLAND.



THE OLD FORT AT MEDFORD, NEAR BOSTON.

nally decaying; and in process of time, as new dwellings were erected, the old ones, that time had spared were removed, the material either entering into the composition of new houses, or being used for fuel. So that now there remain in Boston and its environs, very few old houses dating from the "good old colony times." The Old Fort, or as it is sometimes called, the Old Shedd House, is situated on Ship Street, Medford. It is quite an interesting relic of the early days of New England, being probably the oldest building now standing within its borders. It was built in the year 1631, when Boston was still a large farm, its settlement having just been commenced. It is very difficult to imagine this populous neighborhood a wild tract, with here and there a patch of culture, and that but little more than two centuries ago. The idea involves a realization of the rapidity of civilization on this shore of the Atlantic—a progress altogether without a parallel in the history of the world.

THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.

The Dublin University Magazine, commenting upon the lives of the royal and imperial wives of France, states that there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sorrow or sin. A contemporary, in summoning up the statement, says: "Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly treated; three were exiled; three were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken made up the remainder. Twenty who were buried at St. Denis since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of the grave. Their remains were dragged from the tomb, exposed to the insults of the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quicklime."

SCROFULA.

Hall's Journal of Health says that a person born scrofulous or becoming so after birth, need not remain so to any specially hurtful extent. If "white swellings" or "runnings" do not relieve the system of ill-humors, the disease may be worked out of the system by a change in the habits of life—such a change as involves large out-door activities for the greater part of every day. The same thing may be accomplished to a great extent in-doors, as where a sedentary life is followed by spending a large portion of each day in active employment on foot. More decided results will follow if the aid is given, meanwhile, of judicious personal habits, as scrupulous cleanliness of body and clothing, of regular, full and sufficient sleep; of plain, simple and nutritious food, eaten at regular intervals of five or six hours, and nothing between, with that daily regularity which is essential to health under all circumstances. A scrofulous person should eat fresh meats largely, and bread, fruits and berries of every description, using vegetables sparingly. In short, whatever promotes high bodily health, promotes the eradication of scrofulous taint. In regard to internal remedies, one of three things is the result. First, the medicine gradually loses power; second, the system is benefited only while it is taken; or, third, the remedy gradually poisons the system, or impairs the tone of the stomach, and hastens a fatal result. No medicine ever eradicated scrofula, or kept it under any longer than while it was under certain conditions; a scrofulous person has a greater chance of long life than one who is entirely free from it, because being conscious of a slenderness of constitution, greater care is taken to avoid causes of sickness.

None have less praise than those who hunt most after it.

[ORIGINAL.]

A WAYWARD MOOD.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

O, come, my love, and we will sit
 Beneath yon palace roof of oaks,
 And watch the sombre shadows flit,
 Where all night long the raven croaks;
 For I am in a wayward mood,
 And all the world looks dark to see;
 And thoughts new-fledged, a dismal brood,
 Hang like black shadows over me.

Alas! what is the world to me—
 Its joys, its triumphs and success:
 When I have lived so madly free,
 And squandered all that could us bless?
 A surfeit I!—a rosebud thou!
 Fresh blowing on this summer morn,
 Which unto me a winter is—
 Alas, a withered husk outblown!

[ORIGINAL.]

A SHIP CAPSIZED:

—OR,—

THE FATE OF RICHARD BRAXTON.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

DURING a protracted stay in Calcutta, several years ago, I formed an acquaintance with a young man by the name of Richard Braxton, whose brief history had been rather a strange and eventful one. He was a Yankee boy, a native of the same State as myself; and circumstances threw us so much together in Calcutta that we became quite intimate, and before we separated he related to me the story of his life.

From the first hour of our acquaintance I had felt convinced that his was no ordinary mind, that his intellectual powers were vast and varied; and every subsequent interview developed some new evidence that nature had intended him for a bright and shining light in some sphere of intellect.

And yet something was lacking—there seemed to be no spring or elasticity to his mental powers—they existed, and were aided and strengthened by a liberal education, but, so to speak, lay usually inert and dormant. When occasion called for their exercise, they were used without an effort, but with so little confidence and spirit as to make it evident that some powerful cause had operated upon Richard Braxton to deprive him of self-esteem, and crush the manhood within him.

His affecting story revealed this cause—cruelty on the part of those from whom he had a right

to expect friendship, sympathy and protection—and now his name is added to the long, dark list of victims to “man’s inhumanity to man.”

He was the son of a physician, who resided, at the time of Richard’s birth, in the midst of a moral, refined and social community; but a few months later, impelled by that inconsistent love of change which is often exhibited by the best of men, he removed to a town where the manners, tastes and character of the people were the reverse of those he had left, and here his son spent the years of his childhood.

Doctor Braxton was a highminded, fearless and independent man; he saw and despised the vices and meanness of his fellow-citizens, and not unfrequently administered a scathing rebuke. This rendered him unpopular as a companion; but his medical skill was so well appreciated; that many sought his aid in time of sickness and trouble, who secretly both hated and feared him.

The family and relatives of his wife resided in this place, and formed no exception to the general description of the inhabitants as I have given it. At first they were inclined to fraternize with Doctor Braxton, but soon discovered that they had no sympathies in common. Their low tastes and habits were distasteful to him, and their littleness of soul disgusted him; his love of the beautiful, the noble and the good they were unable to appreciate, and secretly despised.

A growing coldness ensued, which soon increased to positive enmity, and all the annoyances that petty spite and narrow-minded malice could suggest were heaped upon Doctor Braxton by those with whom he had become connected by marriage. He repaid their efforts by keen ridicule and undisguised contempt, and they on the other hand neglected no opportunity to wound his feelings or injure his reputation and practice, while in their inmost souls they swore to be fully revenged at some future time.

When Richard was twelve years old, his father died, suddenly, and in the performance of his duty. While standing at the bedside of a patient, and encouraging the sufferer with cheerful words, the dark messenger came without the slightest warning. He was stricken down in an instant, as he had always expected to be, knowing full well the fatal tendency of a disease of the heart from which he had long suffered. He lived only a few hours after the attack, but became fully conscious a few moments before his death, and calmly addressed the circle of weeping friends who stood around him.

He begged them not to mourn for him, but to feel that he was leaving them for another and a better world. The “valley of the shadow of

death" had no terrors for him; he had not delayed the preparation for this inevitable event until stretched on a bed of death; but had ever striven to walk uprightly and deal justly. He had done what he could, and for the forgiveness of that wherein he had been remiss, he depended with a full and childlike faith upon the promises of a merciful and ever-loving God. As for himself, he was ready and happy to go, but for those whom he was leaving to the mercies of a hard and unfeeling world, he felt a weight of sorrow which could not be expressed in words.

The relatives of his wife were present, giving way to all the outward manifestations of grief; and perhaps for the time their grief was sincere and heartfelt. Perhaps the influence of the chamber of death, and the dark shadow of the dread angel's wings, had humanized and softened their hard hearts; perhaps in that awful moment "when the veil between the present and the future grows thin," they could not look upon that well-known form and noble countenance, and still cherish the fiendish sentiments of anger and revenge toward him whose earthly career was so nearly ended, and who was so calmly awaiting the expected summons. In charity let us hope that so it was, let us hope that to all their other sins they did not add the damnable crime of deceit and hypocrisy toward a dying man.

"My friends," said the doctor, "we have not always manifested toward each other a spirit of Christian forbearance and forgiveness of injuries. I am conscious that I have often irritated you by severe and uncharitable language, but I beg you to forget and forgive all, and not allow the remembrance of my faults to actuate you in your conduct toward my family. Richard is not an ordinary child; he has a mind beyond his years, and an appreciation of the noble and good, that renders him a thoughtful and peculiar child. He can easily be influenced by kindness, but is so extremely sensitive that a course of cruel or severe treatment which would only rouse the opposition or curb the waywardness of a child cast in a coarser mould, would crush the spirit of my boy, make him hopeless and despairing, and ruin his prospects in life. Therefore I beseech you to treat him tenderly, and not break his spirit by unkind words or deeds. Promise me that my wishes shall be regarded."

The mourners assured him that it should be so, and Mrs. Horton, his wife's sister, and her husband, his most unrelenting enemies, declared that they would never injure the boy in word, thought or deed, but ever protect and befriend him.

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in

peace," murmured the dying man, while his countenance assumed an expression of serene peace. "Farewell—God bless you all."

And as the spirit ebbed away, those present in the room were nearer heaven than ever before. Could the influence of that solemn scene have been lasting, they would have gone forth better men and women, to finish their journey of life in a manner more acceptable to their Creator and Preserver than they now are doing.

For a few weeks after the death of Doctor Braxton, Mr. and Mrs. Horton preserved an attitude of friendship toward the bereaved family; but soon the "ruling passion" began to manifest itself in a want of sympathy and uncharitable words. The doctor had left a small property, barely sufficient with strict economy to maintain his family. At the time of his death, Richard was a pupil at an academy in a neighboring village, and after a brief interval resumed his studies there.

One of the first efforts of Mrs. Horton was to persuade his mother to take him away from the academy, and send him to the district school, giving as a reason, the fact that it would be less expensive, though her real motive was an envious desire to deprive the boy of those privileges of learning which he so highly valued, and prevent him from gaining a better education than her own children would receive.

In this, however, she was unsuccessful. Mrs. Braxton had a too yielding disposition, but in this one instance she was firm and decided, and Richard remained at the academy. Then commenced a course of persecution, a series of annoyances, by which the envious Mrs. Horton strove to vex and irritate the boy, and render his life unhappy. Her husband, a rough, ignorant farmer, gladly assisted her in all her efforts, and many of their neighbors also united to persecute an unoffending child, and thus gratify their devilish malice toward his father.

It would require volumes to describe all the methods by which they accomplished their purpose; it is sufficient to say that they succeeded only too well, in rendering Richard Braxton's life unendurable. His mother was unable to protect him; she allowed herself and Richard to be trampled upon without resistance, and in proportion as she yielded they encroached upon her rights.

A worm will turn when trodden upon, and Richard made no secret of the hatred which he felt toward Mr. and Mrs. Horton, which increased their enmity, and at length he begged to be sent away from home, that he might thus escape from their persecutions. His mother

consented, and in spite of the opposition of her self-appointed guardians, sent him to an academy in another State.

Here he remained for several years; a new world and a new life seemed opened before him. Here his uncommon abilities and genial disposition commanded respect, and endeared him to those around him. His progress in learning was rapid, and relieved from the weight which had depressed his spirits at home, he passed at once from the timidity of boyhood to the confidence of a man who is conscious of possessing faculties of mind above the ordinary capacity of his fellows.

During his last year in this place, he became attached to a young lady of exceeding loveliness, both of mind and person, one of those

—“belongs, heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly creatures bear.”

She was a pupil at the academy, and a short acquaintanceship was sufficient to prove to Annie Langford and Richard Braxton that the mutual sympathies which they cherished as congenial souls, were the beginning of a more tender relation; and almost before they were aware of the fact, they grew to love each other with a depth of tenderness and devotion such as is often written of, but seldom really known.

This was another motive to action—a spur to the growing ambition of Richard Braxton—a fresh charm to make existence delightful; and for a few months his measure of happiness seemed full to overflowing. At the age of eighteen he left the school, and the lovers parted with some regret, but high hopes for the future.

Richard's means were too limited to enable him to commence a college course at once, as he desired, but a gentleman with whom he had recently become acquainted, had offered him a lucrative situation in his counting room, and he hoped in two years to procure the means of finishing his education.

Health, hope, happiness, all were his; the world looked fair and bright before him; he was willing to devote himself to patient, self-sacrificing toil, and he had no fears but that success would crown his efforts.

“His aims were glorious and his thoughts intense.”

The image of the pure being who so truly loved him, and for whose sake he would gladly endure toil and privation, or brave danger, and even death, was enshrined in his heart, and if perfect happiness is possible to human beings, such was his.

I would gladly lay down the pen, and end this

“short and simple annal” here, allowing the imagination of the reader to carry out the story of Richard Braxton to a happy termination; but justice compels me to tell the truth, and the whole truth, however painful the recital.

Immediately after leaving school, Richard spent a week in the home of his childhood, and was surprised and delighted to find that his relatives had apparently forgotten their former hostility toward him. They treated him with more than kindness, and seemed to be trying to make amends for the cruelty of the past. Of an honest, confiding disposition himself, he doubted not that all this show of friendship was genuine, and joyfully hailed what he considered the advent of a more peaceful relation than had heretofore existed; but, alas! he knew not the depths of deceit of which the human heart is capable when depraved by the indulgence of unlawful passions, and unrestrained by a single principle of justice or humanity.

Like wolves in sheep's clothing, or devils in the guise of angels of light, they concealed a spirit of bitter, fiendish, unrelenting hate toward one who had never injured them, beneath an exterior of kindly feeling, and waited only for an opportunity to stab their victim to the very soul.

An opportunity soon offered. While Richard was at home, his mother was suddenly called to the deathbed of a dear friend, leaving him alone. Mr. and Mrs. Horton insisted upon his making their house his home while she was absent, and rather than wound their feelings by a refusal, he accepted their proffered hospitality, and remained with them until the time had arrived when he was to commence his labors at the counting room of his friend.

At his departure, Mr. and Mrs. Horton expressed a hope that he might be successful and happy, and their apparent sincerity gratified him exceedingly, while with the magnanimity of a noble mind he forgave and forgot all that he had suffered from their unkindness.

During his first day in his new situation, his comprehensive mind took in the details of his range of duties so thoroughly, that his employer at once perceived that he had secured an invaluable assistant, and resolved to do even more for him than he had promised. The next morning Richard went to the counting-room and seated himself at his own desk; no one else had yet arrived, and he was alone. As he bent over the ledger, his thoughts went back in retrospection to the happy hours he had spent with his beloved Annie; and then again his fancy painted bright pictures of the future time when he should call

her his own, and be ever blessed with her sweet presence. Suddenly his day dream was broken by approaching footsteps; he felt a rude grasp upon his shoulder, and looking up, beheld the hard, inflexible countenance of Jacob Horton, in whose eyes he read an expression of triumphant malice.

"Richard," exclaimed Horton, "give me back the money which you stole from my house!"

"What do you mean, sir?" he asked, indignantly, while every particle of blood retreated from his face, leaving it like that of a marble statue.

"I mean that I have discovered your robbery, my strong box broken open, and fifty dollars stolen, and all this done by you, for no one else has been in the room. Unless you immediately confess and restore the money, the law shall take its course, otherwise, I will spare you the disgrace."

Had a thunderbolt descended from a cloudless sky, it would not have so much surprised Richard as did this sudden and false accusation. For a few moments he was completely stupefied, and unable to speak, but recovering somewhat his presence of mind, and supposing that Horton was laboring under a mistake which careful investigation would explain, he said:

"Mr. Horton, is it possible that you believe me capable of crime, of robbery? I assure you, sir, I have never taken from you or from any one else so much as the value of a pin in a dishonest manner."

"O, that kind of talk wont go down with me; I know better. The last night that you was in my house, my strong box, which was under the table in the room where you slept, was broken open, and robbed, and my wife says she heard you hammering and filing after she went to bed, but didn't think much of it till after she found the money was gone. Come, own up, and restore the money, or by heaven you shall suffer the penalty of the law!"

"Again I assure you that I am innocent, so help me God."

"Well, we'll go to your boarding-house, and see what we can find there. I've got a man with me to assist in the search—I am prepared for you."

Richard gladly agreed to this proposal, knowing that he had placed nothing in his trunk—which he had not opened since leaving Horton's house—which could in the remotest manner convict him of the crime charged against him. A rough, brutal-looking fellow was waiting outside, and Richard accompanied the two men to his boarding-house, after leaving a note

on his desk, telling his employer that necessity had called him away, but that he should soon return.

"Give me the key," cried Horton, as they reached Richard's room.

The key was handed him, and he opened the trunk. Nothing was visible at first but clothing, but on removing some of this, a canvass bag was seen, which Horton drew out with an exultant cry.

"Before I open this," said he, "I will show you this list of the bank bills of which I have been robbed." And he produced a card having the description of various bank bills of different denominations written upon it.

He then untied the bag, and drew out first a bunch of picklocks. Chuckling with delight, he put in his hand again, and this time produced a hammer and file, and at the bottom of the bag found a roll of bills, which, on being opened, were found to answer precisely to the description on the card.

"There," cried Horton, "do you still play innocent, you rascal?"

When the bag was discovered in the trunk, Richard had started back with astonishment, and while the various contents were being removed, he had remained like one in a dream. He now replied:

"In the presence of God, to whom the secrets of the heart are known, I declare that I have never before seen that bag or its contents. Some vile wretch has formed a plot to ruin me, though I cannot imagine who could have been so cruel."

"O, ho, ho!" laughed Horton, "that's a good one; but let me tell you, my fine bird, that you will find it difficult to prove that to the judge and jury."

"Come along with me," said Horton's companion.

"What would you do?" asked Richard.

"Take you to the lock-up; come along."

"Richard," exclaimed Horton, "as the money's all here, and this is your first offence, I will spare you the disgrace of a trial, if you will confess the crime in the presence of this witness. Whether guilty or not," he continued, with a meaning look at Richard, in which the victim read triumphant hate and malice, and instantly perceived who was the author of the devilish plot, "the proofs are entirely against you. For certain reasons a full confession will serve my purpose as well as to have you tried, convicted, and imprisoned, as you certainly will be if the affair passes out of my hands. Consider well what you have to gain or lose. On the one

And you are free as air, and the secret will be known only to your friends, whose interest it will be to keep it concealed; on the other, open disgrace, and all your future prospects forever blasted."

Richard's brain reeled, as he contemplated the terrible fate which threatened him, and from which he saw no escape.

"Confess to a lie? Never!"

"Very well, come with us, then, first to your employer, and then to the jail!"

"Stop one moment. Does my mother know of this accusation?"

"Yes."

"And does she believe me guilty?"

"Certainly she does, and prayed upon her knees that you might confess, and thus save her from disgrace and death."

"She believes me guilty!" said Richard, slowly, and with forced calmness. "Then let me have time to think."

He buried his face in his hands, and a tempest of conflicting emotions swept over his soul. He saw that a refusal of Horton's request would bring upon him a fate worse than death, and what was still worse, would render his mother miserable for life. Could he confess to a lie and thus save all this? The temptation was great, the sudden shock had deprived him of the power to withstand it, and in a moment of weakness he yielded! Who can blame him? Who can say that he would not have done the same under like circumstances, when, as a drowning man who catches at a straw, the mind seeks any means of escape from an impending fate?

Horton was satisfied, and Richard was free, but at what a cost! How suddenly the darkness of midnight had descended about him at noon-day! He returned to the counting-room, and mechanically pursued his labors, then went sadly home at night to spend the long night hours in agony and unavailing regrets at his criminal weakness in yielding to the tempter.

For weeks he lived in misery; his hope, courage, and confidence in mankind were gone, and to add to his unhappiness, he found that the whole circle of his relatives had been informed of his crime, (?) and regarded him with suspicion. His employer perceived the change in his appearance, and sought to gain his confidence, but in vain. Disgraced, humbled and broken-spirited, Richard vowed never to let the happiness of his beloved Annie be alloyed by connection with a miserable object like himself, for this great and undeserved affliction had induced a morbid state of mind, and he saw all things as through "a glass darkly," and he wrote her

a farewell letter, informing her that circumstances had recently transpired which made it impossible for their bright dreams ever to be realized. He was unworthy of her, and begged her to forget him and be happy. To this letter he received an immediate answer, which a stern sense of duty compelled him to return unopened, and from that time he never heard from her again.

In the meantime, some of his relatives, at the instigation of Horton, decided that he ought to be sent away to sea to reform him. One of those persons, a merchant, and a cruel, hard-hearted man, proposed to find him a situation in a whale ship, saying that some ship, whose master was noted for his tyranny, would be best suited for this purpose. His mother opposed this plan, but with her usual indecision allowed her objections to be overruled.

Richard was informed that his relatives intended to send him to sea. Once he would have replied, indignantly, that he was old enough to take care of his own affairs; but now he had lost his former spirit, and passively submitted. He had a natural dread of the sea, but was glad to escape from the cruelty of his relatives in any way, and prepared to depart whenever he should receive orders to do so.

From some cause, Marston, instead of procuring him a situation on a whaler, had him shipped in a merchantman, the Traveller, for Calcutta, and when he sailed, he cared not where he was going, what was to become of him, or how soon he might die. He performed his duties to the best of his ability, but took no interest in them, or in the various employments and amusements of his shipmates, who set him down as a churlish, stupid fellow.

When I first saw him in Calcutta, he had a sullen, downcast look, and the appearance of one who feels that every man's hand is against him, and that he is despised and hated by all around him; but after he had become convinced that I really felt a kindly interest in him, he grew more social and communicative, though nothing could remove the expression of deep despondency which had become habitual to him.

The ships to which Richard and myself respectively belonged, were expected to sail from Calcutta on the same day, and on the preceding evening we met by appointment in Tank Square. He was more downcast than usual, and when I spoke in pleasant anticipation of a favorable homeward passage, and a speedy re-union with our friends, he replied, mournfully:

"I do not think I shall ever see home again. Something tells me that I shall soon die; but even if I should reach home, there are no friends

to greet me but my mother, and it would be far better to sink to an ocean grave than to drag out a miserable existence, under the curse of suspicion."

"Nonsense," I replied, "do not give way to such gloomy fancies. You will reach home safely, and your relatives will have by that time forgotten their enmity, and give you a cordial welcome. Cheer up, look at the bright side of the picture, exert yourself to succeed in life, and if you can amass property you will be respected, though you were the greatest villain that ever walked the earth."

"The latter part of your remark is true," he exclaimed, bitterly, "in republican America. 'An empty pocket's the worst of crimes,' and the possession of wealth a more favorable recommendation than a whole catalogue of shining virtues; but I do not wish to live, and were not suicide a crime, would long ago have escaped from the hell of my own thoughts, which sometimes drive me almost to madness, when I reflect upon 'what might have been.'"

"Do not allow your mind to dwell upon such things. You are too young to be disgusted with life; forget the past, enjoy the present, and in the future all will be well."

"No, no, it is too late; I am discouraged, and can never be happy. I have a strong presentiment that I shall soon meet a violent death. Take this package of papers, and if I never return to my home, deliver it to my mother. It contains the story which I have related to you—a true account of the circumstances of that fiendish plot by which I was ruined. I forgive all my enemies, and hope that my relatives will do justice to my memory."

I took the package, and promised to do as he requested, though I considered his "presentiment," as he called it, to be one of the vagaries of a diseased mind. We soon returned to our ships, which early next morning left their moorings and got under way. In the bustle of leaving port I had nearly forgotten Richard's mournful prediction, but it was soon recalled by a terrible incident. Was his anticipation of approaching death really a warning from another world? Had a supernatural power so acted upon his mind as to give him a single glance into the future, or do "coming events cast their shadows before?" These are questions which we cannot answer; they are among the things which must ever remain mysteries to "creatures of a mortal ken."

The navigation of the Hoogly River is difficult and tedious to loaded vessels of large size. The river is filled with sandbars, many of which

are impassable except at extreme high water. Thus ships are frequently compelled to drop their anchors and wait for the flood tides, and six to ten days are sometimes consumed in the passage from Calcutta to the Sand Heads at the mouth of the river, a distance of only one hundred and eighty miles.

The Boneta, to which I belonged, and the Traveller, hauled out from their moorings with the same tide, and both taking steamers, kept near together for two days, by which time we had reached a point in the river about half way between Garden Reach and Diamond Harbor, where we had remained over night at anchor, just above a broad shoal.

At daybreak, on the morning of the third day, the sleepers were aroused by the call:

"All hands turn out—up anchor—ahoy!" And soon the steady, monotonous click of the windlass broke the stillness of the morning. The towboat which had lain at anchor in shore through the night, was brought in ahead, and the hawsers by which she was attached to the ship were hauled aboard and made fast.

Slowly the ship was drawn up to her anchor, as the slack chain was hove in, then with a heave and tug the "ground hook" broke clear of the mud, and was soon swinging at the cathead.

"Go ahead, sir," shouted our pilot from the forecastle to the captain of the steamer, and before the answering "Ay, ay, sir" had reached us, the steamer's wheels began to move, our "leading strings" tautened out, and again we were plunging down the Hoogly.

"Heave the lead," said the pilot to his assistant, then turning to the mate, he exclaimed, "Get thirty fathom of chain forward of the windlass as quick as you can, sir, we can't go but a few miles this time."

The cause of this order was the fact that only a mile below the shoal over which we were now passing, was another bar, and by the time we reached it, the tide would have fallen so far as to make it impassable. The mate was not aware of this, however, and made no particular haste in overhauling the chain, supposing it would be ready by the time it was needed.

Just as our anchor broke ground, we heard the cry of "Up anchor!" on board the Traveller, which laid an eighth of a mile above us, and our pilot, turning to the captain, said:

"I fancy my brother pilot on the Traveller overslept himself this morning; if his men don't work pretty lively, he'll get into a scrape."

While some of our men, under the mate's direction, were getting the chain forward of the windlass, for ready letting go the port anchor,

the pilot stood on the forecastle, closely watching the steamer's course, giving directions to our helmsman, and scanning the various landmarks on the left bank of the river with a careful eye. At length he exclaimed :

"Have you got that chain ready?"

"Not quite, sir," replied the mate.

"Thunder! I told you to be quick about it. How much have you got?"

"About twenty fathom, sir."

"Well, clap a stopper on there quick, and stand by your anchor. Starboard a, little; steamer ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Run half speed."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Six fathom—quarter five—five fathom—and a half—four," sung out the leadman, as the successive casts were made with great rapidity.

"Stand clear the chain," cried the pilot.

The mate was at the port anchor, top maul in hand, and men were stationed at the hawsers to let them go, the moment the anchor fell.

"Quarter less four!" cried the leadman.

"Hard a starboard!" shouted the pilot.

"Let go the—hold on all!"

"And a half three!" yelled the leadman, springing inboard from the chains, and leaving his lead line in the water, as the ship rolled over to starboard with a sudden jerk that took every one off his feet.

For ten seconds, perhaps, the ship fell down to starboard, till everybody thought she was going over, and the water rushed into the ports. She had grounded, and the tide, which runs with a greater velocity in the Hoogly than in any other part of the known world, had rolled her right over; in half a minute, she would have "turned turtle." Had she been on an even keel, no power on earth could have saved her; but she was two feet deeper at the stern where she had grounded, and by the presence of mind and skill of the pilot, who knew the fact, she was swung round as on a pivot, and pulled off diagonally.

The instant she began to roll over, the mate in his excitement had raised the top maul to let go the anchor, but the pilot sprang towards him and arrested his arm, crying :

"Hold on that anchor, for heaven's sake! Hard a-port. Put on all your steam," he shouted to the steamer, and the hawsers tautened out till every strand seemed ready to burst asunder with the tension. But they were stout Manilla ropes, and just as the starboard rail was within six inches of the water, the ship moved a little, then glided smoothly off into deeper water, and instantly righted.

"Now you may let go the anchor," exclaimed the pilot, for the first time releasing his savage grasp upon the mate's arm. "Right your helm—let go your starboard hawser—let go the port one, so."

"That was truly touch and go," said the captain, who had come forward.

"It was all of that," replied the pilot. "If you had offered to sell me your ship and cargo for half a rupee (twenty-five cents), at the moment we grounded, I should have refused the offer; however, a miss is as good as a mile. Is breakfast ready, sir? I feel exceedingly sharp-set after this little excitement."

The captain laughed at the nonchalance of the pilot, and informed him that breakfast would be ready in a few minutes; then telling the mate to let the men go to breakfast, he walked aft.

In the excitement and anxiety concerning the safety of our own ship, I had entirely forgotten the Traveller; but while the men were hastening to the galley for the beef kid and bread barge, and their "hot, wet and dirty," I glanced astern. There she was, apparently close to the place where we had grounded, but I doubted not that her pilot had been warned by the sight of our narrow escape, and would prevent a like accident to his own ship, and so went in to get my breakfast. Scarcely had I got seated, when I heard a rush and a bustle on deck, and the next moment the order from the mate for all hands to come on deck, and lower away the boats! Out we ran to see what was the matter. It was apparent at a glance.

The Traveller had grounded on the bar, where there was now six inches less water than when the Boneta had struck, had rolled over on her side, and there she lay with her masts under water, and her port yard arms sticking up perpendicularly. Everything movable that had been on her deck was floating down toward us—hen-coops, barrels, seachests, and firewood—and we could plainly see the heads of many of her crew in the water, as they grasped at anything which would buoy them up.

I sprang into the gig which hung at the davits, followed by three others, and the moment the boat touched the water we unhooked the tackles, and bent to our oars for a pull up the swiftly flowing stream. In the meantime, our launch and jolly boat were got overboard and manned.

We had picked up one poor fellow who had clung to a hen-coop, and floated towards us, when I perceived Richard Braxton far out in the river, and borne unresistingly along without so much as an oar to keep him afloat. By this time the boats from the Traveller's steamer were picking

up the men, the other two boats from the Boneta were close behind us, and I pointed out the receding figure of my friend to the crew of the gig, and begged them to save him.

"Ay, ay, we will," they cried, and turning the boat's head toward the middle of the river, we pulled with all our strength, in the hope of heading him off before the current should carry him past us. But it was impossible, though there was scarcely three times the boat's length between us when he floated by, and answered our hail, in a feeble tone, saying that his strength was nearly spent, and that he could not keep his head above water much longer.

"Avast pulling the port oars—pull away the starboard ones—so now, together, pull like tigers!" I cried, and heading directly down the stream, our boat flew on like the wind.

"We are gaining on him; bend your oars and break your backs!" cried the bow oarsman.

At this moment Richard sank beneath the surface, but instantly re-appeared, and tossing his arms aloft, exclaimed:

"Too late, too late—I am lost!"

Not twenty feet now separated us, and I shouted:

"Bear up one minute longer, Richard, and you are saved."

"Too late!" he repeated. "Remember your promise; tell my friends all. Try to see Annie; tell her that my last thoughts were of her. Heaven bless you for your efforts to save me. May you be happier than I have been. Good-by!"

The last word ended in a gurgling moan, and just as I could almost touch him with my oar, the turbid waters of the Hoogly closed over the form of Richard Braxton, who had sunk to rise no more.

Thus his prediction was fulfilled, and thus the delivery of his papers, which I had accepted to gratify what I considered a foolish whim, and his dying message, had become a sacred trust which I must religiously fulfil. With heavy hearts—for the rough tars in the gig had been moved to tears at Richard's sad fate, and wept like children as they resumed their oars—we pulled back to the Boneta, where we learned that six of the Traveller's crew beside Richard Braxton had found a watery grave. The ship would probably be a total loss, and it may well be believed that a deep feeling of gratitude for our own remarkable escape pervaded the crew of the Boneta.

We had a quick and prosperous passage home, and almost immediately after landing, I sought out Richard's mother, and broke to her the sad intelligence of her son's death. I delivered the

package of papers, and hastened away to escape being a witness to the frantic grief of Mrs. Braxton. Since that time I have frequently seen her, and have been informed of the effect which Richard's dying confession had upon his hardhearted relatives.

At the earliest opportunity I wrote to a person with whom I was somewhat acquainted, and who resided in the same town with Annie Langford. To my great surprise, his answer informed me that she was dead. About a year previous to the date of his letter, a great and sudden change had come over her; a deep despondency had settled upon her, and from that time she had declined, until on a day, which I found to have been during the same week in which Richard Braxton had perished in the Hoogly River, she had died, of consumption, my informant said, but I knew that it was of a broken heart. She had doubtless supposed that Richard had deserted her, and hence her illness and death.

Mrs. Horton has become a maniac. Remorse, and the terrors of an accusing conscience have unsettled her feeble mind, and now she is expiating her guilt toward her unfortunate nephew in a terrible manner, being constantly haunted with the belief that he is seeking her life.

Mrs. Braxton is tottering slowly but surely toward the churchyard, a miserable, broken-hearted woman.

Jacob Horton still lives, and still holds his head as erect as ever, but in the still hours of the night, does he not sometimes see the pale, cold form of his victim, pointing with spectral finger toward the place where he shall receive the reward of his wicked deeds? All who know the circumstances connected with the fate of Richard Braxton, despise him, and when he dies, he shall go down

"To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

As to the robbery, as the reader has doubtless ere this suspected, and as Mrs. Horton confessed, it was planned by herself and her husband, who contrived to place the money in Richard's trunk, and thus furnish a damning proof against him. Their fiendish plot has caused much misery, and will one day recoil upon their own heads with fearful power.

PURITY.

Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which showed, though wandering earthward now,
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes, for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, e'en when it errs;
As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.—MOONS.

A SONG.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So he sang the same again.
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed;

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

ONE of those wild March storms, such as wail along the seacoast, as if mourning over the sorrow and desolation they are destined to carry to many a heart and home, had spent its fury. There were rifts in the black clouds, and it was only now and then that a heavy gust swept by, succeeded by a low, melancholy sigh, like a sob of agony wrung from a human heart.

Though near midnight, the widow Selwyn and her daughter Mary, who were the sole occupants of a brown cottage near the sea, about half a mile from Plymouth, had not thought of retiring to rest. They still sat by the fire, which no longer brightened the room with a steady, cheerful blaze, but with its dim, fitful gleams, cast shadows on the wall, which to Mary Selwyn, as she sat pale and silent, seemed like phantom shapes, mocking and menacing her with their strange, uncouth gestures. When the old clock, swinging its pendulum in the case of polished oak, which reached from floor to ceiling, commenced striking twelve, she rose for the twentieth time and looked out of the window.

"Does the storm appear to be over?" said her mother.

"Yes, but its work of destruction is already accomplished."

"Don't speak so despondingly, Mary. I

heard Captain Westerly, who is a first-rate judge, say no longer ago than yesterday that the Penguin was a good, staunch ship, and that she had rode out many a storm which had strewn the shore with wrecks."

"It never could have rode out this storm, if near the coast, which, according to the last news received, there can be no doubt but that it was."

Mrs. Selwyn made no reply to this, for she knew that there was every reason to believe that her daughter's words would prove true, and that Mordaunt Hartley, mate of the Penguin, and as frank, warm-hearted a young man as ever trod a vessel's deck, had found his last resting-place beneath the foam-crested waves, which could be seen from the window. He had for several years been betrothed to Mary, and they were to have been married when he returned.

Mary, who had been watching the wild tossing of the waves—for the moon had broke through the clouds, and was shining in full splendor—suddenly turned away from the window.

"I am going over to the cliff—will you go with me, mother?" said she.

Mrs. Selwyn answered by raising the lid of a large trunk and taking from thence their cloaks and hoods. As they stepped from their door, they saw that there was a light in the house of Mr. Whitman, their next neighbor, by whom, and his two sons, they were soon overtaken.

"Was there any chance for vessels near the coast, during the dreadful storm we've had?" asked Mrs. Selwyn.

"We must hope for the best," he replied; and then added in a low voice, so that Mary might not hear him, that vessels thrown upon the flats—and there would be little chance of avoiding it—were almost sure to go to pieces.

"And those on board?" said Mrs. Selwyn.

"Will be lost—no human arm can save them."

They soon reached the shore, and after proceeding a short distance, arrived to where the channel set in on the beach, the waters being stayed at full tide by a bold shore. Here dark objects, in the shape of bales, boxes and spars, were rushing by—showing that at least one merchant vessel must have been wrecked. Mr. Whitman, who had brought a coil of rope with him, to which was attached a hook, succeeded in throwing it so as to draw something ashore, which at once attracted Mary's attention. It proved to be a seaman's chest, on the lid of which the initials "M. H.," from being cut through the coating of dark paint, were plainly discernible in the moonlight. No one could see, beneath the shade of her deep hood, how white

the lips were which said in a low, quiet voice—
 "Tis Mordaunt's chest."

Stepping so near the water's edge that the foam-wreaths broke at her feet, she bent forward, eagerly watching the objects which continued to rush by, as if, borne on the swift, impetuous current, she expected to see the owner of the chest. A human being did at last appear; and, as he sped by, quick as thought the upturned face caught a gleam of the white, ghastly moonlight. But the dark, sunburnt features which were thereby revealed, were a stranger's—not those of Mordaunt Hartley.

"Come, Mary," said Mrs. Selwyn, going to her daughter and taking her by the arm, "we must go home now! It won't do for you to stay here in the cold any longer."

"Just wait a few moments, till he comes, and then we will all go together," Mary replied.

"The shock has proved too much for her," said Mr. Whitman, in a low voice, to Mrs. Selwyn, "and she doesn't exactly realize what has taken place. A little rest will restore her to herself, I trust, if she can be persuaded to return."

"Try to persuade her," was Mrs. Selwyn's answer. "She will think that you know better about it than I do."

Mary proved less pertinacious than they had apprehended, for on Mr. Whitman's representing to her that there was little or no probability that Mordaunt Hartley would return that night, though, if he should chance to, he would not fail to let her know, she consented to accompany her mother home.

If there had remained the shadow of a doubt, as to the fate of the Penguin, it was removed by the return of daylight, which revealed portions of the wrecked vessel, and bales of merchandise, such as were known to compose the cargo, strewn along the beach.

The chest, on the lid of which were cut the initials of Mordaunt Hartley's name, was conveyed to Mrs. Selwyn's cottage; and as there was the appearance of its not being water-tight, it was broken open in the presence of Mr. Whitman and others, that the contents might be saved from injury. In it, besides various articles of clothing, many of them made by Mary's own hands, was a letter to her, which he, probably, had never found opportunity to send. There was likewise a parcel, on which was written "For Mary," which contained, among other things, one article that brought bitter tears to the eyes of Mrs. Selwyn. It was a piece of India muslin of the finest texture, and she knew that Hartley had purchased it for Mary's bridal dress.

In the meantime, Mary, stricken with fever, lay unconscious to all that was passing around.

Weeks and months had glided silently away, and autumn had commenced dropping her clusters of rubies, and braiding her chains of gold among the rich summer foliage. The day was near its close. A golden glory flushed the western sky, making it look so clear and transparent, that it almost seemed as if the eye might pierce its depths, and catch glimpses of a brighter world beyond. Seated on the gnarled roots of an old oak which nearly overshadowed a little eminence, whence could be seen a part of Plymouth Harbor, was Mary Selwyn. There was a sad, wistful expression in her large brown eyes, as now and then a white sail, tinged with the sunset glow, appeared for a few moments, and then rounding a little headland, was lost to view. Soon the twilight shadows began to fall darkly around, yet she still remained, while almost unconsciously, she half sung, half chanted in a low, sweet voice, the stanza by Tennyson:

"And the stately ships go on
 To the haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand
 And the sound of a voice that's still."

"Mary!"

The sound brought her to her feet in a moment.

"There never was but one voice which could speak my name in that way," she murmured, pale and trembling, "and that one has been hushed such a long and weary time, I hear it now only in my dreams."

"But you don't dream now, Mary." And Mordaunt Hartley, who stood in the deep shadow cast by the tree, emerged into the open moonlight, and stood before her.

"Don't dream?" she repeated. "Is it not a phantom I see, that's come to mock me?"

"It is no phantom," he replied, clasping her hands in his.

"No, Mordaunt, I know now it isn't; and yet in the long, lonely nights, I have so many times listened to what seemed to me your voice, mingling with the moaning of the sea. They told me 'twas all a phantasy—that my fever hadn't quite left me, and that my mind wasn't exactly right; but it seemed real to me."

"And it is real now. You spoke of having a fever; some time you must tell me all about it. Now you must go home, for there's a heavy dew falling."

"It won't hurt me. There's too much strength and joy in my heart for that."

As they drew near the cottage, they could see a bright fire burning on the hearthstone.

"What will mother say?" said Mary. "It will seem to her, as it did almost to me, that you have risen from the dead."

"Why Mary, what made you stay so? I began to be afraid that something had happened to you," said Mrs. Selwyn, as she bent over the table to arrange the evening meal she had been preparing.

"And so there has," replied Mary, speaking in a voice which had so much of the old, cheery ring in it, as to cause her mother to look up with a sudden fear that she was relapsing into a state of mind too flighty to be healthful, which had more than once manifested itself during her protracted convalescence.

As Mrs. Selwyn looked up, Hartley was just entering the room.

"Do I see Mordaunt Hartley?" said she, running to meet him.

"Yes," he replied, "here I am, safe and sound."

"Well, I never did give you up, and never could. Something always seemed to whisper to me that I should see you again. But then I never dared say so to Mary, as I was afraid that it would awaken a hope that might never be realized, and that would have been cruel, after all she had gone through."

"There were only two of us saved, the cabin-boy and I. We held on to a piece of the wreck till morning, when we were taken off by an out-bound vessel."

"It will cure you of ever thinking of going to sea again, I hope," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"That is what I thought during that dreadful night," he replied.

"And you haven't changed your mind?" said Mary, with an imploring look.

"I certainly intend to remain on terra firma, for a few months, at least," he replied.

"You don't value your life as highly as some of your friends do," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"Ah, my dear madam, you've not the least idea what fascination there is in a sailor's life. When I stand on the deck of a good ship, with a serene sky, fresh breeze, and the blue waves sparkling in the sun, were it not for those left behind, I would ask for nothing better." And he commenced singing, in a deep, mellow voice:

"The sea—the sea—the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round."

"That's the way with you sailor boys," said Mrs. Selwyn. "You forget the storms and remember only the pleasant weather. We will try to be like them, and instead of anticipating

trouble, we will now think only of your safe return. Come, Mordaunt—take your old place at the table! These biscuits will suit you, I know. When I looked into the oven, and found how light they were, and how nice they were baking, I couldn't help remembering that there were some like them on the table, the last meal you ever took with us. I little thought of the happiness in store for us, and that you would be here to help eat them."

"They are white as the foam of the wave," said Mordaunt, breaking one of them open; "and I must confess that I have not seen anything of the kind to compare with them, during my absence."

"But why do you confine your praise to words? Why don't you eat some of them?" said Mrs. Selwyn, finding that he suffered the broken biscuit to remain untasted.

"Well, that is the best kind of praise, in a case like this," he replied; "but if the truth must be told, the fullness of my joy at finding myself here with you and Mary, after so much danger and suffering, is such, that I care very little about eating."

"It is pretty much the same with Mary, I suspect," said Mrs. Selwyn, glancing at her daughter's animated countenance, "and I am sure it is with me."

"I shouldn't have come empty-handed, as I have now," said Mordaunt, drawing his chair up to the fire, after they rose from the table, "if our ship hadn't been wrecked. I had several trifles in my chest for Mary; neither were you forgotten," he added, turning to Mrs. Selwyn.

"Your chest came ashore," said Mary. "I was on the beach, and remember, when I saw it, that it seemed like a messenger sent from you, to let me know that I should never see you again. After that, I don't know what took place. All was a blank to me for a long time."

"And since her recovery, she has never seen what was in the chest," said her mother.

"How could I bear to, when I thought—"

Here Mary's voice faltered, and she left the sentence unfinished.

"I shall have the pleasure of showing them to you myself, now," Mordaunt hastened to say.

A few weeks later, there was a wedding in the brown cottage by the sea. Mary was robed in the pure white muslin, chosen for her by Mordaunt, in the Oriental land. The only ornament she wore was a few of those delicate, wax-like looking flowers, which may be found under the sere forest-leaves, late in autumn, woven with her soft, brown hair. If neither were what may be called brilliant or handsome, her face, luminous with the

light welling up from a heart full of peace and a serene joy, possessed a charm far more attractive.

For some months after his marriage, Mordaunt made no mention of resuming his sea-faring life. Still, when summer came, and the golden beams of the sun shone on the blue waves, their look of warmth and joy stole into his heart like the smiles of a syren. Though he said nothing about it to Mary, she knew that

"Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest,"

he longed to be again floating over the billowy breast of the sea. When, therefore, the command of a fine new ship was offered him by the owners, she could not find it in her heart to discourage his acceptance of it, though the thought of his leaving her cost her many a pang.

"You know," said he, by way of quieting her fears, "that I may count on prosperous voyages for the future—one such hair-breadth escape as I have had being as much as usually falls to the share of one person."

At any rate, he was ever afterward prosperous; and when at length the quiet of home began to possess increasing charms for him, a competency fairly won, enabled him to resign his employment.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud that makes a flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within him; and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam, than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—*Anon.*

BEAUTY IN SORROW.

Most sad she sat, but O, most beautiful! If Sorrow stole A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self Might envy well the charm that Sorrow lent To every perfect feature.

REYNOLDS.

A GOOD WORD, OR NOTHING.

BY AARON SMITH.

There is a species of slander abroad in the world,
Against a good neighbor, O, frequently hurled;
Not always with malice, with envy, or spite,
Yet fatal to friendship, good feeling and right.
Remember—and fall not your trust to fulfil—
Your brother, though absent, your brother is still;
Wherever you be, or whate'er may befall,
O, speak a good word, or say nothing at all!

There are duties we owe when together we're met,
We are all of us only too apt to forget;
Be blithe if you will when the wine cup is pressed,
But plant not a wound in an innocent breast;
Rebut the foul charge to the slanderer's shame,
Who, fendlike, would blacken another's fair fame,
Love is sweeter than honey—strife bitter as gall;
Then speak a good word, or say nothing at all.

[ORIGINAL.]

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

BY CLARISSA W. HOLMES.

"Now, Mr. Charles Merton, are you really serious, or are you only amusing yourself at my expense?"

Such was the question addressed by my friend, Susan Nye, to the gentleman above mentioned, who had been making what is popularly called a "declaration."

"Amusing myself! Why, what do you take me for, Susie? Do you suppose I would trifle with the holiest?"

"O nonsense!" interrupted Susan, in the coolest manner possible; "don't you suppose I know that speech by heart, by this time? What novel have you lately looked into, Mr. Merton?"

"I assure you, Susan, that what I have said came from the heart, and from no novel that I ever read," answered Charles, a little hurt by Susan's manner.

"Well, there's nothing for you to get so angry about—at least, it is singular what a fuss men make over trifles. Fortunately, their anger, like their love, cools very quickly."

"Now, Susan, you are unjust, and let me add, very unkind, else you would not persist in twisting my words as you do. But I've had no answer to my question yet, and I am getting impatient."

"That's very wrong of you, Charles," returned the incorrigible Susan, "for I may keep you in suspense some time longer yet. Let me see, I believe your question was, whether I would make myself miserable for life by marrying you, wasn't that it?" Well, I will confess that I like

you just a little bit; but then again, I have a natural distrust of all men. Now, I dare say, by to-morrow you will be down on your knees making a similar declaration to Mary or Emma. You see I haven't much faith in you, Charles."

"No, I see you haven't," said Charles, smiling in spite of himself, at her saucy speech—"but I protest—"

"O, of course you do—I dare say you have a talent for protesting, but that's nothing to the purpose. The question is, how long are you going to give me to reflect upon your proposal?"

"One minute, precisely." And Charles took out his watch.

"One minute! A month, you mean, or two, if I should require it—and that isn't a bit too long time to discover whether you really love me alone, or half a dozen other young ladies. Now be reasonable, Charles."

But Charles wouldn't be reasonable. He declared and protested, and in the midst of his declarations and protestations, Susan escaped and ran up stairs.

Now there was no denying that Mary Ward, Susan Nye, and myself, were three of the wildest girls that ever infested a house. Susan and I had come to spend the summer with our friend Mary in her country home, and were enjoying ourselves as much as possible, when who should come to interrupt our pleasure, but Charles Meriton, Mr. Ward's nephew, and a stranger to both Susan and me? We soon found, however, that Charles was as merry and light-hearted as any of us, and hand in glove in all our schemes, and so it happened that we soon took him into our confidence, and spoiled him completely, as Mr. Ward said. For all this kindness on our part, Charles was so basely ungrateful as to fall in love with, and propose to Susan. And the particulars of this proposal we heard from Susan herself, immediately after her memorable flight up stairs.

Now Susan was tolerably good-looking, tolerably well off, and somewhat of a flirt into the bargain. But those who knew her well, had long since discovered that beneath this apparently heartless exterior, there existed a heart as warm and sensitive as one could wish.

"Now," said Susan, when she had related such portions of the conversation as would be sufficient to show us how the case stood—interrupted, I must say, by many an "ah!" and "O!" from us—"now, girls, I've formed a scheme that will convince me whether Charles is in earnest or not—are you willing to help me?"

Of course we readily promised, and in half an hour we had arranged to our satisfaction every

particular of the wonderful scheme, which was to carry conviction to Susan's mind. The next day, as Charles was to be absent till afternoon upon business, was the time selected to put our scheme in operation. Charles came home about four in the afternoon, passed up to his own room, and soon after came rushing down into the porch where Mary and I sat sewing, holding an open letter in his hand.

"What does this all mean, girls? Where is Susan?"

"Gone," was my answer.

"Gone, actually gone, and leaving me only this unsatisfactory letter? I really believe this is some joke."

"Ask Mrs. Ward if you wish to be satisfied. Susan went away very unwillingly, but there was not even an hour's time to waste, else she would have waited till you came. She had time only to write that letter."

"Couldn't her distant relatives take any other time to catch fevers but the present," said Charles, with the nearest approach to ill-humor that I ever knew him to indulge in. "It's the most provoking thing that ever happened."

Poor fellow! I actually began to pity him when I witnessed his terrible disappointment—but it was too late for me to repent now.

"We are to have a visitor soon," said Mrs. Ward, the next morning at the breakfast-table.

"I expect to-morrow afternoon, an aunt of mine whom I have not seen for many years. Though she is quite old, and very eccentric, she is one of the kindest-hearted people that ever lived. I hope you will all like her, and make her visit agreeable, for she is very fond of young people."

Charles, who was in a state of absent-mindedness, endeavoring to balance his spoon upon the edge of his cup, muttered something which different people interpreted different ways. Mrs. Ward supposed Charles was expressing his intention of making Aunt Hannah's visit agreeable, and thanked him accordingly. Mary and I thought otherwise, but then we were not sure about the matter.

"Are you more ready, young ladies?" was Charles's question, the next day, as he strode into our presence, with the look of a martyr. Mary and I put away our work and prepared for a walk, for we had solemnly promised Charles that we would go down to the station with him to receive Aunt Hannah.

As we approached the depot, the train came rushing along, and when it had fairly stopped, a crowd of passengers poured upon the platform. In vain we looked for any one who might resemble Aunt Hannah. Upon the face of Charles

there was a look of exultation, but, as I still observed him, I saw his eyes suddenly fixed in one direction, and the glow of exultation fading into a look of horror. I turned my eyes towards the train and there, just emerging from the rear car, was a venerable figure surmounted by a hideous black bonnet. The next instant Charles sprang forward, and we soon saw him guiding the tottering steps through devious ways, towards the spot where we stood. Nothing could exceed the attention and the deference which Charles showed towards Aunt Hannah upon our homeward walk. And much did the venerable lady need his care, for she seemed exhausted with her journey, and leaned heavily upon her companion's arm.

"Have you had a pleasant journey, madam?" was Charles's question, by way of opening a conversation.

"A pleasant journey! Now, young man, what pleasure could a person of my age expect in travelling? I declare I think it a lucky thing I ever got so far alive." And here Aunt Hannah in a very energetic manner suddenly unfurled a huge green silk umbrella.

The sight of Charles, with an enormous old-fashioned basket upon one arm and Aunt Hannah upon the other, and the well-worn umbrella, which, owing to the unsteady grasp of the old lady, had a propensity for leaning upon the shoulder of her companion, was enough to upset my gravity, but I contrived to preserve a sober countenance until I had reached the solitude of my own room.

"How far is it to Sallie's, young man?" asked Aunt Hannah, turning her gaze upon Charles.

Charles informed her as to the exact distance to Mrs. Ward's, and the old lady continued in a musing tone:

"Sallie used to be one of the smartest people I ever knew—always up and hard at work before other folks began to think of such a thing—and such a famous hand at cakes and pies and jellies! Young man, are you fond of jellies?"

This question fired at him like a ball from a cannon, was rather too much for Charles's gravity. He blushed and stammered, and muttered something that was inaudible.

"Ha!" said Aunt Hannah, stopping suddenly, and looking suspiciously at her companion, "you've lost my basket." A sight of that article, however, quieted her apprehensions, and the old lady resumed her walk.

That evening, contrary to our expectations, Aunt Hannah appeared among us dressed in a well preserved silk gown, cut in the quaintest fashion, and a huge white cap, the border of which hung down over her face. A pair of im-

mense spectacles through which she peered curiously, gave Aunt Hannah an exceedingly venerable look.

"Ham, young man," said the visitor, seating herself near Charles, for whom she seemed to have taken a violent liking, and as she seated herself, glancing sharply at Mary and me, "you seem to be fond of the society of young ladies."

"Yes, madam, and of the society of elderly ladies also," was Charles's grave and polite answer.

At these words a genial glow overspread Aunt Hannah's face, and she stroked her dress complacently. Then taking a skein of yarn from her pocket, she requested Charles's assistance in holding it, and so slow were her movements and so often interrupted by sage remarks, the long hours of that evening, which we were to have devoted to the reading of an interesting book, were passed by Charles holding his hands in mid-air, watching the slow winding of the yarn, and answering in monosyllables the old lady's interesting remarks.

A week passed by very quietly. Aunt Hannah sewed and knitted, and seemed as fond as ever of talking to Charles. But, strange to say, since the first evening of her arrival, Charles had shown a marked repugnance for her society. He failed in none of the attentions that are usually expected from gentlemen to ladies, and elderly ladies in particular, but his manner was much changed. He had more than once remarked to Mrs. Ward, that her aunt was, indeed, very eccentric, and this had been said in such a peculiar tone, that we had many secret misgivings. It was evident that Aunt Hannah also perceived the change in her favorite, and was affected by it, for oftentimes we detected her stealing anxious glances at Charles, and then hastily withdrawing her eyes, when there was danger of his observing her.

For some time also, Mary and I had received but very little attention from our former faithful friend and ally. He was often absent a great part of the day, hunting, fishing, riding—sometimes alone, and sometimes with friends in the neighborhood. We saw but little of him, therefore—and even when he was at home, he was more reserved than formerly, had lost his usual light, merry tone, and altogether seemed a very different person from what he had been. Gradually a gloom stole over the whole household. We missed Susan's saucy speeches and Charles's contagious merriment. Aunt Hannah grew more silent and dejected, and often folded her hands and sighed, but as yet had said nothing about making an end to her visit. Mary and I settled down into two paragons of sobriety, and began

to be quoted in the household as quiet, industrious girls. Such was the state of affairs, when one morning Charles came rushing in, in his old, merry way, bowed most obsequiously to Aunt Hannah, who chanced to be in the room, waltzed Mary about till she was dizzy, and then addressed himself suddenly to Aunt Hannah.

"Did you ever see a waterfall, madam?"

"Law, yes, many a time," was the old lady's answer.

"But I know you never saw one that would equal ours," said Charles, mentioning a famous waterfall, four or five miles from us. "Now I've been thinking, madam, that we ought to get up a party and take you to see it. Let me see,"—and the young gentleman assumed a musing tone—"you make one, Mary and Emma, three, and Aunt Ward and myself, five—just enough to fill the carriage. We will take some eatables with us, and make a regular picnic of it, spending the whole day there. How should you like the plan, madam, and young ladies?"

We professed ourselves delighted, and Aunt Hannah arose and made Charles a little old-fashioned curtesy, her countenance beaming with delight.

"You will be sure and recollect the day, madam," said Charles, lingering upon the subject with strange pertinacity.

Aunt Hannah rose again, tottered across the room, and laying her trembling hand upon the shoulder of Charles, said in trembling accents—"Young man, I will remember, you have made me quite happy."

There was a peculiar look upon Charles's face, at this movement, the least possible smile played for one instant about his mouth, and then, with a little shrug of the shoulders, he strode from the room. Half an hour later, he came down stairs with a letter in his hand, and inquired if we had any commands at the post-office, as he was going there.

Wednesday came bright and beautiful as one could wish. Charles was all animation, and having packed us into the carriage in a scientific manner, including the eatables and the hideous black bonnet, he placed himself in the driver's seat, and we were soon dashing along through the pleasant country roads. We drew up at the ruins of an old mill, which stood in the vicinity of the waterfall, and as we dismounted from the carriage, Charles threw a rapid glance over the landscape, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"How provoking! there is another party coming for the day, I should judge. However, there is room enough for all of us."

As he spoke, a light, handsome carriage drew

up the other side of the mill, and from it dismounted two ladies and a gentleman. It was indeed very provoking, as Charles had said, but then it was nothing more than might have been expected, for the vicinity of the old mill was a famous place for picnic parties. Giving one arm to Mrs. Ward, and the other to Aunt Hannah, Charles led the way to the waterfall, which presented a very picturesque sight. We had viewed it from all sides, had lavished abundant praises upon it, and then the two elder ladies being somewhat weary, seats were found for them among the rocks, and we, the younger portion of the party, strolled off for a further ramble. When we rejoined our party, we discovered the three strangers sitting upon the rocks at a little distance, ever and anon casting somewhat curious glances in our direction.

"What an agreeable face!" was Mrs. Ward's exclamation, as one of the stranger ladies turned to take a survey of our party.

It was indeed an agreeable face, and not only that, but the stranger was quite young and striking in appearance. Charles started suddenly, and with some exclamation that was inaudible to us, dashed over the rocks, and we soon beheld him shaking hands with the strangers, and then with the air of an old acquaintance, he seated himself by the younger lady, and soon was engaged in what appeared to be a deep and interesting conversation.

Aunt Hannah darted fiery looks in Charles's direction, and muttered to herself. We were much surprised, but supposed that Charles had found some old acquaintance, and would soon rejoin us. At length, to our great relief we saw him arise and approach us, but not alone, for the lady took his arm, as if for support upon the slippery rocks, and the two came forward slowly.

"Allow me to present to you, ladies, Miss St. Claire, an old friend of mine. I have had the good fortune to persuade her to join our party, whilst her brother and sister extend their ride."

Miss St. Claire bowed somewhat haughtily to each one of us, stared somewhat long and curiously at Aunt Hannah, and then turned to her companion with some remark. Aunt Hannah looked anything but delighted with Charles's good fortune in securing Miss St. Claire's company, and still less satisfied with the stare with which she was greeted, but she said nothing.

The day passed somewhat wearily to us, for Charles had no thoughts for anybody else but Miss St. Claire. He had contrived to whisper to us, or rather to Aunt Hannah, that Miss St. Claire was an "old flame" of his, and had

lavished most abundant praises upon her, to all of which Aunt Hannah was slow to respond. Miss St. Claire seemed to view Aunt Hannah as an antiquated curiosity, for she took every opportunity to stare at her in a way that made that lady, old as she was, blush in a very becoming manner.

Dinner-time came, and that meal, through our efforts, presented a very inviting appearance; but nobody seemed to care much about it, for Charles and Miss St. Claire had so much to say, that they scarcely allowed a minute to eat, and as for the rest of us, we had somehow or other lost our appetites. The afternoon sun was quite warm, so we adjourned to the old mill, and seating ourselves upon some boards, talked in a somewhat doleful strain, until finally, as if by common consent, we relapsed into perfect silence. Charles and Miss St. Claire had not as yet joined us, and unconsciously my thoughts wandered away to them and to their apparently accidental meeting. Suddenly there was the sound of voices below us, and the missing ones of our party approached our quarter, but apparently without perceiving us, for they seated themselves upon a pile of boards lower down. Charles was speaking to his companion in a somewhat tender tone.

"Yes, Charlotte, I did love her, but she distrusted me so much, and treated me so shamefully, that she is no longer worthy of my esteem. Any woman,"—and here Charles raised his voice—"who will descend to subterfuge to test a man's affections, when she has not the slightest reason to doubt it, deserves to be forgotten. Now, I love you only, and this time I fancy I shall not be rejected, and put off with cold reasonings."

Miss St. Claire's answer was inaudible, but we judged that it was favorable. A moment Aunt Hannah sat as if frozen, and then she started up with flashing eyes, and darting swiftly over the pile of boards, confronted the lovers.

"Charles, how dare you?" was her angry exclamation.

Charles glanced at her one instant, and then turning deliberately round to us, while a slight sneer curled his lip, remarked in a quiet tone:

"Why, really, ladies, Aunt Hannah grows frolicsome, doesn't she? Allow me to say, madam, that such antics are very unbecoming at your time of life."

The sneer and accompanying remark were too much for Aunt Hannah. She tore off her cap, spectacles and false hair, and throwing them far from her in disgust, cried:

"Now, do you know me, Charles?"

"Why, how do you do, Miss Nye?" said Charles, without expressing the least surprise. "Allow me to present to you Miss St. Claire, a particular friend of mine. Have your relatives quite recovered from the fever?"

In spite of her efforts, the tears started to Susan's eyes, and she turned humbly away, as Charles, drawing his companion's arm through his, passed out from the mill, and walked slowly away.

"How blind and foolish I have been," murmured Susan, throwing herself down in an agony of sorrow that would not be controlled. "I might have known that no honorable man would submit to such a childish trick. And well have I been punished, for I have destroyed my own happiness forever. Leave me, I wish to be alone."

We did leave her, and wandered sadly about, ashamed of, and vainly regretting our own share in the scheme that was to have promised so much amusement, but which would cause a lifelong sorrow to at least one of our party. At length, seeing nothing of Susan, and somewhat alarmed at her long absence, we went back to the mill with heavy hearts, and discovered—not Susan dissolved in tears—but Susan sitting by Charles's side, with a very subdued, but nevertheless happy look. Miss St. Claire sat a little distance off, viewing the scene with great complacency, and seemingly without the slightest tinge of jealousy. There had evidently been a thorough explanation between Charles and Susan, for both looked uncommonly happy, and Charles said to us with one of his old, arch looks:

"Ladies, this is Aunt Hannah without her spectacles, and this," turning to Miss St. Claire, "is my cousin, and ready assistant in all schemes. I really do not know which to admire most, your plot, or my counterplot—but both have resulted happily, as Susie has promised never to distrust me again."

THE OKRA PLANT.

The consumption of this plant has materially increased within a few years. When the pods are in a fresh state they are used for soup, and give off a mucilage which enriches the soup materially, while the less soluble portions of the pod are softened together with the seeds, and produce an admirable pottage. The "gumbo" of the South is made with this plant. The soup is always easy of digestion, and very nutritious. When the plant is suffered to ripen the seeds are large and hard, and the amount produced is very great; these, by being burned, produce a good imitation of coffee, while the fibrous character of the pod strongly recommends it to paper-makers.

—*Botanic Journal.*

A Blunder-Buss—Kissing the wrong woman.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO-DAY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

God help me—God help me, to-day,
For my tired hands fall listlessly down;
For my feet have stopped in the way:
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!
The flowers are gone, the wind blows shrill,
And I cannot remember a May:
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day,
For the autumn is dead at my door,
And the clouds are lowering and gray:
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!
My heart is lost in the cruel cold;
Its blood drops red in the frozen way:
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!
The mountains stand dark 'gainst the sky;
The sun lies low in the crimson west,
And my heart is lost from love's sweet way:
God help me, to-day!

[ORIGINAL.]

IN A COBWEB.

BY ESTHER BERNÉ.

"I TELL you it will be impossible for me to go," was Ruth Morley's decided answer, as she plucked to pieces a beautiful crimson flower, which her companion had just presented her.

"I know you have told me so once or twice," returned Paul Upton, good humoredly, "but ladies have so many whims now-a-days, that it isn't best to take the first answer, nor perhaps the second as decided."

"Well, take it or not, just as you please; my mind, at least, is made up." And Ruth petulantly buried her small feet in a mass of dead leaves.

"Well, Ruth, had I guessed the fate of that unfortunate flower, I should have—"

"Kept it; well, I wish you had." And as a blast of the cold north wind at that moment rattled the dead leaves at her feet, Ruth shivered and turned upon her homeward way.

Her thoughts, as she walked slowly through the desolate fields, which in the summer time had looked so lovely, were not enviable ones by any means. Twice or thrice upon her way home, she turned with a half-intention of going back to tell Paul that she would attend the party his

sister gave that night, but then pride came to her aid.

"No, I told him I wouldn't go, and I must keep my word, else he will think me inconsistent. Besides that, I haven't a suitable dress to wear, and I hear that Paul's cousins from the city, those rich and beautiful Lane girls, are to be there—of course, they will be dressed splendidly, and will look most contemptuously upon my plain brown Thibet. O dear, how I do wish I was rich!"

And then Ruth, heedless of the cutting wind against which her thin shawl was very little protection, dreamed she was rich;—how comfortable she would make her poor father's old age, with how many blessings she would surround him—blessings which the hard-working man had never known all his life. And Harry—poor, restless Harry, he should go to college, and should have all the books he wanted, and in time he would become a great man.

"So you've got home at last, have you?"

How little Ruth started, and how her golden castles shivered and fell to pieces at the sound of that voice, and at the sight of that great, coarse, red-faced woman.

"Yes, I've got home," was Ruth's sullen answer, to her step-mother's salutation.

"Well, you might as well spend the whole day out of doors, as for all the work you do in the house. Now make haste and set the table, and make yourself useful for one minute."

There was no answer to this, but Ruth's face expressed defiance as plainly as if she had replied in words.

The chilly, uncomfortable evening drew on. In a corner by themselves sat Ruth and Harry, the latter restless as ever, and both sullen and silent, for their step-mother's loud voice filled the whole room. It was the usual way of spending the evening in their uncomfortable and unlovely home. Harry was more than usually restless and depressed that night, for all had gone wrong with him the last two or three days. Ruth was thinking somewhat bitterly of Mr. Upton's brilliantly lighted rooms, of the gay company, the animated faces, and, must we confess it? of Paul Upton, whom her little heart cared a great deal more about than it would admit even to itself.

"Come out, Ruth, and walk with me—I have something to tell you," whispered Harry, at length, as hour after hour passed away, and both grew more restless. Ruth rose with alacrity, resumed the bonnet and shawl which she had thrown over a chair, and in an instant stood ready to go. They passed out unmolested, and

for a moment stood undecided as to which way they should turn their steps. Then, impelled by an irresistible impulse, Ruth turned towards the foot-path, which as she well knew, would lead them in sight of Mr. Upton's house. Harry walked by her side, silent as ever. Ruth minded not that the dead leaves and the withered grass damped her dress, nor that the wind felt more chilly and uncomfortable than ever. Both brother and sister were too full of thoughts to heed the weather. What a brilliant light streamed from every window of Mr. Upton's large house, as the two wanderers stealthily approached it! Harry would have paused at a suitable distance, but Ruth urged him gently forward.

"Please come a little nearer, Harry."

Ruth was not satisfied until they had gained a station immediately under one of the windows, a position which commanded a view of both parlors, and which was likewise comfortably shielded from observation.

Harry made some faint objection as to the impropriety of the thing, but Ruth made no answer. Poor child! she was too busily occupied at that moment to care whether what she was doing was proper or not. Within there were gay music and animated faces, and anon a silvery burst of laughter, which floated out to the ears of the two lone watchers.

"What splendid dresses!" thought Ruth—"how glad I am I didn't come!"

"O, Ruth, just look—what a beautiful face! That is like some of the old paintings. There, she has seated herself upon that sofa opposite. Don't you see her?" And Harry leaned forward and gazed with a look of the most eager admiration.

Ruth drew him back. She had looked and noted well the lovely face shaded by the fair hair, which was now turned with an eager, animated look upon her companion, Paul Upton. Paul was talking most earnestly to the strange lady—so earnestly that he seemed not to heed anything that was passing around him. Their conversation seemed to grow more and more interesting and confidential, for Paul's face unconsciously approached nearer the lady's, and she seemed listening most attentively, ever and anon darting a bright, arch look at her companion, which look poor Harry, shivering outside, likened to a sunbeam.

Yes, Ruth's eye had noted well every detail of the scene—the exquisite and tasteful dress of the stranger, that told of wealth—the tall, queenly form, the fair complexion and rose-tinted cheek, and above all, the interest which the two occupants of the sofa seemed to take in each other—

none of these things had escaped from Ruth's glance. How meanly she thought of herself at that moment—of her diminutive form, her dark complexion, to which the rose-tint was most unbecoming—her poor attire! She brushed away from her forehead her rich, dark hair with a disdainful motion. She recollected now that some one had once called her witch-like and weird like; witch-like indeed, she must look when compared with the lovely stranger within. But then Ruth's pride came to her aid again, and her dark eyes flashed un-seen in her hiding place.

Should she hate Paul Upton? No, he was not worth hating; she would forget him, and never look upon him again. She would live for her father and Harry, and sometime in the future, when she was rich and famous, Paul might regret her and might seek to renew the acquaintance. She imagined to herself the scorn with which she would receive his advances, when suddenly she shivered as in an ague-fit. A casual glance at the window had shown her Paul and the stranger lady gazing out into the night, and in an instant Ruth imagined she was discovered. But the next moment the idea seemed absurd, for the two had passed from the window, and were now lost to sight.

Harry, who had forgotten everything in his admiration of the lovely stranger, was now awakened to life by Ruth's shiver.

"Why, Ruth, here you are chilled through, and dear me, how thin your shawl is. How imprudent of us to stand so long here. But that was such a beautiful picture, Ruthy." And Harry laughed and then sighed at the recollection.

Ruth made no answer, only clung tighter to her brother's arm, as they turned back into the solitary night. Away from the bright windows, and Harry's gloomy thoughts returned. He broke out abruptly:

"Ruth, I am going to the city to seek my fortune, as many better men than I have done. I shall die here, leading this inactive life. Have you anything to say against this plan, Ruthy?"

"Nothing," said Ruth, "excepting that I shall go with you."

"Nonsense, Ruth! Of course, it will be impossible for you to go. What would you do when you got there?"

"Try my fortune writing for the newspapers. And if I succeed, as of course I shall"—and here Ruth affected a merry tone—"and if you get steady employment, what a pleasant home we could make by ourselves. Nobody should know where we were until we got rich and famous, and then we would ride home in a coach and four, and create a nine days wonder."

Harry smiled at the pleasant vision, and then relapsed into a deeper fit of musing than ever. But before they had reached home that night, it was decided that they should go to the city to seek their fortunes. And so it happened that one cold, raw morning, before most people were up, Harry and Ruth stole like two guilty things through the garden gate, turned to take one last look at the little cottage and the desolate landscape, and then leaving the old things behind, their feet were treading new ground, and their eyes were looking upon new scenes.

"Well, what news, Harry?" asked Ruth, as she busied herself putting the finishing touches to the table, set for their evening meal.

"None," said Harry, moodily playing with his knife and fork, utterly regardless of the nice supper which Ruth had been at such pains to prepare for him.

"I have been all over the city to-day," continued Harry, "and have offered myself as office-boy, or porter, or almost anything, but nobody seemed in want of me. Ruth, if the worst comes to the worst, shall we go back, or starve?"

"Starve," said Ruth, decidedly. "But you will try again to-morrow, Harry, and perhaps you will succeed better. See what I have got here—you shall take them to some publisher to-morrow." And Ruth held up three or four rolls of paper, upon which she had busied herself the last two or three days.

Some days passed away. Ruth's manuscripts had been offered for sale. Some had been rejected and some sold well, but it was rather discouraging and mortifying work, and poor Harry dreaded, more than he dare tell Ruth, to inquire the fate of what had cost her so many busy hours. At length, when Harry had well nigh despaired, he found employment as errand-boy in the office of a wealthy merchant, and that evening he came home with elastic step and animated countenance, to tell Ruth the good news. He found his sister bending as usual over her writing, and proceeded to recount his day's experience, without noticing the efforts Ruth made to suppress a fit of coughing. In fact, ever since that evening walk to Mr. Upton's house, Ruth had been troubled with a most obstinate and singular cough, which no remedy she applied could seem to subdue. Lately it had been quite painful for her to bend over her writing, and her household duties tired her most unaccountably.

"Why, Ruthy, how handsome you are growing," was Harry's exclamation, as he glanced at his sister, after relating his good fortune.

In fact, Ruth did look unusually well that eve-

ning. Her eyes sparkled, and there was a bright spot of bloom on either cheek. No one could have said but what the rose-tint was extremely becoming now. It was quite fortunate that Harry had found employment, for after a while Ruth found it utterly impossible to endure the constraint that writing imposed upon her. The very act of bending over, aggravated her cough to such a degree that she told Harry one morning that she should take a vacation of a week or two.

"You have been quite honored to-day, Ruth," was Harry's salutation, as he rushed like a whirlwind into Ruth's presence, after the day's work was through. "I don't believe there ever was a better man than Mr. Lane. I happened to say to him the other day that you had a cough, and to-day he inquired after you, and said if you had no objections, his daughter, Miss Lane, would call upon you. What do you say to that, Miss Ruth?"

"To tell the truth," was Ruth's answer, "I had much rather she wouldn't come. You know I have a great dislike to strangers—but for your sake, I shall receive her properly."

Harry was rather worried about Ruth's cough; it didn't seem to improve any as the weeks went on, and Ruth went about so slowly, and seemed to get weary so often, that Harry seriously began to think it would be best to summon a physician. But Ruth laughed at his anxiety, reminded him that winter was a bad time to get cured of a cough, and declared that in the spring she should be as well as usual.

There was a knock at their door one evening, and as Harry opened it he encountered his employer, Mr. Lane, and a lady, whom Mr. Lane introduced as his daughter. Poor Harry stared in the utmost astonishment, and then blushed a great deal more than the occasion seemed to warrant, for in Miss Lane he recognized the lovely stranger whom he had admired through Mr. Upton's window. As for Ruth, she had started forward at sight of the lady, crimsoning violently from excitement, and then suddenly she sank back upon her seat, a death-like pallor crept slowly over her face—and then there was a wild cry from Harry. From Ruth's mouth there issued a crimson stream, and her eyes were closed, as if in death.

Week succeeded week, and the genial days of spring came slowly on. Ruth would recover—the doctor had said so. And poor Harry was wild with delight, and worked harder and more manfully than ever. During Ruth's illness he had been promoted to the position of clerk in Mr. Lane's store, and every evening he had the

privilege of entering Mr. Lane's house, for there had Ruth been removed at the commencement of her illness.

Yes, Ruth would recover, but she must be tended with great care—and truly no sister could have watched over and nursed her more carefully than had Miss Lane through those many weeks. And Ruth felt very grateful, more so than she could express. She no longer felt hardly towards Paul Upton—she had grown very quiet and gentle, altogether too quiet and gentle, Miss Lane said.

But our poor little heroine was not perfect, by any means. She wished it had been any one else but Miss Lane to whom she was indebted, and she longed to get away, and live a quiet life again with Harry. Miss Lane's lovely face sometimes gave her a very painful sensation.

"My dear little Ruth," said Miss Lane, one day, when for the twentieth time Ruth had declared that she was strong enough to go away, and for the twentieth time Miss Lane had declared that such a thing was impossible—"we are to have a visitor to-day, and I want you to look your prettiest. If you behave yourself well to-day, perhaps I sha'n't object to your going away by-and-by."

Afternoon came, and with it the visitor. Now Ruth hadn't cared one snap about the mysterious person, and scarcely looked up when the visitor entered the room. But how she started when her eyes encountered those of Paul Upton! How quickly a beautiful color flashed over her pale face, and how hard she strove to keep down the words of welcome that were upon her tongue. It was provoking that Miss Lane was called out of the room just at that moment, and that Ruth was obliged to entertain her visitor. Paul seated himself most boldly at her side, and then he began to talk to her just as he used to in the old times. Ruth felt uncomfortable—she wished Miss Lane would come back, and take care of this troublesome visitor.

"So, you dear, silly, independent little fly, what a cobweb you have got yourself into!"

A cobweb! What could he mean?

"Why, yes, a cobweb," said Paul, laughing. "Here has my cousin, Sophie Lane, woven her meshes about you, and here are the rest of the spiders come to enjoy the feast."

"Sophie Lane, Paul's cousin! How stupid Ruth had been not to have recollected that Lane was the name of Paul's uncle. And somehow the knowledge of this fact led to another, and then Ruth learned that Paul's conversation upon the night of the party had been about her, and that Sophie had been so interested, that she had

determined to make her acquaintance, which, as we have already seen, she did accomplish through Harry's means. In fact, there were so many explanations to be made, that when Miss Lane came back, neither Paul nor Ruth noticed her entrance, and so she prudently made her retreat again, smiling to herself.

And so it happened, as anybody with common sense might have predicted, that not long after there was another party, at Miss Lane's instead of Mr. Upton's, and Harry and Ruth didn't stand outside, but were rather prominent actors in the performance that took place that night—a performance in which little Ruth Morley became Ruth Upton, and in which Harry and Miss Lane officiated as bridesgroom and bridesmaid.

And Harry—the restless fellow—contrived to wheedle himself into Sophie's confidence to such an extent, that when he became a junior partner in the house of Lane & Co., he persuaded Sophie to repeat the performance, which had been enacted in the case of Ruth, with a very little variation, of course.

In process of time, Ruth's step-mother died, and then Ruth had the pleasure of making her father's old age comfortable and happy. Though Ruth and Harry never became very rich, or very famous, yet singularly enough they were both contented and happy.

LILY M. SPENCER.

Her parents (whose name is Martin) were born in France, but removed to England soon after their marriage. They were persons of education, refinement, and good social standing. Mr. Martin taught French in academies in Plymouth and Exeter, and gave lectures at his own house on scientific subjects, especially optics and chemistry. Mrs. Martin at one time gave instruction in a ladies' seminary in London. Lily owed all her proficiency to her parents' judicious training, and never went to a school. Her talent for drawing began early to exhibit itself. One day when she was about five years old, she got at some diagrams her father had prepared for a lecture on optics, and drew an eye so correctly, that her turn for art was at once perceived.—*Women Artists in all Ages.*

THE BIBLE.

Out of it has come all pure moralities. From it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded to his breast. The simple cottager has used it for his dying pillow, and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with his fingers between its promise-freighted leaves.—*Timothy Tucomb.*

(ORIGINAL.)

• WHEN'E'R I HEAR THY SIGH.

BY JAMES RISTING.

I stood beside a glassy lake,
The wings of day were closed,
While summer breezes whispering spake
Where'er the flowers reposed.
I watched the waves as far and near
They rose upon the stream,
And saw on each, reflected clear,
A pure and radiant beam.

The ripples bound in bliss along
Before the evening air,
And I was joyed to hear its song,
While playfully floating there.
But when it softly died away,
The wavelets sunk to sleep:
Nor glimmered on their brows a ray
From heaven's starry deep.

Thus, when I hear thy burning sigh,
My soul in rapture swells,
And mirrored on it gracefully,
Thine eye of beauty dwells;
But when each smile of love has gone,
Like evening breeze away,
O, sullen cares usurp the throne
Where sat affection's ray!

(ORIGINAL.)

WHO WAS THE THIEF?

A TALE OF ENGLISH FACTORY LIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

IN the county of Staffordshire, only about one hundred and fifty miles from London, is the manufacturing town of Leek. It is a place of some antiquity, delightfully situated; occupying the summit and declivities of a beautiful eminence above the River Chumet. The manufactures of Leek are partly of sewing silks, shawls and ribbons; but women and children are employed mostly upon the Florentine buttons, which form a large portion of the trade carried on with the London market. In this department, in the year 1839, were employed the entire family of Peter Ashcroft, a man who had unfortunately been crippled by the falling of some heavy machinery, and who now depended solely on the exertions of his wife and children for his support.

Milicent Ashcroft, a girl of sixteen, was the eldest of this family. The rest were mere children at the time of the accident, but were capable of being employed upon the buttons, excepting the youngest, little Grace, who seemed too spiritual ever to take any part in the affairs of

earth. The mother—a delicate, pretty woman, went cheerfully to her task every day, leaving her crippled husband with only little Grace for company—glad that she could be near her children, to guard them from any contaminating influences that might assail them at a place so full of different associations to those with which she had hoped to surround them.

Previous to the accident, she had wisely sheltered her little flock from contact with the strangely mixed up population of a manufacturing town. Her husband had been employed at the factories, it was true—but his was a refined nature, that shrank from the mass of his companions, and only clung to those who were nearer his own stamp.

It was the most painful moment of his life, when he saw his gentle and delicate wife preparing to leave the house, with three of her children, to go among the people he had shunned. But gentle as she truly was, she was still strong in her views of right, and would have gone to the stake, had she conceived that her duty demanded it.

Daily was her strong soul shaken by the sight of her once upright and noble-looking husband, tied down, hands and feet, by the terrible misfortune that had almost destroyed him. It was a d to leave him alone, too, but money must be had, and then it was so much better that the children should have her protecting presence. So the invalid was placed every morning in a chair, the mechanism of which just suited his infirmity, and, with books and papers around him—of which they always provided a good supply—and a few flowers on the table before him, he managed to pass the hours until they returned from the factory.

Sitting in this way, one evening, with the head of little Grace lying on his shoulder, to which she had managed to climb, and where she was quietly sleeping, he was startled by the quick and hurried entrance of his wife, followed by Milicent and the two younger boys, Harry and Mark. The father who was always impatient to welcome them all, looked round for Richard, the eldest son. He did not come into the house, and Mr. Ashcroft heard the suppressed whispers at the door, that sounded like his boy's name anxiously repeated by the mother. She came in at length with a pale face, and an evident struggle at composure.

"Sit down here, wife," was his greeting. "Something has gone wrong, which you are cruelly kind enough to keep from me. Let me hear what it is. Trouble grows smaller when it is divided."

He strove to lay the withered fingers upon her arm, as he spoke, but even that was beyond his power; and looking at him in his weakness and decrepitude, she shrunk from imparting any additional pang to his heart. He would not be put off. He must know all; and that "all" was soon told; and though told in the tenderest and most considerate manner, it required all the fortitude of a brave heart to meet it. Richard had been accused of theft, and was under arrest; and this night—the first ever spent from under their own roof—would be passed in a prison. Several large and valuable packages of buttons had been missing from a room to which the foreman of the establishment had kept the key, and to which he had often sent Richard Ashcroft, but no one else. Suspicion, therefore, had fastened upon the boy, and he was taken away amidst the cries of his little brothers and the silent anguish of his mother and Milicent.

To tell the invalid this miserable story, was now Mrs. Ashcroft's painful task. Never before had she experienced anything like this. The afflictions she had borne had not touched reputation, though they had sorely touched her heart; but this had wounded her in a way that no balm could ever reach. Her Richard, he to whom she had looked as to her daughter's protector, and the sole hope of the family; how could she bear to think that the breath of suspicion had ever been attached to him, blighting his young days and casting a shadow over them all! Not that she believed for a moment that Richard could be guilty—but how to prove him innocent?

It was the first night that the poor boy had ever lain down in his bed without the prayerful blessing of his mother breathed over his pillow. What must it be to him now, to hear perhaps, only the oaths and imprecations of the prisoners, old and hardened offenders, doubtless? In thoughts like these, a terrible night was passed, and the morning found them still weeping. Mrs. Ashcroft and Milicent were really too ill to go out, but as soon as she thought the proprietor of the factory was at his counting-room, the former went thither and related what had passed the day before, when he had gone away.

Mr. Fenton was a benevolent man at heart, but he had a hard exterior, and his first exclamation, "Poh! what a fuss about a boy like him! Why, half the boys there have been taken up at some time or other, for pilfering!"

The mother fairly gasped for breath. "Good Heavens! Mr. Fenton, have I brought my innocent boys into contact with such beings?"

"It seems you have, ma'am, and it seems they take to it naturally like the rest." Then

seeing her anguish, he altered his tone and said: "Seriously, madam, it is not so terrible as your think. They generally confess and restore the goods, and being but lads, and with more than ordinary temptation before them to this fault, we overlook it and take them back after a short punishment."

Mrs. Ashcroft was inexpressibly shocked. "I beseech you, Mr. Fenton, to investigate this affair. Do not let the innocent suffer for the guilty. My child never took the buttons. Some one else must have done it. O, believe me, Richard is innocent."

He was touched by her grief. "Be assured that your boy shall have justice," he said. "Everything shall be searched into, and if possible, he shall be cleared."

With this, she was obliged to be content; and she returned to give this small crumb of comfort to poor Milicent and her father.

While she was absent, the father and daughter had been striving mutually to give each other the strength they needed, and to devise some means of clearing the poor boy from this aspersion. Already they had been obliged to submit to a search warrant in the house; but, as nothing could be found, the officers had departed before Mrs. Ashcroft's return.

Two or three weeks passed away, and Richard, against whom circumstantial evidence had fully prevailed, was sentenced to prison for stealing. The family at home were in the deepest distress, relieved only by one thought—that of Richard's innocence. Mrs. Ashcroft and the children had refused to go to the factory to work, and they were living now upon former earnings. They rarely went out; and were only waiting for the boy's term of punishment to expire, when it was their intention to remove to a distant country, far away from Staffordshire, they cared not whither.

Milicent's health failed under her grief and the close confinement of the house, and her mother persuaded her to go out one morning, and visit a very poor family to whom she had always been kind. She went reluctantly, for she could not bear to be seen out. This morning, she took a by-path, and on arriving at the neighborhood she intended to visit, she saw a number of little children at play. Even their innocent mirth seemed mockery to her, for was not Richard locked up in a dreary prison, while they were not more guiltless than he?

In passing the group, however, her eye was caught by a necklace that was worn around the neck of a pretty little girl. If her eyes did not deceive her, it was composed of the peculiar Florentine buttons, such as had wrought all their

misery. She stopped and examined it; and the eager and gratified children brought her a large quantity of the same sort, of which they were manufacturing more necklaces.

"Where do you get these?" she asked, kindly.

"O, we dug them up over there, in Mr. Overton's garden, this morning. There are plenty more there. Do you want some?"

For a moment, Millicent's brain reeled. Mr. Overton was the foreman who had accused her brother!

"Stay here, until I come back," she said, and made her way back to the nearest magistrate, who accompanied her to the spot immediately. The precise number of packages were found that were missing. They were in a tin box to protect them from dampness; and the children had been attracted to the spot by the appearance of the earth having been recently dug up, and the sight of a small spade induced them to try it.

Overton lived alone. He was a surly, morose being, and when at home, was apt to drive away the neighboring children; but when he was at the factory, they generally enjoyed his garden, although they had never before attempted to appropriate anything. But the buried buttons were irresistible; and their childish fancies could find no way of using such a quantity, save by stringing them like beads.

One neighbor, too, spoke of seeing Overton digging in that very spot, on the night of Richard Ashcroft's arrest; but it did not then awaken any suspicion in his mind, nor did he ever think of it again, until the affair of the morning was related to him.

Overton was arrested immediately, and Richard discharged. It was at the very hour when the button-makers were dismissed for the noon meal; and the bell rang in vain for their return. They were crowding around Richard, and finally bore him to his home in triumph. Something in the shut windows and closed curtains of the house prevented their going farther, and the boy, waving his hand to them in token of the thanks which he could not speak for tears, he entered and shut the door, amidst their loud and joyful cheers.

Overton had grown rich by petty pilferings which had never been discovered. This time his avarice had outrun his discretion, and he had endeavored to fasten his guilt upon the poor boy, whom he had sent into the room for that purpose.

"Shall we go to the factory again, Richard?" asked his mother, as he came eager and panting, into the house, a few mornings after.

"The boys and I must; but you shall not,

nor Millicent either. You shall both stay at home and take care of father. See! what Mr. Fenton has this morning given me?"

And the boy held out a deed for the prettiest little cottage and garden in the outskirts of Leek, and an order on a manufacturer to furnish it throughout, and also to tax his ingenuity for a bed and chair that should be especially adapted to an invalid, for the use of Mr. Ashcroft.

"There, father," said Richard, "Mr. Fenton says he thinks this is but a small return for all the trouble that we have had; so you see, he is tender-hearted, after all that we have said about his being so stern."

Behold, then, the Ashcrofts settled in their new abode, away from the smoke and din of the factories—Richard and the two boys walking over to their work every morning before sunrise, and Mrs. Ashcroft and Millicent employed fully in sorting and placing the buttons at home. Mr. Fenton proved a firm friend to the family, and Richard is now foreman to the establishment, from which he was driven in disgrace twenty years ago.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the *Utica Herald*, thus describes the river Jordan:

"A line of green, low forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy, that made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem at that moment of its revelation to my longing eyes the perfection of calm and loveliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it as little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it, tradition assigns the baptism of our Saviour, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance into the promised land. Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks, as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itsself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea."

CHIDING.

But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient. SHAKESPEARE.

(ORIGINAL.)

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY LILLIE MORSE.

And now, when the day is dismal and droning,
And the winds and the rain on my window are moaning,
All alone, all alone, with the dreams of the past—
And the lone fly hums while my heart beats fast—
I trembling unreal the long, long skein,
And back I float to my youth again.

On the streams of the past am I now gaily riding,
And along by the shores of my childhood am gliding;
My heart beats fast, for sweet Kitty is there,
With the coinlike wealth of her golden hair:
And her eyes yet smile with the orient gleam
Of the sun-rays on a purple stream.

The young Hebe and I—O, again we're a-roaming
With a basket and rod where the blue waves are foaming,
And the mulberries hang with berries ripe red
On the rocks that shelve o'er the brooklet's bed:
And her tiny brown hands she makes in a dish,
To hold, while I string the gay, shiny fish;

And her bare little feet o'er the gold sands are straying,
And the cool loving waves around them are playing.
O, how I envied the waters their bliss,
Those rose-tinted feet so freely to kiss:
And I wondered the bees came not to her lip,
For redder or sweeter they never could sip!

Then while the sun with his yellow robes flowing,
Trailed o'er the hills and the cornfields a-growing,
She laid down her head 'neath the emerald screen
Of leaf and vine in an arbor green;
And slept 'mong the grass like an evening flower,
While I watched by her side till the sunset hour.

(ORIGINAL.)

PARTED AND UNITED.

BY J. OAKES SIMMS.

A BEAUTIFUL little cottage, surrounded by rich vines and standing almost at the entrance of a long grove of olives, was, in 1512, the abode of Ludovico Monaldi and his beautiful wife, Caterina. It was the sweetest situation in all Tuscany. Everything that art could do to sustain and embellish nature, had been gathered there by Monaldi, to make a residence fit for the wife he had chosen. Here they nestled, almost in the heart of the olive woods; and, in their peaceful retirement, they seemed scarcely to hear the distant hum of that terrible roar of warfare and destruction which the Spanish rule was inflicting upon that unhappy land. Day by day, Ludovico lingered in his beautiful home, dwelling secretly upon his country's wrongs, yet dreading to break the silken chain which bound him there. His life was like a fairy dream,

and Caterina was his queen—nay more, his angel. While he tended his own vines and gathered his olives, Caterina hovered around his steps, bearing the light burdens which he would playfully toss to her, and which he would afterwards snatch away, fearful that her delicate arms and hands would be injured.

Towards the end of that terrible year, some wayfarer would occasionally seek shelter in the cottage, from those terrific storms of thunder and lightning, that seemed as if Heaven was pouring down its holy indignation upon the outrages committed in that wretched domain now prostrated by the Spanish oppressors. From the lips of these wanderers, Ludovico sometimes learned what was going on outside of his quiet premises. His blood fired at the thought—but still he could not endure the idea of leaving his sole treasure, even for his country. Besides, it seemed so hopeless—so utterly vain, to take up arms against such fearful odds.

One night, a weary traveller dragged his tired limbs to his door. Caterina brought him fresh garments, and spread a little table with bread, grapes and wine, for his refreshment. After he had rested—for, at first, his weariness prevented him from speaking—he told his kind hosts that he had been pursued by some Spanish soldiers, almost to the edge of the wood; and that only the fearful flashes of lightning glaring upon their weapons had kept them from entering it. They had already destroyed his home, killed his only relative, an uncle, whom he supported in his extreme old age, and a faithful servant who had carefully tended the old man.

While he was yet speaking, a rustling was heard among the vines, and two ferocious-looking Spaniards presented themselves, followed by eight or ten others. They seized the affrighted stranger, threw him upon the floor, and bound him with strong cords.

"For the love of Heaven, release him!" said the beseeching voice of Caterina. One of the soldiers who seemed the head of the party, turned his bold, fiery glances upon the beautiful woman who was kneeling beside the stranger. She shrunk away and took refuge by her husband, who until this moment had been intently occupied with the scene before him. Her frightened movement startled him; and, when the Spaniards were busy with their victim whom they denounced as a spy, he signed to Caterina to go into another room. But she would not leave his side. Clinging to him with all her strength, she entreated him in a low whisper, to fly from the fate that seemed to await them both, and drew him almost to the door.

"Dog of an Italian?" thundered the man who commanded the band. "Do you think to escape me? No; you shall share the fate of this villain, for attempting to harbor a spy."

It was vain to resist against a band of desperadoes like these. They tore Ludovico from the convulsive grasp of his wife, leaving her fainting upon the floor, mercifully unconscious of her misery. The soldiers bound him to the miserable man beside him, and drove the two, like animals, before them along the road that led from the dwelling of Monaldi.

Caterina awoke from her long trance after many hours, and found herself in a carriage, with the Spaniard by her side. Grief, horror and despair were depicted upon that young and beautiful face, as she lifted it towards the dark and scornful brow of her companion. As he turned and beheld her rising color, and the frantic effort she was making to free herself from the carriage, he laughed aloud.

"Do you think to escape Juan de Guzman, lady?" he asked. "Know that you are my prisoner. But be reasonable and quiet, and you shall be my queen."

"Where is my husband?" she demanded.

"Husband! do you call a fellow like that, your husband? Hush!" he continued, as her cries and shrieks increased. "Such sounds do not please my ear, even when they come from rosy lips like yours."

Caterina bowed her head upon her hands and wept silently. So young and yet so wretched! Her whole soul was concentrated in one thought, that of flying to meet her husband. Yet how to circumvent that embodied pride, haughtiness and sensuality, was past the art of the young and unsophisticated girl-wife. Alas! she had nothing to do but submit to her destiny, whatever it might be. She spoke not again, until she found herself on the frontier of Parma.

We pass over seven terrible years. Five of these years Ludovico Monaldi had remained in captivity to the Spaniards. During that time, one continued scene of war, rapine and bloodshed had desecrated Florence and Prato; and the Cardinal de Medici looked on without attempting to restrain the terrific acts of the cruel bloodhounds let loose over these unhappy lands. A writer, speaking of that period, says: "Any eye that has once seen, any heart that has ever felt the native beauties of Florence; her gorgeous temples; her time-worn battlements—her busy suburbs again stretching their snowy arms along the plain; the plain itself, wide-spreading and

sparkling with innumerable villas, with frequent palaces, churches and convents; with hamlets, villages and far-distant towns; a garden rich in corn, in olives and in wine, and bounded by its many-colored hills, all equally embellished by the hand of taste, industry and refinement—he who has once seen this, may conceive what a glorious prize presented itself to the gaze of those rapacious hordes who, under the name of soldiers, once ravaged and defaced it! And how sad the contrast when departed freedom cast a lingering glance over this scene of desolation, and sighed to think that all was vainly suffered in her cause!"

Yes! seven fearful years had the poor Caterina been the slave to her Spanish master. All the delicate and precious refinements of her sex had been disregarded by him. He had been her task-master—her overseer, as well as her exacting lover. Wrapt in his haughty pride, he had sometimes derided her, sometimes taunted her with fiendish malice, for living in disobedience to her marriage vows! as if the poor trembling bird that has fallen into the fowler's snare, could free itself if it would. Habited as a page, she waited on him day and night, subject to all his whims and caprices. If a tear dimmed her eye, he would brutally strike her, forgetting that proud dignity which every Spaniard either possesses or affects.

Hitherto, she had been closely watched to prevent her from attempting flight; but as Don Juan grew more attached to the pleasures of the table, indulging in wine to excess, he became more careless in watching. Indeed, he believed her spirit too broken and subdued to attempt it. He was mistaken. Beneath that calm exterior, an inward fire was burning fiercely, and was yet to burst out into inextinguishable flames. They were quartered at Parma, on the very confines of Tuscany, and Caterina's heart was breaking to cross the bounds. She was still uncertain of her husband's fate. For aught she knew, he was dead, or lingering out his miserable days in captivity.

One night, when her tyrant was slightly overcome with the unusual amount of wine he had taken, she rose from her unquiet slumber. Her thoughts in sleep had been with Ludovico, and, in her waking moments, the impression still remained. Freedom! freedom from this life, even if it be by death. She cast a glance around the apartment. The open door showed her tyrant asleep, his sword still lying as he had placed it across his bed. All the servants, and Don Juan's own body-guard were lying on the ground at the

front entrance of the dwelling, chosen by her tyrant as his temporary quarters. There was another entrance leading from the frontier side of Tuscany; and this way lay the stables.

Caterina drew near the bed, seized the heavy sword, almost too ponderous for the white and delicate hand that lifted it. With a strength born of desperation, she plunged it into the warm and beating heart. Not a groan escaped him. One moment she gazed upon the face, and knew that he was dead, from the perfect stillness of every muscle. A purse lay beneath the pillow, and she took it without scruple. It was full of golden florins. Concealing this in some portion of her page's dress, she proceeded softly to the stables and selected the fleetest charger—Don Juan's own favorite. She lifted her tiny figure till her lips reached his ear, and it seemed as if the intelligent animal almost knew the words she uttered; for, instead of his usual rapid trampling, he stepped softly and rubbed his head against her shoulder in token of his affection. Pating the beautiful head in return for his mute caress, she leaped lightly to the saddle and was off toward the frontier.

One of the soldiers started as the horse's heel struck a stone, opened his eyes, muttered a deep curse, and turned himself again to his slumber; and then all was quiet and undisturbed, until the morning light brought the certainty of the last night's work. Pursuit was useless. No one knew who was the missing page, nor what country was his home; nor had any suspicion of his sex been entertained by any of the chief's followers.

Meantime, the lovely Italian moon was sweetly lighting Caterina on to her destination. The sense of freedom was almost delicious enough to cover the fear of pursuit; delicious enough, at least, to drown any feeling of remorse for the deed that had secured that freedom. Her first thought was to bury herself in some secluded spot among the Alpine solitudes, and spend the rest of her days in penance for her crime. But the longing, yearning desire to behold again the scene of her youthful happiness, and to know what had become of her husband, impelled her on toward her home.

She had provided herself at a small village with a suit of woman's apparel and a side-saddle; but finding that she attracted too much attention, she purchased a light carriage, and hired a stout Tuscan to drive, while her own horse was also harnessed with the other. It was at the close of the third day, that she alighted at the door of a small inn, scarcely a stone's throw from the olive grove that surrounded her former dwelling.

Ordering the driver to put up the tired horses, she set out on foot to the cottage. The long Italian twilight had almost merged itself into darkness, as she stole softly up the pathway which was lined on both sides with Provence roses and mignonette. They were her favorites; and as the well-remembered fragrance came wafting to her senses, she felt almost as if it were an earnest of the sweet forgiveness that might come, even to her.

She paused as the fragrant scent came by, and asked herself if she could bear to know that Ludovico had never returned from that long captivity? if, indeed, she could bear to see others occupying that beloved home? They were hard questions; and to avoid them, she half-staggered up the pathway toward a little wing that had been built for her especial use as a painting room; for Caterina was an artist of no mean pretensions. There was a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling, and, by its light a man sat reading. His hair, where it caught the light, was quite gray; and the shoulders were bent and stooping. Yet something in the figure appealed to her memory like one she had seen; and, gently opening the latticed window, she stepped in. Her movement was so light that it did not disturb the occupant of the room, until she passed directly before him. Could this be Ludovico? this man, he whom she had left in the full flush of youth and health? Was he indeed changed into this old gray-haired man? She fell on her knees, trembling in every fibre. One word only quivered on her pale lips ere she became insensible—the word *forgive!*

Then, all at once, Ludovico knew that his strange guest was the beloved—the long lost. Here, in her own room, he had watched her picture, her books, her easel on which a half-finished painting still remained as when she left it seven years ago. Here he had kept nightly vigil, living over again the terrible scenes of the past. And here, when she was restored by his loving cares, to life and consciousness, and had told him all that she had so deeply suffered, and then how and why she had sinned, he took her to his true heart, and breathed a fervent prayer that she might be spared to bless his future as she had the past—that both might forget those long, dark years, and live and die together.

Another seven years—and Ludovico and Caterina have both embraced the principles of the great Reformer. Amidst the troublous times that afterwards fell upon Italy, they kept their simple faith pure and unswerving. Ludovico's prayer was answered. They lived on to extreme old age, and died almost at the same hour.

THE LORELEI.

BY HENRY MAINE.

I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught;
Tis a tale of the olden ages,
That will not from my thought.
The air grows cool and darkles;
The Rhine flows calmly on;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.
With a comb of gold she combs it;
And combing, low singeth she
A song of strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliffs before him—
He only looks on high.
Ah, round him the dark waves, flinging
Their arms, draw him slowly down;
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

[ORIGINAL.]

WALNUTS.

BY LEONARD A. STÜDLER.

"ONE little son, sir—one little son—for the
holy virgin's sake, one little son!"

Though begging is strictly prohibited in the
streets of Paris, importunate addresses like the
above, are nevertheless of very common occur-
rence. Uncouth, outlandish, whining sounds
they are, pitched in a high treble key, and always
confined to the modest demand of a single son,
and that a "little" one.

It is the little Savoyards to whom I allude;
they who come all the way from their native
mountains, while mere children, to seek their for-
tunes, and furnish the great metropolis with
chimney-sweeps, errand-boys, shoe-blacks, etc.,
and eventually water-carriers, street porters, and
the like. And they are not singular, by the way,
with their "little" son. The word is one to
which the French, or at all events the Parisians,
seem particularly partial. The first time I ever
entered a Gallic omnibus, I was soon followed
by an enormously fat woman, a perfect Falstaff
in petticoats, who meekly presented herself at
the door, and asked for *une petite place*—a little
place among us! And an old gentleman in the
next street begged permission to bring a little dog
with him—a Newfoundlander, as big as a calf!

But those juvenile Savoyards, though satisfied
with little sons, are sturdy little beggars, never-
theless. They run along by the side of the
trottoir, with one eye fixed upon you, and the
other roving about in search of a policeman. At
the first glimpse of one, though half a mile
away, the little fellow is off in a jiffy.

One day, during my sojourn in Paris, as I was
returning to my lodgings, I heard the above oft-
repeated petition, and paid but little attention to
it, till I heard one of the Savoyards ask for a
"little son for little *tete-creuse*"—little "hollow-
head." This epithet and this demand were
something new to me. Applications for some-
thing to fill hollow *stomachs* were common enough,
but begging for means to supply the deficiencies
of empty *heads*, was certainly a novelty.

"What do you mean by 'hollow head'?"
asked I, of the Savoyards.

"There he is," replied the boys, pointing to a
poor little atom of humanity, who was trotting
along with them, and finding it a difficult thing
to keep up.

To have called him "hollow stomach" would
have been no misnomer, certainly; for the poor
boy was manifestly half starved. Thin and pale
as he was, however, he was singularly beautiful.
Nothing could exceed the dazzling purity of his
skin, and the delicate chiselling of his classic
features. And his eyes—his great, black, dreamy
eyes—a nervous person would have been fright-
ened, and a tender-hearted person might have
wept at beholding them—so strange, and wierd,
and wild they looked, and yet, so ineffably
mournful. Yet, much as they expressed, there
was a sad want of expression there; and where
all else was so bright, it was a melancholy thing
to see the Promethean spark of intellect was
either wanting altogether, or so dimmed and
blurred as to make its existence doubtful. And
yet, this very defect, accompanied as it was by so
much that was attractive, appealed most power-
fully to all active human sympathies.

"Where did he come from?" asked I, of the
vagabond Savoyards.

"From the clouds," replied promptly and
confidently, a little fellow very nearly the boy's
own age, who had lately become the proud pos-
sessor of all the stock in trade necessary for the
establishment in business of an itinerant shoe-
black.

"And what makes you think he came from
the clouds?" inquired I.

"Because we saw him on the Pont Neuf just
after it began to rain, and some little frogs with
him, and neither him nor the frogs was there
before."

"Very conclusively reasoned, indeed, my little man. And so you think it rains little frogs and little boys on the Pont Neuf, do you?"

"I've seen showers of frogs more'n once, but I never saw it rain boys before."

"And how long has it been since little 'hollow-head' came down?"

"It's almost two weeks."

"And what does he do for a living?"

"He eats bread, cheese and grapes."

"But where does he get those articles?"

"He takes little sous and buys 'em."

"But where does he get the sous?"

"We gives 'em to him."

It was true. These little vagabonds had worked and begged for him as they did for themselves. They might not have continued it very long, but such acts are not unusual among the members of this juvenile fraternity; the new-boys of Paris—"only more so."

I took the whole gang into a café, and asked them what they would have to eat. One said *flutes*, another a *bavaroise*; one fellow wanted an *omelette soufflée*, and another a *paté de foie gras*! These two last epicures were not gratified, but most of them were supplied with the dainties they asked for, and which they had often heard of, but never seen. Though I made very minute inquiries, they could tell me nothing more of their little cloud-born foundling. Nor could he give any account of himself.

"Can't he speak at all?" I asked.

"No, monsieur; but he says some sort of gibberish to himself sometimes."

I had thought from the first that he looked very much like an English boy, so I tried him with my own language. He started at what was evidently a familiar sound, gazed earnestly at me, and for the first time smiled. This sudden, solitary smile, was one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most melancholy sights I ever beheld. It was like a rainbow spanning the storm-cloud's gloomy crest. The poor child spoke a few words of English, but there was little connection or meaning in them. All the information I could gain from what he said, was that his Christian name was probably Arthur, and that was only an inference. The poor boy's head was truly a hollow one. And yet, it was a noble-looking head, and as far in appearance from an idiot's as could well be imagined. The jewel had somehow been stolen away, but the casket that remained was a fitting envelope for the rarest of diamonds. It was an admirably formed head, as well as a most beautiful one.

I tried for a long time, but could get nothing more out of him. As I have already remarked,

he looked like an English boy, and the presumption thus created was confirmed by his tongue. I do not refer to the mere fact of his speaking English words. He might do that, and be an American. I mean that his accent, his mode of pronunciation, proved him to be English of England, and not American. A practised ear easily detects the ear-marks, or rather the tongue-marks, which distinguish the one from the other.

I was going to England soon, and I determined to take the little fellow with me, and try to get him a place where he might be properly taken care of. I therefore took him home with me, and had him bathed and washed, and properly clothed. The clothes he had on were coarse and ragged. In a few weeks I left for England, but in that time the poor little foundling had so won upon my affections that I could not bear the thought of being separated from him. He was so handsome, so docile, so affectionate, that he stole into my heart before I was aware of it, and became fixed so firmly there, that I could not have dislodged him without greatly lacerating it. The very infirmity of the poor boy endeared him to me. He was utterly alone, and utterly helpless, and his magnificent though vacant eyes appealed to my sympathies more powerfully than if they had been sparkling with the highest order of intelligence.

Good feeding and careful nurture soon made his pale cheeks round and rosy, and heightened his wonderful beauty. But the strange, wild, melancholy air, which had so attracted me at our first interview, was in no way subdued. Few could look at him without some feelings of pity, some kindly yearning struggling within them. He could not be termed an idiot, and there were indeed moments when it seemed almost as if the truant intellect might be lured back to the tenement which I felt sure it must once have inhabited. But I learned eventually that all such hopes were futile. Some fitful flashes of mental electricity were occasionally visible, but they indicated only a casual and momentary reunion, from some accidental cause, of the intellectual circuit, which seemed hopelessly broken.

The adopting and rearing of such a child may seem an uninviting task. It would certainly be a melancholy one, but melancholy things are not always unattractive, and there was much more of a pleasing than a painful nature in all that related to this singular boy. At all events, I loved him. If he had been as wise as the most knowing of infant prodigies, I could not have loved him more. Having decided to retain possession of the child, unless he should be claimed by his relatives, one of the first things I did when I ar-

rived in London, was to look out for a suitable person to take care of him. Having spoken about it to the landlord of the hotel at which I stayed, he made some inquiries, and the next morning introduced to me a middle-aged woman, who appeared to me to be well qualified for the situation. I eventually agreed to take her on trial for a few weeks, and at the end of that time to employ her permanently, if she suited me. She came the next day.

The evening of the day I engaged her, little Arthur happened to hear the word *walnuts* pronounced, and I was surprised at the emphatic manner in which he repeated it, calling it over perhaps a dozen times. It seemed, too, to remain in his memory, and every now and then he would say softly to himself "*Walnuts*." I immediately sent for a plate of walnuts, and offered them to the boy. He ate one or two, but paid little attention to them, and still from time to time whispered "*walnuts*." He seemed after a while to have forgotten the word, but when I again pronounced it in his presence, it again attracted his attention, and it was easy to see that it had some peculiar significance for him.

What could be the reason? Why should the word *walnut* interest him more than another? The problem was a knotty one, and I puzzled over it a good deal, for I thought it possible that some clue to the little fellow's origin might lie hid within it. I tried him with all sorts of walnuts, but I soon saw it was none of them that he referred to. And if he didn't mean *walnuts* by *walnuts*, what did he mean?

The woman I had engaged—the very respectable looking Mrs. Jones—was punctual to her engagement, and was installed in suitable apartments. She seemed to be an intelligent and judicious woman, and her conversation pleased me very much. The second day after her arrival, Mrs. Jones took little Arthur out for a walk in the park, and never came back again. I inquired about her friends and her previous history, but all I could learn was, that she had lived awhile with a sister of the landlord's, and borne a good character while with her.

It was a matter of astonishment, even to myself, how keenly I felt this occurrence. I traversed every quarter of London, and a goodly portion of Great Britain, and spent more money than I could well afford, in searchings and advertisements—and all to no purpose. With a heavy heart I returned to America. Many and many a time I thought of the poor little mindless boy, and wondered what could have become of him. It required many new impressions to obscure my remembrance of him.

After the lapse of four years, I made a second visit to England. In London I put up at the same hotel as before, and was welcomed by the same landlord. The circumstances vividly recalled poor little Arthur to my mind, and the abrupt and unpleasant termination of my adventure. I thought of the child and his probable fate continually.

One day I saw in the Times newspaper, an advertisement for a number of servants for the country establishment of Sir Charles Willoughby, of *Walnuts*, Devonshire. *Walnuts*! The moment my eye lit upon the word, it seemed to run through my whole system like an electric shock, and from that instant I felt a conviction—blind, baseless, ridiculous, if you will, but for all that as strong as adamant—that this Devonshire *Walnuts* had something to do with my poor, lost Arthur. Here the poor child had disappeared like the morning dew, leaving no trace behind him—and here I believed I had found a clue, which, if rightly followed up, would eventually enable me to find him.

Sir Charles Willoughby, in person, was to be found at Morley's hotel, Trafalgar Square, where candidates for places were directed to apply. I felt an intense desire to see what manner of man this Devonshire baronet was, and I took the only course I could think of which would enable me to see and converse with him. I metamorphosed myself into an English footman, and called at Morley's to solicit employment.

Though it were never so true that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, it would remain equally true, that in spite of all the tongue can do, the face will often prove a tell-tale. It is one of nature's never-failing laws, that bad passions, long indulged, will set their seal upon the human countenance. It was so with Sir Charles Willoughby, and no amount of dissimulation on his part could persuade the shrewd observer that he was anything else but a heartless, unprincipled, bold, bad man. He was not past the middle age, and he was remarkably handsome and ceremoniously polite. But about his full red lip, and upon his smooth, white brow, and in his bright, black eye, lurked characters, not hard to decipher, which when put together, spelled a word that looked less like man than devil.

These observations I made while Sir Charles was examining me and my credentials, and so fully convinced was I of their truth, and so greatly did they increase the suspicions I had already conceived, that I at once formed the resolution of carrying my masquerade much further than I had originally intended; and when

the baronet signified his willingness to employ me, I immediately closed with the offer, and left the room an engaged footman. Three days afterwards, with half a dozen fellow-menials in livery, I accompanied my master into Devonshire. We found that "Walnuts" was not named without a reason. The groves of fine old walnut trees in the park could not be surpassed in Britain. "Walnuts" was a fine old manorial residence, a part of which was very old indeed, and almost in ruins. As a matter of course, these antiquated apartments had their ghosts, and this was said to be the reason why the servants were so frequently changed. With one exception, there was not a servant in the house who had been there more than one year. This was Ratcliffe, the valet of Sir Charles. He was a taciturn man, about forty years of age, and anything but a favorite with the servants. He had lived with his present master, no one knew how long. My first object was to get some knowledge of their family history. For this purpose, I was obliged to make inquiries out of the house. Ratcliffe was the only one of the servants who knew anything, and the idea of undertaking to "pump" him was utterly preposterous. The little I could learn was not of a very satisfactory nature. I was interested, however, in hearing that the name of the last baronet was Arthur, and that he was the elder brother of Sir Charles. He had married and gone to Italy, where he perished with his wife and child—it was supposed of an epidemic fever. It was at his death, that Sir Charles succeeded to the estate and title. His youth had been a very wild one.

I had been some weeks in gleaning this information, and was now turning my attention to the exploration of the old part of the house, and unless something encouraging should occur within a few days, I was resolved to throw up my commission. None of my fellow-servants, except Ratcliffe, dared to go near the old wing at night. Various ghostly sights and sounds were, by common rumor, connected with these ancient rooms and corridors. But the chief one among the ghosts was a female figure, robed in white, which walked there between midnight and morning. It was popularly supposed to be the departed spirit of a certain heiress of the Willoughbys, who, years ago, had gone mad and killed herself—"all for love."

To most of the upper rooms of the old wing I had no difficulty in gaining access, but the main corridor, which communicated with the apartments on the ground floor of this portion of the house, was always locked. To the door of this passage, however, I had obtained a key, and was determined to use it. The night after I got

hold of it, I waited until the house was quiet, and then rose and made for the haunted corridor. There was a bright moon, and I thought it best to take no light. I was always armed. My key answered the purpose admirably, and in a few minutes I was within the much-dreaded passage. I advanced cautiously, peering into all the rooms, right and left. Presently I came to a staircase, which I ascended, but was stopped by a door, locked and barred. This door opened in the direction of Sir Charles's own private apartments. Descending, I continued to advance till I reached the end of the passage, or at least, a door which stopped my further progress. I could do nothing but turn back, which I did unwillingly, and ill-pleased with the unproductiveness of my essay. I had retraced my steps nearly half way, when a slight noise behind me, caused me to wheel about precipitately. I saw nobody, but there was a light shining through one of the doors behind me, and I thought I also heard a slight rustling, as of some one moving. There was an open door close beside me. I popped into the room to which it belonged, and ensconced myself behind the door, where I could peep out into the passage. I had hardly done so, when a tall, white figure emerged from the door through which I had seen the light shining.

That this was the ghost I had no doubt, and that it was not a ghost I had just as little. It stalked slowly towards me with a lighted taper in its hand. As it came nearer, I began to distinguish its features. They interested me, and well they might, for they were those of the "highly respectable Mrs. Jones," whom I had employed to take care of little Arthur! She passed within two feet of me, ascended the stairs of which I have spoken, passed through the door, and locked and barred it after her. When she was gone, I explored the room from which she issued, and found the door through which she must have entered it, but like the others, it was locked. As I was slowly returning along the corridor, I heard some one again opening the door at the head of the stairs. Expecting to see Mrs. Jones again, I slipped into one of the rooms as before. It was Mrs. Jones, but she had a companion. It was Sir Charles Willoughby himself. They came towards me, and as they passed, I heard the baronet say—"One of the new servants is very inquisitive, Ratcliffe tells me. If he becomes too curious, I will serve him as I did Foster."

A blasphemous oath confirmed this declaration. I knew that Foster had been my predecessor as second footman, and it was believed he had absconded with some silver spoons. I saw Sir

Charles's face as he spoke of him ; it was the very face I would give (were I a painter) to a fiend incarnate. The two passed on, and disappeared through the door at the far end of the passage, which they locked, but not before I had seen that it opened upon a descending staircase. By-and-by Sir Charles returned alone, and passed out the same way he entered. I listened for some time, but all remained quiet, and I stole away to my own chamber.

What I had seen gave me food for thought. Mrs. Jones's presence proved to me I had blundered on the right *walnut* ; the question now was, how to crack it, and get at the kernel of the mystery which had so baffled me. The next day I was at work in the cellar, clearing out an old wine-vault. I was all alone, and could ruminate at leisure. My reflections were somewhat suddenly interrupted. I wanted to move out of my way an old beam, which had been imbedded in the wall. It was now very loose, and when I gave it a pull, it came down with a crash, and a shower of stones and dirt, making a great hole in the wall. Behind this hole was a cavity I determined to explore. I procured a light, and clambered over the rubbish into it. These cellars were beneath the old wing of the mansion, and the walls were in many places very much dilapidated. I had advanced perhaps fifty feet, when I heard a human voice. I stopped and listened! It came through the wall on the left side, where it had partially fallen down. I asked who was there. The only answer was a groan several times repeated. "Can poor little Arthur be imprisoned in that dungeon?" I said to myself. I was resolved to find out. I went back to the wine-vault, and returned with a crowbar I had been using. Half an hour's work enabled me to get through what proved to be the back wall of a vaulted chamber, some fifteen feet square. Instead of a boy, I found a man, pale, feeble and attenuated, with long matted hair and beard, and evidently insane. He was continually repeating the names of "Anna" and "Arthur," with occasionally a moan which made me shudder. As the miserable man sat on his straw pallet, gazing vacantly at me, I saw that he had little Arthur's eyes, even to their expression. While watching him, I heard a light footstep without, the door was unlocked, and Mrs. Jones entered! As she came in, I stepped behind the door, and while her back was turned, shut and locked it with the key she had left in the lock. When she saw me, she started back and screamed faintly.

"Mrs. Jones," said I, "I see you know me. I have only a word or two to say to you. Do as I tell you, and I will befriend you as far as I can ;

refuse, and you, as well as your infamous employer, shall meet with the utmost rigor of the law. I know that is Sir Arthur Willoughby, and I know his son Arthur is in these dungeons."

Before I had finished, Mrs. Jones fell on her knees, begged for mercy, and assured me she would have confessed everything long ago, if she had not been afraid Sir Charles would take her life, as he certainly would.

"You need have no fear of him," said I. "Though his insane brother and nephew cannot hold this property, the power it confers will not be his much longer. All I want you to do now is to set little Arthur at liberty, and then let us out by the back door of the old wing."

I had been speaking at random to Mrs. Jones, and taking for granted what I only guessed at, but I had hit the mark. In a few minutes Arthur was at liberty, and we brought him back to the cell where his father was, whom he had not seen for five years. He was grown, but not much changed. He did not recognize me. As I was leading him to his father, a noise at the door caused me to turn round, and as I did so, I saw the face of Sir Charles Willoughby, with every bad passion that agitates the heart of man concentrated there in one focus of horrible malignity.

"Die, traitress!" he said, and before I could advance a single step, he had plunged a dagger into the heart of Mrs. Jones. I had hardly time to draw a bowie-knife, when he sprang upon me. The fury which animated him was almost supernatural, but I was younger and a stronger man than he. I was anxious to disarm him, and I would have done so, if his fellow-scoundrel, Ratcliffe, had not appeared upon the scene, armed with a heavy club. The moment I saw this, I began to press upon my adversary with all my strength, for I now felt that it was his life, or mine. The valet aimed a tremendous blow at my head. I sprang aside and partially avoided it, while at the same instant almost, I drove my knife to the hilt in Charles Willoughby's throat. The bludgeon had descended on my shoulder, and momentarily paralyzed my left arm, but the blow was not repeated. Ratcliffe saw that his master had received the punishment due to his crimes, and immediately fled with the greatest precipitation. During the combat the insane father and son had stood within a few feet of us, and both had been plentifully sprinkled by the life-blood of brother and uncle. The excitement of both was painful to behold. I gazed at them with intense interest. Sanity and insanity hung trembling in the balance, as if a feather's weight would cause one or the other to preponderate. As they stood face to face, a dim consciousness

of each other's identity was evidently dawning upon their benighted minds, while both were struggling piteously with the mental darkness which still prevented full and perfect recognition.

A pin might have been heard to drop, as the boy whispered doubtfully, "Papa!" The spell was broken.

"Arthur—my child! my child!" shrieked the father, as he clasped his long lost boy to his heart. And both were from that moment as sound and sane as any of their race.

I will not dwell upon what remains to be told. Charles Willoughby was the victim of passions fostered and rendered ungovernable by long indulgence. He loved the bride of his elder brother, Anna Osburne, and to revenge her rejection of him, murdered her in the presence of her husband and child, both of whom became insane from the terrible shock. This happened at Naples. The murderer found means to prove the death of both, and to get his brother secretly immured at the old wing, at Walnuts. Little Arthur was first abandoned in the streets of Paris, and afterwards stolen from me, when I tried to preserve him, and taken to Walnuts also, where he was found as I have stated.

Ratcliffe was eventually caught, and with difficulty escaped the gallows. He was transported. My little Arthur still lives, and is now Sir Arthur Willoughby, and the best and truest friend I have on earth.

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

INNOCENT WELCOME TO EVIL.

How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm
And soft at evening; so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treacherous water
Close to the golden welcome of its breast—
Delighting in the touch of that which led
The showers of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring.—*Banuelos.*

HISTORY OF SIBERIA.

The government of Western Siberia has just published an official document giving an account of that country as a penal colony—with a brief sketch of its previous history. From this it appears that in the sixteenth century Siberia was inhabited by hordes of Tartar origin, and that in 1580 the celebrated Jermak, hetman of the Cossacks of the Don, invaded it at the head of 6000 men, and succeeded after several bloody battles, in taking Sibir, the chief city of the country. The hetman, finding that his resources were too limited to hold so extensive a country, ceded his conquest to Ivan IV., and Siberia has ever since formed part of the Russian empire. The first strangers who settled there were Cossacks, Strelitzes and a few gold diggers; but after a time it was selected as a place of exile for Russian state criminals. Peter the Great sent his Swedish prisoners there, and the Czarina Anne had the inhabitants of whole villages transported there for refusing to work for their lords. On the abolition of the punishment of death by Elizabeth in 1745, Siberia was regularly organized as a penal colony, and transportation thither was the punishment for all sorts of crimes. The exiled nobles were generally sent to Berezove, to work in the crown gold mines there, and the names of the first families in the empire may be seen on tombs in the cemetery of that place. In 1833 an office was established at Tobolsk, where the name of every exile and his residence were registered. In 1842 more perfect rules were laid down, according to which every tribunal in the empire regularly forwards to Tobolsk the names and offences of all persons condemned to exile, and each on his arrival was sent to the residence appointed for him. The governor of Western Siberia sends a yearly list to St Petersburg of all the convicts that have arrived. The last published return comes down to January 1, 1855, according to which the persons who reached Siberia in 1854 were 7530, of whom 5649 were men, 1134 women, and 747 children. The condition of exiles in Siberia has much improved within the last few years.

AN INDEPENDENT BARBER.

Of course, in every village some individuals are to be found more original than the rest. Among the worthies of this description living at Guisley, the parish clerk and barber deserves special mention, as being a man who piques himself somewhat highly upon his literary attainments; a specimen of which, illustrative of the writer's character and of his eminence in his profession, might have been seen not long ago pinned up in his window. Here is a copy:—"Notice.—That I begin of shaving on Saturdays at 5 o'clock for one half-penny till 8 o'clock. After 8 o'clock 1 penny till 9 o'clock. After 9 o'clock I shall please myself whether I shave or not. Saturday Noon from 12 to 1 o'clock, 1 half-penny. Razors cleaning up, 1 1-2 a piece. Going out to shave, one penny; out of town, 2d. Now I shall be very glad to shave any person that feels it worth their pleasure to come and pay like men, and not get shaved and never come no more when they have got one penny or 1 1-2 on. If it is not worth one penny, let your beard grow."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SPIDER'S DREAM.

BY S. F. KESSELE HAYES.

A merry black spider was weaving a web
In a corner dark and aly;
The silken meshes with anxious care
He wove with skill in silence there,
And thought, as he strengthened his cunning lair,
How many a bounding, unwary fly
Would tangle his feet, as he gilded by,
In the web, where danger is not he deems:
And the spider smiled at such cheering dreams.

The nimble spider his palace built,
As the night hours wore away,
And at length his weary task was o'er:
When, falling asleep by the open door,
He dreamed of the happy days of yore—
Of the many flies that had been his prey:
Of the bees he had caught in a sultry day,
When they sought the shade of his corner aly,
Thinking not that spiders were lurking nigh.

In dreams the spider went back again
To the scene of his childish years;
Once more he dwelt in his early home,
A pleasant spot 'neath an old church dome,
But the gay young spider wished to roam.
His brothers' prayers, his sisters' tears,
His kind old parents' warning fears,
Came back to his mind as plain as when
He bade adieu to his much-loved den.

But anon the spider trembled with fright,
For a change came o'er his dream;
He thought that darkness reigned over the earth,
That hushed were the sounds of noisy mirth;
As he lay in his web near the kitchen hearth,
He saw—though perchance it strange may seem,
It's fall as true as the rest of the dream—
Of these murdered flies, a ghostly band,
Came back again from that unknown land.

And well might the spider tremble with fear,
In his corner dark and aly;
For every unearthly, elfish sprite
Was gleaming with strange fantastic light,
That dangled the eyes of the spider bright.
At length his quivering form they spy,
And thus outspoke a goblin fly:

"Thou hast caused our death—we come for thee;
Ere the sunlight comes thou shalt dwell with me!"

The buzzing of shadowy wings had ceased,
And the spider rubbed his eyes:
When he saw through the gray of the morning's gloom
The onward sweep of the housemaid's broom;
And reading therein a fearful doom,
He wrapped himself in his winding-sheet—
The web he had wove for his victims' feet—
And fell to the floor, never more to rise:
The ghastly prey of those phantom flies.

The parent who neglects to sow in the infancy
Of his children, the seeds of knowledge and vir-
tue, will ordinarily witness their graceless youth
and wretched manhood.

[ORIGINAL.]

NELL'S RETURN FROM THE BALL.

BY MRS. J. G. AUSTIN.

MARIAN, Kate and I, whose name is Ellinor, commonly contracted to Nelly, were invited this summer to spend a month with our friend and schoolmate, Susy Brandon. Sue lives with her uncle upon an island, an island all his own, too—a little emerald gem dropped beside the main land, just like a "kiss" beside the seal on an old-fashioned letter. Nor is the proprietor less unique than the island. "Uncle George," as we all called him, is a bachelor and lives alone like Robinson Crusoe, except for a female Friday or two, and the company of his niece and her friends in vacation. His life has been (so far) spent in choice society—Chancer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Herbert, varied with the Angel in the House, and Tennyson's Princess, having been his constant companions, until his whole nature has become saturated with their tender chivalry and graceful love of woman.

He can't see 'us now (if he ever did) the least bit as we really are—we are all fairies and goddesses, Florence Nightingales and Joans d'Arcs to him. It is a trying thing for a conscientious female (myself, for instance), who is thoroughly aware of her own follies, frailties and imperfections, to be watched, attended and admired, as if she were a condensation of Minerva, Diana and Venus, come down to walk the earth a little, and give poor ignorant mankind a glimpse of Olympian perfection. Nevertheless, to this painful estimate is every woman (especially should she be young and fair) who approaches Uncle George Brandon, obliged to submit. How he could admire us four girls, however, and all with equal admiration, is what I cannot understand, for surely never were four more diverse specimens of—perfection brought under one roof.

First, there's Sue, his own niece, adopted and educated by him from her childhood. Well, she's the dearest girl, and I love her, O, ever so much, but I can't help believing that she's a little, just a little commonplace. Some people say she's stupid, heavy, and I don't know what beside, but I only say she's commonplace, and love her just as much as if I didn't. Then, there's Kate—Kate, the beauty and the wit, the queen and the terror of us all—Kate, whose black eyes flash when she is angry (about once a day), that it makes you wink and catch your breath to meet them—proud Kate, passionate Kate, glorious, glowing Kate, whom I love with all my strength,

and with whom I quarrel incessantly. Next, is Marian, delicate, fair-haired, sentimental little Marian, always murmuring poetry to herself, and taking care not to wet her feet—Marian, whom we all love, and scold, and coddle from morning till night, as if she were really a baby, but yet Marian, who is quite capable, when the hour shall come, of those heroic achievements with which women of her fragile and nervous temperament have so often put to shame, not only their strongersisters, but mighty man himself.

As for myself, or rather for Nelly (I intend, with the reader's gracious permission, to retire into the third person), she is a person of whom I could tell so much, that I will say nothing, and so on with my story.

Our island—which by the way, we call Avilion, after the mystic isle where King Arthur and Queen Genevieve, with all their train of beauty and of chivalry, are waiting, waiting ever, for the hour that shall call them back to reign in Britain—our island lies in the harbor of an old seaside town, called—O dear, my treacherous memory! To think that I should forget the name of that dear old town! Well, call it Seatown, that will do well enough.

The people of Seatown understand the art of living—while they are young, they dance, sing, ride, walk, boat and go to picnics, in the most unremitting fashion. Grown older, they read Carlisle, Ruskin, Hugh Miller, and study German and talk transcendentalism, just as unremittingly—there is always something going on in the way of amusement. We girls were naturally included in the younger set, and invitations to this or that merry-making poured in as fast as we could accept them, for we seldom made up our minds to refuse, and there were marvellously few fine days on which the Seagull, with Uncle George at the helm, did not carry a merry freight to Seatown.

It is, however, an original and startling theory of my own, that too much of any luxury becomes tiresome, a mournful proof of which theory exists in the fact that we four girls, not one of us over twenty, began to talk contemptuously of amusements, to affect *blasé* and fastidious views of life, to comment with severity upon our dancing partners, and to look with scorn upon our new female acquaintances. We delighted Uncle George by discovering that the heroines of poetry were seldom represented as excelling in the *schottische*, or as attending picnic parties—we declined an invitation to a private concert, and commenced reading the Faery Queen aloud, in the arbor beneath the beech-trees.

In fact, we were fast becoming too ethereal for

this world, when on the afternoon of the Spenserian *seance*, an unexpected stumbling-block was thrown in our upward path, in the shape of a grand military and fancy ball, to be given on occasion of a visit from the True Blue Invincibles of Boston, to the Cherrycoat Corps of Seatown. Invitations to this festivity arrived in the form of four little notes politely delivered by an outward-bound fishing-party, and were—alas, for human consistency—immediately accepted, as thus:

Kate—"A fancy ball! I'll be a sultana!"

Marian—"There's room for so many romantic characters!"

Susy—"I've got a dress all ready, too!"

Nelly—"Fancy the Cherrycoat corps in their regimentals!"

The matter thus tacitly decided, all four rushed into the house, leaving the Faery Queen alone in the arbor (where she got terribly soaked that night), to tell Uncle George of the ball, and ask his opinion of our dresses and characters. Upon this ensued a long consultation, the result of which was, that all Uncle George's suggestions were dismissed as poetical and appropriate, but impracticable, and we decided upon the commonplace but easily "got up" characters of a sultana for Kate, Lucy Ashton for Marian, a flower-girl for Sue, and a gipsy fortune-teller for Nelly. The next step was to prepare the costumes, materials for which were amply furnished forth in sundry chests and boxes, which had stood undisturbed for many a long year in the garret of the old house.

The evening arrived, and suitably muffled in water-proof burnous and great shawls, with airy handkerchiefs tied over heads which scouted the possibility of catching a cold, we embarked in the Seagull, and after a pleasant but uneventful voyage, we stepped upon the pier at Seatown, in the gloaming of a summer evening.

"Now, girls," said Uncle George, who chose to return to the island, instead of attending the ball—"now, girls, enjoy yourselves more than ever you did before, and be ready for me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock—it won't do to trust the tide any later than that."

"Yes, uncle," said four voices, as the sultana, the flower-girl, the gipsy and Lucy Ashton, each held out a hand, and received upon it such a kiss as Bayard might have pressed upon the hand of Anne de Bretagne.

A few minutes later, the four arrived at the house of Susy's Aunt Wilson, where the important mystery of dressing was to take place, the "bandboxes" having been despatched thither in the morning. The solemn rites having been performed, and every one having sufficiently ad-

mired herself and her companions, the party set out, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and her son, for the scene of the festivities.

Of the ball it is unnecessary to say more, than that it was like most other such occasions—very delightful to the young and pretty, who had plenty of partners and admiration, very tedious to those *side-lights* who were forced to sit the whole evening languidly contemplating the dances in which they were no longer urged to join. It was three o'clock, A. M., when four dusty-looking ghosts, in various stages of exhaustion and drowsiness, stepped from the door of Assembly Hall into the pale light of a waning moon.

"Nelly," whispered Kate, "it would be much pleasanter to sleep at Avilion to-night, than in Mrs. Wilson's spare chamber."

"Decidedly, *ma belle*. Let us go."

"But how are we to get there?" asked the *sultana*, a little fretfully.

"We'll manage it, Marian dear. How romantic the harbor would look in this wierd moonlight!"

"O charming! Can't we go down to-night?" asked the little one, snapping at the bait.

"And be home to breakfast with Uncle George, Sue," added Nelly, suggestively.

"Yea, he would be very much pleased—I wish we could—but how can we go?" asked Sue, looking at her cousin John.

"If you really wished for a sail," began the young man, his mind evidently between the duties of hospitality, and the duty of making himself agreeable.

"We really do," exclaimed Kate and Nelly.

"I could easily find a boat—"

"Nonsense, John," interposed his mother, "it is folly to talk of such a thing. The young ladies need a sound sleep and a warm breakfast, more than they do moonshine and romance."

"I really think, Aunt Wilson," said Sue, quietly, "that we had better go, if Cousin John will take us down. I had much rather do so if the girls feel able, for I know how much Uncle George depends on a cheerful breakfast-table, and we are going back to school next week."

"And the moonlight on those great black rocks off Light-house Point," murmured Marian.

"I, for one, have no sort of desire to go to sleep," remarked Kate.

"And we are 'wilful maids' that 'maun hae our way,' so please, Mrs. Wilson, say we may go," concluded Nelly. And the good lady, withdrawing her opposition, the party only returned to the house for their wraps, and then were escorted by Mr. Wilson to the boat which he had engaged while they were tying their bonnets.

"The tide's a'most out—dunno but we shall git grounded on some o' them flats 'twixt here and the isling," growled our boatman, as he pushed off and took to his oars, for there was hardly the ghost of a breeze.

"You know the channel well, eh, Thomson?" asked Mr. Wilson, a little anxiously.

"Pooty well—but you see I most alluz goes out with my brother, an' he sails the craft, whilst I hauls the pots."

"Haul the pots?" half-asked Marian.

"Yis'm, the lobster-pots. Jim and I are lobsterers."

"O!" replied the young lady, vacantly, and the conversation dropped into silence.

The little boat, meantime, urged on with sail and oars, made her way steadily along, scraping now and then the crest of some submerged rock, or tangling in the long seaweed of the flats, until more than half the distance was overpast, and most of the party, lulled by the monotonous dip of the oars, had lapsed into silence, meditation, and sleep. All at once, the keel grated more viciously and decidedly than ever upon some obstacle, paused a moment, as if in consideration, and finally settled calmly down, evidently decided to remain where it was, for some hours at least. In vain Ben Thomson, rising to his feet, and fixing the blade of his oar in the sand, tried to push off—in vain, springing into the water, and placing his sturdy shoulder to the bows, did he essay to shove off. The boat was fast, and the tide rapidly deserting her.

"Taint no use—'taint nary bit o' use," growled the lobsterer, at last, hoisting himself into the boat, and throwing himself down on the bottom, in a wet, surly heap. "We're here, and here we've got to stay, till the tide floats us off," he added, by way of consolation.

"And when will that be?" asked Mr. Wilson, testily.

"'Bout four o'clock now, aint it? Well, I reckon we'll get off by nine," replied the man, coolly.

"Five hours! Too bad, by Jupiter! And what in the world did you get on here for?" asked Mr. Wilson, now quite angry.

"Waal, capting," returned Ben, growing all the cooler and more deliberate, as the other became hot and vivacious. "I dunno as I had any pertikler objec' in comin' here, an' I dunno as it's any pertikler advantage to me to be here—more'n all that, I'm a goin' to get off jist as soon's ever I ken, an' till I ken, I'm goin' asleep."

With which declaration of independence, Ben Thomson coiled himself up on a pile of bags, rope, etc., in the bows of the boat, and in a very

few minutes was actually fast asleep. The rest of the party, after a few pettish exclamations, subsided into weary silence, and finally into slumber, with the exception of Marian, who, poor child, was too thoroughly uncomfortable to sleep, and Nelly, who was revolving a somewhat daring project.

"O dear, how chilly I feel," murmured little Marian, looking white and ghostly in the dim light of early dawn.

"Take my shawl, pet," whispered Nelly, drawing it off, and wrapping it around the drooping form beside her.

"But you need it as much as I—good gracious, what are you going to do?" exclaimed she, with unvented animation, for Nelly, now standing up, was, with the aid of sundry pins, "killing her coats" in a rapid and decided manner.

"Marry, will you lend me your rubber boots? I am going to walk ashore," said she, quietly.

"Going to—what! Are you crazy?"

"Not a bit, love, but I'm tired to death of this business. You see that we are stranded on the point of a long spit of sand, which I make no doubt joins the island at the other end—at any rate, I'm going to see whether it's so or not. The tide is not quite dead low yet, so I have plenty of time before it rises. Don't look so frightened, little one, but give me a kiss and the boots."

"You can't—you shan't go. I'll wake Mr. Wilson and the boatman to stop you—"

"Marian, if you do, I'll be very angry indeed with you," said Nelly, as sternly as she knew how. And Marian said no more but pulled off her boots with a little submissive sob that went straight to Nelly's heart.

"Marry, you're a little darling—give me two kisses directly. There, now take the shawl—my sack and the exercise will keep me warm. Good-by—take a good nap, and don't worry about me. I shall get ashore safe, and will have some hot coffee ready for you at ten o'clock."

Then, without waiting for further opposition, this obstinate young woman stepped over the low gunwale of the boat, and walked briskly away. A dense fog which had been for some time rolling in from seaward, soon shut out the boat, as it had long concealed the island, and Nelly looking about her at the dreary scene, felt as if she were the "last man" left alive at the end of all things else, and traversing in his desolation the uncovered ocean bed, bared by the terror-stricken waters, as they curled away in dread from that last great conflagration. The path proved more difficult than she had expected; the firm, white sand upon which she had started,

giving place after a little, to grassy sand, interspersed with black rocks, to which clung the snaky seaweed, as if it had drowned there, and never relaxed its death-grip. Slimy objects slipped from under her feet, and crawled with awkward motion toward the water, as if unwilling to display their ugliness to mortal eyes. Sticks and branches of dead trees, lying black and water-soaked upon the sand, looked like great serpents waiting to twine about and devour her. Out of the fog loomed unearthly shapes of sea-monsters, and nameless horrors.

Nelly stopped and looked about her. The scene was not cheerful or encouraging, more especially as since she had lost sight of boat and shore, the flat had become so wide and irregular in shape that she grew uncertain whether she was traversing it lengthway or breadthway. Finally, however, deciding on her course, she essayed to go on, but to her astonishment, found that during the brief pause, her feet had become so firmly imbedded in the sand that she could not withdraw them. She tried again and again. Horror! She not only failed to extricate herself, but was perceptibly sinking deeper. Suddenly it flashed across Nelly's mind that she had heard Uncle George speak of a dangerous quicksand in the vicinity of the island, and that this was it.

"I shall die here," she murmured, and then, with a hysterical laugh, added—"It ought to have been Marian, in her dress of Lucy Ashton. It would remind her of Ravenswood, and the Kelpie's Flow."

Deeper and deeper sank her feet—the sand closed about her ankles, and Nelly, after struggling till she was exhausted, sank upon the oozy bank and tried to resign herself to death—death at nineteen—death in a horrible, torturing form, which would not yield her poor body to the last tender offices of those who loved her! She thought of her far-off home, of brothers and sisters waiting for her there—she thought of her mother, and the strong anguish that would smite her down, when she should hear of the terrible and mysterious fate of her eldest born. With a low cry of anguish, a wild, wordless appeal to Heaven for help, she raised herself and glanced eagerly around, ready to catch at any, the feeblest hope of rescue.

A few feet behind her, as she had already noticed, rose the sharp, black point of a submerged rock, which, rooted far below the grasping quicksand, defied its engulfing power. The rock itself, so sharp and slimy, could afford at the best but a moment's foothold, and Nelly had merely glanced at it, without hope of finding it useful in her extremity. Now, however, she noticed that

crossing its crest, and upheld by it, was a small object, black like the rock, which she at first took for a snake, then for a stick, and finally recognized as a rope. A rope! How came it there? To what were its ends affixed? Could it help her in the mortal struggle for life, which with the slightest aid, she felt herself able to undertake? These questions flashed through Nelly's mind in the first dizzy instant of awakened hope—and the revulsion of feeling turned her so sick and faint that she dreaded lest becoming insensible, her hope should be stolen from her, without her having power even to struggle for its fulfilment. But Nelly was strong—strong in will and strong in frame, and in another moment her heart recovered its pulsations, her eyes their sight, and her muscles their power;—throwing herself forward on the sand, she found that the rope (much longer than she at first thought) was just within her grasp, and seizing it firmly, she commenced pulling it steadily toward her. It was not, as she had feared might be the case, sunk deeply into the sand—the pinnacle of rock supporting it at one point, and some as yet unknown power at another, the tension had been too great to allow of this, and with a thrill of joy, Nelly found, after gathering it toward her for a few moments, that she was opposed by a strength greater than her own, and that the cable remained taut.

"Now, then, for the fight," muttered Nelly, as twisting the rope about her arms, and grasping it firmly as far out as she could reach, she began to pull, slowly and steadily at first, then strongly and eagerly, finally fiercely, passionately, despairingly. Not till then could she perceive any effect, but at the last moment, just as with a sob of anguish, she was about to sink back and give over the struggle, she felt that her feet were moving—moving slowly! With new strength she redoubled her efforts—yes, she was succeeding—she was saved—she should tread God's earth and kiss her mother's lips once more!

Struggling on and up, unheeding of muscles strained and wrenched as on the rack, unheeding torn and bleeding hands, she persevered, and overcame, until she stood, chamois-like, upon the pointed rock, gasping for breath, and peering eagerly through the fog in the direction where the cable disappearing, seemed to intimate lay her safest path. But like most of the world, Nelly found that she must be content to hold the clue to her future course without hoping to see its termination, and after a moment's hesitation, she dropped the cable, and springing forward with long, light steps, barely touching the sand with the points of her stockinged feet (for Mari-

en's boots had been retainted as black-mail by the Kelpie under the Flow), she flew on without pausing even to breathe, until looming through the mist, she suddenly perceived the bows of a large schooner, which lay placidly in the channel, unconscious that she had dropped her anchor in a quicksand, and that the arms of her jelly-mariners would need to put forth their utmost vigor, before they should heave it up again.

Beyond this, the sand was firm, except for the sponginess caused by the now flowing tide, which rose so fast, that as Nelly stepped upon the shore of welcome Avilion and looked back upon her path, she saw that her last footsteps were each a little well of brine.

Dragging herself up to the house, the exhausted adventurer stole round to the back door, intending to gain her own bedroom unperceived, but in turning the corner of the house, she encountered Uncle George, who stood looking at the rising sun, which was driving the fog before him in many a gorgeous wave of light.

"Look, child!" said he, without turning, and forgetting in his enthusiasm that his "pets," as he called them, were or should have been far away.

"'God made himself an awful rose, of dawn.'

"See it! Don't you see how like the petals of a rose those edges of the mist show, where they are shivered by the light?"

"Yes, sir—'very like a whale,'" murmured Nelly, faintly, and gliding quietly toward the door.

"Very like a—" commenced Uncle George, wheeling round indignantly; but the drooping, bedraggled figure before him moved a deeper spring of that great heart, than nature's beauty or poet's art.

"St. George Germain! Why, Nelly! Little Nell! Where under the sun did you come from! and all wet and tired out, too! Speak, child—there, there, darling, don't cry! God bless my soul, don't cry, little one! You'll break my heart, if you cry so!"

Moved by the real dismay of the kind voice, Nelly presently consented to forego the feminine relief of tears, and breaking into a laugh which answered almost as well, she sat down on the doorstep and briefly narrated her adventures, while Uncle George strode impatiently up and down before her, pulling his beard, and muttering at intervals:

"O, good gracious! St. George Germain! Just hear her—only just hear her! Poor little lamb," etc.

Long before the conclusion, he suddenly

swooped upon the startled Nelly, carried her into the house, laid her upon a sofa, buried her in shawls and blankets, forced her to drink two great glasses of wine, and then pressing a paternal kiss upon her forehead, said hurriedly:

"I'm going off in a dory, to paddle the other girls ashore—they mustn't stay there till ten o'clock—and after I come back, little Nell, I'm going to ask you—to ask you to marry me—to marry the old man who never knew how bad he could feel till this morning."

"To—marry—you! Uncle George—" began Nelly, springing off the sofa; but he was gone, and ten minutes after, she could see his stately figure standing upright in the tiny boat, which he was propelling with swift, steady motion up the long, winding channel.

An hour later, he returned with three shivering girls as freight, rather an overload for his cockle-shell of a boat, but as he characteristically observed, "he'd rather walk and push the boat before him, than leave one behind."

Before they reached the house, Nelly was safe in her own chamber, in bed, and—asleep.

Before night, Uncle George had deliberately fulfilled his hasty threat; but whether Nelly replied, and whether she said yes or no—well, really—I forget.

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book written by me when I was a boy. The thick up strokes, the crooked down strokes, the awkward joining of letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could at the moment have hurled the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.—*Thoughts of a Teacher.*

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.—Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

GLUTTONY.

The rich man's mode of living is preposterous. Mixtures, and spices, and wines, are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see; you take at a dinner-party soup; a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, an oyster pate, or a sweet-bread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly, and French beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or Sauterne are added; a wing of a partridge or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds, then you at once sit at ease and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liquor; if you are not disposed to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret, fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Now put all these things together in a bowl instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Isn't it enough to kill an ostrich? Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life.—*Dr. Carlyon.*

"LET ME BE A LITTLE BOY."

"O, Johnny," cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head. Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud whisper, "Get up, whoa!" But at length, finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down the reins, and laying his hand on his breast, said with a long breath:

"O, mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in. Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady.

"O, then, mother dear," cried Johnny in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We join poor Johnny heartily in this petition. Please, mothers, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have free and happy childhood; that when your heads are low in the grave, they may point back to these days, and say, "We were happy children, for there was sunshine where our mother was."—*Mother's Journal.*

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.

The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufactories of life have stopped forever; the human system has run down at last; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead in the heart, but because there is not a tear drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip.—*Dr. Hall.*

[ORIGINAL.]

RETROSPECTION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Don't you remember, Fanny dear, the meadow by the stream,
Where the river sparkled brightly, and the grass was
always green!—

Where the buttercups and fire-bell in wild profusion grew,
And the emerald turf was sprinkled with diamond drops
of dew!—

And the shadows of the hemlock fell down in graceful
lines,
And celestial music sounded in the tall, majestic pines?

Don't you remember, Fanny, how at eve we used to go,
And watch the placid waters in the golden sunlight glow?
And sitting 'neath the branches of the verdant firwood
tree,

We marked the radiant sunset with undiguised glee;
And ne'er shone pebbles half so bright as on that river's
shore,
And ne'er was music half so sweet as that sweet river's
roar?

There were curious mottled lilies that bloomed beneath
the hedge,
And green and spicy peppermint, and sweetly-smelling
sage;

And wild hop on the willow-bush with blossom pure and
white,
And the mountain's steep and ferny rocks are in my heart
to-night!

O, every rock, and flower, and tree, on memory's page is
graved,
I'm to the tiny foxglove-bell that by the river waved!

How, when the sun was getting high, and soft and warm
the breeze

Murmured with the feathered songsters that warbled in
the trees,

We wandered to the meadow, where the now-mown hay
lay bright,

Be long to wither crisp and sore in Sol's refulgent light;
And at evening, when the occident was lit with day's last
beams,

We rode home on the hay-cart, and Charlie drove the team?

Ah, forgive me, Fanny dearest, for causing you to sigh!
I would not call the tears to fill that gentle, loving eye;
I know how well you loved him—but alas, one eve he died,
While you in anguished bitterness sat weeping by his side!
You remember it, dear Fanny!—but 'tis many years ago
Since we laid him 'neath the fir-tree, close by the river's
flow.

All things we loved, dear Fanny, are passing swift away;
We are getting old and weary, and have not long to stay!
But we will not weep for that, Fanny—we do not fear to
die:

'Tis only going up to God to dwell above the sky;
And there amid the glory of those bright, transcendent
bowers,

We'll meet the cherished ones we loved in childhood's
happy hours!

Few people look on any object as it really is,
but regard it through some fantastic prism pre-
sented by their own prejudices, which invest it
with a false color.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAD ENGINEER.

BY A. C. THOMAN.

"WHAT?"

The speaker was a young man of remarkably
fine face and figure. He had been sitting in the
parlor of the hotel in the little town of Bainsford.
As he spoke he leaped from his chair.

Two men had been conversing in the same
apartment, and the young man's exclamation
had been caused by something which he had
heard them say.

The two men stared at the youth, who pre-
tended to have spoken to the waiter. He rose
and stood by the door. The speakers went on.

"O, yes," said one, "she is to be married to-
morrow night, and it will be the most excellent
combination of wealth and beauty ever seen in
this part of the world."

"And is she willing?"

"O, she is only a young girl, and I imagine
her father isn't the man to let her inclinations
stand between her and prosperity."

"But Wiggles is such a numbskull."

"But Wiggles is wealthy, and what more
ought a young girl like Irene Maltravers to
desire?"

"And they will be married to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow night."

"There'll be some one disappointed, then."

"Of course—such a beauty is rather sought
after—you won't find a girl like that every day."

By this time the young man had passed out.
One of the speakers touched the other.

"Do you know that young man?"

"No, indeed, not I; who is he?"

"That's young Ned Alford."

"The dickens!"

"You know he has been in love with Irene for
this ever so long. He comes up from New York
every quarter to see her. I wonder how he'll
take this?"

"Why did her father turn the girl over to Wig-
gles if she was engaged?"

"O, he wouldn't give a fig for engagements.
He's a surly, crusty old fellow, and don't under-
stand anybody's wishes but his own." As the
men spoke they went out.

Mr. Wiggles, the bridegroom, lived in a little
town connected by railroad with Bainsford, and
not more than fifty miles away. He was a little
man of fifty, rather timid, but full of importance.
Early on the appointed morning, this little timid
and important man might have been seen slowly

wending his way to the railway station. Being a remarkably punctual man, and always afraid of getting left behind, on this important occasion he reached the station about a half hour earlier than usual. As he approached, an engine driver came up.

"Bound to Bainesford, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, then you're the gentleman. There's no passenger train to-day, sir—went run till midnight, sir. The director of this road told me, sir, to be sure and get a locomotive ready for you to take you there."

"O, ah, hem! they have put a locomotive for me, have they?"

"Yes, sir, if you want to go."

"O, very well, I suppose I must go in the best way I can."

The man took Mr. Wiggles's carpet-bag, and led him to a locomotive.

"Why, isn't there a car?" said Wiggles, as the man pointed to the puffing and snorting machine.

"Please sir, no sir, there are no cars, only this locomotive."

"Humph!" exclaimed Wiggles, solemnly. "I suppose I must go."

The man put his carpet-bag in, got in himself, touched a crank, and with a puff and a snort away went the engine.

Mr. Wiggles at first felt a little flurried, but after a few moments he grew accustomed to the novelty of his situation, and amused himself by watching the admirable machinery in its motion. He was indeed not uncomfortably situated. His seat was on one side, where he could look either upon the machine in front, the scenery without, or the engineer opposite. After an exhaustive examination of the engine, he turned to view the scenery. Wiggles was always an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature. He found himself now dashing along through those beauties at such a terrific rate that they all seemed joined together in one rapidly sliding picture. The country in his immediate neighborhood was more like a stair carpet than anything else that Wiggles could think of. As he looked at the stair-carpet landscape, and noticed the telegraph posts one after the other flashing past, the strange thought occurred to his mind that he was travelling at a most fearfully rapid pace. What terrific progress—what headlong speed—it was terrible!

Wiggles shuddered, and closed his eyes. On opening them again he thought he would ask the engineer to moderate his speed. He therefore touched the engineer's arm, and prepared to speak. What was Wiggles's surprise at seeing

the engineer turn and make a hideous grimace? He laughed in a sickly manner.

"Friend," he cried, "aint we going rather fast?"

The friend rolled up his eyes till only the whites were visible. After this he turned the lids over so that a hideous red margin appeared over the whites.

"Good Lord," cried Wiggles, "the man's crazy!"

Suddenly the man commenced dancing violently. Then he sprang on the back of the engine, and standing on his head he put his heels against the funnel and stared at Wiggles. After this he came back.

Wiggles trembled—a profuse perspiration broke out over him—the engineer was surely mad. And the engine rushed forward more madly than ever. They dashed through the streets of towns, under bridges, over houses. Men stared at them, and waved signals. Before them appeared trains coming toward them, which they would flash by with a hideous noise. The engineer had been dancing violently for half an hour. At last he turned to Wiggles.

"We'll soon be there," he said

"Where?" gasped Wiggles.

"In New York."

"New York!"

"They've got an air line from there to Baunbury. It goes through the air. We go thump against the depot, and we vanish. Last time I went to Baunbury I went straight on the regular track; this time I'm going to try the air line. Hey?"

He poked Wiggles on the ribs. Wiggles was so paralyzed by fear that he could not utter a word. On rushed the engine, faster and faster. The mad engineer again commenced dancing violently.

"You see," he again cried, after a pause, "I've got friends up there, and that's why I choose the air line."

Wiggles stared and gasped for breath.

"Perhaps, though, we had better not wait till we get into the depot. Perhaps we had better run into the next train."

Wiggles's teeth chattered.

"Or perhaps," roared the engineer, in a voice of thunder, "we had better go over the first bridge."

Wiggles sank back.

"Or go off the track now. So—" Suiting the action to the word, the man gave a tremendous pull at the crank.

Wiggles did not wait for the catastrophe. He fainted.

That night the house of Squire Maltravers was crowded with guests. Invited to the wedding they had come, expecting to enjoy the most brilliant marriage festival ever seen in this part of the world. All the beauty, wealth and fashion, not only of Bainsford, but of all the country round about had assembled there.

But the squire wore no smile on his face. He was ill at ease, and his brow was ever clouded with the gloomiest of frowns. He scarce could muster sufficient courtesy to welcome his guests.

Well he might be gloomy. The bridegroom was expected at noon. He had not only not come at noon, but at dusk he still was absent. There were two trains between Bainsford and the home of Wiggles. Unable to contain himself, the squire rode out to the station. To his horror no Wiggles came.

He searched every car. He stared into the face of every man. He could not find Wiggles. He came back with one faint hope. Perhaps Wiggles had arrived, and was already in the house. In vain. On his arrival there, the first person whom he met asked him where was Wiggles. Wiggles was not found.

The squire strode back into the house, and shut himself up in his library. By-and-by a faint suspicion of the true state of the case communicated itself to some of the more intimate friends of the family. They went to see the squire.

"How unfortunate," said they all.

"The scoundrel!" cried the squire, enraged at the disappointment.

"It's my opinion that he has intended this all along," said the bride, who, by the way, supported herself with wonderful fortitude. "He thinks I am not rich enough. He never did care for anything but his precious money."

This remark stung the squire to the quick.

"By Jove I'll have revenge on the rascal. I'll teach him how to make a fool of me. I'll—"

But the squire was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who walked straight up to him and bowed respectfully.

"Alford?" exclaimed the squire, doubtfully.

"Mr. Maltravers," said he, "you never felt any particular affection for me, but perhaps you won't object to act reasonably now. Here you are, put in a very awkward place through that villain Wiggles. Now I loved your daughter long ago, and we have been engaged. You had no right to overlook me and give her to a fellow who doesn't care a pin for anybody but himself. The company are wondering below—the bride is waiting—the wedding must go on. Let me be the bridegroom."

The squire did not get angry. He did not even pause to consider. He seized Alford's hand, slapped his back, and to the astonishment of all present, cried out:

"Alford, my lad, take her. Blow me if I ain't glad that cursed uncompoop didn't come. You are worth ten such fellows as he. Come along. Irene, dear, you won't object, I know. Come along, Alford, give her your arm, you dog you. Come."

And the bluff old squire, heading the procession, advanced into the midst of the astounded company. A few words explained all. To the honor of human nature, the whole house rang with applause. The ceremony was short but decisive, and the enthusiastic company could hardly wait for it to be over. As the last amen was said, every soul crowded up to congratulate the happy pair.

It leaked out in the course of a month, long after Alford and his bride had settled in New York, that the mad engineer was an old friend, who decoyed Wiggles into a car, that he merely carried him off to the other end of the line, where the locomotive was wanted, and that his mad gestures were all dissembled.

As to Wiggles, when he recovered, he found himself in a train of cars bound back to his home. It was evening. All hope of reaching Bainsford that night was vain, so he went home. On the next morning he learned from a friend the result of the wedding. He did not go personally to learn the particulars.

As for the squire, he is proud of Alford, and is never tired of rejoicing over the little occurrence of his daughter's wedding day.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing, or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little undefinable attentions," and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions," *in toto*. He had visited her father's wigwam, for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded, than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "Now me ready to be courted again!"

—*Home Journal*.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOVE'S VENTURE.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

A venture sent by Love's own hand,
To reach the port that lies afar,
Beneath the Future's rising star—
The haven of the Happy Land.

And never down the Nile's swift tide,
Did barge of Egypt's glorious queen
Bear richer freight than this, I ween,
With its two hearts all glorified.

O, softly swell the odorous gales
That waft the venturous shallop on:
And ere the haven shall be won,
Hope's breath shall fill the silken sails.

Speed, shallop, speed! nor fear the shore
Of dark deceit, nor heed the sands
Where Error, with her slimy hand,
Would tempt therefrom the shining goal.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MUSICIAN'S LEGACY.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CARL FRANZHOFF was a singular man—one whom you respected, almost loved, yet felt to be singular. I felt this as I sat at the window of my room gazing into the busy street. Human beings and vehicles passing—constantly passing to and fro, yet none out of that busy crowd to give a friendly nod to me, who sat there so sad and lonely, with the weight of a great loss resting heavily upon me. I, Maria Louisa, owning no more romantic name than that of Smith, sat at my window sad, lonely and weary-hearted, because my music-teacher was dead. I am thirty-three, past the age, I am aware, when people are supposed to be capable of falling in love; yet for all that, I did so—not in the over head and ears style, but calmly, quietly, and almost imperceptibly, though just as deeply, I think, as though I had been fifteen years younger. My life had always been full of care. My mother was a cripple, her right leg being withered—and my father, a kind, generous man, but lacking in energy. I was the only child of Peter and Sarah Smith, strong, healthy, and gifted with what many people call “go-aheadativeness,” and looking back through the lapse of years, though I remember many little duties neglected, or unwillingly performed, I think I was a dutiful daughter and made my parents happy. Five years ago, my good, patient mother died. I could not mourn, for she suffered the last few years of her life very acutely, but the shock

completely unsettled my father's mind, and he sank into hopeless imbecility. Then began a hard struggle. I had to give up my situation as school-teacher, because I could not leave my father—and the little I could gain by embroidery and plain sewing was but barely sufficient to buy fire and food. Father owned the house he lived in, and it was a great blessing to have no rent to pay. Had I been obliged to do that, I fear actual poverty would have stared us in the face.

Finally, I thought I would let two or three rooms. Accordingly, I painted in large letters on a card, “Three Rooms to Let,” and hung it in the window of the little parlor. Three weeks of fruitless, hopeless waiting passed, and I was on the point of pulling down my useless card, when a little incident occurred which helped me along. During those three weeks I was not without applicants, but the rooms never suited—they were too large or too small, had too little sun, or too much, were too near the street, or too low, or something or other always to object to in them, till my head fairly ached when I heard the bell ring, with the anticipations of the endless, useless questions which would be asked.

One day I sat at my window, looking out into the street, feeling discouraged, for I had just finished parleying with a lady, who had all but engaged the two lower rooms the day before. This day she came to tell me she couldn't take them, had thought of some objection, and so I was again without hope of a lodger. As I looked out, I noticed a middle-aged man pause on the opposite side of the street, glance towards our house, then cross, and soon heard him ring the bell. I smoothed the folds of my black dress, settled my collar and my patience, and prepared to answer the summons. I opened the door and saw standing before me, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man, who bowed, and said with a slight accent:

“May I be permitted to look at the rooms which are to let?”

“Certainly,” I answered, and led the way up stairs, where were four rooms.

The front room—a large one, with two windows and a little bedroom leading out of it. These were to let—the other two were occupied by my father and myself.

“These, sir, are two of the rooms, and the third is in the next story. Would you like to look at it?”

“Thank you, no, two rooms are all I wish. These suit me exactly and I will take them.”

I quietly named my price. The gentleman smiled as he said:

“It would have been as well to have inquired

the price before concluding to take the rooms. But that is nothing, and I will take possession of the rooms to-morrow. Stay," he added, as he turned back from the door, "you may object to me. I am a music-teacher and will bring a piano, and perhaps the playing on it may annoy you. I play a great deal myself and have pupils sometimes come to the house and take lessons; but that is only when my health obliges me to keep indoors. In such cases, too, I shall be obliged to trouble you for my meals."

"I do not object to the piano at all, nor to giving you your meals every day, should you wish to become a boarder as well as lodger."

"Ah, that is capital, Miss Smith. Yes, I will board, too. To-morrow I will come. Good morning."

At last my rooms were let, and to an advantage. I pulled the odious black-lettered card from the window, and busied myself with making the room look more cheerful than ever. I laid the wood in the grate ready to be lighted the next day, dusted the furniture, then went down to my father, and in sewing and trying to amuse him—poor old man—the remainder of the day passed. The next day I rose with a restless sort of feeling, a doubt as to whether my boarder would come, but by nine o'clock he appeared, and an hour afterwards came his few goods and chattels—a handsome octave piano, music-books, writing-desk and deep arm-chair. Carl Franzhoff, for I had read his name on the cards he gave me, seemed restless and excited. At one o'clock he dressed himself with scrupulous neatness and went out. An hour passed, and looking from the window, I saw a carriage stop before the door, and my boarder stepped out. He looked pale and seemed to falter in his walk. I opened the door for him, and with a low bow, he passed up stairs. That night he was taken ill, and for weeks never left his bed. Some intense excitement had brought on brain fever, said Dr. Mitchell, who attended him. At last he recovered and resumed his teaching. He went about quietly, like one who had passed through a severe trial. I grew to be very much interested in him.

I was, and am a great lover of music, but my parents being rather poor, I had been unable to cultivate my talent for it. One day, when Carl Franzhoff had been an inmate of our house some four months, he insisted upon becoming my teacher. He had found out that I had a decided talent for it, and in spite of my repeated refusals he gave me lessons. It was a happy day for me. Kind, generous man! Refusing all remuneration, he week after week and month after month, gave me instruction, and now I am a good musician,

and have thirty pupils at fifteen dollars per quarter for each.

Sad and tearless I sit at the window, with a great weight on my heart, for in the room above me, cold and stiff, lies the body of my benefactor and friend. Five years Carl Franzhoff boarded with me, and now he is dead. For a year he had visibly failed. Each day he grew paler, and then he gave up his pupils, and at last scarcely went out at all. One week only he kept his room, and three days of that time his bed. All through the five years he was like a brother to me, and now he was gone. I was with him when he breathed his last. He had lain some time with his eyes closed, while I sat beside him gently fanning him. At last he opened his eyes and looking at me kindly, said:

"Maria (he had called me so for years), I am dying, and I am glad, for this life has been weary. Bless you for your sisterly kindness. When I am gone you will find in my desk, which I bequeath to you, two papers addressed to yourself, and one which you will please see safely delivered according to superscription. Do not wholly forget your friend. God bless you, Maria!"

The eyes closed, there was a deep sigh, and Carl Franzhoff lay dead. I felt as if I could cry out in my grief, but I did not. I stooped and kissed the pale, cold lips, folded the hands upon the pulseless breast, drew the sheet over the calm, white face, and went quietly down stairs to my father, who I felt would soon pass away from me.

All is over now—been over many days, and again I go about my daily duties. The funeral was very quiet—only a few pupils, myself and a lady, a Mrs. Bergen, who came frequently during Mr. Franzhoff's lifetime, and who wept as if her heart would break. We made him a grave at the foot of my dear mother's, in a pleasant nook in Greenwood. To-day, I, with tearful eyes, opened the desk once Carl Franzhoff's, now mine. I found only a few papers, some music-paper, manuscript music, and three sealed packages, two addressed to me, and the third to Mrs. Nina Bergen, No. 930, Douglas Street, Brooklyn. To-morrow I will deliver it.

The first of the papers addressed to me, contained a legacy of three thousand dollars. The second was a record of his life which I shall give here. Three thousand dollars deposited in the City Bank. That I shall leave untouched. With it I might buy a wee cottage far away from the din of this huge city, but my dear, imbecile father likes to sit at the window watching the ever-changing crowd—likes once in a while to

take my arm and walk into Broadway. He shall always stay here. I, too, like the old house in Grand Street—here have loved ones died. Over the apothecary's shop on the opposite side of the street, lives a widow with her little eleven years' old daughter. They are poor now, but were not always so. The little sad-eyed Elsie Stuart is my pupil, and a persevering, talented one, too. She used to come and practise on my piano, till one Christmas day, when there came to her door an inexpensive but rich-toned instrument, which the cart-man said was for Miss Elsie Stuart. Like a wild thing the little girl burst into my room.

"O, Miss Smith, I've got a piano! Where could it have come from?"

"Santa Claus, of course, Elsie."

"Yes, of course. I thought Santa Claus was a man, but mother said he had dark hair and eyes, and looked like a pretty woman—does he?"

"Santa Claus, Elsie, looks like everybody," said Carl Franzhoff, looking up from the music he was copying.

"It's a splendid Santa Claus, any way, and I must go and make my great Christmas-box sing for dear mama. Good-by."

The little thing flew, rather than ran, back to her mother. As I watched her ascend the steps leading to the house, two steps at once, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and a voice said:

"Another being made happy, Maria Smith—another heart blesses you."

Carl Franzhoff left the room hurriedly. My heart beat at his praise. Elsie Stuart is my darling, and for her sake I will leave Carl's legacy untouched. I can lay by enough to last me through my old age, by my own exertions. In my lap, blotted with tears, lays a paper very dear to me—the record of his life, the contents of which I will give.

Five years, Maria Smith, I have lived under the same roof with you, and my heart blesses you daily. Now, as I feel my end approaching, I must write this short account of my life. I would have told you all this, but I had not the strength.

Ten years ago I came to this country to seek my fortune. I was alone in the world, but not penniless. From friends in Rhineland, I brought letters of introduction to many influential persons here, and owing to their kindness, I was soon able to make a comfortable living by teaching music and playing at parties. My life flowed on quietly enough, until one evening. One evening, or, rather, morning—for it was nearly three o'clock, and a dark, snowy morning—as I was

returning from Brooklyn, where I had been playing, I met my fate. I stepped upon the ferry-boat and entered the cabin. Once there, I settled myself in the corner to sleep, for I knew the boat would be long in reaching the ship. Just as I closed my eyes, I saw a figure crouching in the further corner of the cabin. I closed my eyes. I had but just lost myself, when I was aroused by feeling a hand stealthily thrust into my pocket. Though fully awake by this time, I feigned sleep. Suddenly the hand was withdrawn, and a low, sobbing voice said—"No, no, death rather than that!" Then there was a noiseless flitting through the cabin of the dark figure, a rush of snow and wind, and I followed the black figure out of the cabin just in time to seize it as it made a spring forward over the side of the boat out into the dark waters. Without a word I held the shrinking figure, and carried rather than led it back to the cabin. I knew not whether it was a boy or a girl. In the cabin, beneath the bright lamp, the figure writhed from my arms and turned, while the hood and shawl, or rag rather, fell from the head, disclosing a face I shall never forget. Beautiful, but pale and haggard—the great brown eyes looked forth from the sunken face like those of some hunted creature, fierce and glittering—the cheeks were hollow, and the thin lips were pale and drawn away from the white teeth. The face expressed so much misery and despair, that I involuntarily closed my eyes. The hard, desperate voice roused me.

"You shudder to look at me. You expected to see the thief whom you watched and saved, only to gloat over as she went to the Tombs, have a different sort of look. Is not the face pale enough?"

"O hush!" I exclaimed, "you know not what you say. You are no thief."

"I knew it—I did mean to rob you, but I could not. Why did you hold me back, when a few seconds only and I should have found rest?"

"The rest of two seconds—while your soul was leaving your body—the misery of eternity."

"True. In my wild despair I forgot that. I thank you. Better die by inches, than go to my Maker's presence with a guilty soul. I thank you, sir. To-morrow I will begin again my life of misery—to-morrow I will beg as I have to-day, and receive enough to buy my scanty meals—not enough for that—no, for I have a good appetite."

"You will not do that. To-morrow you shall have a warm home, and never know such misery again, if I can help it."

"Why do you say that, sir?"

"For my mother's sake, child."

"Heaven bless you, sir, I will not doubt you."

I took her to the house of a friend that night, a kind, motherly woman, who received her kindly. For days I was so busy I could not look after my wife. I knew there was no need for she would be carefully taken care of. When I did see her, I could scarcely recognize her, so great was the change. The face, though still pale and thin, had lost the haggard look and the eyes the fierce desperate glitter. From the moment I saw her I loved Nina Berstock. Weeks and months rolled on, and I saw but little of Nina Berstock. The lady who had first taken charge of her, Mrs. Bergen, adopted her. I loved her, and fondly deemed that my love was returned.

One evening I went to see Nina Berstock, determined to ask her to be my wife. The door was on the latch, and so I walked in without ringing—walked into the little parlor and sat down, expecting some of the family to come in soon. While waiting I heard voices in the next room. I was about to make some noise to warn them of my proximity, when some words I heard arrested my movements. It was Nina who spoke.

"Charles, I do love you, but think what I owe Mr. Franzhoff. I think he loves me, and if he does, I will give him my hand, and he shall never know that I do not give my heart also. Noble, generous man!"

Charles Bergen's low, deep voice met my ears.

"Dear Nina, I do not doubt you. You are right. I would not take you from him for the world. But, Nina, I cannot bear suspense. Let it be soon decided and I will go away, for though I think you are right, I could not stay here and see you another's."

I rose noiselessly and retraced my steps to the door—out into the lighted streets. My brain seemed on fire—my knees trembled under me, and I shook as if in a chill. This then was the end of my dreams! this the end of all my labors! I had worked early and late, that I might insure Nina, when she became my wife, against privation and care. For an hour I walked striving to calm my despair. For one week I kept my room, wrestling with myself, with my despairing heart. At the end of that time I emerged, a saddened, weary-hearted man. I went to see Nina. How the blood rushed from my heart, as she came smiling towards me.

"Why have you stayed away so long, Carl?"

"I have been busy," I answered, and the pain in my heart was intense.

"Too busy for your own good, I am afraid, for you look pale. Please don't work so hard."

"Never mind me, Nina. Sit down, I have something very important to say to you."

I saw her turn pale, saw her fingers tremble as I said this—but I saw, too, the look of firm determination on her face, and I blessed her. After a little pause I went on:

"Nina, would you do something very difficult, for my sake?"

"Anything, Carl."

"Would you marry—" I paused and saw the firm line still there. "Would you marry Charles Bergen, if I said it would please me?"

"Would it please you, Carl?"

"O, why did she ask that question?"

"Yes, Nina, for Charles loves you, and is a fine, generous man, worthy any woman's love."

I saw her eyes grow dark and soft as I praised her lover. In a moment more her arms were thrown round my neck, and I felt kisses, her kisses on my face.

"God bless you now and evermore, Carl, for the good you have done me. Would I could repay you for all the blessings you have showered upon me. I cannot—I cannot. Nightly I pray for you. Those prayers ascend to his throne and are heard. It is all Nina can do for her benefactor. I—"

"Hands off, Nina; child, you're smothering me."

She sunk back abashed. I rose up and telling her that I must go to a pupil, I kissed her and went out of the house.

Maria Smith, the day I came to board at your house, the day before I was taken sick was Nina's wedding-day. An orphan, she pleaded with me to give her away. "One last favor, dear friend," she said, in her very winning way, little knowing how hard it was for me to bear it all. I have little more to add. I bore up through it all bravely. I smiled through it all—Nina never looked more beautiful than at the moment when I lost her forever. I did my duty faithfully, and came back to your quiet home, Maria. You know the rest of my life. But you cannot know how much comfort you were to me—how your calm, gentle presence soothed me. A last favor I ask. When you have read this, Maria, take the package addressed to Nina to her—let no other hands touch it—God bless you, Maria Smith.

So ended the short tale of a weary heart; I sat with tears in my eyes thinking of the noble dead. I felt better for having loved such a good, great man. Had he not showered blessings wherever he went? But for him, I should have been stitching away on "band and gusset and seam," only eking out a scanty living—now I have plenty and to spare. To-morrow, after calming my heart and mind, I will carry to Nina Bergen the

MUSICIAN'S LEGACY.

[ORIGINAL.]

SUSIE SNOW.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

I dreamed of a maiden wondrous fair—
 'Twas a heart-dream, long ago—
 With a gentle mien and golden hair,
 And her name was Susie Snow:
 This being sweet, with the saintlike air,
 Whom I dreamed of long ago.

I dreamed she came from the upper land,
 This maiden so fair to see;
 She strayed from the angels' wondering band,
 To live on the earth with me:
 This dweller upon the golden strand,
 In her stainless purity.

I am waking now—I dream no more,
 So blest is the real to me;
 For the same sweet face my vision wore
 Now dwells on the earth with me:
 She came, I know, from the saintly shore,
 So loving and pure is she.

But a brave, true woman's soul she bears,
 And she'll ne'er forsake, I know,
 Through all of life's changeful scenes and cares,
 The heart that is loving her so;
 How bright for me is the smile she wears,
 My darling, my Susie Snow!

The daintiest poem in all the world
 Is my Susie Snow to me,
 As over life's sea, with sails unfurled,
 We glide to eternity;
 And I know that beyond the gates empearled
 We shall love immortally.

[ORIGINAL.]

DARK DEEDS:

— OR, —

THE ILL-FATED BRIG.

BY LIEUT. A. J. CARNES.

CHAPTER I.

THE PIRATE.

"BRIG ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!"

"What brig's that?"

"Maria."

"Who's the captain?"

"Captain Harrison."

"Where from?"

"Saint Helena."

"Where to?"

"Coast of Africa."

"What's your cargo?"

"We're in ballast."

The "Maria" was a small brig, employed by

the East India Company to convey provisions from the Cape of Good Hope for the garrison at St. Helena. She had been employed many years upon the station, and was on her way home to undergo a thorough repair, but at the desire of the commodore upon the west coast of Africa, the Governor of St. Helena had ordered her to run in to Sierra Leone, with the commodore's despatches to the squadron.

The master of the Maria had remonstrated against the order, and had expressed his conviction to his friends that he should be murdered by pirates; but his repugnance to the service was overruled, and having been supplied with firearms for his crew, and with ammunition for four brass six-pounders, he unwillingly sailed to what he foretold would be his death.

As the schooner ran alongside the Maria, Captain Harrison said to Dr. Waugh, a passenger:

"That is the schooner I dreamed of, and that is the man I saw cut my throat; it is useless to strive against destiny."

"But," said Mr. Prinsep, the mate, "you will fight—you will not let the dogs cut our throats, without making an attempt to escape. The guns are loaded to the muzzle, the men have all their muskets ready, the schooner is to leeward—let us give her one round, run right in to her, and take our chance! If we must die, let us die like men. Let us try to escape."

Captain Harrison was an old man, and his long gray hair waved in the wind, as he shook his head.

"Escape? We may exasperate them; it is impossible to escape—and I will not fight. Perhaps if we treat them civilly, they will not ill use us."

"Send a boat there, I say! and be smart about it, or I'll fire into you!" And as the pirate spoke, a British ensign ran up to the peak.

The pirate, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, stood at the gangway of the schooner, whose raking masts, long spars, low black hull, sharp bows, and clean run, contrasted strongly with the clumsy brig that was laboring to windward.

The passenger in the Maria interposed.

"It may be a British man-of-war schooner. Ask her what she is."

Captain Harrison gave the speaking-trumpet to his mate, who hailed:

"What schooner is that?"

"What's that to you? It's her Britannic majesty's schooner Polypus. Send a boat!"

The peremptory order was obeyed, and a boat with the mate and four men left the Maria and pulled for the schooner. The boat's crew were

ordered on board the schooner, and were taken below and secured; whilst a boat, with ten men armed with cutlasses and pistols, pulled from the schooner to the Maria. In the short interval, Captain Harrison called to his side a boy who was a passenger in the Maria.

Gilbert Grosvenor, a boy of about eleven years old, was the son of Sir Gilbert Grosvenor, an English baronet, and a relation of the Governor of St. Helena, to whom the boy had been on a visit, and who had sent him back to England under the care of Captain Harrison.

"Gilbert, my boy," said Captain Harrison, "this schooner is a pirate, and I am not strong enough to resist her. All these things are fated, and I know that I must die; let me try to save you. Come here, Gilbert! get into this recess behind the cuddy door, and remain quiet, whatever may happen. Pray to God, my boy! He can protect and save you, although I cannot."

The captain placed the boy in a corner which the door of the cuddy when it was open concealed, kissed him nervously, hooked the door open, and went on deck to meet the pirate.

With rough words, and rougher oaths, the pirates secured and bound five men who had remained on board the Maria; they then tied Captain Harrison and his passenger, Dr. Waugh, back to back, and laid them on the deck; and then removed every portable article of value from the Maria.

They then murdered the crew; entreaties for mercy were unavailing, and threats of punishment were disregarded. The crew of the Maria were made to walk blindfold along a plank, which was laid on the gangway, and which projected over the brig's side. The plank toppled over with their weight, and thus, one after another, the five men belonging to the Maria dropped, with a plunging splash, into the green sea, and were left astern by the brig's slow motion.

Captain Harrison uttered no word of complaint; and his silence, and the entreaties of Dr. Waugh, were equally disregarded. The captain and his passenger were lifted from the deck and thrown together, tied as they were, back to back, into the sea. Strong were their struggles, for both were able swimmers; and the shouts of the pirates, who laughed in fiendish enjoyment of their agony, made Gilbert Grosvenor tremble in his hiding-place.

The features of the pirate captain, and of his brutal mate, were indelibly impressed upon the boy's memory; and the tone of their voices sank deep into his heart, as he peered through the crevice caused by the hinges between the door and the bulkhead.

Gilbert saw the mate of the Maria, and the other four men, brought back from the schooner; they were handcuffed to a chain cable hanging over the bows. The cable was unshackled, the anchor was let go; and as the chain roared and rattled through the hawseholes, the five men were carried with it into the unfathomed sea.

Then the pirates scuttled the Maria, and left her sinking; and as long as they were in sight, they fired at her with their long gun. Spars fell, planks were torn, bulwarks crushed, and bulkheads shivered; but the boy Gilbert Grosvenor did not move from his hiding-place. Night covered the brig, and Gilbert watched the stars; morning broke, and Gilbert had not slumbered. The Maria was still afloat, and all was silent.

He listened, and he heard a still step upon the companion ladder. He looked anxiously, fearfully, and to his joy beheld the well-known face of the carpenter, creeping cautiously from the hold where he had concealed himself.

Gilbert and the carpenter knelt together upon the deck, and thanked God for their escape. But there was much to be done, and there were but few hands to do it. However, the carpenter was an experienced and skilful sailor; he stopped the leaks, got sail on the brig, and in three days fell in with one of the English cruisers.

Some said that the pirate was a Brazilian slaver, well known as the fastest vessel on the station; and others that it was the Spanish pirate Boneta da Sota, who had been hanged at Gibraltar, buried in the sands, taken up by his friends, and resuscitated.

And Gilbert Grosvenor returned to England.

CHAPTER II.

RECOGNITION.

FIFTEEN years passed, and Sir Gilbert Grosvenor died, leaving his son his debts. Everything was sold—horses, carriages and furniture; and the old hall, that Gilbert loved so much, was purchased by the rich Captain Hawkelaw. Gilbert, now a poor man, consulted Mr. Bran, his father's lawyer, who had acted as agent for the sale of the estate to Captain Hawkelaw; and Mr. Bran obtained from Captain Hawkelaw, for him, the agency of the captain's immense estates in New Brunswick.

Gilbert landed at St. John in the latter end of April, and travelled by sleigh to Frederickton, where he was to be stationed to superintend the lumbering operation in which Captain Hawkelaw was largely engaged. The sharp click of the woodman's axe, as it whistled over the lumberman's shoulder, and hissed into the white stem

of the spruce; the crash of falling trees, tearing away great branches, as they fell with a sullen moan; the heavy logs rolling and rumbling along the lumber road, or down the narrow foot-way on the hillside, to the river; bullock sleighs, horse sledges, bells and buffalo robes, were all new to Gilbert, and relieved the dreary expanse of snow and black pine with life and motion.

Gilbert arrived at Frederickton just as the ice in the river was expected to break up, and the lumbermen were making preparations for stream driving. Already the ice had moved, and the water was rising, and had cut off communication with the shore by a channel a few yards wide.

The residence of Captain Hawkelaw was upon the bank of the river, on a point of land that projected into the stream, and afforded a magnificent view of the River St. John, both up towards Woodstock, and down towards St. John, for many miles. Captain Hawkelaw himself was at Woodstock, about sixty miles from Frederickton; but his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was at the drawing-room window, looking at the river, and watching the great fields of ice crash and grind against each other. The ice stopped; and it was said that the ice was jammed at Spring Hill, about four miles above Frederickton. There was some talk of danger; and Gilbert, to whom the scene had all the excitement of novelty, as well as the delight that is experienced in watching nature, as she bursts her icy chrysalis and breaks into the butterfly life of summer, looked anxiously at the exposed situation of his new patron's residence. The oldest inhabitants assured him that there was no danger; but one more timid than the rest suggested that a horseman should be sent to Spring Hill, to report upon the state of the river at that point. The horseman was sent; and Gilbert, with a strange and indefinite feeling of delight and dread, watched the ice rise in hills and high blocks, as the loose heaps floated down against the motionless and immovable field, until the great surface again lost its hold upon the shore, and crashing and splitting, cracking, groaning and foaming, sailed slowly down the river.

The horseman was seen returning at a gallop; and pale with fright, and stammering with terror, he said that the jam at Spring Hill had given way, and was rolling down the river like a mountain.

Tumbling over and splashing, like a great whale under the attack of the sword-fish and the thrasher, and twisting and turning, like the fabled sea serpent, the ice-float rapidly approached the projecting point on which the house of Captain Hawkelaw was built. The

people on the bank round Gilbert, shouted; and the domestics rushed from the fated building. On came the torrent, and Emma Hawkelaw ran from the front of the house to one of the back windows. Already the water had risen over the point, and the ice hills, crashing and grinding together, rolled, with a roar like the reverberation of a thunder storm, upon Captain Hawkelaw's house. The ice did not crush the house; it did not drive it from its foundation. The ice cut the house in two. The strong, upright building snapped as a man would snap a walking-stick, and the upper story floated away from the basement, which was instantly flooded.

Among trees and logs and haystacks, and heaps of ice, and barns and sheds and fences that had been washed off the island higher up the river, Emma Hawkelaw, leaning from a window, and imploring help, was carried down the stream. One loud cry of terror from the crowd awoke Gilbert Grosvenor from an excited trance. With a bound, he jumped into a flat-bottomed boat that was adrift near him, and with the long lumber hook that was in it, he pushed into the stream among the rolling, groaning floats of ice. Emma Hawkelaw leans from the window; she is in Gilbert's arms, in the boat, and safe ashore, half a mile from the ruins of her father's house, whilst chairs and furniture float away, or sink into the river.

And in this way, Gilbert and Emma began their love; and every day, for three weeks, they were together. They rode together in the woods, they walked together upon the river's bank; they boated together on the calm surface of the smooth St. John; they sang together; they played chess together; they fell in love, and they knew it.

At the end of three weeks, Captain Hawkelaw was to return from Woodstock; and Emma undertook to introduce her lover to her father, who never had refused, and she was sure never would, refuse her anything.

Captain Hawkelaw returned.

"This is Gilbert Grosvenor, papa; and this, Mr. Grosvenor, is my father."

"Your father!" exclaimed Gilbert. "O, God! it is the pirate captain that plundered the Maria." And Gilbert Grosvenor rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

CONSCIENCE.

"OSCAR BRYAN! Oscar Bryan!"

Bull-necked, bandy-legged Oscar Bryan came to the door of his solitary log-hut, in the forest that overhung the city of Frederickton, and he

looked cautiously, anxiously and nervously round him. A clear moonlight shone among the blackened trunks of trees, which lay in all directions, piled one on another, about the lonely dwelling; but there was not any person in sight.

"Who calls Oscar Bryan?"

Receiving no answer, Oscar Bryan, the pirate's mate, shut the door, and again sat down by his fire, smoking his pipe and drinking "white eye."

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan!"

Again he opened the door, and halloed—"Who calls?"

He received no answer. He swore an oath, and resumed his seat.

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! remember the Maria! The sea gives up its dead! Blood calls for blood! Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! your time has come!"

Large drops of perspiration fell from the square forehead of the bull-necked man, who laid down his pipe, and took a double-barrelled pistol from a bracket above the wide fireplace.

He examined the priming of both barrels, rubbed his nail across the flints, dropped the ramrod and tried the charge, and satisfied that the pistol was properly loaded, again sat beside the open hearth, and turned his face to the window, through which the moon was shining brightly.

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! smuggler! slaver! pirate! murderer! remember me!"

"Blast you!" exclaimed the pirate; "take that, and remember me!"

The two barrels of the pistol were discharged, in rapid succession; the glass of the window shivered; and the hut was filled with smoke. Oscar Bryan breathed hard; his eye was fixed upon the broken window, and as the smoke cleared away, the face of the old man, Captain Harrison of the Maria, was still visible, and again a voice was heard:

"Oscar Bryan, come!"

The shadow passed from the window, and the moonlight shone clearly upon the floor, as Oscar Bryan wiped the big drops of perspiration from his forehead, and muttered:

"I have heard of ghosts! I never did believe in them, and I won't believe in them now!"

He reloaded his pistol, and again went into the open air. The sound of a wagon arrested his attention, and in a few minutes Captain Hawkelaw drove up to the snake fence, and halloed—"Oscar Bryan!"

The pirate mate's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he was scarcely able to ask—"Who are you?"

"What the deuce ails you, Oscar? You will

live out here in these woods, until your brain turns. Pull down the bars, and let me drive into the enclosure. I want you!"

As the two pirates sat together, one on each side of the blackened chimney, with no light except that given by the pale moon, Captain Hawkelaw said:

"We never spared man, woman nor child—"

"But once!" interposed Bryan.

"But once!" Captain Hawkelaw repeated.

"But once! Dead men tell no tales, yet—hah! what is that?"

There were three taps at the window.

The two pirates looked at each other in silence, until Captain Hawkelaw said, in a whisper:

"Is the place haunted?"

Bryan answered doggedly:

"Live here as I live here, and you will know!"

Captain Hawkelaw leaned across the table, and in a voice a little above a whisper, said:

"The piracy of the Maria is discovered."

Bryan looked up, and after a pause, said sullenly:

"Is it? How?"

"That I do not know! But, Oscar, this I do know! the man who has that secret must—"

Again there were three taps at the window.

"Is there any one there?" said Hawkelaw, in a whisper.

"Go and see."

Captain Hawkelaw looked out at the door, and returned, saying:

"I see nothing but a night-hawk, that is screaming round the hut, and a porcupine that crept round by the barn. Hah! what is that?"

Oscar Bryan replied slowly:

"It is the pale face of the old man of the Maria, with his long, dark gray hair, looking in at the window! Do you believe in ghosts?"

The two pirates sat for some minutes in a silence that was broken by Captain Hawkelaw, who said: "What liquor have you? give me a glass."

"Help yourself," rejoined Oscar Bryan.

"We must not be scared by shadows, Oscar! We have realities to face! I have been recognized by a man in my employment—how, I cannot tell. We must settle him."

"Do it yourself."

"Nonsense, man; we will do it together. One life more is nothing—"

"I will have nothing to do with it," Bryan said sullenly.

"I tell you, man, it must be done. I overheard him appoint to meet the girl—you know who I mean—in the garden to-night. We shall

have time to catch him there, and if we kill him—why, it is only by mistaking him for a thief! Drink and come!”

After a little persuasion, Oscar Bryan got into the wagon with Hawkelaw, who drove rapidly down the hill to Frederickton.

An hour afterwards, there was a scuffle in the garden at the back of Captain Hawkelaw's temporary residence. A pistol shot was fired, an alarm was given, and Oscar Bryan was found dead. The murderer was traced and pursued. And Gilbert Grosvenor, stained with blood, was lodged in Frederickton jail.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

HANDCUFFED and heavily ironed, Gilbert Grosvenor was taken before the Mayor of Frederickton. Captain Hawkelaw gave his evidence clearly. He had been to see his acquaintance, Oscar Bryan, and had on his return discovered Gilbert in the garden. Supposing him to be a thief, Bryan had summoned him to surrender, and then the prisoner immediately shot him and fled. There was no clear defence to be made, and the lawyer who was employed by Gilbert recommended him to reserve what he had to say, for the trial. Gilbert was leaving the mayor's office, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of the sheriff for the County of York, of which Frederickton is the chief city.

“Carpenter!” exclaimed Gilbert, in surprise.

The sheriff, in his turn astonished, exclaimed: “Sir Gilbert Grosvenor!”

“Come with me to a private room, and let my lawyer attend us, and say what should be done.”

After the lapse of half an hour, the sheriff went into the mayor's office and requested that the prisoner might be allowed to make a statement before he was sent to prison. To this reasonable request, the mayor acceded.

“Send for Miss Emma Hawkelaw.”

Emma, pale, trembling and agitated, was allowed a seat while she made her statement. She said that she was in the garden with Gilbert, when her father and Oscar Bryan came suddenly upon them. Bryan presented a pistol at Gilbert, but at the instant, something—Emma could not say what, but something; and if there were ghosts, she should think it the ghost of an old man, with long gray hair, wet and draggled—came between Gilbert and Oscar Bryan, and knocked away the pistol, which exploded and blew Oscar's face to pieces. Oscar Bryan fell forward upon Gilbert, who laid the body on the ground, and endeavored to get away.

“Now, sir,” said the lawyer, “I shall endeavor to show you that there was a motive for the action which Captain Hawkelaw states was unpremeditated. Pray, Miss Emma, what were the prisoner's words, when first introduced by you to your father?”

Emma Hawkelaw hesitated, but her father said: “O, speak out, Emma! It does not affect me.”

Thus encouraged by her father, Emma said:

“His first words, and his only words were: ‘Your father? O, God! it is the pirate captain who plundered the Maria.’”

The lawyer then detailed the particulars of the piracy of the Maria, and every heart in the court thrilled with horror. Captain Hawkelaw, alone remaining unmoved, looked on with a contemptuous smile. The mayor turned towards him, as if to offer him an opportunity for remark.

“An admirable defence, admirably worked up,” he said, sneeringly; and was walking out of court, when he was stopped by the sheriff.

“Stop, sir! Mr. Mayor, I request that this gentleman may be detained, whilst I give my evidence on oath.”

When the sheriff declared that he himself had been the carpenter of the Maria, Captain Hawkelaw turned pale.

“How is it, sir,” said the mayor, “that you who have so frequently seen Captain Hawkelaw in Frederickton, have never recognized him?”

“Perhaps, sir, because I ran below so early in the affray, that I did not see the captain of the pirate, except as he stood upon the gangway.”

Again Captain Hawkelaw smiled contemptuously.

“But, sir,” continued the sheriff, “I have seen the body of Oscar Bryan, and I swear that he was the mate of the piratical schooner. And sir,” continued the sheriff, stepping up to Captain Hawkelaw, and tearing from his pocket a watch and chain, to which a small compass was attached, “I will swear to this pocket compass. On the back of it, is my wife's picture; it was taken from my cabin in the Maria.”

Captain Hawkelaw stood as if spellbound; and the sheriff laying his hand upon the pirate's shoulder, said:

“Sir, you are my prisoner!”

“Not yet,” Captain Hawkelaw replied, calmly; and then suddenly and vehemently presenting a pistol with each hand, cleared a passage through the crowd, and rushed into the street.

The front and principal street of Frederickton passes by the barracks; and along the street, Captain Hawkelaw ran at full speed.

“Fire at him!” exclaimed the mayor to the sentry; “I will be your warrant.”

The sentry fired, and Captain Hawkelew, at a distance of fifty yards, sprang into the air and rolled over on the ground.

He was taken into the mayor's office. A surgeon pronounced the wound mortal.

"Come here, Emma!" he said to the fair girl, who was weeping at his side. "You erroneously suppose that I am your father. I saved you fifteen years ago—the only life I ever spared. You are the only creature I have ever loved. I have nurtured you, and I have long lived for you, and in your love. Destiny has overtaken me. Fate is not to be resisted. My will is made. Live, dear Emma, and enjoy the property I have collected. Come here, young man! take her hand. O, death!"

He joined the hands of Emma and Gilbert, lay back gently, and died easily.

Sir Gilbert and Lady Grosvenor returned to England, and lived long in the old hall that Gilbert loved so much.

ARTICLES OF DIET.

The useful articles of diet are numerous, and the commonest we have. As to the quantity required, the prize-fighter, who requires most, has thirty-six ounces per day, besides the innutritious portion which everybody swallows at every meal. For women, twenty ounces may suffice, though a larger allowance is better. Healthy working men ought to have from twenty-five to thirty ounces. The greatest amount of nourishment of both kinds is contained in flour, meat, potatoes and peas; milk, cheese, rice, and other grains, and sugar; while tea, coffee, and cocoa are of great value in their way.

Such are the materials; but they may be so treated in the cooking as to waste what is most valuable, and to preserve what is of the least consequence. It is possible to manage the making of a stew, so as to wash away the best qualities of the meat, and leave the vegetables hard, and drain away the thickening, causing a predominant taste of smoke and salt. When Miss Nightingale and her assistants undertook to cook in the eastern hospitals, they made a pint of thick arrowroot from one ounce of the powder, while in the general kitchen it took two ounces to make a pint of thin arrowroot.

It was the proper boiling of the water that made the difference here. Again, two ounces of rice were saved on every four puddings, when the nurse made the puddings. Such incidents show that it is not enough to have the best materials for nourishment; they must be husbanded in the preparation. It seems probable that, by sensible conduct all around, everybody might command enough of the best material for food; and it is certain that a very small proportion of the wives of Englishmen know how to do justice to the food they buy.—*Harriet Martineau.*

LOVE.

O, how this spring of Love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day—
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!—*SHAKESPEARE.*

THE SOLDIER AND THE INDIAN.

A soldier in the American army, belonging to Weston, New York, about the time General Brock was killed in battle, was on a scouting party one day. Being a man of courage, enterprise and sagacity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy. For this purpose, he ventured to separate from his companions. In the course of his reconnoitering alone in the open fields, he approached a wood, the underbrush of which was very thick. His watchful eye discovered what he supposed to be some animal among the bushes. He immediately saw his mistake. It was an Indian crawling on his hands and feet, with a rifle in his hand, and watching the soldier, evidently with the intention of advancing sufficiently near to make him a sure mark.

For the soldier to retreat was now impossible; he thought he could not escape, and he remembered too, that his father had told him never to return with a *backside* wound. He pretended not to see the Indian, and walked slowly towards him, with his gun cocked by his side, carefully observing all his movements. They approached nearer; at length he saw the Indian bringing his gun to his shoulder—at that instant the soldier fell to the ground—the ball whistled in deadly music over his head. The soldier lay motionless.

The Indian uttered the dreadful yell which signifies the death of an enemy, and drawing the bloody scalping-knife (but foregoing to reload his piece), advanced with hasty strides, thirsting for murder, and anticipating the reward for the scalp. The soldier, motionless, permitted him to approach within ten paces, he then with the utmost composure, sprang upon his feet. The savage stood aghast. The soldier with deliberate aim, put two balls directly through his heart. A hoarse groan was the only sound that issued from the fallen savage. This son of the forest was six feet five inches in height. The soldier took the Indian's rifle, returned to the camp, and sold it for twenty-five dollars.—*N. Y. Herald.*

CURIOUS RECIPE FOR SLEEP.

There is a curious traditionary story current in some families regarding a celebrated Scottish nobleman, which, I am assured, is true, and, further, that it has never yet appeared in print. The story is, therefore, a Scottish reminiscence, and, as such, deserves a place here. The Earl of Lauderdale was so ill as to cause great alarm to his friends and perplexity to his physicians. One distressing symptom was a total absence of sleep, and the medical men declared their opinion, that without sleep being induced he could not recover. His son, a queer, eccentric-looking boy, who was considered a kind of daft, and had little attention paid to his education, was sitting under the table, and cried out, "Sen for that preaching man frae Livingston, for he (the earl) aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the doctors thought this hint worth attending to. The experiment of "getting a minister till him" succeeded, and sleep coming on he recovered. The earl, out of gratitude for this benefit, took more notice of his son, paid attention to his education, and that boy became the Duke of Lauderdale, afterwards so famous or infamous in his country's history.—*Reminiscences in Scottish Life and History.*

[ORIGINAL.]

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I called her little fairy,
 Embodiment of grace;
 A lovelier thing earth could not boast
 Than her bewitching face.
 She took my heart's stern citadel,
 And stole its love away,
 And bound me captive at her feet,
 In the sweet month of May.

The earth was waking into life,
 And my life woke to bliss;
 I saw her blue eyes in the skies,
 And loved the west wind's kiss:
 Because, I knew, before it reached
 My home far in the South,
 Its wealth of sweets had swept across
 The honey of her mouth!

Ah, foolish love, how mad thou art!
 Enamored eyes, how blind!
 Only for one dear girl I cared—
 Only for one I pined!
 Earth might have held a thousand Hebes,
 Fair as the morning sky,
 And I'd not given their charms a thought,
 If she were only by!

I worshipped her, and dreamed by night
 Of eyes and yellow curls,
 And cheeks like hers so peachy soft,
 And teeth like eastern pearls.
 Humph! I had better dreamt of stocks,
 And lands, and cotton trade:
 Better have toiled and piled up wealth,
 And seen that debts were paid!

For my incarnate angel dropped
 Her filmy wings to rest,
 And laid her beanie head upon
 A richer lover's breast.
 He won her with his golden gifts
 One sunny, golden day;
 And kissed the crimson of her lips
 In the sweet month of May.

[ORIGINAL.]

RACHEL'S CURSE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

A LONG line of blue clouds hung over Plymouth Bay, at the twilight of a sunny September day. In the west, the crimson, orange and purple strove for the mastery. Above, in the dark, blue heavens, one star came forth after another, with a soft, pale gleaming, and, in the east, the young moon rode slowly on, like the lone, solitary vessel that lay below on the sea.

Off, in the dim woods, one could discern the

crimson glow of the maple, just turning from the deep green of summer; while, along the smooth white beach, the brown seaweed dragged its shining folds as each successive wave threw it up from the depths.

Brown and crimson, purple and gold, orange and blue, gave out their beautiful tints, alike unobserved by the three rough-looking men who were walking over the beach towards a low, miserable-looking fish-house, from the chimney of which a cloud of white smoke was struggling upward.

One of them, whom his companions addressed as Jack Burgess, remarked that Rachel was at home; adding "perhaps the old witch will ask us to supper."

"Not she, indeed;" rejoined the one who walked nearest the speaker, "she was never known to offer bit nor sup to any mortal, yet. What can she do with all her money, I wonder?" he added, reflectively. "Poor old thing! she will get murdered one of these nights; for there are people bad enough to rob a woman, I suppose."

"Yes, landsmen, perhaps," said the third. "No sailor would do it."

"You forget the pirates that boarded the *Nauticus* on her last trip. Didn't I see the leader of that crew take off the rings from the dead woman's hands?"

"O, bother, Bill! for heaven's sake, don't talk of pirates when we are going to sail to-morrow. It makes me feel chilly all over."

"You were always a coward, Bob Hopkins," said Jack. "I remember when you saw the ghost in the old burying-ground."

Bob was about to reply, angrily, when a shrill cry issued from the fish-house which they had now reached. It was more like the cry of a wounded animal than that of a human being.

"She is at her work," said Jack Burgess. "She always does this before a storm; and according to the loudness of her shriek, I should judge we shall have a pretty tough one before many days."

As he spoke, they entered the hut. Beside the broad, flat stone that served for a hearth, sat a woman, who once might have been handsome; but in whose face were the lines of deep passion. The long, abundant hair, still black and soft, was wound around her head like a coronet. A close observer might have noticed something almost coquettish in the graceful folds of her black dress; and certainly no one would have associated her idea with that of a witch. She lacked the orthodox gray hair that should have streamed, elf-like, in the wind, the fierce eyes and the masculine stature that distinguish veritable

wiches. Seen in another place, Rachel would have been called only a decent countrywoman in mourning.

The furniture of her room was simple, but perfectly neat and well kept. A chest of drawers displayed some rare sea shells on its top; and some large branches of red and white coral lay on a table at the further end of the room. It was a poor place; but the neatness of the room and the blazing fire, made it look more cheerful than half the fishermen's cottages.

She did not appear to notice the entrance of the three men for some time; although the fact was, that she had seen them from the time they had left Beach Point; but it was not her policy to let them know it. Some words were muttered by her in a low voice, and they stood motionless until she had finished. She turned her eyes upon them at length, and addressed herself to the foremost of the three.

"John Burgess," she said, in a tone at once ironical and severe, "you have done well to ship on board the *Betsey*. You had forgotten, I suppose, that she belongs to a man who made me a widow and childless? But it is well. You have come to me this night to ask if your voyage shall be prosperous. Do you expect that it will be so? God does not hold his thunderbolts in a careless or a weak hand. Terrible and mighty are his punishments; and if he has allowed Thomas Eaton to prosper for awhile, he has his scourges no less in store for him. The old man might have known this when he allowed five husbands and fathers to go out to sea, in a vessel that he knew would never reach port. What did he care? The brig was insured for more than it was worth, and Eaton made money; but do you think the ghosts of those five men never come to him?"

"I have heard of this, Aunt Rachel; but come, forget this now and tell these poor fellows whether they will come back to their families or not. For myself, I am not married, and it does not matter."

"Nay, it is not for you to say that. There is a blue-eyed, waxen-skinned girl on the hill yonder, that will weep and sob when the storm of next Friday comes, and the wreck of the *Betsey* is thrown upon the shore."

"O, no, no! Aunt Rachel! don't say that," eagerly exclaimed the young sailor, while the other two men visibly shuddered. "We shall be out of the harbor by that time, with plenty of sea room and a smacking breeze; sha'n't we? Say?"

"O; indeed, if John Burgess knows more than the one he came to consult, there's an end to it."

And Rachel took her knitting from her bag, and drew nearer the fire, as if thinking any more words quite unnecessary.

The sailors were, however, unsatisfied. She had awakened within them a feeling of restless uneasiness; and they could not turn away without something more consoling than the wholesale destruction at which she had more than hinted.

One of them took a Spanish dollar from his pocket, and said, with enfeebled attempt at jocularity, "Come, Aunt Rachel, see if silver won't give us a better chance than you have predicted?"

"No—prophecy is prophecy, and will not be turned aside for money. There is yet time to alter your purpose. If you would avoid the fate I predict, go not in the ill-fated vessel."

She would not speak again, but settled herself determinedly at a distance from them. Hopkins was the first to propose going; and, as they found that nothing more could be elicited from Rachel, the three sailors left the house.

If they experienced a momentary anxiety in regard to what she had said, it was dissipated shortly, in the minds of all. Hopkins and his brother-in-law, Bill Stevens, were soon in the presence of their wives, and John Burgess was mounting the hill on which dwelt the blue-eyed damsel to whom Rachel had alluded.

There was not a prettier nor a better girl on the Cape, than Priscilla Stedman, the object of his attachment. Meek, gentle and patient, sweet-tempered and industrious, she was at once the comforter and nurse to her infirm parents, and the kind, indulgent helper to her young brothers and sisters. Nothing could be done, suffered or enjoyed, in the Stedman family, without Priscilla. She was the hope and joy, the stay and staff of the household. She had loved John Burgess from a child, even as he had loved her; and after this one voyage, they were to be married.

Once or twice, during their long and earnest conversation that evening, the thought of Rachel's prophecy would rush over him like a flood; but the sweet spell of the young sailor's first love-dream would soon dissipate the terrible consciousness that, after all, Rachel's words might be verified. The maiden's own words again recalled him to a sense of the fear which he had actually experienced while in the old fish-house.

"And so you actually sail to-morrow, John? When will you come back?"

"God knows, Priscilla. I may never see you again. If not, keep this token near your heart until another lover makes you forget me."

Tears were in the mildly reproachful eyes as he said this.

"This is too cruel, John," she faltered out, "and to-night, of all nights, too, when we are parting, it may be, as you say, forever."

But long before the time of parting came, each had forgotten these words in the hopeful love that dwelt in both their hearts. When John left Mr. Stedman's house that night, or rather morning, for already the gray dawn was approaching, he snatched an hour's uneasy sleep, in which Rachel seemed to be holding Priscilla above the billows, and Bob Hawkins was rowing furiously toward the place where he expected to see her dropped.

But the day rose fair and bright. There was but little breeze—hardly enough to warrant sailing; but the brig was slowly going out when the clock struck nine. The hours went by, and still she remained in sight. Afternoon settled down with that lazy, dreamy repose which autumn days sometimes bring; and now the shadows began to lengthen in the pale, soft twilight. On the beach people had gathered, after their early tea, to watch the out-going brig, and on a high rock, the owner, Mr. Eaton, had taken his seat, the most interested, apparently, of all.

"How slow the old craft goes!" he muttered, to himself. "She won't be in warm water these three days, at this rate."

"Slow enough now, Tom Eaton!" said a voice so near him that he started and turned pale. "Slow enough now, but when the storm comes, she will go fast to destruction."

"Who are you, woman?" he asked, "and what do you know about weather? You are not the old fortune-teller down yonder—the witch as they call her—hey?"

"I am the widow of Richard Hollings—the man whom you drew down to death, in the miserable shell which you called a vessel. My curse and the curse of God has been on you ever since, and only waited this night for fulfilment. Do you see that brig?" she said in a loud voice, close to his ear.

"Sorry to say I do, ma'am," he replied, with mock courtesy. "I should be better pleased if she were out of sight."

"She will be wrecked to-night. The storm is coming, and before long, Plymouth Bay will be boiling up foam, and Tom Eaton's brig will lie beneath it. You did not get it insured, I hear. Why not, as well as the other? O, I forgot! That one was old and crazy. This is staunch and trim. We shall see to-morrow."

"Confound the witch!" said Eaton, turning uneasily away. He could have struck her for her words, but there were people by, who would have prevented even the rich ship-owner from laying hands upon a woman. Eaton rose from

his seat and walked down to the beach. He heard some one following him, but it did not suit with his proud sense of importance to look round. It was Rachel Hollings; and when he had obtained a place to stand in the crowd that had gathered on the sands, she was there too, close behind him.

He became grievously annoyed by the questions that were put to Rachel, and the dry, sarcastic way in which she spoke of the brig; but he could not move without actually forcing a passage through the crowd, and he remained in torture. He had begun to fear that he had erred in not obtaining insurance.

While the groups stood watching thus, the wind which had been low, suddenly rose. The waves grew black as night; the gust was succeeded by thunder; and in the fitful glimpses which the lightning gave them of the brig, they saw, what they might have seen before, had they thought it possible that such was the case, that she was being driven toward the shore.

A groan from Eaton betrayed that he saw it, too, and a wild laugh that sounded strangely enough from the sober, grave-looking woman who stood behind him, was evidence that it was not unmarked by her.

"Hush! one would think you exulted in her danger," said a serious-looking man near her, who evidently did not know who she was. Mr. Eaton pressed through the crowd again, as if unable to bear her presence; but in vain did he flee; she was at his shoulder almost instantly.

At the left of the crowd, the land ran out in a point to the sea. It was a dangerous place, as many a wreck could witness; and the Betsey was fast approaching it. Rachel's eyes were fixed steadily upon this point. Her lips moved, and Eaton heard at intervals, a few scorching words that seemed to burn themselves into his soul, for they spoke of retribution for the past.

"Yes," she murmured, "this is the very man who began life by enticing vessels to the shore by hanging out false lights. When his plunder of wrecked ships and dead bodies permitted it, he bought old vessels, and persuaded poor and destitute men to ship on board them. No rate of insurance was too great for him to pay, for he was sure of a return."

She was telling this to the stranger, and Eaton felt that she was pointing at him while she spoke. Hardly had she finished the last sentence, when the lightning again showed the ill-fated vessel, rocking and plunging. She was now near the shore, and a few more lurches would inevitably throw her on the extreme outer barrier of rocks that guarded this point.

In her eagerness to see this, Rachel Hollings leaned heavily over Eaton's shoulder, as he stood on the very edge of the water. With a man's strength and will, he started suddenly aside, and she fell forward. As she fell, she grasped at his coat, and he lost his footing on the wet sand. He struggled to get free, but she held on with a grasp that defied him now, for it was the death grasp. She knew it, too, and at that moment she pored into his ear a terrible malediction, that shook even that hard and selfish being as the wind shakes the lightest reed. A moment more, and she was rescued by the exertions of two brave men; and, after awhile, Eaton was drawn, perfectly insensible, from the waves. Meantime, the brig had struck on the rocks; and the darling wealth which he had so prized, was feeding the devouring sea.

When he awoke from that long swoon, in which he had been so near to death, he seemed broken-hearted. His trust was in riches alone, and they had deserted him. Four poor fellows found their graves in the deep. One of those who escaped was John Burgess. He, too, had been near to death, and he became thoughtful and serious in the contemplation of his danger.

It was his last struggle with the sea. He married Priscilla Stedman and settled down steadily at home. He was ever kind to the widows of his two comrades, and to Rachel while she lived. She gave up fortune-telling, and supported herself by her work. She had tasted revenge, but it brought only bitterness. When Thomas Eaton lay sick, it was she who watched many nights by his bedside. Pity for his sufferings succeeded to her former feelings toward him. For long years, the point where the Betsey was wrecked, was known only by the name of Rachel's Curse; a name over which the repentant woman often wept bitter tears.

NOTHING LOST.

Horse-shoe nails, picked up by the grubbers about the streets, and the scraps of steel from needle factories, are eagerly bought up by the Birmingham gunmakers, as the best of all material for the barrels of muskets and rifles. Steel pen waste is bought back by the Sheffield steel makers at ten pounds per ton; Birmingham brass fillings fetch half the value of new brass; and steel-filings are valuable to chemists and apothecaries. Jewellers' and gold beaters' sweepings are rated at a very high value; the sweepings of the benches and floors are always preserved for sale; the clothing and aprons have a sufficient number of particles of gold in and about them to give them a marketable value; the older they are, of course, the better. A gold-beater can generally obtain a new waistcoat for an old one; and sometimes a very old waistcoat will be bought by a refiner at a great price.

[ORIGINAL.]

A TALE OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

BY ALEX. B. HALL.

"I BEG your pardon!"

"Excuse me, sir!"

Very pretty, you say, but what does it mean? O, angelically-dispositioned peruser of this inestimable periodical, we answer your impatient interrogatory in the words of the mother of Sir William Jones, "Read, and you will know." This sententious aphorism is but one out of the brilliant series of pearls of wisdom to be strung on the thread of our narrative; and if a love of jewelry is among your many resplendent virtues, we counsel you to patronize our establishment, for we have a few more left, of the same sort. We trade cheap, on the principle of the old woman, who, when asked how she could afford to sell all her ribbons "thrippence below cost," answered that she made up her deficit by her extensive sales. Come, then, ye nude of wisdom's charms, come and adorn yourselves.

The scene was Washington Street—the hour, half-past eleven, A. M.—the season, spring. The first speaker was a fashionably-dressed young man, and his interlocutor a beautiful young lady. Their situation was the most embarrassing in the world, for as the gentleman entered 4Vashington Street from School Street, he had been unexpectedly confronted by the fair damsel in question. After a succession of desperate efforts to pass one another, which only resulted in various disagreeable collisions, and mutual attractions and repulsions analogous to the manoeuvres of two electrified pith-balls, they had come to a stand still. The blush on the lady's cheek, although deep and rich as the crimson on a sunset cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One last despairing movement on his part to pass his lovely antagonist, was unfortunately seconded by a simultaneous endeavor on hers; and perceiving almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rencontre, the gentleman raised his hat from his head, and, marching at right angles directly to the curb-stone, gave utterance to the above ejaculation, which elicited its fellow from the rosy lips of mademoiselle. With a bow and a glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of his retreat, and passed on, entering a store a short distance below. Our hero cast his eyes behind him as she went by; and, noticing that she had

dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, and was on the point of following her to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he paused, coolly pocketed the delicate mouchoir, and rejoined his companion. The latter received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently filled his soul to the very brim.

"Bravo," was his salutation. "Ralph, you are in luck to-day; I envy you your *tete-a-tete* with so charming a neighbor. 'Pon honor, now, don't waste your kisses in private on that handkerchief; without doubt, it was a fair prisoner of war, but be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be framed in magnificent style, and receive my profoundest adoration."

"I should like to gag you with it, Harry," retorted his irritated friend. "Could not you have had sense enough not to stand grinning like a death's-head, while I was all in a perspiration with frantic efforts to get out of my scrape? You haven't as much heart as a rotten shag-bark, Harry."

"And you have not as much sweetness as a premature crab-apple, Ralph," replied the imperturbable Harry. "O, that partial judge, Fortune, if she had only put me in your shoes!"

"I wish she had," exclaimed Ralph, vehemently. "I should like to know if anything can set your cold blood afire. You are the most phlegmatic—"

"Phew," said Harry, "draw it mild, I left my Webster at home this morning. But are not the sweet divinities so enchanting on close inspection, eh?"

"Confound you," cried his friend, in a towering passion, "it's the third time I've made a fool of myself before her, and she's a splendid girl, by Jove!"

"Aha, an old flame, is she?" chuckled Harry. "What a romantic rendezvous you chose! The raging mildness of a midday moon shed ineffable fragrance on the pellucid glade where Damon and Amaryllis—"

"Don't, don't!" expostulated poor Ralph, in a wild appeal to his pitiless tormentor. "What do you want to eat a fellow up so for, Harry? If you must know where I have seen her, I'll tell you, just to put a stopper in the bung-hole of that barrel of nonsense which you call your head. Day before yesterday I was descending from the gallery of the Music Hall after the concert, and got wedged among a bevy of hours, whose abundant crinoline nearly extinguished me. I was devoting every energy of my nature to the one object of reducing myself to the least possible compass, and was congratulating myself on never having felt quite so small before, when, unfortu-

nately missing a step, I only saved myself from diving headlong into that sea of beauty by involuntarily clapping my hand on the Talma before me. At the same time I was conscious of a mysterious entanglement of my foot, and a simultaneous noise of silk that set all my teeth on edge for an hour afterwards. My fair supposit turned round in wonder and astonishment at my audacity, and gathered up her torn dress in stately reserve, while I stammered out my apologies as well as I could. But the titters that stabbed my ears on every side made me endure agonies untold, until I escaped from the press, and vanished. Well, that was bad enough; but my second rencontre was twice as excruciating. Yesterday afternoon I went out to take tea with a lady friend in Roxbury, and as I was somewhat belated, I hailed an omnibus to save time. The driver rolled his clumsy vehicle near the sidewalk, and I began to ascend the steps; but before I had reached the only seat still vacant, the impudent blackguard whipped up his horses, thereby giving the whole conveyance a sudden lurch to one side. I clutched convulsively at the check-strap above, and, as I found I had lost my balance beyond recovery, endeavored to steer myself into the blessed little harbor I mentioned without involving my neighbors in my own distress. But with a glance quick as lightning I measured the distance between the said seat and my own awkward carcass, and perceived it was impracticable; with a shuddering presentiment I shot a momentary look at the lady towards whom I was helplessly gravitating, and imagine my chagrin at recognising the injured princess of the day before. Of course it was only the infinitesimal fraction of a second that I hovered in mid-air, but during that period mortification ran riot in my luckless breast; the next instant, a fall—a little shriek—a roar of laughter—and I was picking myself up from the lady's lap, and begging pardons enough to relieve all the criminals in Christendom. But my emotions were too much for me; I seized the strap with both hands, and pulled with a vehemence sufficient to wrench the driver's leg out of its socket. The curses distinctly audible from without indicated that such might have been the result; but without waiting to ascertain the truth of the case, I made my exit from the infernal old cart as quickly as possible. And now," exclaimed the poor fellow, with a comical, yet lugubrious expression of face, "I am going out to-morrow to hunt up this lovely incognito, and return her handkerchief; if rencontre number four is not better than the others, I'll go a swimming in a tank of sulphuric acid."

"So I would," returned the sympathising Harry; "I'll fish for your body afterwards, and bait my hook with Celia's handkerchief; dead or alive, you will snap at it. But if you return the dainty article, tie your heart up in it, and label the parcel, 'To the adorable Celia,' for one is as much her property as the other."

"You are an unregenerate pagan, Harry," replied the young man, reddening; "if you had the sensibility of a broiled codfish, you would know that self-respect requires me to exculpate myself in her eyes, and—and—"

"O, I understand," interrupted Harry, taking leave of his companion at the corner of a street, "I appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments. But take my advice, be sure to conciliate mama, and don't forget to send your humble obedient his share of the cake. Adieu, *mon ami*—*vive l'amour*!"

"Confound the scamp," muttered he, half nettled and half pleased at his friend's raillery, "some day I will be even with him. But you might do worse, after all, Ralph Somers; she's a magnificent girl. Pish, when a man begins to be a fool, there is no stopping. I wish I had given back her handkerchief at the time; let me look at it again."

With these words he produced the article in question, and scrutinized it thoroughly; in one corner was written in a delicate female hand, "Isabel Harton." Having satisfied himself that he had read the name accurately, he repeated it to himself several times, and mentally resolved that he would see its beautiful owner again before sunset.

The afternoon, accordingly, found him strolling among the highlands of Roxbury, inquiring for the house of Mr. Harton. Several unsuccessful attempts to discover the nest of his bird-of-Paradise were at last followed by one more agreeable to his wishes; and, more than half distrusting his unusual method of seeking a lady's acquaintance, he approached a large, handsome mansion, situated on a little eminence, and surrounded by tastefully arranged grounds. He was perfectly conscious that etiquette would hold up her hands in horror at the idea of his not being formally introduced; but he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," and mentally snapped his fingers in etiquette's face. He rang the bell, and presently a servant appeared.

"Is Miss Harton at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; will you step in?" replied the domestic, civilly. "What name shall I say?"

The young man's heart beat like a steam-engine at the thought of his own audacity.

"Be so kind as to take up my card, and say

that Mr. Somers requests to see Miss Harton a few moments."

The servant ushered him into the drawing-room, which was empty, and disappeared. Ralph braced himself for the coming interview. After a short delay, which seemed to him like the interval between the condemnation and execution of a criminal, the door opened, and the beautiful Isabel entered the apartment. Without manifesting any surprise at such an unusual visit, she politely motioned him to a sofa, and seated herself at some distance from him, awaiting the announcement of his errand.

"I must request your indulgence, Miss Harton," said Ralph, with perfect outward self-possession, although inwardly he completely realized the strangeness of his position, "for having taken so great a liberty as to call upon you personally, without ever having had the honor of an introduction. My object is simply to return a handkerchief which I picked up in the street, bearing your name. I might have restored it to you without intruding upon your leisure; but I trust you will pardon the freedom I have ventured to use, in order to apologize more completely for what must have seemed so much like intentional rudeness. By some strange fatality, I have three times caused you great annoyance, although nothing could have been further from my wishes. I beg you to believe that I deeply regret my own awkwardness, and am most sincerely sorry over to have placed you in such embarrassing situations."

"Indeed, Mr. Somers," replied the beautiful girl, with a pleasant and cordial smile on her features, "I beg you never to think of it again; I assure you, you greatly exaggerate the importance of such trifles, which required no apology at all. I am extremely sorry you have taken the trouble to come so far merely to restore a handkerchief, which I was ignorant I had lost until you mentioned the fact."

At the conclusion of his little speech (which we fear was hardly an extempore effort), and during Miss Harton's reply to it, Ralph had been searching his pockets for the lost article; and picture the intensity of his chagrin and mortification as the truth came upon him like an avalanche, that he had left it behind! Isabel instantaneously divined the real state of the case; she saw the blood rush to his face reddening it to the roots of his hair, and as swiftly retreat, leaving it pallid as marble. If she had not perceived the real distress of the young man's mind, the incongruity and absurdity of the whole matter would have overpowered her self-control; but her quick sympathy with all kinds of suffering took away

every inclination to laugh. Ralph at last spoke, with a forced smile upon his countenance, and a voice trembling in spite of himself.

"It may seem, perhaps, a premeditated insult, Miss Harton, when I tell you that the handkerchief I thought I had with me has been left behind by some careless mistake of my own. I have once again made myself ridiculous in your eyes, but I promise you this shall be the last time. Your property shall be sent immediately by express; if I had no other motive than simply to vindicate my own sincerity, I should be concerned to see it restored. If you will only have the same charity for my last misfortune which you have so generously expressed for its predecessors, I will take pains never to need the same indulgence a fifth time."

So saying, he took his hat and rose to go, but Isabel eagerly motioned him to remain.

"Do not feel so keenly about a mere nothing, I entreat you, Mr. Somers," she said, with genuine kindness in her large, glorious eyes; "I shall never forgive myself for having been the innocent cause of so much chagrin, if you persist in viewing this idle matter through a microscope. Pray laugh at the whole with me, for we have both been equally placed in a ridiculous light; and believe me, it is true wisdom not to waste feeling on such undeserving objects as little mistakes and accidents."

The unaffected kindness of her tone and manner went to poor Ralph's heart, and, as we often feel more gratitude for little favors than for great, he felt that her beauty was the least of her charms, for it was only the transparent veil through which shone her true womanly nature in all its loveliness. As he again rose to go, she extended her hand toward him; he took it in his own, and bowing his head, was on the point of imprinting a kiss upon the white, taper fingers, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Harton entered. Isabel hastily withdrew her hand, and, coloring deeply, said to her father:

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Somers, papa."

The large, stout gentleman advanced, and offering his hand, said with a penetrating glance in the young man's face:

"I am 'always glad to know my daughter's friends; how do you do, Mr. Somers?"

Ralph stammered out something about the weather, and was evidently in no little confusion, when Isabel came to his rescue, and said with quiet self-possession:

"Mr. Somers found my handkerchief in the street, papa, and was so kind as to come to Roxbury on purpose to restore it. I feel very much obliged to him, indeed, for his politeness."

"Somers, Somers," said Mr. Harton, repeating the name abstractedly (he saw there was embarrassment on both sides, and, having unlimited confidence in his daughter, wished to extricate them from it), "my college chum was named Somers, Richard T. Somers. Perhaps you are a relation of his, sir?"

"That was my father's name, sir," answered Ralph, internally thanking the old gentleman for his tact, "but he died several years ago."

"Then upon my word," said he, warmly, "it is the luckiest chance in the world that brought you here, Mr. Somers. Your father and I were old friends of long standing, and for years and years we corresponded together; but after I went to Calcutta, I suddenly ceased to hear from him, and never knew where he was, or what had become of him. You must stop to-night, sir; I have a hundred questions to ask. I shall depend on seeing you here to tea, and you must come and see us often, very often. I might have known you were Dick's son," he added, looking in the young man's face, "same eyes, same hair, same everything. Well, well, it will be my turn next." And with these words the old gentleman left the room.

The two remained in silence for some time. Ralph at last broke the pause, saying:

"May I consider that I have Miss Harton's permission to call, as well as her father's?"

"I shall always welcome my father's friends," she answered evasively, and a little distantly, adding in a more cordial tone, "I am sure nothing has happened to make your visits other than acceptable. Besides," she continued, a little mischievously, "you may as well bring my handkerchief yourself now, instead of sending it."

Having thus seen our hero fairly launched on the "course of true love," we will hope that it "ran smooth" for the future, and that the little ripples at its commencement were not prophetic of subsequent matrimonial storms. One thing is sure, and that is, that about a year after, the *Daily Tatler* contained the following notice:

"In Boston, May 11, by Rev. Alfred Coupler, D. D., Mr. Ralph Somers, of Boston, to Miss Isabel, daughter of Frederick Harton, Esq., of Roxbury."

It may be interesting to add that Ralph's groomsman on the occasion was Mr. Henry Livingstone; and after the ceremony was over, he was overheard to whisper in the bridegroom's ear:

"I say, Ralph, if you find any more handkerchiefs, send me word, will you?"

THE HEART.

When thou art fain to trace a map of thine own heart,
As undiscovered land set down the largest part.

H. C. TRENCH.

[ORIGINAL.]
SABBATH.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

This is thy blessed day!
My spirit falters in its prayer,
As from the past no sacred ray—
No holy thought returns from there.

With hateful sins oppressed,
My weary heart sinks down:
Unworthy of thy holy rest,
Unfit to seek thy promised crown!

Yet, wouldst thy mercy bring
Unto my struggling fears
Some ray of hope, on angel-wing,
To cleanse the stain of former years—

Then, penitent, my heart would cling
In faith to Jesus' feet;
Rejoicing in each sacred thing,
And for thy presence meet.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MURDER AT THE INN.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY WILLIAM S. MACDONALD.

It was, perhaps, two hundred years ago, that a wayside inn was situated upon a lonely road in one of the Channel counties of England, almost within sound of the sea. It was frequented chiefly by the meaner population of the neighborhood—fishermen and smugglers from the coast, and drovers and graziers from the inland country of the vicinity; with occasionally one of a better class—sometimes a tourist who had wandered from the beaten roads, in search of the picturesque, or, more frequently, a belated traveller, tarrying at the "White Hart" during the night, from the necessity of the case.

Upon the particular evening on which the tragic event which gives name to this story occurred, the tap-room of the inn was thronged with the motley crowd which usually assembled there at this hour. One—and the only one of those present to whom we need to allude—was sitting moodily by the fire, with his hat drawn low over his eyes. Through the evening, he had refused to join in the rough conviviality of those around him; and it was only upon the interruption caused by the entrance of a new-comer, that he raised his eyes. But before turning our attention to the latter, it may be well to glance briefly at the person thus introduced.

Richard Tyrrell—for such was his name—was one whose vices had hurried him from affluence and respectability to a low level of poverty and

degradation. Hardly ten years before, he had inherited, at the decease of his parents, an ample fortune and an enviable position in the society of the metropolis. The former had been dissipated by an unbounded indulgence of every vicious propensity of his mind; the latter lost by a disgraceful expulsion from the university, and the subsequent adoption of the wild and evil life of a coast-smuggler. Thus it happened that he appeared, on this night, desperate in heart as in exterior, and brooding, evidently, in moody silence, on the unhappy vicissitudes of his career.

The person whose entrance caused Richard Tyrrell to look up, was a traveller of manly and honest appearance, who bore a heavy satchel upon his arm. Pansing suddenly before Tyrrell, he gazed doubtfully and inquiringly into his face. The latter half shrunk from the searching glance of the stranger; and moving a few steps away, the latter immediately returned, and grasping the smuggler by the hand, he exclaimed, heartily:

"Surely I am not mistaken here! Tyrrell, Dick Tyrrell, don't you know me?"

"I should know you," was the unwilling and half surly reply. "But what, Mervyn Clifford, do you wish with me? I am not, I assure you, so far degraded as to bear patiently the jibes and jeers of those who knew me in better days!"

"Nor do I wish to reproach you, Richard; you should know me better," was the instant response. "Come apart with me, for an hour; I will try to convince you that I have not quite forgotten our old Oxford friendship."

Ordering a private room, a fire, and a bottle of wine, Mervyn Clifford conducted his still unwilling acquaintance away. They remained closeted together for a full hour. The subject of their conversation never transpired, although its purport may perhaps be gathered from a remark of Clifford to his companion, as they re-entered the tap-room together.

"If money can aid you, Richard," he said, "you shall be no longer an outcast and despised; and here I have the means by which I think I can accomplish the end."

Suiting the action to the word, he struck his hand upon the valise which he still carried, causing a dull sound, as though of coin or metal. The incident was witnessed by a dozen persons who remained in the room. Shortly after, the traveller retired for the night; and still later, Richard Tyrrell declared his intention of passing the night at the inn (a very unusual proceeding on his part), and was accordingly shown to a room.

In the silence of the hours which succeeded—at the hour of midnight, in fact—the whole

household of the inn was startled from sleep by a most terrible and deathly shriek, proceeding, apparently, from the room occupied by Mervyn Clifford. Hardly a moment was needed to bring the innkeeper and his servants, with arms and lights, to the spot; and here a bloody and thrilling scene was presented to their astonished senses. The door of the chamber was flung wide open; and as they entered, they discovered the bleeding body of Mervyn Clifford, still quivering in its death-throes upon the floor, habited in night-clothes, and apparently just dragged from the disordered bed. The only window of the room was open, and upon the floor beside the body was the valise, open; and its contents, gold, silver and bills, in profusion, scattered about the room. But that upon which the eyes of the innkeeper and his men rested with the most horrified amazement, was the figure of a man, holding a bloody knife in his hand, and kneeling over the prostrate body! Alarmed by the noise of their entrance, he started to his feet, and gazing around him in terrified confusion, with an exclamation of alarm, he turned to flee. Both door and window, however, were promptly barred against his egress, and in an instant he was seized, the knife wrested from him, and himself securely detained by the arms of those who surrounded him.

"Stand off—release me!" he cried, struggling in their grasp. "For heaven's sake, speak! is it possible that you mean to charge me with this murder? I declare, most solemnly, that I came here for the same purpose as yourselves, aroused by that fearful shriek. See—he opens his eyes; he is about to speak! For heaven's sake, hear him; his words will acquit me!"

The dying man, in truth, had just then unclosed his eyes. Whispering faintly the words—"I am dying! he has killed me!" he relapsed into a state of seeming unconsciousness.

"Speak, sir! who do you mean by he? who has killed you?" the innkeeper exclaimed, bending over him. Once more Mervyn Clifford opened his glazing eyes, and pointing with stiffened finger towards the horror-stricken prisoner, he uttered huskily, and in the last words he ever spoke:

"He—Richard Tyrrell—he has killed me!"

With a groan of inward agony, the unhappy prisoner covered his face with his hands, and suffered himself to be led passively from the room. From the inn, early as was the hour, he was taken directly before a magistrate, who committed him immediately to the jail of the county.

These were the simple facts connected with the murder, as they transpired at the inn, upon the

night of its commission, and amid the confusion and terror attending its discovery. But dark and damning as they then appeared, when the solemnity and searching certainty of a legal investigation were applied, the prisoner was hopelessly environed by the perfect chain of testimony which was adduced against him, pointing as with the finger of doom towards him, as the murderer of Mervyn Clifford! From the very moment of his meeting with the latter, upon that fatal evening, every circumstance which had happened was construed with fearful weight against him. The fact of his knowledge of the possession of money by Clifford, as it appeared most conclusively from the testimony of the loungers in the tap-room; his unusual proceeding in taking a room, that night, at the White Hart; his inquiry of the servant who lighted him to it (which appeared in evidence) as to the chamber occupied by Clifford; the fact that his bed was found undisturbed, and none of his clothes removed from his person; these significant facts, followed in regular succession by the overwhelming testimony of the chamber of the murder; and last, and strongest of all, the declaration of the murdered man, made in the very shadow and knowledge of approaching death, than which better evidence could scarcely exist—all conspired to surround the wretched prisoner with a barrier of circumstances, from which escape seemed impossible.

And so it was. The accused had plead "not guilty;" but when called upon for his defence, he could only wildly protest his innocence. And although the ablest advocates present, out of pity for his condition, volunteered to, and certainly did defend him, and to the best of their ability, still, hardly a fact or circumstance favorable to the prisoner was brought to light. The charge of the judge was, in effect, an instruction to the jury to return a verdict of guilty, which they did immediately, and without leaving their seats.

Upon being called on to answer as to why he should not be sentenced to death, Tyrrell again, and in the most solemn and earnest manner, protested his entire innocence of the death of Mervyn Clifford, assigning again, as a reason for his presence by his body, that he had been called there by the death-cry, and had but just drawn the knife from the wound where the murderer had plunged it, when his captors entered. The impression, however, produced by this avowal, may be gathered from a remark of the judge, who, in passing sentence of death, used the following extraordinary language: "Richard Tyrrell, either you or I committed this murder!"

Tyrrell was forthwith remanded to his cell, to await the day of execution. And it was while

here that he made a strange and startling confession. It was to this effect: that he was the murderer of Mervyn Clifford—not, indeed, in fact, but *in intention*, and *at heart*; that he had stayed at the inn, upon the night of the murder, waited in his room until all the household had retired, and approached and entered the chamber of his friend, solely *for the purpose of murdering him*, to obtain the contents of his satchel; and that he was only prevented from accomplishing his object, because forestalled by the death-blow of an unknown assassin, who fled through the window upon his approach, leaving him in the position in which he was found by the innkeeper!

It is almost needless to say that this confession was looked upon as declaring what was absurd and impossible; and by its very desperation, it seemed to confirm the guilt of the condemned. Public indignation was excited against him, to the highest degree of exasperation; no reprieve, whatever, was allowed him; and upon the adjudged day, Richard Tyrrell was executed for the crime of which he had been found guilty, in the presence of thousands who flocked to witness the lamentable spectacle—protesting, with his latest breath, that the confession which he had made since his trial, was true, in every particular!

Such is the story. And now, after a narrative so conclusive and certain in guilt as this (which we cannot wonder should have acted with absolute conviction upon the minds of his judges), it remains to be told that Richard Tyrrell uttered nothing but the truth in his dying confession, and that he died, innocent of the blood of the murdered man, save, as he had declared, in intention!

The sequel, disclosing these strange and extraordinary facts, may be told in a few words. Fifty years, a full half century, after the execution of Tyrrell, and when the recollection of his imputed crime had almost died with those who had flourished in the prime of manhood at the time of its commission, an old and feeble man lay dying at the White Hart. He seemed to be in little bodily anguish, his dissolution proceeding rather from extreme age, and the slow decay of vitality, than from any sudden suspension of the functions of nature. And yet he seemed laboring under the most distressing mental pain; the unintelligible words, which he muttered from time to time, showed his mind to be fixed upon some one event of his past life, and as he writhed and tossed about upon his bed, fearful groans burst continually from his lips.

"Send for a priest—a clergyman!" he at length exclaimed; and at intervals he continued to use the same imploring words, notwithstanding the assurances of those around him, that they

had done so, until the curate of the parish entered his room and sat down by his bed.

"Don't speak, sir, if you please!" the dying man eagerly exclaimed. "I have little to say; but that I wish to say at once, and ease my mind of its load. It is a secret which I alone have concealed within my breast, these fifty years; God forbid that I should die with it, leaving it forever unspoken! My name is Wat. Hardla. I have lived long, sir, and committed many fearful crimes; but the one of which I would now speak, is the blackest, the most terrible and uncharitable of all. You may have heard of Mervyn Clifford—a gentleman who lived some miles north of here?"

"What! the same who was murdered in this inn many years ago?" the clergyman asked.

"Yes, sir; the very same. I was his servant for a while, before he died, and sometimes travelled with him from one part of the country to another. He often carried large sums of money with him; and more than once, I contrived to steal a part of his treasure. But it was not long before I was discovered, and dismissed in disgrace. I wandered away to one of the northern cities, where I quickly lost all that I had, in idleness and vice. Then I grew desperate; the want of money drove me to that which I would not otherwise have dared to do. I knew that Mr. Clifford was to be at the White Hart inn, upon a certain evening, with a large amount of money; and I resolved to go there and try to obtain it.

"Upon this evening, then, I arrived at the inn. The country was solitary and lonely, and no one noticed my approach. I waited, behind the hedge, in the wet and cold, until all the lights were out; and then, sallying out, I prepared to carry out my undertaking. The guest-chamber, as I knew, was upon the first floor; the window was low, unfastened, and easily reached and opened; and in a few moments I had reached the casing, and clambered within the room. I could hear the deep breathing of the sleeper, close at hand; and noiselessly, for I had removed my shoes before entering, I crept around the room, searching for the value. This I soon found, upon a chair by the bedside; I knew, by its great weight, that the money was in it; and exulting at my success, I commenced to make good my retreat.

"But, as fate would have it, I stumbled, in the darkness of the room, over a footstool, and fell at full length, the bag clattering heavily as I came down. Mr. Clifford instantly started up in bed, and demanded to know who was there. I had hardly risen again to my feet, when he sprang from the bed and seized me. There was

not a word uttered by either of us; the struggle was short and deadly. He was a much stronger man than I, and I quickly found myself growing weak in his grasp. Thoughts of the consequences of being taken filled me with desperation; and drawing a knife which I had concealed, I plunged it into his breast. He gave one shriek, and fell, covered with blood, senseless and dying! While I was hurriedly scraping together the money, which had been emptied from the valise, and scattered over the floor, in our struggle, a faint light shone in the room, and starting up in alarm, I discovered a man standing behind me, carrying a dark lantern. I waited to see no more; but rushing to the window, I sprang out and hastened across the fields. Not a person had seen me or known of my presence, save the dead man and him who had interrupted me; and never, as I believe, until this day, has my presence at the White Hart, upon that fatal night, been suspected."

"And you, wretched man," the horrified curate exclaimed, "knew of the trial and execution of Richard Tyrrell for this crime, of which you confess yourself to have been guilty?"

"Ay, I knew it; and therefore my lips were sealed the closer! His death was the price of my life; and he died, when I might have saved him by speaking: these words which I have spoken to you. And, before God, I wish that I had uttered them, and so saved him; better, far better for me, would a few moments of torture and shame upon the gibbet have been, than fifty long years of biting remorse, filled with agony, and haunted by the memory of this double murder!"

The strength of the dying penitent hardly carried him to the conclusion of his story. He expired soon after he had spoken the last words—more miserable in his end, it may be well believed, than Richard Tyrrell, his unhappy victim.

One explanation remains to be made, and we have done. It may, perhaps, appear strange that Mervyn Clifford should, with his last words, indicate Tyrrell as his assassin; but this, upon a little reflection, can be easily explained. The darkness of the room prevented Clifford from discovering by whom the fatal blow was struck; and in the few moments of consciousness which supervened before death, the sight of his former servant struggling with these who had arrested him, with bloody hands, and pale and trembling with apprehension, naturally suggested to his mind, weakened as it was with approaching death, that his murderer stood before him. This, at least, is a reasonable hypothesis upon which to account for one of the strangest occurrences connected with THE MURDER AT THE INN.

[ORIGINAL.]

MARY HAYWOOD'S BEAUX.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

PART FIRST.

WHAT a pretty face was that of Mary Haywood! And how, more than ever pretty was it on the morning of which I write, as it leaned from the window and the mellow, September sunlight slanted its golden waves across it, till its frame of brown hair seemed thick with jewels, and the white forehead, touched as with a halo!

But it was no angel's face that it should be so circled about with light. The dainty curve of the red lips, the glimmer of pearly teeth between them, the dimples that the merry, happy smiles tracked over cheek and chin, and even the eyes, beautiful, brown and clear, testified, as plainly as they could, each and all, that the spirit which gave the glow, warmth and color to this living picture was very human. Alas, so very human!

But Mary Haywood, human though she was, at heart was true, kind and trusty; and though at times, in the light of her own beauty, she went a little way from the right path, the better voice of reason and conscience within, always won her back again. Perhaps her mother thought of this as she came into the room, and watched the pretty face, peering anxiously out of the window; because, for a moment, she looked smilingly upon her, with a true gleam of motherly pride in her eyes and about her mouth. But Mrs. Haywood's temper wasn't of the most placid cast, in the world; and, very evidently, at that moment, a most aggravating thought stirred up a little war within her, for she looked exceedingly vexed, and the smile went from her face.

"I should like to know, Mary!" was the way she commenced, "I should like to know, what you are watching at that window for? and what, under the sun, you have got your hair curled up for, in that shape? I would really like to know!"

Now, Mary, the pleasant, happy little girl that she was, just smiled at this, and gave her curls a toss backward, and pursed up her little red mouth in a very pretty coaxing way.

"O, you needn't make up your coaxing mouths at me, Mary, you needn't; I understand it all like a book! I know who you are on the lookout for, the little soft-handed, simpering-faced dolt!" Mrs. Haywood said, working herself into a real passion.

"But, mother, you never saw him, you are not half fair about it—"

"No, nor I never want to, that's a fact! If you have a mind to let your head get turned in

this shape, I'll have nothing to do with it. But let me tell you this, Mary, if you give up John Lathrop for this city fop, you'll see the day that you'll repent of it. You will—*mark my words!*”

Mrs. Haywood grew very emphatic as she spoke. She was in earnest, that was evident, for when she turned away her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a flush of indignation upon her comely face for a whole hour afterwards, as she busied herself about her household affairs. And Mary, too, was somewhat disturbed, yet she did not leave her place by the window, but continued watching there; looking down the green lane to the road, and over the road until it lost itself in the distance.

But she saw some one at last. Or, she saw the dust rise up like a cloud, and then come nearer and nearer along the old road, until, after awhile, the quick cantering of horses' hoofs were close by the lane; and looking, again, out of the window—very shyly, of course—she saw her delicate city lover, Mr. Henry Rainsforth, fastening his horses at the old wooden post. Ah, how her eyes danced, then, and how her little dimpled hands grew busy in a moment, brushing back the clustering curls, adjusting the little linen collar, tying the brown riding hat, and smoothing down the folds of the faultless, sweeping skirt. And how bright her eyes were, as she danced out of the door and down the lane, holding back with her gloved hands, her long flowing habit!

She did not allow Mr. Rainsforth to enter the house. When he came for her she had a sly, pretty way of running to meet him, and of getting him away from her father's premises as hastily as possible. So it is not to be wondered at, that when Mrs. Haywood went into the sitting-room, a few moments after, to speak to her, she was not to be seen, at the window, down the lane, only away off where the cloud of dust was rolling along the road.

Mrs. Haywood sighed, and went about her work again. Never before had any of Mary's love-affairs so troubled her; but now it seemed, indeed, to her, that her poor child's head was in danger of being turned; that for the love of a few smoothly spoken compliments, and a few prettily worded declarations, she would turn, forever, from a heart that was as true and trusty as the faithful sun, itself, that arose every morning in the east. Thinking this over and over again did not reconcile it to the mind of good Mrs. Haywood. Unlike many mothers, she cared more that the arm that should protect and the heart that should shield her child, should be true and strong, than that her home should be a grand and costly one, and that the lines of her life

should drop among the luxurious ways of wealth.

While she worked in the kitchen, a step was heard at the back-door, and before she could glance out of the window, to learn who was coming, John Lathrop entered the room.

“Good morning, John!” she said, in her pleasantest tone. “A fine morning.”

“Yes, very fine,” John answered in a husky, unnatural voice. “Is Mary at home?”

“No, John, she's away, and I am sorry enough for it. You wished to see her? if you have any word for her, I guess I can manage to remember it.”

“Thank you, but I think I will come again.”

His eyes were on the floor (the pleasant, honest blue eyes, that had always been so full of light and life), and he looked so sad and disheartened, that Mrs. Haywood could hardly keep back the tears.

“It will be all right, I am sure, John,” she said, thinking to comfort him.

“O, yes, all right, any way, I suppose,” he answered, a little bitterly. “You are very kind, Mrs. Haywood. I will call again this evening.”

And so John went away, and Mrs. Haywood, thinking about him, and the cruel way in which he was treated, put aside her work, and going into her little bed-room, luxuriated in a “good cry,” a womanly antidote for an overcharged heart! And Mrs. Haywood was relieved.

PART SECOND.

Mary Haywood sat in her little chamber weeping, though, for her life's sake she could not tell just what troubled her. It was the evening after her ride with Henry Rainsforth, a clear, bright evening, with the mellow September moon riding high in the heavens, its brightness undimmed by the first touch of a cloud.

Perhaps the child was thinking of the morning, and of the strange, polished words that Henry Rainsforth had spoken to her. Thinking of the fine home, in the city, that he had asked her to share with him—of her beauty which he had told her was fit to adorn a palace. And, then again, she might have been thinking of John Lathrop, of his little brown house on the hill, the broad fields of grain waving in front of it, and the green orchard running along at the back. She knew every tree in that orchard, every nook in and about the old house. Her lips moved, and she whispered softly, so very softly, as if afraid the evening air would turn traitor and carry her thoughts where she did not wish them to go—“John—John!”

Just at that moment, her mother called from the foot of the stairs, saying that some one was

waiting in the sitting-room to see her, and that she must come down. Who could it be? Perhaps Henry had come to speak to her father. Maybe, it was John, but she hoped not, she could not bear to see, or speak with him.

After bathing her face and brushing back her curls, she went down to the sitting-room. As she had feared, John was there. When she went into the room he was talking with her mother, but her presence seemed a signal for their conversation to cease, for after she bowed and faintly said "good evening," her mother turned away and left them alone together. Left them alone just as she had done a hundred times before—not in a laughing, teasing way, but with a severe, settled look in her eyes and about her mouth. They sat for several moments without speaking, and the silence to Mary was oppressive and painful. But at last, John said, in a sad, altered way, rising and going towards her:

"You can't want us both, Mary, I am sure. Will you choose between us, now?"

She had not expected this. It came so very suddenly upon her, that the color went away from her face, leaving her as white as though she had been dead. She could not speak, even. Her lips moved, but not a sound came from them. All the while John stood watching her. If it had been any one in the world besides him, her speech would not have turned traitor to her.

"Will you tell me, now?" he asked, again, seeing that she did not speak.

The color came back to her face at this. Why was he so anxious to press the question upon her? She would ask him. So she said, half-shading her face with her hand:

"Why do you ask that?"

"Why?" he repeated, his eyes kindling. "Who has a better right to ask it? Am I a dolt, indeed, Mary, because I am of country birth?"

Ah, John, John! Your quick, hasty speech has done the work for you. There will be no more hesitation, no lack of words, now! The crimson heart of the crimsonest rose was never richer in color than are the cheeks of Mary!

"No one, I do not question your right. You are free to go, when you choose!"

"Well—I will go!"

And he went. All the time that he was going Mary prayed that he might come back again. But no. He did not raise his eyes to her face as he turned away. His step was firm and steady as he crossed the room, and firm and steady down the lane, and into the road, until she could hear it no longer. Then, foolish child, how her heart grew still within her, as if the whole of its life had gone out after him! And how like a

guilty thing, she crept softly up stairs, to weep the whole night away!

PART THIRD.

Bright and cheery as the next morning was, to Mary it seemed the darkest that had ever dawned upon the earth.

"How pale you are, child, are you sick?" was the first exclamation of Mrs. Haywood, as she entered the kitchen.

"No not sick, I am very well. I came down to help you about breakfast. What shall I do?"

"Do? Why nothing with that moping look on your face. You'd better go out a little way and get a taste of the fresh air. You're as white as a ghost."

"Where shall I go?"

"Well, if that isn't a funny question for a girl like you! Why, where's the road, child?"

Mary did not answer, but moved slowly away to get her hat and shawl; while her mother wished secretly, that Henry Rainsforth had been at the bottom of the Red Sea for all of coming to Cranston with his pretty, insipid face. Perhaps she would have been in a more amiable state of mind could she have known where Mary's thoughts were that morning.

"Which way should she go? up or down the road?" Mary wondered, as she stood at the foot of the lane.

She hesitated a moment, and only a moment. Looking once towards the hill, where John's house stood, decided her, and she turned in an opposite direction. As she went along, revolving in her mind the incidents of the last twenty-four hours, she noticed a half-folded letter lying in the grass by the roadside. Stooping to pick it up she caught a glimpse of the penmanship which seemed strangely familiar to her. She knew, at once, that it was none other than that of Henry Rainsforth. Wondering, at his carelessness, she folded the letter and was about placing it in her pocket, when she caught sight of her own name, half-way down the sheet. That was enough to do away with all caution. Curiosity must be satisfied. So she read the letter. Ah, what a strange letter it was, too! and what strange things were there for a lover to say of his sweetheart!

Standing there in the road, Mary read it again and again; read it till her eyes seemed bursting from her head, and her lips were white with mortified pride and anger.

"He was having a sweet flirtation," so Harry Rainsforth wrote to his city friend, "with a little country beauty. She was as fresh and bright as a June rose, without a city way or air to spoil her. And better than all, she was strictly devot-

ed to him; had turned the cold shoulder to every one of her country beaux. She believed every thing he said to her—that some day she would be mistress of his city home and city fortune. Ha, ha! *that* was rich indeed! But he had a plan—would his friend like to hear it? This was the way it run—

Ah, how the soul of the woman revolted at the words which followed! How she loathed and spurned the poor wretch who had so insulted her! But where and what next? Should she go home to her mother and lay the letter before her? No, she did not think that the wisest way. Should she go to her father—her sober, steady, practical, slow-thoughted father? No, that would be of but very little use. There was but one to go to, and that one was John—abused, wronged John. But she went to him. He was out in the orchard, his mother said, when she inquired for him at the house. So to the orchard she went, and there she found him. When he saw her, a strange look of wonder and surprise came over his features. But for her ghastly face, he would have turned away from her.

"What—what is it?" he asked, as she placed the letter in his hands.

But without speaking, she motioned him to read, and then sank down upon the green turf, and covered her face with her hands. When she looked up his features were convulsed and burning with rage.

"Stay here," he said, taking her by the arm. "Stay until I come back. No, you cannot go."

With the letter in his hand, he leaped over the orchard fence, and strode hastily across the field, in the direction of Esq. Fuller's house, where Henry Rainsforth was a guest. It seemed to Mary that he was not away three minutes, before she saw him coming back again, holding the unfortunate city wight by the collar, in a manner which the latter gentleman might have complained of on account of its familiarity. When he came to the orchard wall, he leaped over with him with as much ease as a cat would have made the same distance with some paltry game in her mouth.

"You see that lady, Mr. Rainsforth?" John began, dragging him up to Mary.

"Yes, y-e-e-s, sir."

"And you see that letter?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"Did you write that letter?"

"No—that is—I—you see—"

"Did you write it?" thundered John.

"Yes. That is, I didn't mean it."

"Yes you *did* write it, and to pay you for it, I am going to break every bone in your contemp-

tible body. Down on your knees, quick, before Miss Haywood, and beg her forgiveness!"

He went down upon his knees, whether willingly or not, John Lathrop will have to say. But this much I know, that he sued as humbly for pardon, as ever did a condemned criminal, or an errant school-boy. But Mary did not answer him; instead, she turned away with an expression of intense loathing upon her face.

"Can I go now?" he asked, as he arose to his feet, turning a pitiful look upon John.

"Yes, you can go! By go, I mean that you may leave Cranston, just as quick as your puny feet can carry you, and if I catch sight of your face once, mind, *once more* here, I'll show you little mercy."

Depend upon it, reader, that grass didn't grow under Henry Rainsforth's feet as he made his way to the depot. After he went, John turned away without a word. But Mary followed him, saying between her tears, as she laid her hand on his arm: "I do not know how to thank you for your kindness, John. Depend upon it, I will never forget it of you. I do not ask you to forgive me, I know that that is impossible."

It was her turn now to go away from him. As she started, he caught her firmly by the arm.

"Not so, Mary," he said in a slightly tremulous voice. "If you have the first thought of love and kindness for me, if you care for me, stay!"

Well, yes—Mary stayed, most inquisitive reader. In fact, she stayed until the whole neighborhood was searched for her, and her mother was nearly wild with fright. Whether she ever went home again, I cannot say, but I can testify to this truth, if you wish it, that now she is at the home of John Lathrop, and that people have a strange way of prefixing a Mrs. to her name.

THE DYING BED

Blest be the taper which hath power to shed
Light on the features of that angel face;
Blest be the sadness of this solemn place;
Blest be the circle round that parting bed,
Whence many days all earthly hope hath fled;
And the spirit which hath well nigh reached by grace
The rest of toil, the guerdon of its race,
Faint, but with hidden mamma gently fed.
Oft have ye tended with unwearying care
This couch of hers in anxious term of birth;
Your need of love, her mother joys to share;
Now hers the joy, and ye are left to mourn;
For all your care can never keep on earth
The glorious child that shall to-night be born.

ALFORD.

REMEMBER.—Any persons already subscribers to *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, can receive our brilliant new mammoth weekly journal, *The Welcome Guest*, for a year, by enclosing us one dollar and a half, and mentioning in the letter that they are on the subscription list of the Magazine.

The Florist.

No, jewel-keeper of the hoary North!

Whence hast thou all thy treasures? Why, the mines
Of rich Golconda, since the world was young,
Would fail to furnish such a glorious show!

Yes, the wintry king,
So long decried, hath revenue more rich
Than sparkling diamonds.—*Mrs. Esouanay.*

Parlor Plants.

Many persons inquire of us, "What can we grow in a window?" We answer thus—a great deal and to much advantage; temperature from 40° to 60°; the east window is preferable to the south or west. There are many whose position or circumstances do not permit them to have a greenhouse, but all have a window—and it is surprising to see how much can be done by aid of a few lights. A copious supply of water, frequent sponging and syringing of the foliage, and judicious airing, will result in success. Nearly all plants will grow in earth from the woods, or very rich sandy soil; they will even grow in sand, if watered frequently with manure water. The following plants are adapted for windows, and will give a succession of bloom all winter:—*amelia*, *begonia*, *cacti*, *calla*, *capheas*, *cannellia*, *daphne*, *dracina ferra*, *fuschia* (kept very moist), *geranium*, *hoya*, *jessamine*, *justicia*, *metrosideros*, *myrica*, *oxalis* (with sun), *olea*, *oleander*, *passiflora*, *primula*. These, with Bengal and tea roses, will make an ample variety for three or four windows, and afford bloom nearly the whole season.

Bengals.

Of these well known daily or monthly roses we need scarcely speak in the way of advice. They are the favorites of the poor and rich, being within the capacity of any housekeeper who has a south side window, and the glowing ornaments of the extensive conservatory. In the pleasure-garden they add life and tone to the variety of less marked occupants of the flower-beds and borders. Similar soil to that recommended for the Bourbons will suit them, and they require no special pruning but to trim into shape. Let every one have at least a couple of these precious flowers in pots; they will repay all the time and care lavished upon them.

Pereskia.

The Barbadoes, or West India gooseberry. This plant bears very little resemblance to the other kinds of *Cacti*, as it has thin leaves and round stem, like any other ligneous plant. The commonest kind has white flowers, but the flowers of the *Pereskia Eleo* are of a beautiful pink. The fruit resembles the gooseberry, and is good eating. The *pereskias* are quite hardy, growing in the same temperature, and requiring the same treatment as the *opuntias* or common Indian fig.

Leonitus.

Lion's ear. Shrubby plants from the Cape of Good Hope, with scarlet or orange flowers, which are produced in whorls round the joints of the stem. The flowers are produced in the autumn, and the plants require a rich, light soil. They are rather tender, and require early and strong protection during the winter. They are very showy, and will repay the care they require.

Yellow Vetchling.

A British climbing vetch with yellow flowers, only found in sandy soil. It is not very beautiful, and scarcely worth the cultivation, save because of its growing in a poor, sandy spot, where almost anything else would die.

Russian Hot-House.

Beard Taylor thus describes the magnificent greenhouse which the ems maintain for the production and growth of tropical and other exotic plants amidst the snows of Russia:—"The Botanical Garden, in which I spent an afternoon, contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in latitude 60°, you may walk through an avenue of palm trees six feet high, under tree-ferns, bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid orchids, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of these giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer, and long, dark winter, of the North requires a peculiar course of treatment for these children of the sun. During the three warm months they are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive qualities of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After that result is obtained, it thrives as steadily as in a more favored climate. The palms, in particular, are noble specimens. One of them (a phoenix, I believe,) is now in blossom, which is an unheard-of event in such a latitude."

Treatment of House Plants.

The wants of plants cultivated in the winter, are the same as in summer; these are, heat, moisture, sun and air. Of the first they generally have too much; of the latter rarely enough. They are most frequently kept in a room heated up to 70 degrees, which is much too hot. The great majority of plants will do better until they begin to bloom, with a heat not exceeding 45 or 50 degrees. If you have a room with windows facing south or east, in which the temperature can be kept generally at 50 and never fall below 40 degrees, your plants can probably be kept in good health and condition, as far as heat is concerned. With regard to moisture, it is more difficult to meet the wants of plants. You may drench the roots of plants, but that is not all they want. They desire a moist atmosphere, which it is impossible to give them in a room heated either with a stove or by pipes from a hot-air furnace. Your plants need not only water at the roots, but frequent waterings of the foliage, which not only refreshes them, but removes the dust from the leaves, which is very injurious to plants.

Hanging-Vases for Plants and Flowers.

A beautiful ornament for a room may be made by a hanging-vase of terra cotta, porcelain, or similar material, suspended by a colored cord. The plants most suitable for this kind of growth are *maurandia*, the foliage of which is delicate and ornamental, and the flowers of which, though small, are very beautiful; the *lobelia gracilis*, with its profusion of tiny cobalt blue flowers; the *memphilla* and common money-wort. All of these mentioned vines are very delicate, sending up some slender arms to cling round the cords, while other branches hang lightly and gracefully downward.

Epilobium.

The French willow-herb. A tall, showy perennial, with stoloniferous roots, only suited to shrubbery. It requires no care in its culture—the only difficulty being to prevent its overpowering everything else, when once it is planted in any situation not exceedingly dry. There are several wild species of *epilobium* common in Great Britain, one of which is called by the odd name of codlins-and-cream.

Geraniums, Fuchsias, etc., during Winter.

They cannot have too much light and fresh air at any season of the year, for the exterior air always contains a due proportion of moisture, whilst the air of a room is unavoidably drier than is beneficial to the plants. The application of water to the soil requires far more attention than it usually receives—in other words, never water them while the soil in their pots is moist; and, when you do have occasion to perform this operation, do it effectually, with water that has been allowed to stand in the kitchen for some hours before it is applied to the plants, so that it is as warm or warmer than the soil to which it is to be added. Under ordinary circumstances it should be administered every fourth day; but, if the weather be very dry and hot, every other day.

Suspended Vases.

The best flower plants for this purpose are pelargoniums, especially the best scarlets; and seedling petunias of different kinds should be raised, as their habit of growth, as well as their varied and attractive colors, renders them peculiarly adapted for a suspended position. The effects of the richer colors may be greatly aided by tufts of the graceful grasslike *Isoplexis gracilis*, and by some long trailing plants of *Tropaeolum canariensis*, which may be artificially fastened from one vase to another. Among the most desirable plants of pendulous growth, suited to baskets or vases suspended in this manner, are, first and foremost, all the verbenas, which are naturally of trailing habit, and of every variety of gay color, from snow-white to rose, violet, crimson and dampling scarlet.

Thoughts on Flowers.

Campbell says that the word "daisy" is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—the eye of day. A beautiful flower is the type of mortality; it flourishes for a few days, then withers, dies, and is seen no more. Christ says, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grew; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." In the Old Testament, the lily is God's chosen flower.

Dahlia Culture.

Florists hasten the vegetation of the dahlia plants by ploughing them in a mild hotbed, if such is at hand, or even laying them in the hothouse, covering them up in sawdust, dry sand, charcoal dust, or other similar material. In this manner they are propagated very extensively, by obtaining cuttings when the shoots thus hastened have become one or two inches long.

The Compass Flower.

A little plant is found upon the prairies of Texas called the "compass flower," which, under all changes of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers towards the North, thus affording an unerring guide to the traveller who, unaided by the needle, seeks to explore those vast plains alone.

Roseos.

Handsome stove plants, somewhat resembling the Indian shot. They should be grown in loam, peat and sand, and they are increased by dividing the roots.

Watsonia.

Railstone-nosed plants, very nearly allied to gladiolus, and which require exactly the same culture.

Tea-Roses.

The tea-rose is a general favorite, especially for pot-culture; their delightful fragrance secures them this consideration, while their partially expanded buds are deservedly attractive. We have no details to offer under the head of culture, only to repeat that they require a rich, loamy soil, prepared by selecting friable loam from an unbroken pasture, and allowed to remain in a heap for some time till it becomes friable; to this add equal parts of clear sand and leaf-mould with a little charcoal, if convenient, which latter serves to keep the soil porous—a very important consideration, the tea-rose being very susceptible of injury from the stagnation of water about its roots. For blooming in the greenhouse, re-pot a few select plants in October, into six-inch pots. Keep them shaded for a few days after watering them thoroughly, and then select a situation where they will have air and light when it can be admitted; see that the superfluous water doesn't remain round the pots, and supply it in a judicious manner, only when necessary. By pruning out very weak shoots, and shortening others, the form of the plant may be gradually corrected and preserved. For out-door culture nothing special is requisite but a good, rich, light border.

Camelias.

Persons who have purchased camelias from greenhouses need to be cautioned about bringing them into a warm room. They will dwindle, drop their leaves, fail to blossom, and perhaps die. They need the coolest, lightest place they can have, and will bear considerable frost if well syringed with cold water in the morning. Keep them in a cool, light place, and syringe or sprinkle them well and often. They will well repay the care. Greenhouse plants, in general, brought into parlors and living rooms will not thrive unless the air is supplied with moisture, and that abundantly, by water on the stove or in the furnace chamber, and they be well and frequently syringed or sprinkled.

Clintonia Pulchella.

Many lovers of this charming little flower complain that it is difficult to get the seeds to germinate. The following treatment, if the seeds are good, will be found effectual: Sow in shallow pans upon fine rich soil, and cover lightly with fine sifted sand; after about six days water them with a fine syringe till the water rises to the surface, which should be kept up to the mark, and the plants will be found to have made good progress. When about half an inch high, they can be taken out in small bunches, and transplanted into the flower-borders, beds, or pots, in either of which it will not fail to prove itself one of the most beautiful annuals in cultivation.

Heaths.

The kinds grown in greenhouses are all natives of the Cape of Good Hope, and they are very numerous. Heaths require good drainage and frequent waterings; and though water should never be allowed to stand in the saucers, the roots also should never be suffered to become dry, as when once withered, they can never be recovered. Heaths also require abundance of fresh air, and no plants are more injured by being kept in rooms. They should not be shifted oftener than once in three or four years.

Earth Pea.

An annual pea, which forms part of the flowers and pots under ground; and which, though not very beautiful, is often cultivated for its singularity. It is a hardy annual, and should be sown in April or May.

Curious Matters.

Curious Case.

A young man was lately tried before the Superior Court at Salem, for stealing a horse and buggy from a stable-keeper in Lynn. He confessed the crime, said he sold the team and took the money for it, but nevertheless he was acquitted by the jury! It appeared upon evidence, and the statement of his own counsel, that the alleged thief was such an outrageous liar, that there was no reliance to be placed upon his confession, even though it was against his own interest to make it. The man who was said to have bought the team was not forthcoming, and there being no corroborative evidence that the fellow told the truth, the judge ruled that the jury shouldn't believe him, though he confessed everything that was charged in the indictment; and he was accordingly discharged. This is the first instance that has come under our observation of a man escaping punishment, or reaping any similar advantage, solely from the fact that he was a notorious liar.

Singular.

Workmen engaged in excavating a cistern in Marietta, Ohio, after passing down through six feet of sandy loam, and through three feet of conglomerate rock, so hard as to require blasting, found under the rock a cavity about a foot in depth, and in the earth below this cavity a human skeleton and the bones of animals. The bones were very old and crumbling. A part of the upper jaw of the skeleton contained the teeth, which were very much worn, belonging evidently to a person well advanced in years. The bones had probably been conveyed there by water, which at some time may have flowed through the cavity beneath the rock. The opening is about 600 feet from the present bank of the Muskingum River, and about 15 or 20 feet below the level of the plain.

Remarkable Ignorance.

The Doual Journals relate an extraordinary case of ignorance in a village near that town. A physician called a few days ago to prescribe for the sick child of a peasant woman, and ordered a warm bath. "What is a bath?" said she. "Heat some water in your pot on the fire, and put the child into it!" A few minutes later a neighbor entered, and found that the woman had put the child into the pot with the water, and had placed the little creature on the fire, which she was diligently stirring up! Of course the neighbor rescued the child from the horrible fate with which it was threatened.

Voluntary Starvation.

A singular instance of voluntary starvation occurred recently near Oskaloosa, Iowa. A lady laboring under a mental aberration for some time, finally about two months since came to the determination to starve herself to death. She refused every kind of nourishment, even water, and at last died, after living without liquids or solids of any kind for sixty-eight days. It is proved by ample authority that during that time, she never took two ounces of any nourishment whatever.

Spontaneous Generation.

The problem of "spontaneous generation," or life without germ," has assumed a new phase. The Paris Académie des Sciences, which up to a recent period scouted the very idea, has now proposed a prize of 2500 francs for the best essay of an experimental character, calculated to elucidate this very important inquiry.

A remarkable Staff.

The staff which was used by his lordship Bishop de Charbonnel at the consecration of the coadjutor bishop of Toronto, was composed of an old staff of the late lamented Bishop Macdonnell, and the crook that was used by the abbot of St. Fillan to bless the Scottish army at the battle of Bannockburn. It is of solid silver, with some relic enclosed behind a white stone, and the workmanship conclusively proves its antiquity. It is probable that such an interesting staff was never held on a similar occasion by any consecrator outside of the city of Rome. It was while kneeling before the abbot, holding this blessed staff in his hand, that the English monarch remarked that the Scots were suing for mercy. He found his mistake, however.

Romantic.

A remarkable romance in real life has lately occurred in Louisa county, Iowa. A man named Crall has been reunited to his wife and family after a separation of forty-seven years. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and his family then resided near Philadelphia. His wife heard that he was killed, and afterwards went West with some friends. After his discharge, he returned, and was told that his wife and children had moved away, and afterwards died. He has since been living in Jefferson county, New York, and only came to a knowledge of his wife's existence by her attempt to secure a land warrant on his account.

How to pronounce "Ough."

The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

"Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray, let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now, I must be off to my plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough."

The Scotch Thistle.

When the Danes from England invaded Scotland, and were about to make a night attack upon the Scottish forces, marching barefooted to prevent their tramp from being heard, one of them trod upon a large prickly thistle, which caused him to utter a sharp cry of pain. The Scots were thus apprized of their danger, and immediately ran to their arms, and defeated the Danes with great slaughter. The thistle was thenceforward adopted as the national insignia of Scotland.

A Chinese Custom.

In China the barbers, instead of performing their duties in shops, go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, towel, and a pot of fire. When called by any person they run to him, plant their stool in a convenient place, and go through the usual operations of the toilet, for which they charge a farthing.

Novel Invention.

M. Camille Vert, a Parisian, has invented a flying machine in the shape of a fish, which, while in the air, he can guide in any direction. The emperor was present at the trial trip, which took place under the high ceiling of the Industrial Palace, and has authorized a public exhibition of the machine.

A curious Calculation.

What a curious creature a man would be, says some newspaper writer, were his voice in proportion to his weight, as that of a locust, which can be heard the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of 4000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, a common man weighed as much as 16,000 locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard the sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard the distance of one thousand miles.

Queer Custom.

Among the many strange customs of the past, still preserved in England, is one which requires the sheriff of the city of London, or one of the under sheriffs, on any day between the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel and the Morrow of St. Martin, to perform before the Queen's Remembrancer the ceremony of chopping fagots with a bill-hook and adze, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Moor, in Shropshire; and the counting of six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Forge, in the parish of St. Clement Danes. The service was performed last year on the 31st of October.

Singular Death.

About six years ago a young man in Philadelphia, attempting to catch a rat, was bitten in the arm. The wound was painful immediately after the occurrence, and the arm became much swollen. Relief was obtained, and the injured limb seemed to be healed. At intervals, however, it would become inflamed, and a few weeks since the diseased part became worse, and the symptoms assumed a dangerous form. The sufferer lingered until recently, when he expired.

Curious Practice.

Barrow, in his "Visit to Iceland," mentions a rather curious but effectual plan in practice among the Icelanders for tying their horses, which is believed to be peculiar to the island. They tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this one to the tail of the former. Under these circumstances, if the animals are disposed to move, it will only be possible in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

Remarkable Fact.

Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife, or other piece of iron, will, in a few days, produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood, as to deceive the most careful observer; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession, stained with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but was afterwards discovered to be lime juice.

A revengeful Puss.

A *Tralee* paper states that a cat, having been chastised by its owner for some misdemeanor, disappeared. Subsequently, puss stood in her master's path as he was going somewhere from home, and seized his hand, to which she held so firmly that her jaws had to be cut in order to release the hand from her grasp. The wound proved so virulent as to cause death.

A hard-hearted Schoolmaster.

A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Suabia, who for fifty-one years has superintended a large institution, with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6000 kneel on the sharp edge of wood, 5000 wear the fool's cap, and 1700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse teacher!

A mathematical Genius.

The *St. Louis Bulletin* gives an account of a remarkable mathematical genius now in that city. He is twenty-six years of age and has attended school but two months in his life. He is a dull-looking young man, and cannot be taught anything, yet he can answer questions in arithmetic, geometry, and trigonometry, which would puzzle the brains of scholars to work out. What he knows seems to be of intuition.

An odd Fashion.

A Paris letter-writer states that as an addition to the ball-room toilette, the distinguished perfumer and fabricant of gloves, Faguer, stitches the white kid gloves with blue, pink or violet silk, according to the color of the robe with which the gloves are to be worn. The glove, fastened with two buttons on the back of the wrist, is also a novelty in favor with the *haut-ton*.

Singular Death.

A London female pickpocket stole five sovereigns from a lady in an omnibus. On being arrested, she managed to swallow two, the remainder being found on her person. Two days after she died in the hospital of the prison, and a *post-mortem* examination revealed the two pieces of money in her stomach, which were recovered and returned to the owner.

New Discovery.

It is reported that a large bay, thirty miles wide by one hundred long, has been found on the western coast of Lower California, between latitude 26 degrees 40 minutes, and 28 degrees 4 minutes, the entrance being narrow and near 27 degrees. This bay has been a favorite resort of whales, and was discovered by a whaler which entered the bay and had a good time of it.

Odd Fatality.

The *Salut Public* of Lyons, says: "A death caused by a very singular accident, occurred in the quarter of St. Just. Several children were making a great noise, in the passage of a house, when two men hurried out in great haste, from opposite directions, to ascertain the cause, and ran against each other with such violence that one of them fell dead on the spot."

Remarkable Incident.

A marriage was lately celebrated at Wallingford, Connecticut, at the residence of the bridegroom's father, in presence of a great-great-grandmother, great-grandfather, and great-grandmother, grandfather and grandmother, father, mother, and children, in all forty-one of one family.

The Housewife.

To Wash Woolens.

Use soft water, and in order to make a lather, put half a pound of soap into a gallon of water (or as much more in proportion as is necessary), and boil it until the soap is dissolved; wash through two waters (unless one is found sufficient), as warm as can be borne, adding, as you go on, what quantity of the soap-water is needed; wring them out each time, then throw them into a rinsing-tub, and fill to covering with boiling water. Let them remain until cool enough to admit of handling, then proceed to rinse, and well wring them. Observe the rinsing water must be *hard water*. This method will do for any kinds of woolens; but for large and strong articles, such as blankets, carpets, etc., perhaps wringing would be better omitted, and in all cases, care should be taken to spread out the articles straight and smooth.

Apple Island.

Stew apple enough to make a quart, strain it through a sieve, sweeten it with fine white sugar, and flavor it with lemon or rose. Beat the whites of six eggs to a hard froth, and stir into the apple slowly, but do not do this, till just before it is to be served. The apple should be stewed with as little water as possible. Put it into a glass dish. Serve a nice, boiled custard made of the yolks of the eggs to eat with it.

Sauce for Rump-steak.

Take equal parts of ale, red wine and catsup, a piece of butter and a little pepper, with a teaspoonful of garlic vinegar; stir these over a hot fire in a small sauce-pan, and pour it very hot upon the steak. It will form a pleasant addition to the gravy of any roast meat, and can be made in a few minutes.

Cough Syrup.

One ounce of elecampane, one ounce of comfrey, one ounce of horehound, and one ounce of wild cherry bark. Put these in one quart of water, and boil down to one pint. Add three cups of honey, one cup of sugar, and one table-spoonful of sweet oil. Take one table-spoonful every two hours.

Rice Pudding.

One pint of cooked rice, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and the yolk of four eggs. Bake till done; then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, with four table-spoonfuls of sugar. Bake again five minutes. Serve with liquid sauce.

Mint Sauce for Roast Lamb.

Pick the leaves off the stalks; wash and dry them carefully; chop them with a sharp knife very quickly, to preserve their green color; put it into a boat; add sufficient vinegar to make it liquid, and powdered sugar to take off the acidity of the vinegar.

Toast without Butter.

Put in a pan a pint of milk; when it boils, have two table-spoonfuls of flour dissolved in a little cold milk, and pour in, and salt, let it scald, but not boil; and pour it over the bread.

Lemon Drop Cake.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of loaf sugar, the yolks of three eggs, the white of one egg, and the grated rind of one lemon. Baked in portions of the size of a large walnut.

Pickle for Red Cabbage.

Take a fine large closely-grown cabbage, strip the outside leaves off, cut it across in rather thin pieces, and lay them on a dish, strewing salt usually all over them. Cover with a cloth, and let them remain so for twenty hours. Then drain the cabbage, and put it in a jar with allspice, whole pepper, and a little ginger sliced. Pour cold white wine vinegar over it, and the closely from the atmosphere.

Orange Marmalade.

One pound of oranges, half a pound of lemons, three quarts of water. Boil slowly for two hours; cut all, taking out the seeds. To each pound of fruit take two pounds of loaf sugar and one pint of the water in which the fruit was boiled. While cutting the fruit into thin slices, pour the water upon the sugar, and then boil all together for half an hour.

Indian Pudding.

Take one pint of milk, and one-quarter of a pound of Indian meal, and boil it smooth; then add one-quarter and half a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a pound of sugar. When cool, beat in the yolks of six eggs; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add them last. Put in spice to your liking. Bake the mixture on shallow plates.

Blacking for Stoves.

A good blacking for stoves may be made with half a pound of black lead finely powdered, mixed with the whites of three eggs, to make it stick; then dilute it with some beer till it becomes as thin as shoe blacking; after stirring, set it over the fire to simmer for twenty minutes. When cold, it is fit for use.

Bride, or Pound Cake.

One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, one pound and a half of currants, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of lemon-peel, two ounces of sweet almonds, a teaspoonful of yeast, and a glass of brandy.

To make Ginger Muffins.

One dozen of eggs, two pounds of flour, two and a half pounds of butter, one pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a handful or two of brown sugar, and a table-spoonful of ginger; beat all well together, and bake them.

Scarlet on Woolen.

For two pounds of goods take two ounces of cochineal and two ounces of cream of tartar. Boil the dye fifteen minutes, then dip in the goods, and air until the color suits. Color in brass or copper.

A simple Sponge Cake.

Take twelve eggs, two cups of powdered loaf-sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and half its juice; beat to a stiff froth; then add two cups of sifted flour, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Pound Cake.

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, and eight eggs; beat it well, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

To prevent Mould in Books.

A few drops of oil of lavender will save a library from mould. Sprinkle it about

Scalds and Burns.

Plunge the part in cold water as soon as possible, and keep it there until you can get some dry flour in a darning-box, pepper-box, or a bag made of millinet or open cloth, with which you can coat the burn evenly with flour as soon as it is taken from the water. Keep shaking on the flour as long as it will stick, and lightly wrap it up to keep it there, and do nothing else. Eat nothing, drink nothing but water until free from pain, and then live upon very light diet until the sore is healed.

Muffins.

Flour, one quart; warm milk and water, one pint and a half; yeast, a quarter of a pint; salt, two ounces; mix for fifteen minutes. Then further add flour, a quarter of a peck; make a dough, let it rise one hour, roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls, put them in a warm place, and when the whole dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake them on tins. Turn them when half done, dip them in warm milk, and bake to a pale brown.

Smelts, potted.

Put them with a skewer under the gills, leave in the roe, dry them well with a cloth, season them well with salt, mace and pepper, and lay them in a pot, with half a pound of melted butter over them; tie them down, and bake them in a slow oven three-quarters of an hour. When almost cold take them out of the liquor, put them into oval pots, cover them with clarified butter, and keep them for use.

Baked Plum Pudding.

Take one loaf of baker's bread, broken up (except the crust), and pour over it three pints of warm milk, and let it stand for an hour. While warm put in a piece of butter as large as an egg, half a pound of raisins, six eggs, and half a pound of currants, adding citron, nutmeg, brandy, and anything else you please. Bake it three hours, and eat it with wine sauce.

To soften old Putty.

In removing old broken panes from a window, it is generally very difficult to get off the hard, dry putty that sticks round the glass and its frame. Dip a small brush in a little nitric or muriatic acid (to be obtained at the druggists), and go over the putty with it. Let it rest a while, and it will soon become so soft that you can remove it with ease.

Potato Pudding.

Boil one quart of potatoes quite soft, and then rub them smooth through a hair sieve. Have ready half a pound of melted butter and six eggs, beat light; mix the butter with half a pound of sugar; stir in the eggs, adding half a pound of currants; put the mixture into a thick cloth and boil it half an hour. To be eaten with wine sauce.

Salmon, rolled.

Take a side of salmon, remove the bone, clean it nicely, and throw over the inside pepper, salt, nutmeg and sauce, with a few chopped oysters, parsley and crumbs of bread. Roll it up tight, put it into a deep pot, and bake it in a quick oven. Make a common fish sauce and pour over it.

Liniment for Sprains, &c.

One pint of spirits of alcohol, one drachm of camphor, two drachms of opium, and two drachms of spirits of turpentine.

Oyster Patties or Pies.

As you open the oysters separate them from the liquor, which strain; parboil them after taking off the beards; parboil sweetbread, cut them in slices, lay them and the oysters in layers, season lightly with salt, pepper and mace; then put half a teacupful of liquor and the same of gravy; bake in a slow oven. Before serving put a teacupful of cream, a little more oyster liquor, and a cupful of white gravy, all warm, but not boiled. If for patties, the oysters should be cut in small dice, gently stewed and seasoned as above, and put in the paste when ready for the table.

Pink Dye for Silk.

Safflower previously washed in water until it ceases to give out any color, and dried, eight ounces; subcarbonate of soda, two ounces; water, two gallons. Infuse, strain, add French chalk four pounds, scraped fine with Dutch rushes, and precipitate the color upon it with nitric or tartaric acid.—*Light blue Dye for Silk*.—Make a ferment of six parts of bian, six parts of indigo, six of potash, and one of madder. To dye silk of a dark blue, it must previously receive what is called a ground color—a red dye stuff, called cochal, is used for this purpose.

Penrith Pudding.

Cover the bottom of a dish with a layer of grated bread; then add a layer of apples sliced fine; sprinkle plentifully over it some sugar, with some spices, cinnamon and nutmeg, and small lumps of butter; then add a layer of grated bread; another of apples, spices, sugar, &c., and so on until the dish is full. Bake it, and serve it with sauce, or butter and sugar mixed together.

Smelts, fried.

Put them with a skewer under the gills, leave in the roe, dry them with a cloth; beat an egg and rub it over the fish with a feather; strew bread crumbs over them, and fry them in some boiling hot lard. Shake the fish occasionally, and fry them a nice brown.

Lemon Pudding.

Beat together three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one half a pound of butter, five eggs (beaten to a froth), two large spoonfuls of grated bread, the juice of one large lemon, and half the rind grated. Bake in plates, with paste below.

Cinnamon Biscuits.

Half a pound of dry flour, one pound of lump sugar finely sifted, one pound of butter, sixpennyworth of powdered cinnamon. The whole to be mixed with a glass of brandy or rum, then rolled very thin, and baked in a quick oven.

Baked Bread Pudding.

Broken pieces of bread are good soaked in milk until soft, then add two eggs to a quart, a little salt, butter, lemon-peel, nutmeg, or cinnamon, and sugar. Bake an hour. This is wholesome, and best for common use.

Involuntary Blushing.

This arises from diffidence and natural bashfulness, and can only be corrected by mingling much in society, and exerting all the moral energies to conquer it.

To stop Mouse-Holes.

Stop mouse-holes with plugs of common hard soap, and you will do it effectually. Rats, cockroaches and ants will not disregard it.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A STRONG MAN.

We have, from time to time, mentioned the lectures of Dr. Winship, of this city, on the physical culture of the human body. He recently again lectured in the Mercantile Hall, when he lifted before the audience *two hundred and thirty-two pounds*, dead weight, with his hands alone, suspended himself by his little finger, and shouldered a barrel of flour, taking it from the floor! He declared that the only true success in life, was success in living. In regard to his own practice, the lecturer said he was now gaining strength as fast as at any time for four or five years past. He commenced five years ago exercising an hour and a half each day; three years ago, he exercised an hour each day; now he averages no more than forty minutes each day, and he never takes any violent gymnastic exercise when he is weary, or when, to use his own words, he does not feel like taking it. He said that before the new year he would hold out at arm's length the weight of a barrel of flour. He has nearly reached that wonderful point already. The doctor is a young man, we should say about twenty-three or four years of age, some five feet six inches in height, and has brought himself to this degree of extraordinary strength by an easy but systematic course of exercise. His lecture is a well written and philosophical discourse, and has been delivered in many of the towns and cities of New England. We doubt if there be another man living, who can lift as much as Dr. Winship can do.

WELL TO REMEMBER.—Any persons residing in New England, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Godcy's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

STUPENDOUS.—There are stone bridges in China three or four miles in length.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Those persons having charge of families, who do not see them supplied with at least one good miscellaneous weekly paper, leave a very important duty unfulfilled. Such a medium of instruction has many advantages over books; first, because no books of equal capacity in quantity, can be afforded so cheaply as a newspaper, and secondly, none are so interesting, because the newspaper consists of a variety measured out in proper quantities, as to time and quality. Being new every week, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to every one. It causes many hours to pass away pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness and mischief. The first taste for reading that is elicited from children is manifested in the miscellaneous paper, in which they earliest learn to feel an interest, and to read with attention. Some writer has said he could at once decide whether a family were in the habit of reading a good paper or not, by a very few minutes' conversation upon general subjects with its younger members. There is a moral in all this, that it is well to rightly understand.

AMUSEING JEST.—The Sacramento (Cal.) Standard says that a restaurant keeper in that city, after waiting in vain the other morning for the arrival of his customers to breakfast, found that a mad wag, or a secret enemy, had slyly substituted a pair of young kittens for a brace of rabbits, which had been hung on a hook at the door. The mystery was solved.

ABDICATION OF A KING.—Kamehameha, King of the Sandwich Islands, has abdicated in favor of his son. This step is attributed to the dissatisfaction of the people with his conduct in shooting his secretary, while under the influence of intoxication and jealousy.

Noble occupation, farming! Mother Eve married a gardener.—*New York paper*.

But her husband lost his place by it!

TRUE.—Some one beautifully says: "The eyes see clearer, that have looked through tears."

LADIES' DRESSES IN TURKEY.

The Journal de Constantinople publishes the text of an imperial edict, regulating the costumes of the ladies in Turkey, in conformity with Mussulman tradition. We give the principal points of the document as a matter of curiosity in the present day. All women must take the greatest care to refrain from everything contrary to good conduct, and must watch most attentively over the honor of their family. The laws and customs of other nations have regulated all that is connected with the observance of morality. According to the Mohammedan law, the first obligation for women consists in the use of the veil; consequently, for a Turkish woman to depart from the observance of that custom is a breach of not only a social duty but of a precept of faith. Nevertheless, for some time past a certain number of women, contrary to the laws of propriety, make use of very thin veils, and dresses made of materials that have never before been used for such purposes, and walk about with their features and persons too much seen. They moreover affect indelicate manners, and in the public promenades mix with men. Henceforth all women, whoever they may be, on leaving their houses must wear thick veils which completely cover their features, and be clad in dresses of cloth or other suitable material, without embroidery, trimmings, or external ornaments of any kind. They must not show themselves out of doors simply in stockings and slippers, but must wear half-boots in yellow morocco leather, or some other suitable and decent covering for the feet. When they go out to make purchases they are strictly prohibited from entering shops, but must stop on the outside to be served, and must not remain longer than is absolutely necessary. When they are on the public promenades they must confine themselves to the part reserved for females. Any woman who shall be guilty of acts against the law will be severely punished. No family shall keep equipages beyond their means, and the drivers must be most carefully selected. The men must also conform to the laws of propriety, particularly in the streets, or they will subject themselves to severe punishment.

MARVELLOUS.—The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers, is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

PUNISHED.—A female Fagin has been unearthed by the sharp policemen of Gotham. She clothed, fed and lodged a number of young lads and employed them to steal.

A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

A cold, wintry morning, but there is a large and patient audience nearly filling the spacious Music Hall, just across the street from our office. After a hymn sung by the choir, there steps into the desk upon the platform, a tall, slim individual, with small head and rather sharp features, his hair parted, school-boy like, upon the side, and lying very close to his forehead and face. His first movement after placing his manuscript open before him, is an uneasy and awkward motion of the body and arms, accompanied by a peculiar "purging up" of the mouth. Settling his head a little on one side, he thrusts one hand in his pocket and commences to read. As he proceeds, his whole person seems to be very much in the way, and quite restive, the lower limbs doing an extraordinary amount of duty in their brave efforts to support the physical structure. Notwithstanding the discourse is evidently written, word for word, yet at times his hesitancy and pauses become almost painfully trying, the words coming forth as though drawn out by the utmost effort of physical strength, from some party who has got hold of the other end of them, the speaker dwelling often upon the prepositions and conjunctions. Then again the words flow forth with great velocity, as though the "slack" had been let go entirely by the aforesaid party at the opposite end. Emphasis and punctuation are entirely disregarded, totally ignored—the speaker appears to have no more power of rightfully using inflection than a steam-engine—true, there is an ample supply of the ingredient on hand, but it is tumbled out and dumped upon the audience like loads of coal upon a sidewalk, without the most distant regard to appropriateness or common sense. So much for manner, now for matter. What opulence of thought, what subtilty of analysis, what varied and brilliant stores of knowledge are lavished in this awkward manner, what delicate pictures from nature; how the halls of philosophy and science are thrown wide open to the listener, how soon you forget the man and his manner, to luxuriate in the tropical richness of his matter! What profundity of wit, yet how playful; what immensity of intellectual resource! This portraiture will be easily recognized in this vicinity.

TRY IT.—The homœopathic remedy for hydrophobia is to swallow a dog smaller than the one which occasioned the malady.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We would call the reader's attention to the names we are constantly adding to our regular list of contributors.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

The following amusing anecdote is told of him in the double character of a patron of literature and parsimonious money-holder, which appears to be exceedingly characteristic. Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was \$1000 a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was extremely expensive, M. Audubon, of course, called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the letter-press and plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another. "Ah, M. Audubon," would the owner of millions observe, "you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds." At length, for the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into the presence, he found William B. Astor, the son, conversing with his father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he began: "Ah, M. Audubon, so you have come again after your money. Hard times, M. Audubon—money scarce." But just then catching an inquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: "However, M. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. William," he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, "have we any money at all in the bank?" "Yes, father," replied the son, supposing that he was asked an earnest question pertinent to what they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in, "we have two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the Bank of New York, seventy thousand in the City Bank, ninety thousand in the Merchants', ninety-eight thousand four hundred in the Mechanics', eighty-three thousand—" "That'll do, that'll do," exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him. "It seems that William can give you a check for your money."

REMARKABLE.—It is claimed that a mass of the best Cannel coal, of the size of a whale, contains more oil than a whale.

IMMENSE SUM.—The foreign shipments of specie from New York for eleven months amount to nearly sixty-eight million dollars.

WOOD.—Wood sells to families, in San Francisco, California, for ten dollars per cord.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

Louis Napoleon is said to be very completely under the control of his wife, especially since his return from the Italian war. The behaviour of the empress at the Council of Ministers is worth observing. The most abstruse and driest questions are listened to by her majesty with the greatest apparent attention. She always comes armed with pencil and with paper, and takes down notes with the prettiest pedantry in the world. It is true that the fair and snowy hands, as if rebellious against the thankless office, are continually occupied in sliding to and fro the rings upon her fingers, and in turning and twisting the bracelets on her wrists, whose pretty little Chinese jingle formed so funny an accompaniment to the reading of the report upon the Peiho expedition the other day, that the grave *seigniors* all laughed aloud, and the emperor joined good-humoredly in the merriment, and, seizing her majesty's hand, kissed it rapturously, making the funny little bells, with which the bracelet was hung all around, ring out a more joyous peal than ever. All is not prose and dry discourse at the cabinet councils; the presence of woman enlivens even these pedantic meetings. As to the emperor himself, the fatigue and anxiety of the late campaign, the disappointment in not having struck a *grand coup*, and the vexation experienced at not having assumed a higher position than before, have advanced that terrible disease to which all sovereigns are subject in their latter years—that green and yellow melancholy, that mysterious form of spleen which doctors cannot heal and which physic cannot cure, but which seems as inseparable from the kingly trade as colic from the painter's craft, or ophthalmia and consumption from that of the cutler and the glass-blower.

LIBERALITY.—Rev. James Peeler, of Tallahassee, Florida, has sold the patent right of a plow of his own invention for \$250,000, and has given away for church purposes, \$200,000 of it.

ANCESTRAL PRIDE.—In Australia, the pride of ancestry, it appears, is in having had a convict for a father—the "stock" being considered "more pluck-y!"

AN IDEA.—Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish friend of ours remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

SIGNIFICANT.—Leigh Hunt says, shrewdly, that travel is the conversion of money into mind.

FIREPROOF PAPER.—Dip paper into strong alum water, and it will resist the action of fire.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MECHANICS.

Many persons assert that the grandeur of the monuments of the ancients, and the great size of the stones they employed for building purposes, prove that they understood mechanics better than the moderns. The least knowledge of mechanics, however, shows this view to be erroneous. The moderns possess powers which were unknown to the ancients, such as the screw and the hydraulic press, the power of the latter being limited only by the strength of the machinery. The works of the ancients show that they expended a vast deal of power and labor to gratify the pride and ambition of monarchs, but the moderns can do all these more easily and in less time, whenever they deem it necessary. There was nothing in ancient times comparable to that daring, ingenious and stupendous monument of engineering skill, the Britannia Tubular Bridge across the Menai Straits, projected, designed and built by Robert Stephenson, the famous English engineer, who had previously built a similar but smaller structure—the Conway Tubular Bridge.

Had the Britannia bridge existed in ancient times it would have been regarded as the first of the seven wonders of the world. Greater and more expensive structures have been raised, but none displaying more science, skill, and ingenuity, and none requiring such tremendous mechanical power to execute. The Britannia Tubular Bridge was built to conduct the Chester and Holyhead railway across the Menai Straits, to the island of Anglesea in the Irish sea. The two tubes to accommodate a double track, rest upon two abutments and three piers. Each tube is 2513 feet long. The tubes are nearly square at the terminus. They are from 30 to 40 feet high, and 14 feet 8 inches wide, and are of iron, each tube containing 5000 tons of wrought iron, and about 1000 tons of cast iron. The tubes were constructed each in four sections; the sections extending from the abutments to their corresponding pier, each 250 feet long, were built *in situ*, on immense scaffolding, made for the purpose, of heavy timbers, even with the railway; but the middle sections, each 470 feet long, were built on piers on the Caernarvonshire shore, then floated into the stream and elevated to their position. Each of these sections weighed 1800 tons.

A THRIVING CITY.—The statistics of buildings erected in St. Louis for ten months previous to November 1, show an aggregate expenditure of \$7,173,000.

OVERDONE.—Ship-building at the present time.

VICTORIA BRIDGE AT MONTREAL.

The length proper of this bridge is about two miles, and it consists of two abutments, each 250 feet long, and 24 piers 90 feet in length and 16 broad, reduced to 33 feet at top, and the shape of a wedge at the upper end (to divide the ice in winter), and all built of solid blocks of limestone, which together, makes 3,000,000 feet of solid masonry; then resting upon this foundation are 24 iron tubes, each 242 feet span, and the centre one 380 feet, under which steamers will pass on their trips down the St. Lawrence; the tubes are 60 feet above the summer water level; entire length of tube 6600 feet; each of the 24 weighs 323 tons, and the centre one, being double, weighs 840 tons. Total weight of iron work 8000 tons. The size of tube is 22 feet high by 16 broad. The greatest expansion and contraction of each tube caused by the variation of the temperature from 40 below zero to 125 above, does not exceed 3 1-2 inches, which space is left between, each one being placed upon rollers so that the effects of this variation is not at all dangerous or sudden. The only wood used in the whole structure is the string pieces that the rails are laid upon, and a narrow sidewalk that is now being laid at the side of one of the rails for the employees to pass with more ease and rapidity upon. The cross pieces are of 1-4 inch iron laid seven feet apart. The cost of the entire work will be about \$6,500,000.

COURSE OF TRADE.—Not many years ago our English cousins used to find the mode of dress of American gentlemen very ridiculous. Now they admire it so much that they have sent to one clothing firm in New York city the sum of £1980 sterling for ready-made clothing since the first of August, and nearly half of this amount has been shipped to London.

ALL TO NO PURPOSE.—There was consumed in Scotland during the last four years, 22,270,369 gallons of liquor, valued at \$56,000,000; and in England, during the same period, 63,007,655 gallons, valued at \$157,719,000. Pretty good drinkers, those people.

HE HAD BETTER.—Says a daily, "Church, the artist, is now engaged on a view of a volcano in South America." Church had better keep away from the "crater."

IMMENSE UNDERTAKING.—London is at length to be thoroughly drained. The drainage works will be colossal and enduring. They will take five years to execute, and cost four millions sterling.

ON A TRIP TO WASHINGTON

A visit to the seat of government, during the session of Congress, is a trip that amply repays the fatigue and expense of a journey of hundreds of miles. Certainly no American should ever think of going abroad, until he has spent at least a few days at the capital. It is only at Washington, that you can see gathered representatives of all parts of the country. We do not mean simply political representatives, but business and professional men; ay, and women, too—from east, west, north and south. And you can scarcely ever pass many days at Washington without seeing some delegates from the wild tribes of aborigines, the descendants of the native lords of the soil. In the *personel* of the foreign embassies, too, you meet with striking representatives of the old world, so that you move, for the time being, in a singularly interesting cosmopolitan centre. The Washington season is a very gay one, and it is by no means difficult to gain access to the best circles. Washington hospitality and affability are proverbial. At the White House receptions, you see that the republican character of our government is not theoretical, but practical; the humblest man in the land approaches its highest officer on the same level.

But the debates in the Senate, House, the receptions, the balls, dinners and parties, will engross but a portion of the visitor's time. If he is systematic and industrious, even during a brief stay, he will find an opportunity to visit the architectural lions of the Federal City. The Capitol is, say what you will, a noble building, and would be an honor to any city in the world. With the additions, it will cover an area of nearly four acres. Many of the new apartments in this vast structure are truly magnificent; yet who counts the cost, when it is the property of a great and wealthy nation?

The Post-Office is another elegant building, with its gleaming façade of white marble, its rich Corinthian ornaments, and its vast extent. The National Gallery, in the Patent Office, is one of the finest halls in this country. It is 264 feet long, 64 wide, and 30 high. A quadruple range of Doric columns, 20 feet in height, supporting arched ceilings rising 10 feet high, and a noble cylindrical arch, with an aperture admitting vertical light, are striking features of this magnificent apartment.

Almost the first question the stranger is asked in Washington is—"Have you seen the Smithsonian Institute?" As soon as possible, you must be in a position to answer in the affirmative. The building is very striking, in the Romanesque style of architecture. The towers that

flank its principal entrance, produce a fine effect. The library is calculated to contain 80,000 volumes; but there are other rooms for the reception of books, when this number has been reached. The White House of course every one visits, including some who expect to be its occupants for a period of four years. The Treasury building is another striking public edifice, and one of the most beautiful in the city. But we might fill pages, were we to attempt to act as guide to the lions of Washington.

Of course no one who goes thither, will turn his face homeward without performing a pilgrimage to the American Mecca—the home and the burial-place of Washington, now associated with the most brilliant triumphs of American oratory, and the most striking exhibition of female patriotism. No American can tread without emotion the pathways trodden by his feet who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." No American can look upon the grave which holds his ashes without recalling the words of his "Farewell Address," its touching appeals, its solemn warnings, without registering a vow to be true to the principles enunciated by the noblest of patriots.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—This brilliant new weekly paper, the first number of which we issued at the commencement of the new year, has sprung at once into an immense circulation. The American public was ready to receive a *first-class* and really valuable journal with favor, hence the demand far exceeded our expectations. This mammoth journal combines all the extensive facilities of our large establishment, in the mental and mechanical departments, and is pronounced to be the best literary weekly yet brought before the public eye in this country. We send it in connection with *Balou's Dollar Magazine* for \$2 50 a year. Those who are already subscribers to the *Magazine* can receive *The Welcome Guest* for a year by enclosing us \$1 50, and mentioning the fact that they are on our *Magazine* subscription list.

STEAM FROM HUMANITY.—The heat produced in the body of a healthy man in the course of twenty-four hours, if it could be applied would be sufficient to raise about 7000 tons to the height of one foot.

TEXAS.—Sheep-raising is getting to be a favorite pursuit with the country gentlemen of Texas. It pays them well.

JUST REMEMBER.—Modesty is the only sure bait if you angle for praise.

GLOUCESTER FISHING FLEET.

Gloucester, Massachusetts, is the fishing town *par excellence* of our State, and one of the oldest settlements in New England. It has gradually, but very steadily increased its trade year after year, until now it is taking giant strides annually in a commercial point of view. The harbor at the present season of the year exhibits a forest of masts, there being over three hundred and fifty vessels hauled up for winter, repairing and refitting again for the fishing grounds. After breasting the storms of George's Banks and the gales of the St. Lawrence for the past ten months, they are now at rest for a little while. Their crews of 4000 men are scattered along the shore from Cape Sable to Cape Cod, and the earnings of this great Gloucester fleet are rendering comfortable for the winter many a New England household. These vessels scarcely lay idle at all. They are no sooner hauled up than they are refitted again. The sail-maker, rigger, ship-carpenter and painter are employed in getting them ready for another cruise. Even now, the first arrival from Newfoundland with fresh herring for bait, will start at least twenty vessels for George's Banks. Gloucester seems destined to control the entire Massachusetts fisheries in time, as the coming year some forty or fifty new schooners will be added to its already enormous fleet. Thirty years ago, 1830, it only had some 30 schooners and as many boats, and less than 600 men were employed by all the vessels from the harbor. In 1860 it will have a fleet of nearly 400 large schooners and 4000 men. An increase of fifty schooners in the trade of a single seaport town is a pretty significant item. In the meantime the population are not idle on shore, houses are being built, new branches of trade and industry established, the railroad which connects with Boston is being extended some ten miles further along the coast, and by-and-by Gloucester will become a city.

HEAR THIS, GIRLS.—There are in Iowa, 39,000 more males than females, and it is one of the best States in the Union, and we should think it a prominent point to enter the Union from the state of celibacy.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—This new Boston weekly paper contains more reading matter than any other journal in America! Four cents per copy, everywhere.

SORRY FOR IT.—By Minister Reed's recently ratified treaty with the Chinese government, the opium trade is again legalized.

LAMARTINE.

The French poet does not seem to get out of his pecuniary difficulties. A European journal before us, shows that he has just held a meeting with his creditors. He has been trying in vain to sell his extensive establishment and estate. After begging all over Europe and America for money to pay his debts, he has given that up as a bad job, the enterprise having only produced 160,000 francs all together (small business). With this comparatively insignificant sum he has to pay more than 2,500,000 francs of debts. M. de Lamartine was obliged to ask for time. He called all his creditors (more than 400) together at the Chateau of Montceau, and proposed to give up to them his estates, the value of which exceeded his liabilities. He also stated, that notwithstanding the insufficiency of the national subscription, he had paid to his creditors, in eighteen months, out of the produce of his literary labors, a sum of 1,200,000 francs, and engaged to pay, in January and February a further sum of 300,000 francs; so that his debts would be reduced to 1,000,000 francs. He, therefore, solicited the indulgence of dividing his payments into three or four instalments, hoping, he said, by labor and economy, to pay every one in full. However inconvenient it might be for several among the creditors to have their debts settled in these small payments, yet not one of them opposed the proposition. It is puzzling to understand how a man with ordinary common sense could have got into such pecuniary trouble, and still more extraordinary to suppose that he could by sending out solicitors beg sufficient money to pay his debts. It is not the way to do on this side of the Atlantic.

THINK OF IT.—There has been considerable commotion of late, and the public are justly anxious at the prevalence of the small pox, but yet there are not one quarter the number of deaths per week in New England by this disease, that regularly occur from consumption! That vaccination is an almost certain safeguard to the former evil, is no less certain than that *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* will prevent, and even cure the latter. It should be kept for use in every family circle.

A NOVELTY.—A machine has been invented which will pick the feathers from forty-five geese in an hour. What sort of a machine is it? Anything like a faro bank?

"CHICKEN DISPUTES."—These feathered battles are very popular in certain circles at Hartford, Connecticut.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Amsterdam Crystal Palace is to be completed and opened in 1861.

A recent decree in Tuscany totally abolishes the stamp on newspapers.

The city of Paris receives, on an average, nearly \$300,000 from the tax on funerals; it is given to the churches.

At St. Petersburg a subscription has been opened to found at the university there a free scholarship which shall bear the name of Schiller.

Messrs. Rothschild, it is rumored, have purchased the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway from the Russian government.

The French government has ordered all the costumes, scenes, curtains, etc., of the Paris Grand Opera to be rendered incombustible by Carteron's preparation.

Two steamers, to be used as tugs on the Ganges, have lately been built at Liverpool. They will draw flat boats containing heavy freights.

It is said in a recent number of the Edinburgh Review that more than one half of the adult population of England and Wales cannot write their names.

It is suspected that the bones of the brave men who fell in the Crimea are exported for manure, Britain taking the most of them. "The paths of glory lead but to" guano.

The Governor-General of Siberia has been paying a visit to the Japanese capital, having a fleet of twelve vessels. A visit of that kind always carries its own welcome with it.

A church is about to be erected by the Russian government near Inkerman, the funds for which are supplied by the sale of the cannon balls which have been picked up at Inkerman and Sebastopol.

The medical practitioners announce, that a rather strongly developed small pox is raging epidemically at Paris. It does not attack children alone, but older people, who have too long omitted to have themselves re-vaccinated.

Orders have reached Woolwich for increasing the royal artillery from the present strength of 14 to 16 brigades. It is besides intended to mount two extra batteries, to be horsed and manned with eighteen-pounder siege guns.

The oddest theft we have read of lately occurred recently in Louisville, Kentucky. A man bored a hole in a street gas main, and inserting a service pipe, lit his house for an indefinite length of time without expense.

A female head, in bronze, was lately found in a field at Villette, near Vienna. It is supposed to have belonged to a statue of the Empress Faustina, wife of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, from that name being engraved beneath a diadem.

All the graveyards in the Crimea, says a letter-writer, are in perfectly good order, with stone walls and ditches round them, and, as there is scarcely a soul here, they are likely to remain as they are. All the inscriptions are quite clear, and they look as peaceful and quiet as though in an English churchyard.

The Crown Prince of Denmark has become insolvent. What will the creditors do?

A holy war has been proclaimed in Morocco which will bring thousands of Moors to the seaport towns to defend their country.

The American ladies in Paris are aiding the funds for a chapel there by holding a fair in the Marquis of Hertford's house, on the Boulevard.

The best informed parties in England are of the opinion that the Great Eastern steamship will never cross the Atlantic.

The fighting between the Spaniards and the Moroccins grows in fierceness. The latter show much spirit, and take the part of assailants, generally.

Austria is in a bad way. The Protestants threaten to rebel if she should not establish religious equality; and the Catholics threaten to rebel if she should establish it.

Mr. James White, of Wickham Market, has completed and has now in constant operation a self-winding clock, which determines the time with accuracy.

Oranges raised in Mobile from Genoa seed are becoming quite an article of traffic. They are said to be larger and sweeter than the Cuba orange, and fruit-growers in Alabama are turning attention to their cultivation.

They say in Paris every house on the island, which contains the Palais de Justice, Gaols, and Notre Dame, which is not used as a government or municipal office, will be torn down, and immense barracks erected in their places.

Schamyl has requested permission from the Russian government to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. He is said to have also expressed a wish to have, like Abd-el-Kader, a fixed residence assigned him in some part of Turkey to pass the remainder of his days.

A series of fresh experiments were lately carried out on board the *Fisgard*, at Woolwich, for the purpose of testing the ocean telegraph signals invented by Mr. Ward, an American. The experiments were considered to be in every respect successful.

Mrs. Martineau denounces crinoline, and says that the petticoats of the present day only serve as a mask of the human form—a perversion of human proportions. A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in a dance looks like a Dutch tumbler that was a favorite in my infancy.

It is reported from Paris that two officers of the Toulon dockyard have invented a liquid which is said to increase the combustible power of coal seventy-five per cent., so that one ton of Newcastle coal will become equal, with the liquid, to four tons, and that French coal will last twice as long as it now does.

The ladies of Vienna, says a journal devoted to court news and scandal, have just determined upon the abandonment of the use of gloves, which are no longer to be worn in private parties and at the opera only on the first entrance into the box. The adoption of rings of real value, attached by a gold chain to the armlet, has given the idea of this change in fashion.

Record of the Times.

The taxable property of the State of Ohio is \$900,000,000.

Kentucky is a wealthy State—the valuation of 1858 being \$466,113,671.

The city of New York is in the same latitude as Naples, in the south of Italy.

The clear profits of the New York Herald are stated to be at least \$50,000 a year.

Nearly 40,000 workmen are at present employed on the railways in Russia.

The daughter of a Philadelphia physician has gone into a nunnery, and given her property to it.

Re-vaccination should be practised by all persons on whom it has not been tried.

At Pittsburgh, recently, a cannon of 35 tons was cast for the United States government.

The Alabama legislature has passed a law imposing a fine of \$500 on all spirit mediums who give public sittings.

There are in the United States 55 different religious orders belonging to the Catholic church—24 of men and 31 of women.

Leigh Hunt's son Thornton is preparing a complete edition of his father's works for publication in London.

The Ex-King of Oude is said to have accepted a pension of £120,000, and relinquished all claims on Oude.

The largest nugget of amalgamated gold ever produced has recently been discovered in Australia. Its weight is 1040 ounces.

During the past year 187 applications for divorce were filed in the Philadelphia common pleas court, and 76 couples were disunited.

The number of voters and smokers in Hartford, Connecticut, are estimated to be about equal, something over 4000.

In New Zealand, the cultivation of hops is making considerable progress, 15,000 bushels having been gathered from the gardens of one firm alone.

In the Museum at Dresden is a tube many feet long, formed by lightning falling on a bed of sand, which has been partially melted by the electric fluid.

A blind beggar was arrested lately in Antwerp who was ascertained to be possessed of three houses in that city, and a lot on which he was about to build four more.

The exports of hay from the Kennebec River alone, this season, amounts to at least 7100 tons, at an average to the farmers of \$12 per ton, making an aggregate of \$85,000.

A superior quality of iron ore has been discovered on the premises of Mr. Henry Albert, in Mansfield, Warren county, N. J. The discovery was made by the Lackawanna Coal and Iron Company.

According to official documents recently published, it appears that there were in France in 1844, 9,400,000 hectares (two and a half acres each) of uncultivated land, and that during the last fifteen years, that immense extent had been reduced to 4,800,900.

The Kentucky Lunatic Asylum has had 2344 patients since its opening, in 1824.

The tonnage of Maine amounts to about 381,000 tons, worth \$9,657,699.

In Richmond, Va., there is one of the best cannon foundries in the United States.

A batch of wire of 14 pounds weight furnishes material for 48,100 needles.

The annual value of the gold used by dentists in the United States is \$2,250,000.

Robert Treat Paine received eleven dollars a line for his ode, "Adams and Liberty."

The wealth of William B. Astor is variously estimated between fifteen and twenty million.

Almost all the large cities of the country are beginning to construct street railways.

The Choctaw nation numbers about 18,000. They have diminished, since they left Alabama. They still hold their lands in common.

Bayard Taylor is said to have cleared \$4500 in a two months' lecturing tour through California. Profitable talking, that!

Church bells are occasionally made of glass, and one 14 inches high and 13 inches in diameter has been placed in the turret of the chapel at the Grange, Borrowdale, Cumberland, Eng.

The cost of improvements now being made in London, such as opening new streets, widening old ones, improving drainage, etc., amounts to the reputable sum of £19,815,521.

A gentleman in Urbana, Ohio, dreamed that two vicious horses were about to injure him fatally. Attempting to avoid this fate, he leaped out of bed, and awakened to the pleasant certainty of a broken thigh bone.

At an exhibition of wild beasts in Tuam, England, an elephant put his trunk into the pocket of one of the bystanders and abstracted a small account book contained therein. Before a rescue could be effected, he dropped it into his capacious jaws and had it instantly swallowed.

The New York Institution for the Blind have just purchased thirty-five acres of land on the banks of the Hudson, at One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, adjoining the grounds of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The price paid was \$150,000.

An action to determine the title to a barrel worth ninety cents was recently brought by Adolphus Marx against Koster & Spelbrick, of Lafayette, Ind. Already the costs have amounted to \$50, and the case is yet to be carried to a higher court.

The Bayfield Press says of the Wisconsin lake fisheries: "The fish are coming into the bay, and our fishermen are busy taking and barrelling them for shipping early in the spring. Early last spring they brought eight dollars per barrel. There are now about 300 nets at work in the bay."

An exchange, noticing the death of a child from the effects of drinking lye, says, that vinegar or oil speedily administered, are sure antidotes for this poison. The former converts it into acetate of potash, and the latter mingling with it forms soap, neither of which will materially injure the stomach.

Merry-Making.

What is Prussian-blue? A drunken Dutchman.
"I blush for you," as the rouge-pot said to the old maid.

It is not always the raggedest man that is the shabbiest fellow.

A woman smoking a cigar: A-shes at one end and a-she at the other.

"Come out of the wet," as the shark said, when he swallowed the sailor.

Running accounts will run away with a person's credit more rapidly than anything else.

The man who is fond of pudding and pies, places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many words; but the story of love may be told in a few letters.

You know mock-modesty as you do mock-turtle, from its being the produce of a calf's head.

A bag of money and grief—what is the difference between them? One is dollars, the other dolorous.

Did the man who ploughed the sea and afterwards planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

The politician who got out of breath running for an office, has purchased a pair of bellows, and proposes to run again.

The eyes of an unbeliever are no better than the eyes of a potato, and the ears of a doubter no better than the ears of corn, and much longer.

A hungry man, upon receiving an invitation to dinner, complimented his host upon having a chair-at-table disposition.

A Tennessee paper says that "the inauguration of the governor was celebrated by the firing of *minute guns every half hour*."

The most tender-hearted man we ever heard of, was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a sole.

An auctioneer in Texas, praising up his self-filling pens, said a person would forget where the inkstand was, before it would need filling.

We notice scores of poetical effusions directed to friends who are in heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon earth.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says: "If when you visit a neighbor, he tells you, in a husky voice, to 'make yourself at home,' obey him literally as soon as possible."

"Sambo, does yer know why dem noisy birds is called carrion birds for?" "Well, Jerry, I got him? 'Cause dey carry on so over a dead horse."

"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the roses and the strawberries and the peaches done, that they blush so?"

A disappointed candidate for office, speaking of men who would sell their votes, remarked: "They are as base as Æsop of old, who sold his birthright for a mess of potash!"

Letters to be delivered by hand, rarely come to hand.

"I feel for your situation," as the probe said to the bullet.

"I'm down upon you," as the young beard said to the chin.

It is paradoxical to say that a person was cowed by a horse whipping?

What is that that belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

On a frosty day, what two fish ought we to tie together? *Skates and soles*.

What wind should a hungry sailor wish for? One that blows fowl and chops about.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel, has been engaged to curl the locks of a canal.

Why is an elephant like a chair? Because it can't climb a tree.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said when addressing the jury from the dock.

There is a man in England so fat, that a child was recently killed by his shadow falling on it.

Why is it always proper to take up a penny collection? Because there is some cents (*sense*) in it.

An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

Why do men who are about to fight a duel, generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze*.

A New York milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (*profit*) out of the water.

"Will you be a second," said a gentleman, who proposed to fight a duel. "No, indeed, for you wouldn't stand a second yourself."

Given the section of the city to find at once the number of loafers and vagabonds that infest it. Get up a brawl, or an alarm of fire.

"A man is, in general, better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife talks Greek."

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he pulls her ears.

Wanted — a "sewing-machine," one about seventeen years old, dark complected, and generally considered good looking. Second-hand machines not wanted.

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered undersleeves, would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

IT SHOULD BE KNOWN!

Let your friends know that by enclosing *one dollar* to our address, this Magazine can be had for a whole year. Postage only *eighteen cents* a year. The cheapest publication in the world, fresh and original from the beginning to the end. It forms two elegant volumes each year of twelve hundred pages, finely illustrated. *Six copies for five dollars!*

Address

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

SNIFFKINS' EXPLOITS IN SKATING.



Young Sniffkins screws up his courage to invite a lady that's "smashed" him out skating.



As she is not provided with skates, he is stuck for a \$10 pair—his money hardly holds out.



Does not find putting on a lady's skates all it's cracked up to be.



But after intense agony they get off gracefully.



Pride has a fall, however—the lady's skate-iron and his brain-pan become acquainted.



Up again—narrow escape from another fall by contact with a rapid backward skater.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



On their way to rent the lady's skirts, slightly dilapidated by contact with strange skates.



Sniff kins shows off, and endeavors to carve the lady's name.



But only succeeds in getting a ducking,



From which he makes fruitless efforts to escape—



Being finally rescued in the condition of a drowned puppy.



And just in time to see the lady going off with another gentleman, in disgust for his vulgar conduct.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.—No. 4.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1860.

WHOLE No. 64.

BOSTON STREET CHARACTERS.

In a former number of our Magazine, we presented types of character to be met with in our streets, and we now add a few more of these pictorial delineations. Boston is a large place, and supplies many phases of existence to the keen-eyed observer. It is indeed changed from what it was in 1673, nearly two centuries ago, when it was stated, "There be about fifteen hundred families in Boston. No beggars. Not three persons put to death for theft (annually). There are no musicians by trade. A dancing-school was set up, but soon put down." Does this present the faintest shadow of a likeness of what the city is now? No—in this country, the past is an indication of the future. The early founders of our old Atlantic cities had no idea of the greatness to which they would one day arrive, and hence many of the inconveniences under which we suffer, such as crooked and narrow streets, inequality of surface, etc. The founders of cities in new states and territories have learned wisdom by our experience, and start with a liberal provision for a probable future greatness.

Yet with all her faults we love old Boston still. We love to ramble through what was once the "court end" of our New England metropolis, and to gaze on the few relics that are left of the domestic architecture of other days. Before some venerable pile we become imbued with the spirit of the past, and can call up dim perceptions of the old colonial fathers—the men in their conical hats and brief, sad-colored coats, and peaked beards, the women in sober garments of the severest cut. Yet even in the days of Puritanism a love of finery began to manifest itself, and the pomp of attire called forth interference of grave legislators and graver divines. So early as 1636, ornaments of gold, silver, silk and thread, also slashed and embroid-

ered garments, silver girdles, belts, etc., were forbidden, and the wearing of laces. What a gay aspect our streets would present if these ornaments were revived! We find this passage in the Massachusetts records of 1634. "Although severall declaratjons and orders have binn made by this Courte against Excesse in Apparel, both of men and women, which have not taken that Effect as were to be desired; but, on the contrary, wee cannot but to our grief take notice, that intollerable excesse and bravery hath crept in upon us, and that especially among people of means condition, to the dishonor of God, the scandall of our profession, the consumption of Estates, and altogether unsuitable to our povertie; and, although, we acknowledge it to be a matter of much difficultie, in regard of the blindness of



THE LITTLE LAME PEDLER.



THE RAZOR-STROP MAN.

men's minds, and the stubbornness of their wills, to sett down Exact rules to confine all sorts of persons, yet wee cannot but account it our duty to commend unto all sorts of persons, the sober and moderate use of those blessings which beyond Expectation, the Lord hath been pleased to afford unto us in this wilderness, and also to declare our utter detestation and dislike that men or women of meane condition, should take upon them the garb of Gentlemen, by wearing gold or silver lace, or buttons, or points at their knees, or to walk in great boots, or women of the same rank, to wear silks, or tiffany hoods, or scarfs, which though allowable to persons of greater Estates or more liberal Education, yet we cannot but judge it as intolerable in persons of such like condition. It is, therefore, ordered by the Court and the Authorities thereof, that no person within the jurisdiction, or any of their relations depending upon them, whose visible Estates, real or personal, shall not exceed the true and Indifferent value of Two hundred pounds, shall weare any gold or silver lace, or any bone lace above two shillings per yard, or silk hoods or scarfs, upon the penalty of ten shillings for Every such offence. It is further ordered, by the Authority aforesajd, that the selectmen of every town are hereby enabled and required from time to time to have regard and take notice of apparell and whosoever they shall judge to Exceed their ranks and abilities in Costumes or Fashion of their apparell, in any respect, Especially in the wearing of Ribbons or great Boots (leather being so scarce a commodity in this country) lace pointes, silk hoods or scarfs, the selectmen aforesajd, shall have power to assess such persons so offending *

* * in the Country rates at: Two hundred poynds Estates * * * provided this law shall not Extend to the restraint of any magistrate or public officer of this jurisdiction, who are left to their discretion in wearing of apparell, or any settled military officer or soldier in tyme of military.

service, or any other whose education or Employments have been above the ordinary degree, or whose Estates have been considerable though now decayed.' Verily, the matter of dress and ornament sorely exercised our Puritan fathers. Here are some more of their enactments: "Whereas, there is manifest pride openly appearing amongst us, in that Long Haire, like woman's Haire, is worn by some men, with their own or other's Haire, and then Cutting, Curling, etc., immodest laying out their Haire, which practice doth prevail and increase, especially amongst the younger sort. This Court does declare against this Custom as offensive to them and diverse sober Christians amongst us, and therefore doth hereby expect and advise all persons to use moderation in this respect: and further do empower all grand juries to present to the County Courts, such persons, whether male or female, whom they shall judge to exceed in the premises. And the County Courts are hereby authorized to proceed against such delinquents either by admonition, fine, or correction, according to their discretion." — "Notwithstanding the whole-

some law already made by this Court, for restraining excess in Apparel, yet through Corruption in many, and neglect of due execution of those laws, the evil of pride in Apparel, both for costliness in the poorer sort, and vayne, new strange fashions both in poore and rich, with naked breasts and arms, or as it were perceived with addition of superstitious Ribbons, both in Haire and apparell, for redress whereof, It is ordered by this Court, that the County Courts, from time to time, doe give strict charge to present all such persons as they shall judge to exceed in that kind, and if the Grand Jury shall neglect their duty herein, the county court shall impose a fine upon them at discretion."

But these are things of the past. Those terrible sinners of "mean condition," who wore those wicked "big boots," and those mysterious "superstitious ribbons," that do excite the dislike and watchfulness of the colonial legislature, have long since mouldered into dust. The "big boots" whose tramp woke such an awful echo in the streets of ancient Boston, are past mending; and the slashed sleeves, and silver belts, and points at the knees, are no more displayed by the dandies of to day. *Requiescat in pace!*

What have we to do with the past? Let us turn our eyes to the present, and follow our artist in his tour of observation. Our first sketch depicts the little lame pedler and it is from life. The subject is an invalid boy, who is gradually recovering health and strength by living in the open air, and who sells pencils, pen-holders, boot-laces, etc. He is generally found on the sidewalk in front of our office, and rarely extends his excursions into Washington Street, having apparently found patrons enough in the limited range to which he restricts himself. Sometimes we see him on the steps of the church opposite, dividing the public attention with the good-natured Italian who vends plaster medallions, and who all the day long so quietly, cheerfully and pa-

tiently offers his wares to the multitudes of passers-by.

And here is the "razor strop man," who is ex-patiating on the excellence of his strops to an admiring youth from the Green Mountains, who hopes soon to have occasion to use one of them with a yet unpurchased razor.

The "Scissors Grinder" is another out-door character, not at all unwelcome to housekeepers, before whose door he pauses with his whirring wheel, and in a few moments puts the domestic cutlery in complete order. Passing on, we have a lifelike sketch of the teamster. In no city in the world are there finer team-horses than in Boston, and their intelligence and the skill of the driver, is a theme of wondering comment for strangers. A long file of horses threading their way through a crowded thoroughfare, turning, backing, moving to the right and left, guided only by the voice and word of command, or avoiding difficulty by their own instinct, is a sight to be remembered. Then we have the "exquisite" with his glass stuck in his eye, his hat jauntily on his "ambrosial curls," his hands stuck in his pockets, treading daintily along, the "observed of all observers"—as he thinks. He probably imagines that a single glance of his has won the hearts of the two ladies in expanded crinoline, who are turning the corner, and that all that is left for him to do is to make his selection between them.

Next we have a sketch of some of those brave-hearted men who "run with the machine," and who start to action with the clang of the fire-bell, as the war-horse rouses at the blast of the trumpet. All honor to our gallant firemen! They infuse the heroic element into our daily life. Starting from their occupations at the first stroke of the bell, directly afterwards they are seen hurrying with the engine to the scene of disaster, thence to toil amidst fire and smoke, to mount crazy ladders, to climb slippery roofs, to plunge into the devouring element to save life or property, braving every peril, and often laying down their lives at the command of duty. Their history is interwoven with that of our city. It is not a great many years since a separate corps of firemen was first organized; in former times, every man was a fireman as every man was a soldier, and though all worked with a will, yet with miserable engines and with no training, the flames generally had it pretty much their own way.

As a matter of interest, we copy from Dana's "Fireman," accounts of some of the noted fires in this city: "The first large fire in Boston occurred in 1653, near State Street; but there is no record of the fire to be found at the present time. On the 8th of August, 1679, a fire broke out in the Town Dock, on Ann Street, destroying eighty houses, and seventy warehouses,

valued at a million of dollars. Several vessels were burned by this fire. During the year 1690 a large fire occurred on Hanover Street, by which many buildings were destroyed. June 18th, 1691, a large conflagration occurred in North Square, destroying a large number of houses. March 11th, 1702, a terrible conflagration took place in Dock Square, at one time threatening destruction to one half the town; but it was finally stopped in its progress by blowing up several large warehouses. Oct. 2d, 1711, a fire broke out in an oakum-picker's tenement, in Williams Court; one of the women who was picking oakum allowed it to take fire. The flames spread with great rapidity. All the houses and stores on both sides of Washington Street, between School Street and Dock Square, were laid in ashes, besides the first meeting-house that was built in Boston. During the fire, four sailors ascended the steeple to save the bell. The stairs burned away, the roof fell in, and the sailors were crushed to death. Nov. 14th, 1759, a fire commenced south of Oliver's Bridge, Water Street, and swept off all the buildings east on that street and on Milk Street. March 20th, 1760, a fire broke out on Washington Street, where several buildings were burned. It then extended to Long Wharf and to Fort Hill, burning one large ship, nine smaller ones, the Quaker Meeting-house, on Congress Street, one hundred and thirty-three dwelling-houses, sixty-three stores, sixty-six shops and thirty-six barns; a total of two hundred and fifty five buildings, valued, in the currency of that day, at £71,012 7s. 3d. Jan. 13th, 1791, a fire commenced in a shop in Dock Square, which destroyed *Faneuil Hall* and all the buildings east of it. April 20th, 1787, a fire broke out in a malt-house, on Beach Street, and, the wind blowing a gale from the north-east, the flames communicated to many buildings at the same time. The



THE SCISSORS-GRINDER.



THE TEAMSTER.

Hollis Street Church, which was fifty rods from where the fire originated, was soon in a blaze, and was burned to its foundation. There were destroyed by this fire one hundred buildings; sixty of them were the most costly mansions to be found in Boston at that time. All the buildings on both sides of Washington Street, from Elliot to Nassau Streets, were destroyed. July 30th, 1794, a fire commenced in some rope-walks on a line with Pearl Street. This fire swept everything in its course to the water's edge on Russia Wharf, burning one hundred houses and stores. Jan. 15th, 1803, Daniel Bowen's Museum, at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, was destroyed by fire. The flames ascended to such a height as to be seen at Portsmouth, N. H., a distance of sixty miles. Jan. 16th, 1807, Bowen & Doyle's Museum took fire, and was entirely destroyed. The southern walls were forced out by the flames, and fell into the cemetery grounds, crushing to death several young men. Jan. 3d, 1818, the Exchange Coffee-house, situated on Devonshire Street, took fire, and was burned to its foundation. This was, at that time, the most extensive establishment of the kind in the United States. The building was seven stories in height, and from the ground to the top of the dome one hundred feet and ten inches. The house contained two hundred and ten rooms, with a dining-room which would seat three hundred persons. This fire presented one of the most grand and sublime spectacles ever witnessed in Boston; occurring in the evening, the light was seen at Portsmouth, N. H., a distance of sixty miles. Loss \$500,000. July 7th, 1824, a fire commenced in a carpenter's shop, situated on Charles Street. The wind was blowing a gale from the west, which carried the flames to a block of buildings on Chestnut Street. The heat, smoke and flames, rendered the efforts of the firemen for a time ineffectual. Lines of men

were formed to the Frog Pond, and also to the Mill dam Basin, for the purpose of passing water to the engines in fire-buckets. A block of buildings on Beacon Street was soon on fire, and, had it not been for the wisdom shown by covering the roofs of other houses with blankets, and keeping them wet, the whole of Beacon Street would have been laid in ashes. The Common, after the fire, presented the sad spectacle of elegant and costly furniture damaged and broken by impetuous and careless removal from the buildings on fire. Burning flakes were blown to the eastward as far as Bedford Street, firing several buildings in that direction, but they were quickly extinguished. Loss \$150,000. The city of Boston at this time seemed doomed to be destroyed by extensive and disastrous conflagrations. Hardly had the rubbish been cleared away from the ruins on Beacon Street, before the city was again visited by one of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred in Boston. April 7th, 1825, a fire broke out in a wooden building in Doane Street. The fire soon communicated to the adjoining buildings and to the large warehouses on State, Central, Kilby and Broad Streets. Owing

to a scarcity of water it had full sway for a long time, and the heat from the fire was such as to penetrate the partition walls that separated the warehouses one from another, and set the timbers on fire in the different rooms. The wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the communication of the flames from one building to another, on both sides of Central Street, and as far as the Commercial Coffee-house, was extremely rapid. The progress of the flames was not arrested until four o'clock the next morning. After the fire had raged for five hours the utmost efforts of the firemen were necessary to prevent the flames from crossing to the west side of Kilby Street, although the wind was blowing from a westerly direction at the time. Some of the finest buildings in Boston were destroyed by this destructive conflagration. Loss \$2,000,000. Nov. 10th, 1825, a fire was discovered in a building on Court Street, and before it was extinguished nine buildings were destroyed, reaching from Tudor's corner to Washington Street. Law books valued at \$20,000 were burned by this fire. On the opposite side of the street several wooden buildings were also burned. Loss \$60,000. May 18th, 1835, a fire broke out in the carpenter's shop of Stetson & Smith, on Blackstone Street. The flames extended to several adjoining shops, and a stable occupied by a Mr. Simmons; all of which, with their contents, were consumed. All the buildings between Blackstone, Cross and Pond Streets were entirely destroyed. On the opposite side of Pond Street the Massachusetts Hotel and several other buildings were badly damaged, and the livery stable of Mr. Davis was completely burned. All of the buildings on the west side of Salem Street, from Cross to Hanover Streets, with but one exception, were entirely destroyed, and many other buildings were damaged by fire. At this fire, Melville Engine, No. 13, drafted and played on to the fire through eleven hundred and

fifty feet of hose. Loss \$70,000. Jan. 24th, 1839, a fire broke out in the iron foundry of Haskell & Turner, on Haverhill Street. The fire soon spread to the adjoining buildings, and in a short time all the buildings from that in which the fire originated to Market Street were totally destroyed. On Beverly Street all the buildings were destroyed to Charlestown Street. A row of buildings, five in number, on Cooper Street, and a block on Charlestown Street, were consumed, together with a block of houses on Endicott Street. The weather was extremely cold, and many of the firemen were badly frost-bitten. Loss \$80,000. June 24th, 1844, a fire broke out in Hamilton's Planning-Mills, in the rear of Suffolk and Dover Streets. The materials about the building were very combustible, and the weather extremely hot. A strong breeze was blowing from the west, which caused the fire to spread with great rapidity. A block of fine buildings on Suffolk Street, and a large block of buildings on Dover Street, were soon on fire, and in a short time were destroyed. The Franklin school-house, on Washington Street, was next in order for destruction; and, while the firemen were making great exertion to save it, the fire spread along a block of small brick buildings on Groton Street, five of which were destroyed. Loss \$70,000. August 18th, 1844, a fire broke out in Samuel Jepson's carpenter's shop, in South Margin Street. The fire extended with great rapidity to the adjoining buildings. About twenty buildings with their contents were destroyed. Loss \$60,000. May 11th, 1845, a fire commenced in Church Street, which destroyed a large number of buildings in Church and Piedmont Street before it was stopped. There were twenty-five buildings in all, besides the church, burned. Loss \$30,000. August 15th, 1845, the hotel and stable of a Mr. Doolittle, in Brattle Square, were set on fire. William G. Boulstone and Emerson G. Thompson, members of the Charlestown Fire Department, were killed by the falling of the walls. Several others were injured. Loss \$8000. Sept. 14th, 1845, the Suffolk Lead Works, on Gold Street, South Boston, consisting of five buildings, together with six dwelling-houses, were consumed. Loss \$50,000. Jan. 21st, 1847, a fire commenced in a bowling-alley in Haverhill Street. The wind at the time blew a perfect hurricane, and the cold was intense. In a direct range with the fire was a row of wooden buildings, through which the fire passed with terrible rapidity. Northward and eastward the fire spread steadily and sadly. The buildings in Beverly and Medford Streets were soon swept away by the raging flames. Haymarket Square was filled by the flying inhabitants of the burning district, who had fled from the destruction behind them, many of whom were rendered homeless and houseless. A large amount of property was destroyed, and a great portion of it belonged to those who, in losing their little, lost all. Loss \$75,000. March 10th, 1847, a block of buildings on Washington Street, near State Street, occupied by Damrell & Moore, printers, and sixteen others, were destroyed by fire. Loss \$75,000. Sept. 7th, 1849, a fire broke out in an old stable in Sea Street, and soon communicated to the lumber-yard of Whiting & Co., from which it spread to the coal yard of F. A. Benson. The wind

was blowing strong from the west at the time, which caused the fire to spread to the vessels lying at the wharf, and several of them were slightly damaged. While the firemen were at work in stopping the progress of the fire in Sea Street, a fire broke out in the Catholic Church on Broadway, South Boston, and a portion of the department were sent to South Boston. The fire in the church had made such headway when the engines arrived, that the firemen directed their attention to the saving of the surrounding buildings, which were in great danger from the heat of the building on fire. In a short time the roof of the church fell in, and all that was left of that large building was the blackened walls. Loss \$100,000. Nov. 5th, 1850, a large conflagration took place in the building owned and occupied by the Boston and Maine Railroad Co. on Causeway Street, as a freight depot. It was also used, by Harold & Fernald, as a mahogany warehouse. The building was three hundred feet long, one and a half stories high, and, at the time of the fire, there were twenty-three cars inside of the depot, loaded with cotton and other merchandise, all of which were destroyed with the building. Loss \$150,000. The burning of Tremont Temple and Chapman Hall occurred March 31, 1852. The fire was discovered in the basement of Tremont Temple, and an attempt was made to stop the progress of the fire without the aid of the department; but it was ineffectual, on account of the combustibility of the material in the building. It was the belief of the firemen that the building could be saved; but their hopes were not to be realized, for in an hour the flames had reached the roof, and in a short time the rafters were so badly burned that they gave way, and the roof fell in. The falling of the roof was terrific, and was soon followed by the falling of the front wall,



THE EXQUISITE.



RUNNING TO A FIRE.

which was composed of huge granite blocks, into Tremont Street, with a tremendous crash. In the mean time Chapman Hall building, which joined the Temple on the rear, had taken fire, and the falling of the roof and the walls of the Temple, rendered it dangerous for the firemen to enter the building, and it soon burned to the ground. A man, by the name of John Hall, was killed, and George Esty, a member of Franklin, No. 7, of Charlestown, had his back broken by the falling walls. Loss \$200,000. July 10th, 1852, the great fire on Fort Hill commenced in an old stable, in an alley-way leading from Belmont Street. It caught from the cinders which fell from a chimney that was on fire. The wind was blowing a gale from the south-east at the time, and the fire spread with great rapidity. The roof of the Sailor's Home was soon discovered to be on fire, and, in a short time, there was nothing left of this great building but the bare walls. The alarm was given at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the scene in the neighborhood of this destructive conflagration baffles description. The streets were blockaded with household goods; men, women and children, were without shelter for their heads. Among them were crowded thousands of spectators, gazing upon the burning buildings and the operations of the firemen. At this time the Boylston school-house was discovered to be on fire, and all the energies of the firemen were brought to bear upon this building to save it, but in vain. By this time the excitement was at its height. Washington Square and the adjoining streets were in the wildest confusion. Women were shrieking; firemen were crying to the spectators, who were an obstruction to everybody and everything, except the raging

flames, which threatened to destroy entirely that portion of the city. After five hours of incessant toil, the fire was got under, and the firemen were relieved from their arduous duty. Between fifty and sixty buildings were destroyed. Loss \$400,000. These were stirring street scenes, all of them.

Another of our street-characters, is the Chestnut man, a novelty of late years in our city, though the venders of hot, roast chestnuts have long since been naturalized in New York. A group of "dock-loafers" affords no very pleasing spectacle. Fortunately there are not many of these wharf-rats in Boston, and the Harbor Police keep a sharp lookout after them. The "Lamplighter" shows us a member of that useful class immortalized in Miss Cummings's romantic story. The next scene was sketched opposite Orlando Tompkins's ele-

gant apothecary store, on the corner of Winter and Washington Streets, where a gentlemanly police officer in his blue and gold costume, like Ticknor & Fields's duodecimo poets, escorts the ladies through the pass of peril. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? One of these fine days, when some peerless belle is about crossing, and the mud yawns deep before her shrinking, dainty feet, we shall have, be sure of it, a repetition of the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh. As he flung down his velvet coat that Queen Elizabeth might cross the kennel dryshod, so will our gallant policeman pull the coat from his shoulders, and spread it at the feet of the coming belle. In prophetic vision, we behold this incident and the romance growing out of it—the gratitude of the lady, the despair of rivals, aspiring love, the long, secret wooing crowned with success, the resignation of a policeman, a wedding in King's Chapel, a wedding-breakfast, enthusiastic father with bald head and spectacles handing his son-in law a cheque for \$250,000 dollars, a bridal tour, married felicity, political ambition following the path of fortunate love, election to the pre-sidency—grand tableau!

The procession of men with advertising placards, exhibits a mode of publicity derived from London, where it is a striking feature of out-door life. There is a narrower field for artistic gleaming in Boston than in most other great cities, for a certain staid uniformity is a general characteristic of the place; still, as in every great city, there are nooks and corners where eccentricity and strongly marked individuality may be discovered, and many new features of advertising genius are daily developing themselves in various novel expedients.

BATTLE OF GOLDEN HILL.

As much as the "Boston Massacre" has been glorified in history, the Knickerbocker should not forget that a bloody contest for principles and right took place, two months earlier, in our own city. This was the battle of Golden Hill, on January 20 and 21, 1770, where John and Cliff Streets now unite, the spot deriving its name from the fire wheat raised on a farm there. The mighty quarrel between the colonies and the mother country had already commenced in the passage of the Stamp Act, 1765, and the Quartering Act, as it was called. By this enactment the ministry were authorized to keep up a standing army in America, the people furnishing their support. In New York the denunciations against these usurpations were vehement and fierce; they were publicly ridiculed as the "folly of England and ruin of America." The "Sons of Liberty" were organized, and on the 1st of November, 1765, when the Stamp Act was to go in operation, this patriotic band forced Governor Colson to deliver the stamps to the city authorities. He did not consent, however, until he was hung in effigy at the present Bowling Green. Next followed the bills imposing duties on tea, glass, paper, etc., but the Americans would not consent to their imposition. At Boston the tea was thrown overboard, and in New York the vessel bringing it was compelled to return home. The people of Annapolis set fire to the vessel having the obnoxious article on board. These were the exciting things of the days, and to commemorate their principles and order the "Sons of Liberty" erected liberty-poles in several parts of the city—signals of liberty—which became very obnoxious to the British soldiery. More than once had they destroyed these ensigns, but the patriots immediately replaced them. In January, 1770, the soldiers levelled the liberty-pole on the Common (Park), sawing it into pieces. This renewed insult fired the sons of liberty, and that night three thousand citizens assembled on the spot where the outrage had been committed. Resolutions were passed declaring idle soldiers dangerous to the public peace. The next day three soldiers were detected in posting abusive placards against the Sons of Liberty, and Isaac Sears collared one of them. Another of the soldiers rushed upon Sears with his gun and bayonet, but he succeeded in conducting the offender to the mayor's office. In the meantime, twenty more soldiers came to the rescue of their comrades with drawn swords, while citizens drawn to the spot, seizing the stakes from carts and sleighs, near by, prepared to guard the prisoners. The mayor, Mr. Hicks, now ordering the soldiers to their barracks on the Park, they only partially obeyed, and retired to "Golden Hill." Here they were reinforced and charged upon the populace, who had followed them. A sanguinary contest ensued, during which numbers were injured on

both sides. A fresh party of the English arrived from the barracks, but while preparing to continue the fight, their officers appeared and ordered the men to their barracks. Thus the first day's contest ended in a drawn battle.

On the next morning the soldiers opened the conflict again, by running a bayonet through a lady's dress, who was returning from the market. The cowardly act again aroused the indignation of the citizens, and about noon some sailors came in collision with a party from the barracks, when one of them, an old man, was run through the body and died. At this moment some "Liberty Boys," playing ball in the neighborhood, at the corner of John street and Broadway, hastened to the fight, dispersing the soldiers, when hostilities ceased for several hours. But they commenced anew in the afternoon. Determined at all hazards to provoke an affray, a party of the soldiers assaulted some citizens on the Commons, endeavoring to disarm them of their canes. This insolence aroused more indignation—the hall bell rang an alarm, and a party of the Liberty Boys soon drove the assailants back to their barracks, which stood in the rear of our present City Hall. Several of the military were disarmed—one badly wounded, and another, conspicuous in the previous day's fight, was arrested and imprisoned. This was the early battle of Golden Hill, ninety years ago, and a conflict for the rights of the people, which in after years were so triumphantly and gloriously vindicated by the Americans! But little reference is usually made by historians to this event.

The next day after this defeat, the mayor ordered the soldiers not to appear outside of the barracks when off duty, unless with a non-commissioned officer. To commemorate these events



THE CHESTNUT MAN.



DOCK LOAFERS.

and triumphs of the people, permission was asked of the Common Council to erect another "Liberty Pole" for the one destroyed by the soldiers, but it was refused. Then John Lamb and some associates purchased ground, eleven feet wide by one hundred deep, near the former place, for the mast, independent of the corporation. Upon this patriotic spot, February 6, 1770, a mast of great length, two-thirds cased in iron, was sunk twelve feet into the earth, amidst the sounds of music and rejoicings of the people. "Liberty and Property" was its gilded motto. This was the fifth liberty pole erected in New York, and its inscription far less loyal than the one which had so seriously offended the royal British soldiers.—*G. D. P. in the N. Y. Evening Post.*

AMATEUR GYMNASTICS.

I didn't attempt anything for a good while. I sat and calmly surveyed the scene. I saw very little boys, who seemed to be qualifying themselves for the profession of India rubber men. I saw great strapping men (new comers) attempt and fail in things which fellows, whom they could put in their pockets, did with ease. I saw feats performed which seemed very hard, and which turned out to be very easy; and feats which were simple to look at, and "splitters" to try; and then I took off my coat and "went in." I pulled up the small weights five or six times; I went along the horizontal ladder and the parallel bars once or twice. I went home, and found two fine blisters on my hands next morning. Still I went there the next evening; exercised twice as much as I did before; felt convinced that I was getting along very fast; and lay awake almost all night, my arms ached so.

I staid away about a week, and then fell to work again manfully; became acquainted with a young gentleman who "knew the ropes," and, under his guidance, performed many marvellous

feats, and also met with more mishaps than I believe anybody ever met with before, in the same space of time. Being long and lean, and naturally awkward, every new thing I learned was ushered in by a disaster or two. But still I persevered, for I now "slept like a top," and ate at a rate very alarming to my boarding-house keeper. I persevered for two long months, and was still in the "full tide of successful experiment," when, on going to the gymnasium at my accustomed hour, one evening, I found a brilliant assemblage of beauty, brought together, by invitation of the managers, to witness our performances. I disported myself on the floor some time, until at length my evil genius impelled me to ascend, for the first time, a ladder, which ran up one side of the room nearly to the ceiling; then across, and down the other side of the room. Under the horizontal part of the ladder was temporarily placed a spring-board, of whose existence I was unaware. I wiggled up the ladder with convulsive jerks of the legs, the audience looking on in respectful silence; but when I had reached the middle of the horizontal part, locomotion became impossible! I could neither go backward nor forward, but hung suspended between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin. I squirmed about with my legs, but I could find no rest for the sole of my foot. I could hold on no longer; and as the distance wasn't very great, I determined to drop to the floor as gracefully as possible, and persuade the audience that it was done on purpose. So I let go, and down I came perpendicularly—and up I went "flying." I had come down on my feet upon the spring-board!

My first impression was a chaos; my second was, that I had dropped into the mouth of a cannon just as it was going off. Up I went, like a shuttle cock, almost to the ladder, at which I made a desperate but ineffectual "claw," which threw me out of the perpendicular, and down I came, bang! in a sitting posture; up I went again, and I gathered my legs under me distractedly as I rose; so that when I dropped again, I was shot in a slanting direction, headforemost, as from a catapult, into the waistcoat of a two hundred pound man, who was looking on in open-mouthed astonishment. Down he went with a "squelch," and over him I went, like lightning, into the dressing-room! I rushed into my clothes, and out of the building, and have never entered a gymnasium since!—*Knick-bocker Magazine.*

PROSECUTION OF ANIMALS AND INSECTS.

Among the works of Chassaneux, a learned juriconsult of the sixteenth century, is to be found a dissertation of immense prolixity, in which the essential points as to the prosecution of animals are discussed. He had been consulted by some intending prosecutors, and his opinion was adverse to the accused, which in this case was a species of locust called in old French, *hureburs*. Without further reference, however, to mere arguments on the one side or on the other, let us transcribe from the pages before us

some notes of a few cases which actually occurred, and the dates of their occurrence.

1314.—The judges of the county of Valois tried a bull which had gored a man to death; and, witnesses having been heard, they condemned it to be hanged.

1394.—Pig hanged for having mangled and killed a child in the Province of Roumagne, viscounty of Mortain.

1451.—Leeches excommunicated by the bishop of Lusanne, for having destroyed the fish.

1474.—Cock condemned to be burnt, by a sentence of the magistracy of Basle, for having laid an egg.

1474.—Sow condemned to be knocked on the head for having eaten off the chin of a child.—The sentence also ordered that the flesh of the sow should be cut up and thrown to the dogs, and that the owner and his wife should make a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Pontoise, where on the day of Pentecost, they should cry thanks. Of having done which, they brought back a certificate.

1499.—Bull condemned to the gallows for having in his rage killed a young man.

1585.—The Grand Vicar of Valence causes the grubs to be cited before him, assigns them a proctor for their defence, and finally condemns them to quit the Diocese.

1590.—In Auvergne, a district judge appoints a curator for the caterpillars; the cause is fully debated; they are ordered to retire to a small locality, there to pass the remainder of their miserable lives.

1610.—A prosecution began against a horse which had been trained by its master somewhat as horses are now trained for the circus. "It was sought to have both master and horse burned." Witchcraft had probably been suspected. It would seem, however, that in this case, the prosecution failed, the belief in witchcraft having begun to fade in Europe by the beginning of the seventeenth century.—*History of Ancient Europe.*

WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

In all ages, the East has poured its riches into the lap of those nations that lie towards the setting sun. From one commercial voyage Solomon realized \$15,000,555. Pliny also informs us of one Mathias, of Bythinia, who entertained one day, in the most splendid manner, the whole army of Xerxes, consisting of 1,700,000 men. To this large army he offered five months' pay, and provisions for the whole campaign. At this present time, such liberality would not only ruin the fortune of private persons, but would weaken the commercial interest of the most powerful government. Esopus, the contemporary of Roccus, at an entertainment, produced a dish made of singing birds, which alone cost \$24,445. Julius Cesar was captured by the Cilician pirates, who demanded of him \$25,833 30. Cesar laughed at them, and gave them the sum of \$43,055 50. Before he enjoyed any public office he was in debt to the

amount of \$1,119,443. When the government of Spain was allotted to Cesar he was so overwhelmed with debt that he could not depart to take charge of his position. He called upon Crassus the Rich, who stood security for him in the sum of \$714,720. He rewarded the bravery of Cassius Cræva by a donation of seven thousand dollars. He paid off the vast debt of the tribune Curio, and presented the consul Paulus with \$1,291,665, which was employed in constructing a new wall near the Forum. He commenced a new building, the ground-plot of which was to have cost him an hundred million of sesterces. In memory of his daughter he gave a most extravagant feast to the people; doubled the pay of the legions for ever; granted the people corn without measure, and gave each soldier a slave, a piece of land, or a house. He presented an actor for a mimic piece of his own, \$17,500. During his reign gold and silver became so abundant that it was exchanged throughout Italy at three thousand sesterces per pound. He also decorated the arms of his soldiers with gold and silver, so that they should be the more unwilling to part with them from their great value. Yet, with all his extravagance, he bequeathed to each Roman citizen nine dollars.

In many respects Caligula was as great a tyrant as Nero. He was reckless in the profusion with which he scattered money. He bathed in a bath of precious unguents; drank priceless pearls dissolved in vinegar, and ate of golden bread. At an auction he made his salesman knock off twelve gladiators to Saturnius, who was so unfortunate as to nod. They amounted to three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. In less than one year he lavished a magnificent estate, and all the treasures amassed by Tiberius, amounting to twenty-seven hundred million



THE LAMPLIGHTER



THE POLICEMAN.

dollars The funeral pageant of Alexander has never been surpassed. In many respects it equalled the festive train of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The monarch died at Babylon, and was buried in the mosque of St. Athanasius, at Alexandria. The grandees and governors appointed Arideus to prepare for this august funeral. Two years were consumed in the preparation, and every splendor that wealth could buy was lavished with profusion.

At length the day arrived for this solemn and magnificent procession to begin its march. Hills were levelled, all uneven places were made smooth, and every obstacle that could impede the funeral train was removed by a vast number of workmen. The chariot that contained the coffin of the monarch was adorned with such wealth of jewels and diadems, that it is said to have emitted brilliant flashes like those of lightning. The spokes of this chariot were covered with gold. It was drawn by sixty-four mules of the largest size, and each was adorned with a crown of gold and a collar, enriched with precious stones and golden bells. On this chariot was erected a pavilion of solid gold, twelve feet wide and eighteen in length. The inside surpassed the outside in splendor and brilliancy, being one blaze of jewels, arranged in the shape of shells. Golden network beautified the circumference, and the golden threads were an inch in thickness, to

each of which were fastened large bells, which could be heard at a great distance. It would only worry the reader to mention all the jewels and golden crowns that were borne in this procession. Enough has been said to show the great amount of gold that was displayed on that occasion.—*Tribune*.

A BUCK STORY.

Lately a party from St. Paul, Minnesota, among - whom was Alderman B., went to Isanti county, in that State, to hunt deer. They were provided with all the necessary outfit for camp life. After having tolerable success, it was proposed, one day among the hunters, that they should separate; that each man should take a different direction through the woods, and that all should meet at some designated locality towards evening. After due precautionary rules had been given,

to avoid any accidental case of shooting, the party disbanded—each one saying in the language of an Indian agent: "You follow your trail and I'll follow mine." So off they started. Towards evening the party were all in camp except one, the alderman aforesaid, and after waiting a reasonable length of time for his return, it was deemed advisable to make search for him. The search was instituted; but the party had not proceeded far before their attention was arrested by a faint cry of "help! help!" which came up from a tangled wood in the distance. Pursuing the direction from whence the sound proceeded, the hunters soon came upon the unfortunate object of their search, and found him seated straddle-wise of the fork of a tree, about twenty feet from the ground, while a huge buck with a fierce pair of antlers, was lying about thirty yards from its base, awaiting Mr. Alderman to "come down."

Matters of course were speedily explained and the first step was to despatch the buck, which was done in short order, and the alderman relieved from his perilous position. We now give the story, says the St. Paul Times, as it is told us. Alderman is considered a good shot. While walking along through the woods on that day, he discovered, about seventy five yards ahead of him, two fine deer coming directly toward him. They did not see him, as he immediately dodged behind a little ambuscade of brushwood and

waited their approach. The deer had come up to within a short distance of him, when a twig on which his gun was resting, broke, and one barrel of his gun was discharged. The deer became frightened and bounded off, but the alderman managed to fire off the other barrel before they had got out of range. The charge took effect in the flank of the buck, and after running a short distance he fell to the ground wounded. The alderman, somewhat excited, hastened towards his noble game, with knife in hand, feeling within him a consciousness that the buck was "his game sure." Supposing from the actions of the buck that he was mortally wounded, and unable to rise, he approached him and laid his hand upon one of his antlers for the purpose of using the knife. Scarcely had he touched the wounded animal, when it sprang to its feet and "assumed an attitude." Imagine Alderman B's "pheelinks." Here was a fix. The antlers, bristling with innumerable sharp points, threatened to put him through at a single bound. Quick as thought the alderman drew from his belt a revolver, and fired, but the ball missed its aim, simply grazing the deer's back and maddening him with another wound. All this transpired in a single moment. After firing his revolver the alderman concluded to run, and we guess some of the tallest running that ever came off in that neck of the woods was just about that time. After running a short distance the alderman concluded to weigh his chances, and casting a furtive glance over his right shoulder made the very pleasant discovery that he was not making very good time but that the buck was! The animal was only a few feet behind him and was preparing his antlers for a dig into the alderman's rear. It was a perilous moment! Seeing a small tree just before him the alderman concluded he had better mount that. A few steps more, and with an awful spring our alderman was safe by just two inches above the enormous antlers, as they came up snug against the tree. Up, up, the alderman clambered until he gained a foothold, and it was here he was seated calling lustily for assistance, when the party came to his relief. That night the boys had a jolly time in camp. They had met with tolerable good luck, and over roast venison, and around the camp fire, they related with considerable mirth the exploit of the day.

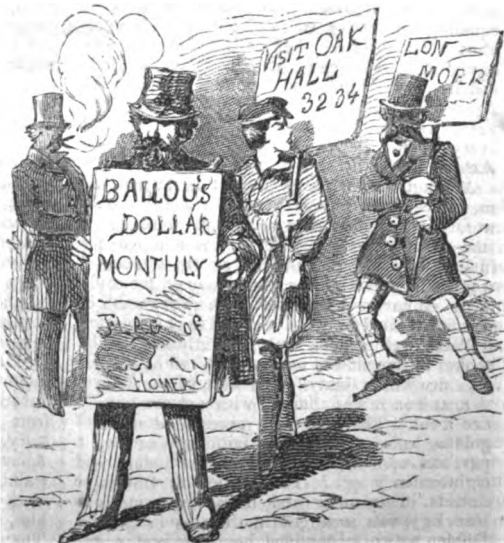
PAPER MONEY IN EUROPE.

After the city of Alhambra was taken from the Moors, the veteran Count De Tendilla was left governor, and we were informed that this Catholic cavalier at one time was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay the wages of his troops; and the soldiers murmured greatly, seeing that they had not the means of purchasing necessities from the people of the towns. In this dilemma what does this most sagacious commander? He takes him a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, according to the nature of the case, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay. How!

you will say, are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper? Even so, I answer, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants of Alhambra to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold, and threatening severe punishment to all who should refuse. The people having full confidence in his words, and trusting that he would be as willing to perform the one promise as he certainly was able to perform the other, took those curious morsels of paper without hesitation or demur. Thus by a subtle and most mysterious kind of alchemy did this Catholic cavalier turn useless paper into precious gold, and make his impoverished garrison abound in money. It is but just to add that the Count of Tendilla redeemed his promise.—*Irving.*

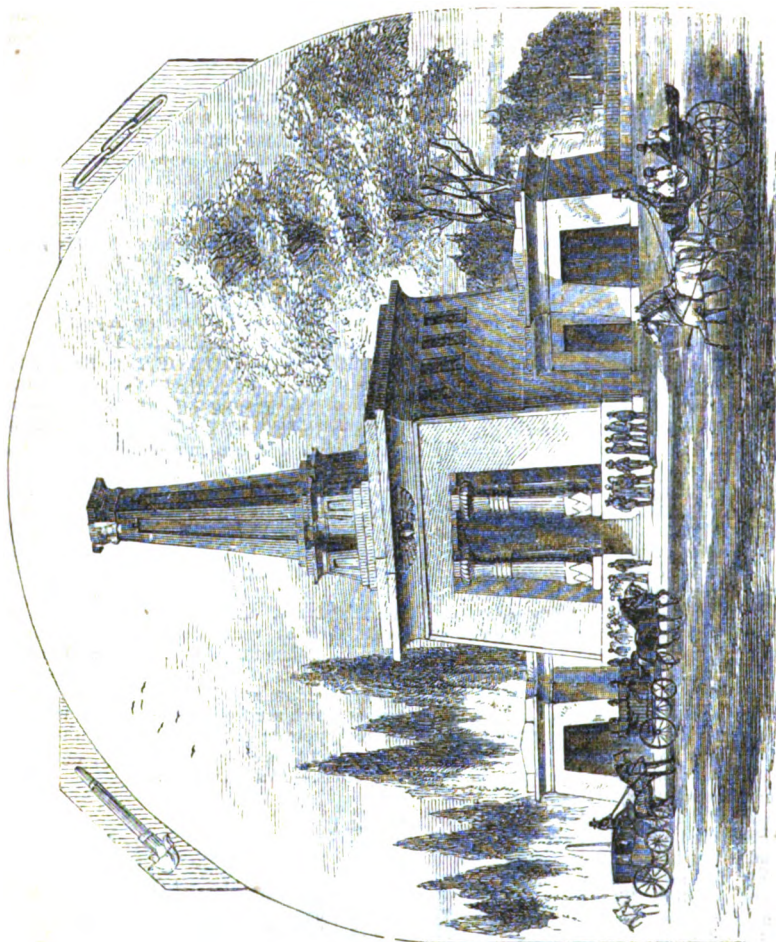
THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.

A free exposure to the light and to the sun's influence has a great effect in diminishing the tendency to disease. The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, from its superior healthiness. It has been found, in public buildings, etc., that those are always the most healthy which are the lightest and sunniest. In some barracks, in Russia, it was found that, in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which happened on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal, such as ventilation, size of apartments, number of inmates, diet, etc., so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun; while, on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthy, and in fact dangerous.—*Hall's Journal.*



PERIPATETIC ADVERTISERS.

VIEWS IN PHILADELPHIA AND SYRACUSE.



ODD FELLOWS' CEMETERY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Among the many objects of interest to which the attention of a visitor is directed in Philadelphia, is the cemetery belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, accurately delineated in the accompanying engraving. It is situated on Islington Lane, near the Ridge Road, about two miles from the northern boundary of the city proper. It covers a space of some thirty acres, and is intersected by wide and spacious avenues and walks, well graded and tastefully laid out. The first interment was made on the 5th of May, 1849, since which time a stone wall, surmounted by a neat iron railing, has been erected along the entire front. The buildings represented in the engraving consist of a main building and two wings, and were designed and erected under the superintendency of Messrs. Hoxie & Button, architects. They are constructed of brown stone, in the Egyptian style, and the centre or main building, which is intended as a chapel and offices, is surmounted by a tower, eighty-one feet

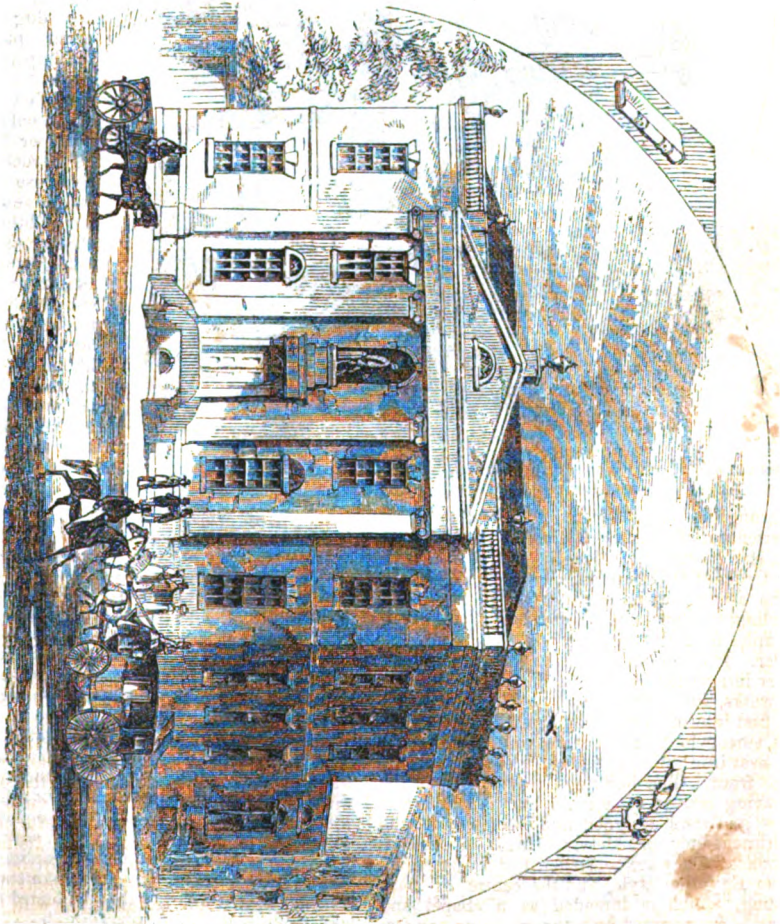
high. The wings are used for carriage-ways and passages for foot passengers. Of the Philadelphia Library, the artist who furnished us with the drawing for our engraving sends us the following notice:—I visited, in company with Mr. Winch, the Philadelphia Library, situated on Fifth Street, below Chestnut Street, which is represented on the next page. The building is a plain, substantial-looking structure of brick, and has a truly venerable and antiquated appearance. Over the entrance, which is on Fifth Street, is a full length statue of Dr. Franklin. The Philadelphia Library Company was instituted in 1731, and is now one of the oldest and most extensive in the country. It owes its origin to Dr. Franklin and the members of a philosophical society called "The Junto." Its first efforts were comparatively feeble, but by the contributions of various public-spirited individuals, and by the addition and consolidation with it of three or four other libraries, its catalogue was increased

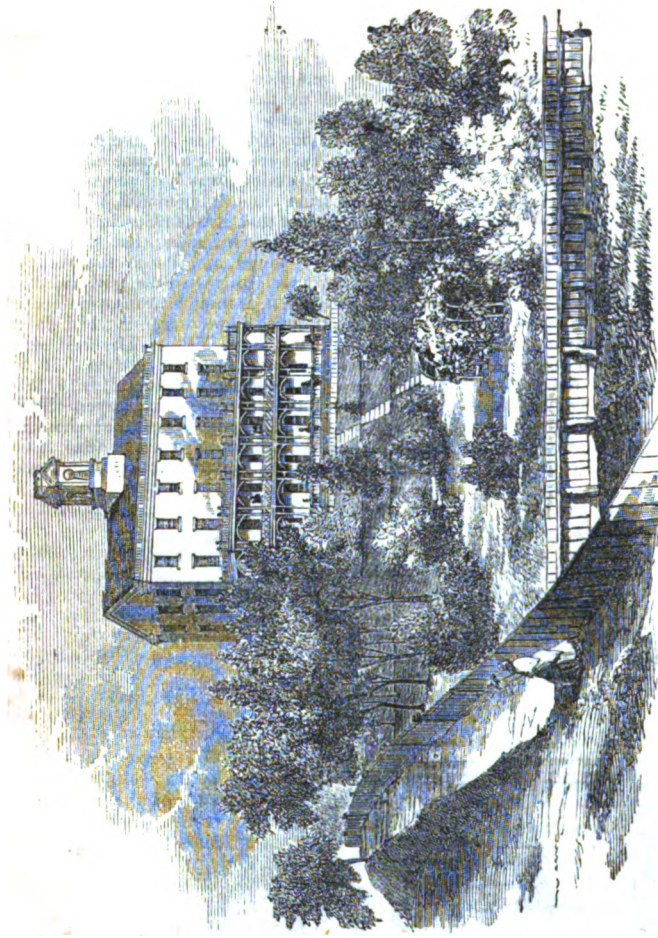
to a considerable extent, and it was found necessary to erect a building for its accommodation. Accordingly, the edifice shown in the engraving was erected, and the society took possession of its new quarters in 1790. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 31st of August, 1789. Among the most important acquisitions of the society, is the library of the Hon. James Logan, the confidential friend of William Penn, which consisted of nearly 4000 volumes, principally of works in the learned and modern languages of Europe. It is kept in a room appropriated for that purpose, and, by constant additions, has swelled to the number of 10,000 volumes. Combined with the company's library, the whole numbers about 65,000 volumes of the choicest and most valuable works upon every imaginable subject, embracing in their design either reference, instruction or amusement. The income of the society is about \$6000, \$4000 of which is annually expended in additions to the catalogue. The rooms are opened every week day from ten o'clock, A. M., until sunset. On the left of the main hall, as I entered, I no-

ticed a quaint and venerable time-piece, said to have been the property of the "Protector"—Oliver Cromwell. It is certainly a very antique-looking affair, similar in shape and appearance to those venerable-looking and time-honored clocks which we frequently see in the wide and spacious halls and "keeping-rooms" of Yankee mansions of the olden time, whose monotonous click—click have recorded the lapse of time, and marked the "passing away" of generation after generation from time immemorial. I have no doubt of the fact that it was once in the possession of that lion-hearted man; but still there is great room for doubt, and hence the romance which might attach to it were the authenticity of the fact undoubted, is in a great measure abated.

The next three views were sketched in the City of Syracuse, New York. The first represents the Onondaga Orphan Asylum. It was established 1841, and incorporated May 10, 1845. It is a spacious brick edifice in Fayette Street, Eighth Ward, and occupies a beautiful commanding site. At the time of its erection, 1845, it was used as an academy; but owing to certain causes,

THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.





ORPHAN ASYLUM, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

cities of Central New York. Its salt works are extensive and wonderful, giving employment to a vast number of people, and being a rich source of profit to the citizens engaged in the manufacture. The great Erie Canal passes through the centre of the town, while the Central Railroad, running within a short distance of the canal, affords still more extended facilities for enterprise and commerce. The land which contains the salt springs belongs to the State of New York, and the wells are dug and the water pumped at the expense of the State, while the manufacturer pays a percentage of one cent per bushel for all he realizes. But Syracuse is also largely engaged in the building of machinery, steam engines, farming utensils, etc. The present population is estimated at about 50,000. Syracuse, like many others of the towns in the interior of New York, is a beautiful place, and with an enter-

prising and thrifty population, bids fair to remain a desirable location as a place of residence.

was converted into a home for the helpless orphan. At present, and for several years past, it has been under the maternal care of Miss Eliza Clark, who has in a highly satisfactory manner directed the domestic affairs of the institution. The school has been taught by the Misses Frances and Miranda Sloan. John Durnford is president, and Ira H. Cobb is secretary of the institution. Our next view is the Syracuse Market, a brick building, situated in a fine square. The New York Central Railroad passes in the street in front of this building. Our last illustration, sketched for its picturesque appearance, is the Unitarian church, on the corner of Lark and Burnet Streets; Rev. Samuel J. May is the pastor. Syracuse is situated in Onondaga county, about one hundred and thirty miles east of Albany, and is really a very delightful place—thrifty, prosperous and commercially important; its inhabitants are also noted for their habits of industry and sobriety. The streets of the city are regularly laid out, and are fine, broad thoroughfares; and the place is one of the finest and most flourishing

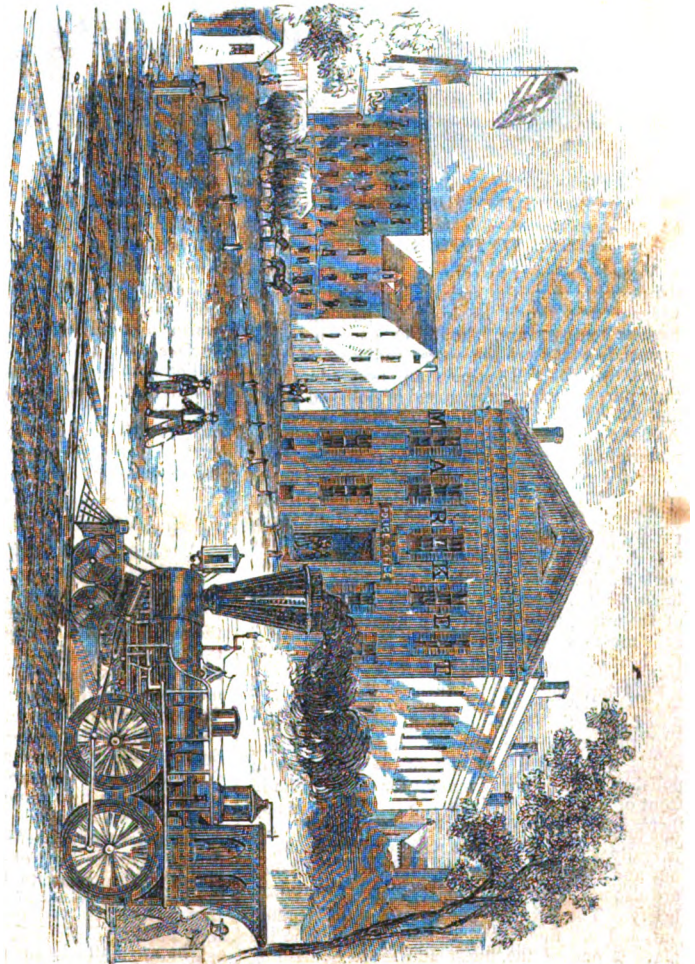
THE CROSSING SWEEPER OF ST. JAMES'S.

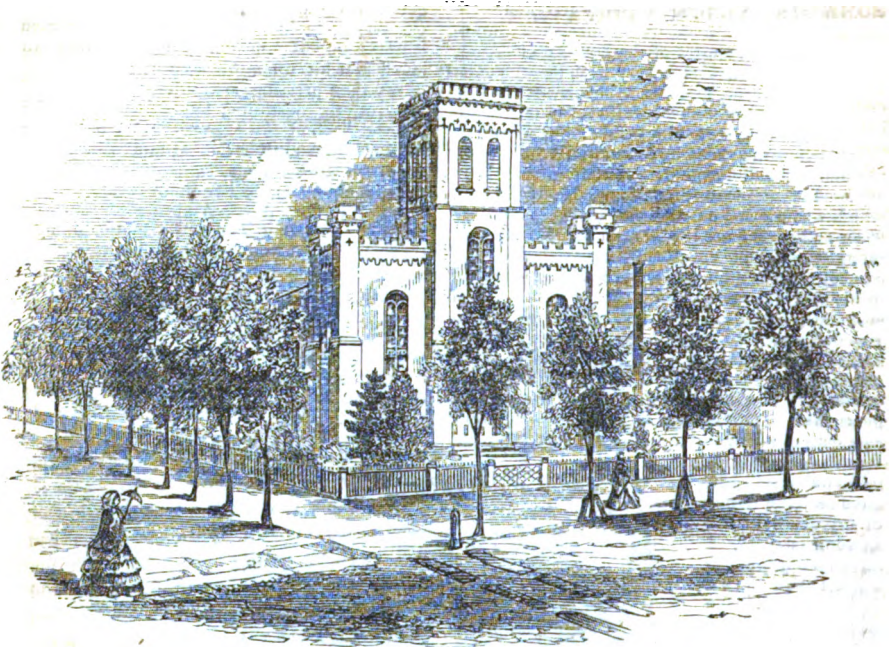
In Notes and Queries, the Rev. S. Baché, of Birmingham, tells a singular story of the early part of the present century. The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourn, near Birmingham, was on one occasion in London, when he was obliged, in consequence of a heavy shower of rain, to take shelter under an archway. The rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was consequently obliged to remain in his place of shelter, though beginning to suffer from his prolonged exposure to the cold and damp atmosphere. Under these circumstances he was agreeably surprised when the door of a handsome house immediately opposite was opened, and a footman in a splendid livery with an umbrella approached, with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway that he feared he might take cold, and would therefore be glad if he

would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a handsomely-furnished dining-room, where the master of the house was sitting, and received from him a very friendly welcome. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox set eyes on his host than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or in what circumstances, he found himself altogether unable to call to mind. The gentleman soon engaged in interesting and animated conversation, which was carried on with increasing mutual respect and confidence; while all the time this remembrance kept continually recurring to Mr. Simcox, whose inquiring glances at last betrayed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion. "You are right, sir," replied the old gentleman, "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honor not to disclose to any one what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have seen me. In Saint James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man who sweeps a crossing there, who stipulates, that whatever be the amount of alms bestowed, he will retain only a halfpenny, and returns to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, "Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him 6d. he will be sure to give you 5 l-2d. back again." Of course his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and, as crowds of people are constantly passing, numbers

every day make the trial; and thus the old man gets many a halfpenny from the curiosity of the passers-by, besides what he obtains from their compassion. I am that beggar. Many years ago I first hit upon this expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities, for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investments, realised a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that though, no longer under any necessity for continuing it, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and accordingly every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and sweep my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner as you see me this day." Mr. Simcox fulfilled his pledge; but having seen the beggar's death announced, he divulged the secret.

MARKET, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.





UNITARIAN CHURCH, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

Vessels intended to contain liquid of a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that liquid as long as possible at the highest temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea-urns and tea-pots are best adapted to their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of black porcelain. A black porcelain tea-pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its materials and color are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea-pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and therefore cools as slowly as possible. A polished silver or brass tea-urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water, than one of dull brown color, such as is most commonly used. A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually if it be kept clean and polished, than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black, and is a powerful radiator of heat. A set of polished fire-irons may remain for a long time in front of a hot fire, without receiving from it any increase of temperature beyond that of the chamber, because the heat radiated by the fire, is all reflected by the polished surface of the irons, and none of it is absorbed; but if a set of rough, unpolished irons were similarly placed, they would become speedily so hot, that they could not be used without inconvenience. The polish of the fire-irons is, therefore, not merely a matter

of ornament, but of use and convenience. The rough, unpolished poker, sometimes used in a kitchen, becomes speedily so hot that it cannot be held without pain. A close stove intended to warm apartments, should not have a polished surface, for in that case it is one of the worst radiators of heat, and nothing could be contrived less fit for the purpose to which it is applied. On the other hand, a rough, unpolished surface of cast iron, is favorable to radiation, and a fire in such a stove will always produce a most powerful effect.—*Dr. Lardner on Heat.*

COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

A cat, of which the Zouaves could have made a delicious substitute for jugged hare, but which was generously spared, and well deserves the title "companion in arms," has been carried upon the shoulder of a voltigeur during the whole of the Italian campaign. A cock became a great favorite, living under canvass upwards of six months, on intimate terms with the Zouaves. A drummer, named Savignol, had two inseparable companions, a jay, which he carried on his shoulder, and a dog which marched before him. This dog ought to be very proud now, his master having given him two little canteens to carry, each having a laudatory inscription, for they say that as the dog marched before the drummer, and the drummer at the head of the regiment, it was the dog which led them to battle and showed them the road to victory.—*Journal pour tous.*

The wasp attacks the ripest fruit first; so will slander attempt to wound the honestest fame.

[ORIGINAL.]

SONNETS.—ALBUM DEDICATION.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN JYTS

Blessed these leaves, whereon each glowing heart
 Hath left its impress, warm with radiant thought!
 Blessed these lines, from pure affection caught,
 And shadowed here, true pleasure to impart!
 Ay, doubly blest—for no fottitious art
 Dissembles here in holy Friendship's guise:
 But Friendship's self, all glorious to the eyes,
 Fills every page, and sanctifies each part.
 And as when autumn winds have swept the field,
 And scattered o'er its face the golden leaves,
 Behold within this treasury revealed
 The fabric which each friend-magician weaves,
 The golden leaves of thought—a garner rich with sheaves!

And O, if thou, who by these gifts art blest—
 Lady, for whom we weave this cloth of gold—
 Shouldst feel, as haply thou in days of old
 Hast felt, remorseless Sorrow's stern behest;
 When hearts which love thee now grow chill and cold,
 Perchance with death, or, worse, with black distrust;
 When eyes which laughed with thine are turned to dust;
 When life itself becomes a story told:
 Then, while the air is filled with falling rain,
 And dark the skies with canopy of night;
 When weary, watching eyes can see no light,
 Turn to the sunshine here, and yet again,
 Read, smile, rejoice, and say, "I am not blest in vain!"

[ORIGINAL.]

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

In the fall of 1854 I was travelling through the Northwestern States as collecting agent for a mercantile house in New York. The terminus of my journey was St. Pauls, Minnesota; and I had completed my business there, and was on my return by a different route than that by which I had travelled out—taking instead, the railway leading down through the central portion of Wisconsin. A long day's ride had wearied me, and at nightfall I reached the thriving city of B—, on the southwestern line of the State, where I designed to stop one night.

Partaking of an excellent supper at the well-kept hotel which I had made my quarters, I shortly retired to my room, for I was more than ordinarily fatigued with my day's travel. Sleep never folds one so closely in its embrace, as when he has wearied both the mental and physical system with exertion; and never was it more refreshing to me, than during the long slumber into which I shortly fell. It must have been after midnight, when I was awakened by the sound of many footsteps hastening rapidly along the pass-

ges past my door. At first, thinking the sound occasioned by the incoming of some belated boarders, I prepared to sink to sleep again; but suddenly a heavy knock came on my door, and a voice which I recognized as that of the porter who had shown me to my room on the preceding evening, exclaimed in hasty, agitated accents:

"Get up, sir! There has been a murder close by!"

Springing to the floor, I hastily dressed myself and joined the throng swelling through the halls, and down through the office, out the door to a house situated close under the shadow of the hotel.

There were some twenty-five or thirty of the gentlemen boarders and strangers stopping at the hotel, who had been summoned from their beds by the affrighted porter, present at the house when I entered, and already some of the circumstances of the midnight tragedy were being related. It seems that several piercing shrieks, following each other in quick succession, had startled the porter dozing by the office fire, lingering for the arrival of the late night train—and he had summoned the inmates of the house—then hastened to the scene. And it was, in truth, the terrible drama of midnight murder, which he had feared, that we gazed upon. The proprietor of the neat cottage house, Mr. Newhall, a gentleman in easy circumstances, lay on the floor of the apartment adjoining his bedroom, his body stabbed with several dangerous wounds, and a pool of blood on the carpet. He was senseless and speechless, although life was not yet extinct. There were marks of a scuffle in the overturned chairs and disarranged furniture—and in the bedroom, where the burglar had apparently entered through an open window, an open money-trunk stood rifled of its contents, and Mr. Newhall's pistol lay in a distant corner, on the floor. Most probably it had been wrenched from him by the robber when discovered by the awakened man, who must have sprung from his bed upon him, for Mr. Newhall was a man of great courage and personal strength.

There was but one other member of the household present—a Norwegian servant-girl, who was half stupefied with fright and terror, and who had hardly gained the scene of the tragedy before the arrival of the hotel occupants close by, summoned by the few loud screams her master had uttered before relapsing into his insensible state. Mr. Newhall, being a bachelor, had no other family, save a niece whom he had adopted, and who had left him a few days previous, on a visit to some friends in Madison. On looking still more closely about the bedroom, a small dark-lantern,

with the light extinguished, and which had doubtless been dropped in the melee, was found. But this, bearing no name, gave no clue to the murderer. A physician was soon on the spot to dress the wounds of Mr. Newhall, but he gave as his opinion that he could not recover, although he might lie thus several days.

The night was dark and chilly, and it seemed utterly out of the question to attempt the discovery of the assassin till daylight, though the strongest excitement prevailed—for the wounded man had been a much-esteemed citizen of B—. But with the first streak of dawn, the police were on the alert, and bands of private citizens organized themselves together to lend aid. Fresh discoveries were made with the daylight. Spots of blood were found on the sill of the window through which the murderer had probably made his egress in escaping—and on the plank walk over which he must have passed in his exit from the premises, bore also the same sanguinary marks, while up the street, on a small pile of lumber by the wayside, was the print of a bloody hand—as if the assassin had paused a moment to rest, and in rising, had used that hand to assist himself. Further than these, no evidences were found, and these were but slight, whereby to obtain clue to the murderer.

About noon a report was spread that a large pocket-dirk had been found beneath the lumber by Dick Stein, a Dutchman, and a man well known about town as a hanger-on to taverns, as well as a gambler. This proved true. And the startling fact that the dirk bore the name of "J. Sherwood," ran like wildfire about the town. James Sherwood was a young lawyer by profession, who had been in B— about a year—a nephew and favorite of Mr. Newhall, and supposed to be betrothed to his cousin, Miss Newhall. He had always borne a high character—though several citizens (now that the knowledge of the finding of the knife became public) stated that of late he had neglected his business, and had been heard of as a frequenter of Parkhurst's gambling saloon—a noted resort for the fast and moneyed young men of the place.

But here was fearful evidence against him. Doubtless he had worn out the generosity of his uncle—had been refused in his demands for money to refund his losses at the gaming table, and at length driven to desperation, had been tempted to enter the house, with whose precincts he was so well acquainted, in the dark midnight, with intent to rifle the money-trunk, when his uncle awaking, there had followed the fearful and deadly struggle which had ended so tragically. This was the conclusion of all. And though

young Sherwood had rushed from his boarding-house, in a distant part of the city, to his uncle's house about an hour after the tragedy, and had stood all the forenoon like one stupefied with intense grief over the bed whereon his uncle lay, this was only deemed a piece of acting, assumed to cover his fiendish atrocity.

When the officers entered, and arrested him as the murderer, he seemed paralyzed, and then fell in a dead faint upon the floor. In that state of insensibility he was borne away to the lock-up, preparatory to his conveyance to the county jail at Janesville, at which city his trial was to be held—while the people of B— were left with the one exciting topic of the murder as the theme of conversation.

An indictment was immediately got out against James Sherwood for the murder of William Newhall; and the fall term of the court being at that time in session at Janesville, the trial came on within the week. A number of the citizens of B— went up to attend it also. More than ordinary interest for the accused had been awakened in my mind. Spite of the array of circumstances against him, I could not bring myself to believe in his guilt. I was present when the officers took him; and to my mind, the horror-stricken face and paralyzed tongue which hindered any attempt at refutation of the terrible charge, which fastened conviction of his guilt upon others, seemed but proofs of natural surprise and agitation. Surely, I thought, that frank, manly brow never enshrined the brain which conceived the idea of theft—that hand, which had so often grasped his kind relative's in the clasp of consanguinity, never sent home a deadly weapon to his breast. But I was only a stranger, and what was my opinion in face of the great wave of evidence upraised against him? Nothing was left me but to follow the bent of his affairs with painful interest.

At ten o'clock of the forenoon, two days after, the trial came on. The court-room was crowded to suffocation—every niche, window-seat and doorway being packed with an array of human faces. The prisoner was brought in and placed in his box; the judge took his seat; silence was proclaimed; the jury were empanelled, and the indictment read against the prisoner, who sat, pale and haggard, looking years older than when I saw him last. The first witness on the stand was the Dutchman, Stein. He testified that while looking over the lumber, and examining the bloody prints on the boards, on the forenoon succeeding the murder, the knife had dropped down from between a tier of planks where it had been thrust. On examining it, the name en-

graved on the handle met his eye, and he had at once given information of his discovery.

Another witness was then produced—the landlady of the boarding-house where the prisoner had made his home—who testified that on the evening of the murder of Mr. Newhall, the accused had come in very late, long after midnight, and proceeded as usual to his room. He had not breakfasted with her, being summoned from his bed by news of his uncle's murder. When the officers came to inform her of his subsequent arrest for the crime, she proceeded with them to his room, when the premises were searched. A handkerchief stained with blood was found in the lid of his trunk—spots of blood were on the sleeve of a shirt he had removed, and the chambermaid testified that the same were visible upon the towels she had that morning taken from his room; also, there were two or three upon the sink. This concluded the evidence.

The attorney for the prosecution then rose. He was an able man, and well versed in his case. In commencing his address, he spoke of the rapid downfall of the prisoner from the upright walks of life—his neglect of business, which led to evil paths and associates—his love for the gaming table, where, he was prepared to prove, he had passed the evening preceding the murder, and met with heavy losses—his subsequent departure from that resort, in a state of mind which had probably induced the idea of theft to obtain the means to meet those losses—the next scene in the bed-chamber of the wounded man—his surprise and anguish on being roused from slumber to behold his nephew a robber—his exclamations, and the ensuing struggle between the two—the extinguishing of the lantern, and then the terrible stroke which left him wounded unto death, while the assassin fled through the nearest window; not, however, until the life-blood of the wounded man had dripped from his hand, leaving behind the spots which were to go toward proving his guilt. Then came the strongest link in the chain. The evidence of the bloody knife bearing his initials, which had been accidentally found by Stein, and which had been produced in court. What more was needed? The chain of circumstantial evidence seemed complete; but he could furnish more. The handkerchief of the prisoner had been found by the mistress of his boarding-house, covered with blood and concealed in his trunk; and spots of blood were also found upon the sink, and on the towels he had used in washing. These were the facts he had to lay before the jury. And after listening to evidence in favor of the prisoner, if he had such to offer, he would leave them to make their decision.

Every eye was now turned toward the prisoner. He was terribly pale, and his long, wavy, brown hair, brushed back from his temples, revealed a face whose expression certainly betokened anything but the character of a villain. I failed to read upon it that common look of recklessness so peculiar to fast young men, and which one might have expected from the account given of his late associations. Instead, I saw anguish, shame, and a combination of every emotion which would naturally be imprinted upon the countenance of a high-spirited, impulsive young man, who in an evil hour, had mingled with associates and yielded to influences which had tainted his name, and now had brought him to the terrible charge under which he stood arraigned. The lawyer retained for the defence, stated that he had but one witness to produce in favor of the prisoner, but in the estimation of a discriminating public, his testimony would be sufficient to remove the terrible and unjust charge under which the accused was suffering. This witness then took the stand. He was a young man, the most intimate friend of Sherwood, of good standing in society.

He testified that on the night of the murder, he had been with his friend in his office until eleven o'clock, when the two went out together, and, passing Parkhurst's saloon, Sherwood proposed entering for a few moments, but declared he had no intention of playing. A short time after entering, however, Dick Stein bantered Sherwood to a game of billiards. They played out, and for a wonder, the Dutchman lost. Apparently angry at this, he insinuated that his opponent had used trickery, and challenged him to another game. Sherwood refused, and was turning away, using the expression that "he had already forgotten himself in playing at all with a low Dutchman." This enraged Stein, who began a quarrel; and finding that Sherwood took no notice of him, but was passing out, he sprang upon him, and hurled a glass tumbler, which he had caught up from the bar, at his head. Sherwood raised his hand to ward it off, and then turned and collared his assailant. Quite a scuffle ensued, when the Dutchman crying for quarter, Sherwood released him. And after cautioning him to keep out of his path in future, they passed out into the street. His friend had treated the whole affair lightly, laughing it off, and averring that "after all, he had proved the greater fool of the two, in meddling with a drunken Dutchman." He had also expressed his intention of avoiding the billiard saloon in the future, and abstaining from dissipation of all kinds. He had seen him take out his handkerchief and bind it about his

hand, with the remark, "I believe that rascal cut my hand with that tumbler." This accounted for the stains upon it. They then walked up the street, and he left him at the door of his boarding-house. It was one o'clock when he reached his own home. He then retired from the stand.

After he had concluded, the prisoner arose, saying that he had a few words to offer in addition to the testimony given. With shame, he acknowledged that his visit to the saloon had been the occasion of his encounter with Stein, and thus the cause of his implication in the terrible crime which had so shocked the community, but none more than himself. He could only account for the fact of his knife's being found secreted under the lumber, by affirming that the real murderer had placed it there, with the double intention of escaping from the guilt himself, and fastening the stigma upon another from motives of revenge. He had missed his knife after his return from the saloon, but had not thought its loss important until arrested. Then, it flashed over him that it must have fallen, or been wrested from his breast pocket, in the scuffle with Stein, and afterward used as the instrument of his uncle's murder, and then produced as an evidence against himself. He had nothing more to say in self-defence. The evidence already given he believed sufficient to convince the jury, the court, and entire public of his innocence of the terrible crime with which he stood charged.

After Sherwood had ceased, there was a murmur of applause throughout the court. Countenances began to brighten, the tide of opinion was turning in his favor, and whispers expressive of their belief in his innocence, after all, began to circulate through the crowd.

Dick Stein, evidently half-stunned by this new turn of affairs, was creeping silently from the court-room, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and he was under arrest. Turning doggedly, and with an assumed air of indifference, he affected to laugh at the evidence of the prisoner, but was met with such a stern expression on the officer's face, that he submitted. In his stolidity, or ignorance of our laws, the Dutchman had not counted upon any fact, save that of the knife's being found, as evidence in the case. In a few minutes he was occupying a place near the prisoner's box, awaiting the decision of the court for Sherwood.

At this moment, the physician who had been in attendance upon the murdered man, appeared in court. Huste was visible in his manner, and agitation upon his countenance. At his request, he was immediately placed upon the witness-

stand. He had ridden rapidly to Jamestown to save an innocent man. A singular and unlooked-for change had taken place in Mr. Newhall. As by a miracle, while his niece was watching and weeping over the body of her uncle, he had revived and spoken. It was like an awaking from the dead. Miss Newhall had rushed from the house in terror; then, her alarm over, she had as quickly returned, rejoiced to hear again her uncle's beloved voice. The physician had been summoned, and his surprise was extreme at hearing utterance from lips he had supposed closed forever.

"Have they taken him?" was the first query of Mr. Newhall.

"Who—the murderer?" the physician asked.

"The thief—Stein. He broke open my money-trunk. Have they got him? Why don't James go after him?" was his next question, in faintest whispers. "Have I been hurt? O, I remember, that knife!" he said afterward, putting his hand to his head, and shuddering. Then he had relapsed into an insensible state. The physician could not tell if he would live. He might, nothing seemed impossible now. He would now return to him; he had left him in charge of a brother physician; the court now knew the real murderer, and had but to let the wrongfully-accused go free.

It is impossible to describe the sensation which pervaded the mass of human beings in that great, crowded court-room. A great shout, like the roar of a sea-wave, went up. Then, despising the ceremony of a formal acquittal by the jury, they surged forward, strong men took the prisoner from the box, seated him upon their shoulders, and bore him in triumph from the court-house, through the streets, to the depot, where the afternoon train lay, just starting for B—. With enthusiastic cheers, they gathered about him, escorting him on board the train; and the air was vociferous with shouts till the huge iron steed had borne him beyond their sight. "I sat near him, where I could look full upon his face during that fourteen miles' ride, and never before or since have I ever gazed upon a countenance so literally transfigured with emotions of gratitude as that young man's."

"The last eight-and-forty hours have been like a horrible dream to me," I overheard him say to his friend, as we stepped to the platform of the B— depot, on the arrival of the train, "a horrible dream! Before God, I swear never again to set foot in a gambling saloon!"

And he kept his word. That was five years ago. I have since travelled among the Western States, and have heard of James Sherwood, as

a talented and rising lawyer in Wisconsin, and as upright and blameless in his private life, as he is fair and open in his political career. Shortly after his acquittal he married his cousin, Miss Newhall, to whom he had long been attached, and to-day his home is among the happiest of the many happy firesides at the West.

Strange to chronicle, Mr. Newhall recovered miraculously from his wounds, and thenceforth made his home with his adopted children, who will be heirs to his wealth.

The Dutchman, Stein, who at first was with difficulty kept from the lynch law of the excited populace, was duly put upon trial, found guilty of the crime of burglary, with intent to murder, and then remanded back to prison, to await the recovery or decease of the wounded man, and upon his recovery was sentenced to a term of several years' imprisonment in the penitentiary of the State, where he still serves out the sentence for his crimes.

SCENERY OF CEYLON.

Ceylon, from whatever direction it may be approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. The traveller from Bengal, leaving behind the melancholy delta of the Ganges and the torrid coast of Coromandel, or the adventurer from Europe, recently inured to the sands of Egypt and the scorched headlands of Arabia, is alike entranced by the vision of beauty which expands before him as the island rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores, till they meet the ripple of the waves, bright with the foliage of perpetual spring. The Brahmins designated it by the epithet of Lanka, "the resplendent;" the Buddhist poets gracefully apostrophized it as "a pearl upon the brow of India;" the Chinese knew it as the "Island of Jewels;" the Greeks as the "land of the hyacinth and the ruby;" the Mohammedans, in the intensity of their delight, assigned it to the exiled parents of mankind as a new elysium to console them for the loss of Paradise; and the early navigators of Europe, as they returned dazzled with its gems and laden with its costly spices, propagated the fable that far to seaward the very breeze that blew from it was redolent of perfume. In later and less imaginative times Ceylon has still maintained the renown of its attractions, and exhibits, in all its varied charms, "the highest conceivable development of Indian nature."—*Sir Emerson Tennent.*

TO A CHILD.

Ere thou wast born "into this breathing world,"
God wrote some characters upon thy heart.
O, let them not, like beads of dew empearled
On morning blades, before the noon depart!

But morning drops before the noon exhale,
And yet those drops appear again at even;
So childish innocence on earth must fall,
Yet may return to usher thee to heaven.

COLERIDGE.

[ORIGINAL.]

OF OLD.

BY EDWIN S. LECHEMER.

The scene is an old one—
It comes but of dreaming
Of times that have wandered with gladness away,
When youth had its vigor,
And young life was teeming
With joys that were fleet as the sunshine of day.

Where the violet bloomed,
In its then beauteous blooming.
'Neath the sheltering shade of a wide-spreading tree,
My idol of life,
With heart unassuming,
Murmured softly her love for the flower—and for me,

The bright bird above
Hushed its sweet singing,
Enraptured by music so akin to its own;
And the rivulet's voice
Appeared to be bringing
A welcome to love in its clear, softened tone.

O heart, 'twas a sunbeam
But given to morning;
The calm ere a storm oppresses the sea;
A pure ray of light,
That enveloped the warning
Of clouds which ere nightfall would desolate thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE "LAST OF HIS RACE."

BY DONALD M'CURE.

"WHAT is the baron lighting up the old hall so splendidly for to-night?" asked Albert Von Hapsburg of his friend, as the two youths, students of the university, strolled at twilight along the road ending in the grand avenue that formed the approach to Castle Hohenberg.

"It is his birth-night, I believe," said Auguste Meisel, "and he is very particular to celebrate it. I have heard of some prophecy which is to be fulfilled on one of these anniversaries, and that he believes it. Therefore on these days, he surrounds himself with troops of people, in order to dissipate, if possible, the low spirits in which he would otherwise indulge."

"Right! The baron is judicious. To keep off evil spirits by pouring down good spirits, is the very height of wisdom. Commend me to the Baron Von Hohenberg forever."

"By the by, Albert, I have been bidden, but had nearly forgotten it. And as my brother is quite intimate with the baron, I will venture to invite you to go in with me for an hour or two. We can leave the castle long before the university bell calls us to prayers."

"If I thought I should be welcome, I should like nothing better."

"We will go early then, so that I can introduce you to the baron without witnesses."

The two young men walked up the avenue, stopping a moment to admire the effect of the intense light of a hundred wax candles upon the stained window-panes. Through a single diamond pane of clear, white glass, they beheld some one pacing the broad floor of the immense hall.

"That is the baron himself," whispered Auguste.

"That little deformed hunchback, with such long arms like an ape?" asked his friend.

"None other. And some say his mind is as deformed as his body—but my brother says there is yet a spark of the divine within him."

As he spoke, they went up the broad flight of stone steps that led to the flower-wreathed conservatory. This was a vast room, the walls of which were of glass, and completely filled with flowers and plants of the costliest kinds. Passing through these, they entered the vast hall itself, where the baron was still restlessly walking. At times he stopped before the folding doors of the large dining-hall beyond, and chided the servants for some fancied negligence, or careless handling of the superb plate with which they were setting forth the tables. A lackey who was waiting in the entrance, relieved the students of their caps and mantles, and ushered them into the presence of his master, calling out their names in a stentorian voice.

The baron welcomed the young man, but there was still a cold, sarcastic meaning in the dull blue eyes, that said there was no true heart in the welcome. More company arriving on the instant, the two youths fell back into a quiet corner and watched the proceedings with curious eyes. Meantime, the servants were making their own observations in the kitchen.

"Master is in bad humor to-night, Andreas," said the cook. "Nothing but fussing and fretting all this day. One would think he was going to have the king to sup with him, or, at least, a party of women, he is so fussy and particular."

"Women!" echoed Michael Gausrager, the privileged person within it. "Women! it will be long enough before a petticoat angel flies into Hohenberg. Its master has not just the figure, or face either, to attract the lovely creatures."

"Hold thy prate, old Goose-neck," answered the cook. "I doubt me not that even the baron could find a wife—a young and handsome one, too, for all his humpy shoulders."

Michael stretched his long neck, which had

given him his surname of Gausrager (Goose-neck), over the long table on which the cook was preparing the various luxuries of the feast, and said in a significant tone: "Ay, but he cannot marry now, if he would."

"Thou art rightly called a fool, Gausrager—what should hinder him if he be so inclined, I should like to know?"

"Hark! Don't tell, Peter—but the baron wont be alive after to-night."

"What has put that mischief into that foolish head of yours? Mind he doesn't hear you, or I would not give a duck's claw for your life."

"Pooh! that old gipsy told him so. I heard her myself. Didn't the baron turn pale when she said that?"

"Why, did she foretell it for to-night?" asked the cook, his curiosity mastering the dignity which he always tried to maintain towards Michael.

The buffoon executed a grimace. "What would thee give me to tell?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said Peter, assuming his usual stiff and pompous manner. "Get thee out of the kitchen, and don't let me see thee again, until this feast is well-nigh over. Up to thy loft, fellow, and if thou want to see the fun, thou hast naught to do but croon thy long neck over the window-frame, and enjoy the sight and smell as much as the rest."

Michael looked down at the long rows of tempting dishes that were nearly ready to serve, and pleaded with the cook to let him stay, but without effect; so he crept off unwillingly to his eyrie in the roof.

Soon the wassail and tumult began in the grand hall. When the guests were in the height of their enjoyment, and only waiting for the master to name the leading toast, the baron was seen to grow pale. He begged to be excused for a moment. Several of his friends rose to lead him from the room, but he waved them back, and taking the arm of his relative, Baron Von Thalberg, lord lieutenant of the county, he left the room and entered the cool retreat of the conservatory. Here he sat down, while the renewed sounds of merriment from the hall came upon his ear.

"Leave me, cousin," he said. "Go back and play the part of host to them for a few moments. This cool air revives me, and I will soon be with you all again."

Left alone, he threw himself upon a cushioned bench among the flowers and inhaled their sweet perfume. One rare flower had that day bloomed, whose fragrance brought to mind a host of memories long buried. This plant had never bloe-

somed—since the day on which his gentle sister Helena had died. Then came back the gipsy's prophecy—that mysterious and awful warning to spend *this* day in the silence of his own room, in prayerful meditation, and the strange, dark hint that it *might* be the last. As he lay there, a strain of wild, delicious music was wafted to his ear. There was a noble band stationed in the hall, but this did not seem to proceed from thence. It was a softer, more plaintive strain, and seemed to thrill through his very being. When it ceased, he abandoned himself again to memory.

"And this is life!" he mused. "To wear the galling chain of deformity and ugliness for thirty-two suffering years, and then to dread the parting from it! 'Here lies the hunchback,' may be written over me perhaps, or uttered by lips that now flatter me. What said the gipsy? That no woman's love would ever be mine. That, wise and learned as I thought myself, I should lose my life by a fool, and on a birthday, too—perhaps this one. And yet I *could* have loved a woman! Yes, fervently, sincerely loved a woman like my sweet sister. Alas, there is not one in all this vast world who could love the hunchback. Well, I will go back to the table and drown these horrible fancies that are possessing me, in a bumper of my own old Rhenish, pledged by the dear friends who so kindly help me to dispose of it. Friends!" he added, with bitter, biting scorn, "friends! I wonder how many of them would stay with me when my last flagon of wine should be exhausted?"

He rose heavily from the couch and passed through a small ante-room, in which a wood-fire was smouldering into red-hot coals. He had become chilled by the cool air of the conservatory, and now lingered a moment to enjoy the kindly warmth. As he sat there, the decaying sparks renewed his strange fancies. He thought they were types of his vanishing life, and as the heavy brands fell, he seemed to hear the sound of the clods upon his own coffin! With a deep groan of anguish he rushed into the hall, thankful to dissipate his imaginings by the presence of others. Even there, the guests seemed to assume the semblance of mourners, and the red flag that waved over the table wore the hue of black and seemed like a pall.

He rallied when the guests loudly cheered their host, and advancing to the head of the table, he drank off a brimming glass of wine. It was swift and potent in its effects, and it loosened his hitherto powerless tongue. He even related to them the history of the past fearful half-hour—told them of the gipsy Moraima's prediction, and his own foolish fancies in consequence.

"Ha, ha! well said, baron!" echoed from every corner of the wide hall, as the guests lifted the sparkling glasses to their lips, and drank to the health of *the future Baroness of Hohenberg!*

"Good heavens!" said one of the baron's "dear friends," speaking aside to his next neighbor, "good heavens! what a figure for a woman to love!" And, unseen by the host, he twisted his own superb shoulders into an exaggerated likeness of the hunchback.

The tumult still rose. Voices grew louder and mingled with the crash of glasses and the rattling of silver. And when the din was at the highest, some one called loudly for the merry-andrew, Michael Gausrager. The host sent for him, but no one knew where he was to be found. The little maid, Lena, knew well enough where poor Michael had been sent, and she had carried him food and wine secretly. Peter had forgotten that it was by his order that the buffoon had gone away, and the rest of the servants pleaded ignorance of his whereabouts.

No Catholic was ever so reverent to his patron saint, as was Michael to little Lena. He thought her an angel in human shape, and when she ran up to his door and whispered to him not to come down to the drunken crew who were clamoring for him, lest they should now ill-treat him for the delay, he blessed her a thousand times. Visions of weary miles' walking on a wintry road, such as his master's guests had often submitted him to, made him cower into his dark and cold room when she had gone away, and when he heard a noise as of some one ascending the stairs, he longed to call her back to suggest some new hiding-place. His heart beat quicker when he heard the baron's voice calling for a piece of rope. He was to be beaten if he could be found, he well knew. Fear sharpened all his senses, and he heard the trailing of a rope upon the floor near where he was hiding, but still outside his door, which he had contrived to fasten, but which he knew the strong arms of these excited men could easily pull open. Soon he heard the rope applied to the handle of the door, and his master's voice saying: "Let me alone, I can open it." He shuddered, for he knew the rope well. It was a rotten bell-rope, formerly used in the tower, and had been tied in innumerable knots, which in fancy he felt upon his back.

"Huzza! huzza!" resounded from the guests at the bottom of the stairs, as the baron succeeded in tying the rope to the handle of the door.

There was a dead silence after this, then a creaking sound as if the rope were parting, and then a noise of a log of wood being thrown down

the steep staircase. He knew no more. Insensibility had mercifully closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, the guests were suddenly sobered by the falling of their host. With uplifted hands they stood below, as the poor, distorted body came heavily over the stairs and landed on the marble floor at their feet. When they raised the head, death was impressed upon the ghastly features. The gipsy's prophecy had come to pass, and the last Von Hohenberg was gone to his account. A few of the most sober and reflective among the company, stayed to give their presence and assistance to the bewildered servants; but the rest, terrified and amazed, left the castle precipitately. The hunchback lay in state during the following week. All that his diseased mind had suggested, came true. The funeral pall canopied the state-bed, the coffin, with the shield and helmet, which the custom of his family had rendered indispensable to be laid upon it, and the indescribable odor of death which had so pained him in his imaginary struggle the night before, all were palpable to the senses of those who came to look upon him.

It was on the first day of February, 1728, that the last of the race of Hohenberg expired. It was on his birthday, too, and as Moraima had prophesied, he came to his death by a fool!

Trembling, half-fainting, cold and miserable, little Lena found her charge. Gently and considerately, she gradually acquainted him with his master's death, and took him kindly away from the scene of excitement to the home of her own relatives. When she married, she induced her husband, a good-natured, ease-loving German, to allow Michael a home in their pretty cottage. Kindness and care, combined with quiet industry and regular habits, soon changed the buffoon into a healthy and respectable youth. Only in his sleep was he visited with dim fears, and often he would cry out that the baron was falling. When he was just passing over the threshold of manhood, and the hearts of Lena's little children had become securely bound to him, he suddenly wilted beneath the touch of sickness. Like an angel, his kind benefactress hovered about his feverish pillow, wiped the death-dews from his forehead and closed his dying eyes.

In the funeral-vault of Hohenberg, there were two coffins side by side. One bore the inscription, "Charles Joseph Baron Von Hohenberg, the last of his race. Died on his 32d birthday, February 1, 1728."

On the other, more simple in its adornments, was inscribed, "Michael Albert Von Hohenberg, died March 18, 1734."

It was not known until after poor Michael's

death, that he was the baron's brother, and that the inheritance rightfully belonged to him. One person only was partly cognizant of the fact, and the baron had bound him by a solemn oath never to name his suspicion to any living being. When Michael died, he felt absolved from further concealment, and suggested to Lena that her protegee should receive those posthumous honors which had never been accorded to him in life. The castle had stood empty since the death of Charles Von Hohenberg; but the lord lieutenant willed that the body of him who was in reality *the last of his race*, should be carried into the grand hall and laid in such state as had that of his elder brother.

Tears, such as no mortal ever shed over the tomb of the latter, fell upon Michael's, from the eyes of the good Lena and her little ones. When the eldest daughter was sixteen, the emperor bestowed the castle upon a new favorite, and a son of the new family soon after married Claudine Bergen. This gentle girl was a second Lena, following in the footsteps of her mother. She made the young baron happy, and commemorated her attachment to the simple friend of her infancy, by naming her own child, Michael Albert.

A long life and a green old age awaited the gentle serving-girl of Hohenberg, who was now connected, by her daughter's marriage, with the grandest nobles of the land, and when she passed away, she, too, was laid in the same tomb with him she had so generously befriended.

LADY FRANKLIN.

Everybody must admit that Lady Franklin is not only an amiable, but a strong-minded woman, yet we have heard an anecdote of her sensibility, which is deeply affecting. A short time since, when her ladyship was waiting most anxiously to learn the fate of the brave men she had despatched in search of her husband, she fell ill, and a consultation of physicians was held at her residence. One of these gentlemen, whilst he felt her pulse, begged her ladyship would open her hand. Her frequent refusal occasioned him so much disappointment in ascertaining the precise state of her fever, that he took the liberty gently to expand the fingers, and he then perceived that they were grasping a small miniature of Sir John. "Madam," exclaimed the gentleman, with deep sympathy, "my prescription must be unavailing if you are determined to keep before your eyes an object, which although deservedly dear to you, serves to confirm the violence of your distressing symptoms." "Sir," replied the noble woman, "this picture has been my sole comfort ever since the departure of my husband, and I am determined it shall be inseparable until, if he be dead, I am so happy as to drop after him into the grave."—*European Times*.

Sin and retribution are as the substance and shadow, never far apart.

[ORIGINAL.]
CHARLIE.

BY MRS. F. E. BARDOUR.

Gently and tenderly lay him to rest,
Tiny hands folded upon the white breast;
Sunny eyes closing, their light is all fled:
Straighten the darling limbs—Charlie is dead!

Fold the robe closer about the still form,
Press the cold lips which love's kiss cannot warm;
Tears drop like rain on the beautiful head,
Wild sobe are bursting, for Charlie is dead!

Dead to the weeping eyes watching him here;
Dead as ye follow behind the black bier;
Darkness and silence within the cold grave:
Have ye forgotten the Hand which can save?

Never like this hath thy mother-heart bled
With anguish that would not be comforted;
No sorrow before but thy soul could say,
"Thy will be done, Father, not mine, away!"

Wait, mother, in patience!—God pitieth thee,
And watcheth thy struggles all tenderly:
Till at last from this fearful cloud shall shine
A beautiful faith in his love divine.

He was needed there, in the home of light,
Where never is pain, and there is no night;
He is waiting thee mid the shining band
Of the ransomed ones in the better land.

[ORIGINAL.]

EVELYN'S WAITING.

BY GEO. D. SHEPARD.

It was a low, cheerful-looking room, with broad beam running across the ceiling, and very small windows with seats covered with chints. There was no lack of furniture, but it was rather substantial than handsome, and somewhat old-fashioned besides. On the wall hung two large portraits—so large that the frames came down far below where they ought to hang, and interfered with the setting back of chairs or sofa. There were two of the latter articles in the room—long and broad, and originally hard and uneasy, like all sofas of an ancient make, but more recently stuffed and covered with greater attention to ease and luxury. The windows were open, bringing in the sweet smell of honeysuckles and damask roses which grew profusely outside. Beyond was a little garden, homely and old-fashioned enough, but still pleasant from the wealth of vines and creeping shrubs that grew all over the stone wall, and the two great pear trees, the low currant bushes, and the profusion of white, pink and crimson hollyhocks,

intertwined with the graceful Belvideres and the stately princess's feather.

The portraits mentioned, were of a man in the full prime and vigor of life, and a woman, young, gentle, and mild-looking. Near them, suspended by a small cord, was the miniature likeness of a very lovely child, fair and fresh as the morning, with bright, wavy hair of golden brown, eyes of a soft hazel, and cheeks and lips that seemed made for loving kisses.

The three representatives of these pictures sat together in the quaint old room, somewhat altered from the time that had passed since they were painted, yet perfectly recognizable. The man's raven locks were sprinkled thickly with silver, the woman's were concealed under a cap, and the child, now grown to fair maiden, wore hers banded plainly over the ears and braided in a Grecian knot behind.

There was another child there, but of a mould and accent so different from the picture or its original, that no one would have thought them sisters. She was just passing the bounds that separate childhood from womanhood. Eyes and hair of the deepest black, a skin where the rose contended with the olive, and a form of fairy proportions belonged to Olive Rayner; while her air and manner were so fascinating, so *spirituelle*, so full of grace, and altogether so charming, that Evelyn had little chance of being admired when Olive was by. Yet, if not admired, Evelyn was loved; and to one of her unobtrusive ways, this was far more grateful. It was pretty to see the black curls of Olive Rayner tossed back in coquettish style, from a forehead that gleamed from under them like Parian marble; but the eye, after all, rested with deeper satisfaction upon Evelyn's plainly banded hair, just parted evenly upon her small and graceful head, with the thick, glossy knot behind, at the very spot which showed best its beautiful shape, and set off the rare beauty of the neck and ears.

Evelyn held in her hand a shell, upon which she was cutting an exquisite cameo likeness of her sister. This was Evelyn's art—her one and only trait of genius, shining out from amidst the calm beauty of her daily life. She had taken it up without instruction, and at first even without proper instruments, and her success was as admirable as it was surprising. Her father, immersed in business, did not wake up to the fact that his daughter was bidding fair to distinguish herself, until a reverse of fortune showed him how truly talented she was. He had leisure through a severe fit of ague, to observe how much she was capable of doing, and congratulated himself that whatever awaited him, Evelyn

would be sure to be independent. He was troubled thenceforth only for his gentle and amiable wife, and the wild, impetuous child, who needed a parent's ceaseless watch and ward. How would these two helpless beings bear to be poor and desolate? He might have known that Evelyn's heart was "open as day to melting charity," and that, when everything else had failed them, Evelyn would be all the world to them. But he did not think so, until he saw the beautiful cameo in his daughter's hand. He had been regarding it some time before he made out what it was. The light was not favorable, as he sat, and he fancied her merely toying with some article of jewelry from which she had taken the setting. But as she moved it forward, and took long and earnest looks at Olive, and then applied herself fervently to her work again, he cast a scrutinizing glance at what he now saw was a resemblance to his other daughter.

"What have you there, Evelyn?" he asked, with a degree of emotion very different from that which he had experienced half an hour before, when, dwelling on his own pecuniary troubles, so hard to be borne, because involving so many, he had almost shed tears.

"Olive's face, papa," she answered, in a low, sweet, silvery voice, extending it towards him.

He looked at it steadily, until happy tears came into his eyes, not so much called out by the perfect beauty of the face, as the thought that Evelyn could have done this, without his suspecting that she was an artist, and that she could have done it so admirably.

He passed it to the silent little woman opposite, and the wet tears were dropping upon it as he put it from him. Evelyn thought her father was growing weak and nervous. Her mother knew better how to interpret his emotion. It was midsummer, and Evelyn had forsaken her little hot room at the top of the house, where she usually worked, for the cool parlor below. But she now conducted her father to that retreat, where shells and casts and medallions lay around, and one or two figures moulded in clay and covered with wet cloths, were standing in the coolest corner of her studio.

"Naughty child, to conceal this from your father!" he said, tenderly kissing her cheek. "And yet it makes me happy, for now I shall feel safe in your ability to preserve yourself from want and poverty."

"Is it then so bad, dearest father?" asked Evelyn.

"Nothing can look much worse now, my child. I fear that this pleasant old place, which was my father's and grandfather's, and which

I fondly hoped to bequeath to my children, free and unincumbered, must now be sold to meet the demands of my creditors."

"Do not think so, father. Look at me! I am strong and well. I can do much, believe me. I have heard of many lately who require a good music-teacher. I can give lessons; and surely, if I am successful in Olive's head, I can do something more in that way."

Mr. Rayner shook his head, yet Evelyn could see that he was really made happy by her hopeful talk, and she continued her encouragement and cheerfulness.

"Olive is so beautiful, dear father, she must make many friends. Every one loves her so much, you know. My talents—(am I really talented, father?) If I am, her beauty and my talents must draw around us some who will surely patronise us in a school, or in some branch of professional art. Let us forget, father, that we have been very well off heretofore, and only remember that we have something to perform. We will begin directly." And the charming girl actually drew her father down stairs, to draw up a list of friends and acquaintances who might be likely to entrust their children to the care of Evelyn and Olive Rayner. Somehow, Olive did not seem so enthusiastic as she might have done. Her assent to Evelyn's proceedings was very languid, and she did not suggest anything of her own. Evelyn looked disappointed, and was ready to make any alteration in her plans that would suit her sister. All was received coldly; and Olive at length flatly refused having any voice in the matter at all.

"Do your own planning, Evelyn. I have no head for details. Besides, I cannot be supposed to be wise like you. And you really think we have strength and patience to teach music to Mrs. Barnard's two overgrown girls, who have not a particle of melody in their whole being—and to that poor, puny child of Mr. Ratford, who, I am certain, does not yet know a violin from a piano."

"Hush, Olive!" said Mrs. Rayner, who had hitherto remained silent. "Your sister's resolution is too noble to be treated with such levity. I am glad that one child, at least, has the good sense to appreciate the trials of her father, and the cheerful spirit which teaches her to help him to overcome them."

Olive's eyes filled with tears. "Say no more, dear mother," she said, brokenly; "depend on it, I shall be as ready as Evelyn to do all that I can to relieve poor papa from his embarrassments. I will keep school, or I will marry some rich old man, if that will do better, and make him allow

me a vast income, and you shall all share it with me. Will that do?"

"I trust you will have no such unpleasant sacrifice to make for us, Olive," said her father, smiling for the first time for many days. "Time may prove more lenient to us all than we expect. The first misfortune is always hardest to be borne."

The autumn saw the Rayner family still living in their own home. A large and flourishing school was already established in the cheerful old parlor, and Mr. Rayner and his wife were the principals. It was thought to be better thus, than for the two girls to meet such a responsibility alone. Each had a separate department, and the novelty and *éclat* which attended their efforts, reconciled Olive to the great change in their life. She was daily acquiring lessons, which in the lap of affluence and luxury she could never have learned, and in time she might make a noble character. Evelyn saw with delight, that Olive did not shrink from the task which she had so dreaded, and she drew a pleasant augury for the future from her own hopeful spirit, which saw all things rose-colored. Blessed quality of cheerfulness! which lights up the dark places of life with a sunny glow, and lines every cloud with silver. Evelyn had these thoughts often; but mingled intimately with them, was a remembrance, which, to say the least, was tinged with bitterness. Rising above all her hopes and aspirations, coming even between her and her filial love, and bringing a shade over her cheerful face, was the image of one who had fluttered in the hour of her sunshine, but had seemed to be missing in her day of trial.

Richard Delamere had been her childhood's dearest friend. In later years, he had never seemed to lose the memory of their childish hours and although he had never talked of a nearer tie than that of friend and brother, his words all had an import of tenderness, that would compel the most faithless to believe that Evelyn Rayner was to be his wife. In the day of their vicissitude, even common friends came to speak a word of cheer to the kindly old man, whose goodness and benevolence had endeared him to all—but Edward Delamere came not!

Gentle as Evelyn's nature had ever been, she was yet too proud to ask where he had gone—and from the time of her knowing his departure from town, she never spoke his name, even to Olive. Olive, awed by Evelyn's seriousness when anything relating to her friend was mentioned, was lost in wonder at the change which had come upon their social circle; and perhaps

nothing could have tended to sober the wild girl more than the thought that Evelyn might be unhappy. Otherwise, Evelyn's life flowed on the same as before. To all appearance, the chasm which he left, was filled up with new and engrossing cares; and only in the silence and darkness of the night watches, was Richard Delamere arraigned at the bar of Evelyn's judgment. Then every tender word and look, every allusion to the time when they should be more than all the world to each other, came back upon her heart with a meaning she had never attached to them at the time.

The school went on. Whether its success was owing to the mild and wise discipline of Mr. Rayner, or the loving and motherly care of his wife—to the gentle, winning ways of Evelyn, or the dashing, off-hand ways of Olive, so fascinating to the young girls under their instruction, and which insensibly they all imitated enough to put a dash of spirit and energy into the tamest of them—we do not know. But certainly, no school was ever more popular with the parents as well as the children. The Rayners reaped golden wheat from their experiment, and the harvest was the possession of the dear old home, bought back, with its pleasant surroundings, without foot of stranger having ever entered therein.

It was a day of crowning joy when it passed back again into their own hands. There was a pleasant gathering of friends and pupils; and Olive's rich beauty was the theme of every tongue, while Evelyn's goodness was in every heart. As might be expected, beauty won the day; for that night, Charles Trever bowed before the influence of Olive's attractions, and when the next golden autumn gathered in its sheaves, the wild and careless girl had come to make new sunshine in another's home.

They missed her playful rattle, and the old house seemed lonely when she was away. But a sadder interruption than that, broke up their school, and consigned Evelyn and her father to a deeper loneliness. Mrs. Rayner died—so gently and peacefully that her death seemed only another phase of her calm and beautiful life. Evelyn was now all in all to her father, and they sat down together to comfort and console each other. They were able now to give up all care, and with Mr. Rayner's growing years and infirmities, Evelyn felt that she had no right to seek for further gain, except in the quiet employment which had preceded her school-keeping days.

So the two sat in the beloved room, now their own, and doubly sanctified by the presence

which they *felt* but could not see. Mr. Rayner, after the first great burst of grief was over, went back to his early love of reading; and Evelyn took up her dreamy work of cameo-cutting.

One face of remembered beauty—the face that alone had ever worn the look she coveted—was reproduced again and again, when no eye was upon her work. In the day time, she wrought out fair and beautiful heads, that brought praises from her father's lips, very dear to Evelyn; but in the night, when Mr. Rayner was asleep, she worked to trace out features that were dearer still.

Years rolled on—and Evelyn's locks of golden brown were threaded here and there with silver. Her full, round figure had thinned, and there was a slight drooping that told of too little exercise in the open air. Yet she was not sad nor sorrowful. Least of all, was she fretful or morose. But life *did* sometimes seem tamer than her youthful imagination had pictured it, although, after an incursion of the Goths and Vandals, as Mr. Rayner playfully called a visit from Olive and her noisy, tearing children, her comparative quiet seemed very pleasant to her again.

Olive had just left them, and Mr. Rayner was indulging in the first sound nap which he had had for a whole week; and Evelyn, although it was afternoon, was still in her morning dress, making good the furniture which the little invaders had injured. It was an old habit of Evelyn's, that of singing at her work, and she had not at least forgotten or laid aside this instance of a cheerful and happy heart. She was singing now, in a low, musical voice, glancing now and then at her sleeping father, to see if she disturbed him, and at the same time, rubbing the stains of childish fingers from the old piano, until her cheeks glowed with the unwonted exercise.

A shadow passed the window, and she hushed her song. She turned, but saw no one near, although a dim, undefinable sensation of some presence unseen oppressed her. She pursued her work, and soon the same melting, soul-fraught melody issued from her lips. It was a song of long ago—one that she had often sung in her early youth. All at once, her thoughts went back to that youth, and as she glanced at her father's long white hair, the time seemed very long since she was young. Her heart went back to her early dream, and she took from a small box which was carefully locked, the carved likeness which memory had assisted her to fashion, and gazed long upon the well-remembered features.

Ye, who never knew what it was to lose the first bright hopes of youth, may laugh, if you please, at the gentle kiss which poor Evelyn be-

stowed on the chill white lips that met her view, and the brief sigh which she gave to the strange mystery of the past, so long unsolved! Laugh on! for a few fleeting moments will turn the scale, and she who wins may laugh! For there, within the room, alive, radiant with health, and looking with eyes of love upon the gentle spinster stands Richard Delamere!

"Forgotten you? no, Evelyn! not for one instant; but I was poor when the heavy stroke fell upon your father, and I took a vow that I would yet make him rich. I would not see you, for I knew that I could not bear the separation—so I left quietly the yet sleeping town, on the very morning after his heavy losses were known. I stood for two hours before dawn, beneath your window, and watched the fluttering of the white curtain in the morning breeze; but I dared not await your uprising. I hurried away to the vessel, and in two hours we were off in the rising sun. I have trodden the burning sands of India for years, to bring back to you the yellow gold so worthless to me unless shared with you; and when I once possessed it, I staid not for friend nor foe. Yonder white hair tells me how long I have been gone, and how much may have been suffered since my absence; but I am here again, and with a true heart to offer you, Evelyn; and if rejected—why India will take me to her warm bosom once more and until death. But you will think of me kindly, Evelyn; and we will watch over the gray head yonder together—you and I! You and I! How often I have lain on the hot sand, and turned my eyes heavenward, and longed to say those three simple words in your ear; to feel that I was not alone. Toiling for wealth, I longed to tell you that there was a time coming when those toils should be rewarded, and we might yet be happy. It rests with you, Evelyn, to banish me to India or not?"

There was no audible response to Richard Delamere's words, but she did not unlock the arms that held her; and it was evident enough that Evelyn acquitted him of all wrong or forgetfulness.

The old parlor was lighted up as if for a festival, and Olive's children were wandering about the floor, waiting impatiently for their mother's footstep on the stairs. It came at last—and then came Aunt Evelyn in bridal garments, her rich hair lying in soft braids above a forehead still white and pure as in her early youth; and, clasping the folds of her satin robe, was a beautiful brooch. It was a cameo of rare beauty, and the head of Richard Delamere, true to life, as if he

were standing before the artist when she carved it, was easily recognized by all present.

The old house still stands in its ancient steeple-ness. Careful hands have kept it in repair, and Evelyn's children play in the fields where so many generations of children played before. A new Evelyn and a new Olive walk those leaf-strewn paths, and are so like to their predecessors, that another Rip Van Winkle, awaking from a thirty years' sleep, might fancy them the same.

The little attic where Evelyn worked stealthily in olden times has been raised and enlarged. Against the walls, now painted of a sober, quiet hue, are ranged various figures of her moulding, in different states of progress, and in a little ebony cabinet, are kept beautiful specimens of the art she loves so well; but which she makes subservient to her duty as a wife.

KING OF HEARTS.

Comte was gallant towards sovereigns. At the end of a performance he gave at the Tuileries, before Louis XVIII., he invited his majesty to select a card from the pack. It may be that chanced the king to draw his majesty of hearts; it may be, though, that the conjuror's address produced this result. During this time the servant placed on an isolated table a vase filled with flowers. Comte next took a pistol, loaded with powder, in which he inserted the king of hearts as a wad; then turning to his august spectator, he begged him to fix his eye on the vase, as the card would appear just over it. The pistol was fired, and the bust of Louis appeared among the flowers. The king, not knowing how to explain this unexpected result, asked Comte the meaning of this strange apparition, adding in a slightly sarcastic tone, "I fancy, sir, that your trick has not ended as you stated." "I beg your majesty's pardon," Comte replied, assuming the manner of a courtier; "I have quite kept my promise. I pledged myself that the king of hearts should appear on that vase, and I appeal to all Frenchmen whether that bust does not represent the king of all hearts?"—*London Journal*.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

It is perfectly natural for all women to be handsome. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth or in their training, or in both. We would therefore respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There, girls do not jump from infancy to youthfulness. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room, to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take to sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed in every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Plain, simple food, free and varied exercise, abundant sunshine, and good mental culture, are the secrets of beauty in after life.—*Ladies' Newspaper, London*.

[ORIGINAL.]

HELEN.

BY EDWARD L. HERTON.

Her life was one sweet music-strain,
I ne'er shall know the same again;
Where'er her spirit's impress dwelt,
The keenest thrill of love was felt.
What rays of pure, indwelling truth,
Glance from the soul and heart of youth,
To bless surrounding hearts with heaven,
Were gifts by her unbounded given.

Dear gem of sacred youthful time,
Of cold, but genial Northern clime,
Much, much of fond idolatry
Sweils sweetly from within towards thee.
Life may in painful wanderings pass,
And loneliness the soul harass;
Still, dearest gift of summer day,
Thy impress will forever stay!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DOCTOR

— AND —

THE DOCTOR'S SON,

BY ANNIE M. LOVERING.

Now for school-teaching I was no better fitted than for the ministry—I mean as far as patience was concerned—yet it came into my head very suddenly one morning, as I sat in the broad old kitchen of my father's house, with my little brothers and sisters about me (and, indeed, there was a goodly array of them), that it was about time for me to be doing something in the world; something outside of the monotonous round of household duties which I performed day after day; something, perhaps, to relieve my father, in a small way of the burden that rested upon his shoulders. By this I do not mean that he was in debt, or that his goodly farm failed to give his large family a comfortable, happy support. Not at all. But let that question go without further discussion, and suffice it by saying that for very good reasons of my own, I resolved, as old people say, "to make a start in the world."

And so I started. How that was brought about, it would be tedious enough to relate; but this much I will say, that because of the idea born to me so suddenly on that spring morning, I was chosen—of the numerous applicants—teacher of some forty scholars at a distance of twenty miles from Cranston. I need not add that this was a source of great gratification to me, and that because of it I entered into a vast number of vague, happy speculations as to how

the summer would glide away—how the days, the long summer days, would seem as short as the shortest of winter ones—how I would teach the little children to love me, and by that means find a readier way of interesting them in their books. Dear me! it would fill a good-sized volume to write out all that I imagined and dreamed of the summer which I was to spend in the little village of Lester.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams;" not before I left home, because in such a case I might never have found courage to have left it; but just before I arrived at the scene of action.

"You are to teach in Lester village this summer, if I understand you rightly?" said the most gentlemanly of gentlemen before I left the cars at Lester.

The question was not an impertinent one after our brief, morning acquaintance, and so I answered it in all good faith, a little pompously, perhaps, for I was greatly impressed with the importance of my calling.

"Yes, sir, and I anticipate a very pleasant summer of it," I said.

"You do?"

He spoke in a quizzical tone, while the wisest and most inexplicable of smiles crossed his face.

"Yes, sir, and why not?" I asked, forgetting that my question was abrupt, and my manner somewhat disturbed.

"Nothing, only to realize your pleasant anticipations, you must meet a different fate from your predecessors for years back."

"And why, sir?" I questioned, my face getting redder and redder every moment.

"Because of all children under the sun, those of Lester village are the most unmanageable. In the course of a summer they usually succeed in dethroning two or three teachers."

He was a very handsome gentleman, as I said before, and as he said this in a pleasant, laughing way, displaying a set of perfect teeth, he grew handsomer than ever. But I did not think much of that, only of the thread of quiet exultation that I thought I detected running through his remark. I grew piqued in a moment, and answered him with a show of spirit which must have been quite amusing.

"They will not dethrone me!"

"Ah?"

He was, indeed, much amused, for he looked in my face for a full moment, as if to gather from it food for his merriment. At that I grew queenly, or at least what I thought to be so, and drew myself up as though there was a question of honor to settle. Just then the cars came to a

full stop, and the conductor gave his call—"Lester!"—so that I did not have a chance to answer—not his words, for they were simple enough in themselves—but his manner.

"I wish you much success," he said, as I left the cars.

"Thank you; your wish shall prove a prophecy."

That was the first that I heard of my Lester school, and I need not add that my spirits were somewhat dampened. But that I should conquer the unruly set of masters and misses I did not doubt for a moment.

"They'd do well enough if it warn't for the doctor's boy," my good-natured boarding mistress said when I questioned her concerning my pupils. "He is the ringleader of 'em, and always has been."

That was enough for me to know. I would make friends with the doctor's son at the beginning. But that was easier said than done, I may as well confess at once. There was mischief enough in him to have stocked a little million of commonly roguish boys. Gain an advantage over him in one way, and he was doubly sure to gain one over me in another. If I attempted to reason with him, his answers would set the whole school in a hubbub, and if I threatened to punish him, a look of sheer defiance settled upon his bright face. He troubled me so deeply that I could not rest night or day, in school or out. That I grew pale and thin is not to be wondered at.

When my trial was at its height, I chanced to meet my acquaintance and prophet of the cars. Who he was, or what he was, I did not trouble myself to think. I did not even care. I had hoped to meet him again, but I preferred to have it at the time of my victory, not at my vanquishment.

"And how are you pleased with your school?" he asked, walking by my side in an easy, careless way, as though he was an acquaintance of years.

"I am delighted," I answered. "I cannot express to you how much so."

He laughed heartily. Looking into his face at that moment, I thought I could trace a very strong resemblance between him and the doctor's son, Frank Eldridge. A most unpleasant truth dawned upon my mind. A little angered I determined to make the most of it.

"The scholars are very well," I said, half maliciously. "I suspect that the trouble lies with their parents. The ringleader of all the mischief seems to have grown up in a most unhealthy atmosphere. I should say that his father was not

a very devout friend of Sabbath schools, and that would be a mild saying, indeed, and a charitable one on my part."

My words took immediate effect. A little flash of color appearing suddenly upon the gentleman's face, spoke plainer than words could have done. Seeing my advantage I continued, in a tantalizing way :

"People tell me that this Eldridge boy has not known a mother's care since his earliest infancy. That is self-evident. I have been more lenient, remembering this. But if it is a mother's care that he needs, I would advise his father, most heartily, to make an attempt to secure to him the care of some good, true woman."

"You would?"

He looked me fully in the face as he asked the question. I was not equal to the ordeal. I grew suddenly confused, and trying to answer him, stumbled upon three or four answers at the same time.

"Your advice is most excellent, Miss Lakin. I hope the unfortunate gentleman will be able to act upon it."

"So do I, most sincerely," I answered, blushing beneath his strange, questioning glance. "For the boy's sake, he would do well to make the matter one of importance until he succeeds," I added, more because I would not allow myself to be silenced by his gaze, than because I cared to speak.

"Perhaps you would be willing to aid the gentleman in question, since you were the first to suggest the idea? Would you?"

"I am no philanthropist," I answered, curtly, believing that he was making an attempt to quiz me. "I think too much of my life—"

I hesitated. I saw that I was going too far. The gentleman smiled. We were close by the school-house door, and the conversation could not go further. With a "good morning" he turned away, while I entered the school-room.

"Who was that gentleman?" I asked of a child, standing by the door.

"Dr. Eldridge, Frank Eldridge's father," was the reply.

I knew that well enough before, but hearing it verified by the child's lips sent my blood throbbing and beating loudly at my heart.

The day that followed that morning was not a pleasant one to me. Not that my scholars were unusually rude or boisterous—to the contrary, they were quieter than I had ever before known them; but somehow my conscience troubled me. Thinking of the motherless boy before me, I saw that in dealing with him I had put away from my heart that blessed charity which suffereth

long and is kind. I had called anger justice, and by it dealt with him. I had forgotten how warm, human words sink through the congealed surface of the heart, touching and stirring its purest depths.

I had blamed the father. And there I was wrong again. Of the world, I a woman, had the best right to look straight through his indulgence, to the fatherly tenderness that could not give birth to a reprimand or rebuke; to the love that could not, because of the mother resting in the grave, mete out the justice that the child merited.

How the tender hands of pity brought these overlooked truths before my eyes, until blinded by tears I could not see!

The next morning I met Dr. Eldridge again, and again he kept me company to the very door of the school-room. His tantalizing humor had not left him, and with a sly look in his clear, gray eyes, he assured me that the father of my unruly pupil had, indeed, taken my sage advice to heart. Was I glad to hear it?

"O, yes," I answered, in a sober, quiet way.

"Let one fact console you, Miss Lakin," he said, earnestly, "you have succeeded admirably with your school, and quite to the satisfaction of the villagers. There is a talk of having the summer term continued into the fall, since there is a stout fund of school money on hand."

"Dear heavens," I said, "I shall go crazy!"

"No, I hope not, unless you will consent beforehand to engage me as a medical adviser."

I did not answer him. I was in a poor mood to bear his teasings. Indeed, I could hardly keep back the tears at the thought of the many weeks of torture that they were planning out for me. For six weeks (half of the summer term) I had been trying to keep down the rebellion, and I had hoped to worry through the rest of my allotted time without a serious outbreak. But now, I could not hope for it. "War was inevitable, it must come." Before the thought, my good resolutions of the day before vanished like empty air. If to be mistress of the school-room I must use stick, whip and rule, then I would wield them. I would conquer or be conquered. I did not resolve upon this fully until I was informed that the school would be lengthened out six weeks into the autumn, allowing a vacation of one week in the meantime.

So the days dragged along, not one passing without Dr. Eldridge making his appearance somewhere in my way. Sometimes I was pleased to see him, perhaps always; but he had a strange, mischievous way with him that worked against my temper constantly. I think he liked

my little fits of passion, however, or he would not have provoked them continually.

And the school! Dear me, what a school it was! The trial of it wore me thin as a shadow. But affairs came to a climax one day. This was the way it was brought about. While hearing a recitation, one hot, sultry afternoon, I drew my chair into the middle of the floor, where there was a faint show of a breeze. I was directly in front of one of the aisles, and so seated that I could not see what was going on behind me. After dismissing the class, I made an attempt to rise, when to my utter dismay and horror I found myself, or my dress made fast to the chair. I tried to be very cool and collected, as I released myself, but my hands trembled violently, and I knew that my face was white with anger.

"Can any one tell me who pinned my dress to the chair?" I asked.

There was a dead silence. I repeated the question. Still no answer. I could interpret that easily enough. Not a scholar in school dared tell a tale of Frank Eldridge.

"You may walk this way, Frank," I said.

As though marching to a military drum, he came to the middle of the floor.

"I shall bear your impudence no longer," I began. "Either you or I must be at the head of this school. If my arm and ruler are as trusty as I think, I shall be mistress here."

"You don't dare ferrule me; my father—" he began.

"Let your father come here, and I will ferrule him too," I said, interrupting him.

"I'll tell him of that," he cried out.

"Do so, by all means," I answered.

And so I thrashed Frank Eldridge, soundly and smartly, till he begged for mercy like a three year old baby, and promised as humbly as I could wish to do better. There was a great uproar, in consequence of it, both in school and out. But what made the matter ludicrous in the extreme, was that the fact of my threatening to whip Dr. Eldridge (handsome, idolized Dr. Eldridge, the awe of the whole village, and the pride of the whole town) was noised about. At last it reached the doctor's ears, and as I had feared, he came just at the close of school, the next afternoon, to remind me of my threat.

"I have come for my whipping," he said, in a low tone, as I answered his loud rap at the door.

I do not know why, but the tears sprang to my eyes at this. It seemed unkind in him, almost cruel. I was afraid that he would notice how I was moved, and so I turned my head away, as I answered:

"I am very busy now, can you come in and wait?"

"Until after school, do you mean?"

"Just as you please—I have no time to spare now—I suppose you have come to undo my work of yesterday."

"Not I, believe me—"

"Walk in, if you please," I said, interrupting him. He was speaking so pleasantly and kindly that the tears were coming to my eyes again.

"Now my whipping, Miss Lakin," he said, after the last class was dismissed, and we were alone together in the old school-house.

"Dr. Eldridge, how unkind of you," I said.

"But I insist upon it," he answered, passing me my rule.

How exceedingly foolish I felt. How wretchedly he teased me. But there was no escaping from him, so I said, laughing and crying all together, "Give me your hand?"

"The right, I believe, is the one always claimed by ladies. But are you serious, shall I really give it to you?"

"Yes," I answered, coloring.

Taking the tips of his fingers in my left hand, I gave him a quick blow.

"A kiss for a blow," he said, raising my hand to his lips. "Strike away, dear, I shall never weary."

So I struck him again, once, twice, thrice.

"See which hand will get blistered first, yours or mine," he said, in high glee. "How happy you make me, and how good I am getting."

"And how bad I am growing every day," I cried, bursting into tears, and dropping my head upon the desk.

"Heaven forbid, Lizzie," he said, tenderly, the mockery going quite away from his voice. "I know that I have worried and troubled you, but my heart has been, and is, all right, my child. Do you remember what you said to me a long time ago, about marrying again? And do you know, that in spite of reason and prudence (for you are young and pure-hearted yet), I have hoped and prayed that sometime you might be the light and love of my bad, darkened heart, my darkened home? I love you, that is all I can say in pleading my case."

And that was enough. That blessed knowledge for a moment expiated all my sufferings in the turbulent school-room; ay, all that I had known in life, even.

"Then you meant it, in a small way, when you asked me to give you my hand?" he said, archly, as I held out my hands to him.

And I said "yes" in one breath, and "no" in the next. Which was right?

(ORIGINAL.)
TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

I love at morning's early dawn,
 Ere Sol's bright beams impart
 A dawning radiance to the scene,
 To bless creative art.

I love to gaze on Nature's works,
 And see her stores unrolled:
 To mark the blessings of the year,
 Its varied scenes unfold.

I love at twilight's pensive hour,
 To wander forth alone,
 When the gray mist of eve precedes
 Pale Luna's gentle beam.

At this calm hour a halo bright
 The gift of memory lends;
 And pleasures past, and present, too,
 A happy influence blends.

I love the springtime of the year,
 When Nature smiles around;
 When birds renew their gayest songs,
 And flowerets strew the ground.

And summer, too, with all its charms,
 Which tempt us to repair
 To shady groves and forests green,
 And quiet valleys fair.

I love to hear the autumn wind,
 As sighing through the trees,
 The harplike melody it bears,
 And the cool, refreshing breeze.

And dear to me is winter, too,
 Though icy fetters twine;
 The frozen stream and snow-clad hills
 Proclaim a Power divine.

(ORIGINAL.)
TWICE A LOVER.

BY E. F. LAWRENCE.

It was an afternoon in the Indian summer,
 the briefest and most beautiful of the seasons.
 For many a golden day, from the fair sunrise
 to the royal sunset, the wonder-working forces
 in the great laboratory of Nature had wrought
 unceasingly, gradually developing the multitudi-
 nous forms and hues of loveliness that every-
 where garland the earth in her bridal time. In
 the June days died the roses; the later blossoms
 faded too, the cricket chirped no longer in the
 wayside grass—but while decay lingered close
 by, hardly staying his hand from his fell work,
 the summer came back, warmer and ruddier from
 her sojourn in the glowing South, and wander-

ing musingly in her old-time haunts, brooding in
 the still woodlands and climbing the forest-
 crowned slopes, irradiated them with her
 presence.

I had undertaken my journey in no cheerful
 mood. Young, enthusiastic, ambitious of a high
 place in my profession, it was hard to pause on
 the threshold of a career which my imagination ar-
 rayed in brilliant colors, and curbing my eager
 spirits, devote my energies to the establishment
 of my health. But the necessity was imperative,
 and reluctantly I had mounted my horse and
 turned my back upon the scenes where I fondly
 imagined distinction was to be won, and the
 coveted glory attained. I had chosen to accept
 my father's advice, to repair to the residence of
 Judge Morgan, an early friend of his own, not
 because he dwelt in a region rich in wild and
 picturesque scenery, whose charms might tempt
 forth the too industrious student, but I pleased
 myself with the thought of the large library,
 whose ponderous tomes I looked forward to
 reading, while I lay quietly in the south piazza,
 passively submitting to the ministrations of the
 autumn sunshine and bracing air. I knew, too,
 that Judge Morgan had a clear, acute intellect,
 and a thorough knowledge of the theory and
 practice of his profession, and I reflected that
 the society of such a man must advance me in
 those legal studies which I had been forced tem-
 porarily to abandon. Yet the disappointment
 lay sore upon my heart, and it was not until I
 had left far behind me the neat suburban towns,
 with their stylish, city-like air, and had been for
 many hours in the open country, in the silence
 and serenity that always dwell there, that I be-
 gan to grow calm and content, and to feel myself
 in harmony with the tranquillity of nature. The
 shadows that lay across my path, as I skirted
 along the boundaries of some orchard, whose
 trees cast a portion of their fruitage into the
 highway, had grown longer, and the sun was far
 on his course, when I arrived in the vicinity of
 Judge Morgan's home.

I could see its white chimneys gleaming from
 the tall elms that rose above them, as upon gain-
 ing an ascent I gave my steed a moment's rest,
 and let my eye roam over the landscape. West-
 ward the country rolled away in long, undulating
 sweeps towards the horizon, dotted with white
 villages and brightened by forests resplendent
 with the gorgeous hues of the season, until its
 waves were stayed by the Adirondacs; to the
 northwest the blue, misty veil was half-raised
 over the waters of Lake Champlain, and on the
 east, close at hand, the mountains rose far up
 into the sky, clothed with the bright-hued maples

from base to peak, like pyramids of blazing gold. It was the fruition of summer—the serene close of the perfect day. Its strange beauty stole over my spirit, as if some sweet melody my childhood had loved were floating through the sunset air, awakening the better feelings and resolutions that had lain dormant in the exciting struggles of the previous busy months, and stirring old memories that were hidden deep in my heart—the voices now hushed forever, the dear joys of home, and all the precious things which boyhood embalms for the solace of later years. Rousing myself from my reveries, I pressed forward, and just as the sombre twilight shadows crept over the distant hills, I galloped up the avenue and dismounted at the steps of my friend's mansion. I remembered the place well, and my first hasty glance around assured me that it was unchanged. On re-visiting some fine old country house, redolent of antiquity and having an individuality of its own, I dislike to find it modernized, and all its distinctive features obliterated. There was a movement within, and presently the front door was thrown wide open and Judge Morgan appeared on the threshold. It was the same figure, a little less erect perhaps, that I had known in my childhood, and the same frank, genial manner. Peering into the fast-gathering darkness, he asked, in a tone whose slight uncertainty could not disguise its cordial kindness:

"Is that Philip North?"

At my quick response in the affirmative, he made a step forward, checked himself, and waited until I ascended the steps.

"You are welcome, welcome, Mr. Philip!" And he gave my hand a hearty grasp. "You'll excuse my not coming down to meet you—a touch of my old enemy. So you are Philip North," he continued, as we entered the pleasantly lighted parlor. "Your father said I need not expect to find him reproduced in you, but you are like him. Yes, I should have known you anywhere. And so, you have overworked yourself in your making haste to be wise. Very foolish, Philip. It takes all summer for wheat to grow in, and if a blade or two happens to get ripe before the rest, what is it good for? Mere husk. It takes time to fill out the kernel. But we will build you up. Alice and Delia will show you all the lions in the neighborhood, only you must look to your horsemanship, or Alice will rob you of your laurels."

Until thus reminded by my friend, I had forgotten that the little girl who had been my childish playfellow, must have grown to womanhood. I had scarcely heard her mentioned, since one morning when I drove away from her father's

house, in all the pride of a boy first permitted to journey alone. I recalled her now, as she stood with one hand on the head of a huge Newfoundland almost as tall as herself, and shading her eyes with the other, while she watched the coach bowl away down the hill.

"But I do not know Delia, do I, Judge Morgan?"

"No—she came to us only a few years ago. She is my ward."

Tea was presently served, and the ladies appeared. How could I have ignored so quietly the existence of the graceful young girl who stood before me? She was about the medium stature, but the peculiar carriage of her finely-shaped head, and the proud dignity of her whole bearing, produced the impression of greater height. There was something in her movements that fascinated the eye—a mingled grace and queenliness. For the rest, her face was not beautiful, I thought. Her features were too irregular, her color too faint, but the heavy braids of lustrous dark hair were drawn away over a brow both intellectual and serene. The brown eyes were not brilliant, but you could discover in them a large capacity for loving and for suffering, too. The same expression characterized the mouth. It was mobile and sensitive. Now and then there crept about it a smile so strangely sweet that you longed to see it there oftener. But she was chary of it. It curved her lips once or twice as a little by-conversation went on between her and her father; then, too, the eye softened and the cheek flushed.

Delia had far greater pretensions to beauty. A blonde complexion, sunny brown curls, soft blue eyes, a charming figure, *petite*, but exquisitely moulded. Add to this, winning manners, not too vivacious to be gentle, and a low, coaxing voice.

"Alice," said Judge Morgan, "you must put your little Bessie through her best paces to-morrow morning. Mr. Philip is prepared to expect great things of your equestrian performances."

"I fear I shall not be able to prevail on Bessie to exert herself in order to justify your commendation, papa. She is indifferent to praise," returned Alice, gravely.

"I trust her fair mistress is not so insusceptible," I remarked.

She looked at me a moment.

"Applauses are easily won and are usually worthless. Besides," she added, more playfully, "Bessie is my good friend, and sometimes differs from me in opinion, and shows it frankly, as I like to have my friends do; consequently it happens that we sometimes come home in half an

hour, when I have made up my mind to a whole morning's ramble."

"And do you encourage such rebellion?" I asked, laughingly.

"Bessie has a will of her own, and I like her the better for it," answered Alice, abruptly.

The next morning, when we were cantering briskly along the road in the fresh, breezy air, I thought Miss Morgan really beautiful. The exercise had given her a fine color, and in the varied play of emotion which was constantly changing her expressive face, you forgot the irregularities of feature, if indeed you did not think them positive charms. Her style was original and striking. Lovely as Delia was, she looked tame and insipid beside her. We soon became excellent friends. Unaccountably to myself, I lost all interest in Coke and Chitty, and grew strangely reconciled to my involuntary exile from active life. We passed the mornings on horseback, exploring all the picturesque places near and remote; the evenings fled too quickly with reading and merry talk, and when Alice and I were alone, in long, confidential conversations.

I never met with such sympathy as she gave me. Without echoing my sentiments, or concealing her own, which she maintained was destructive of real friendship, always uttering herself frankly, sometimes even *brusquely*, she yet encouraged me to reveal to her thoughts, aspirations, dreams, which I had never before disclosed to any one. Was I haunted by any half-formed doubt? She had known the same uncertainty, and could indicate its cure. Did any emotion waver tremblingly on my lips? She had precisely the words to complete the broken sentence. These conferences grew exceedingly pleasant to me. They were the golden threads in the plain web of my daily life. I only caught glimpses of her character. I felt that beyond what was revealed were greater charms, and this drew me on. I knew that she had faults—she was proud, impulsive, too exacting, perhaps, but she showed these qualities in such a way as only to make me love her more.

I liked to see her turn away in indignant scorn, when I had given utterance to some sentiment she deemed unworthy. And then, when I repented and sought her forgiveness, it was a delight to see the fire die out of her eyes, and the tender light come back to them, and to watch that rare smile relax the lips just now pressed together in anger. She was extremely independent. No one ever cared less than she for what Mrs. Grundy might say. Perhaps it was the grand natural scenery about her home that had developed this leading trait in her character. The

society of mountains and forests helps to make the soul free and strong. She was motherless, too, and although always carefully taught, her position as mistress of her father's household at that susceptible season verging upon womanhood, had doubtless encouraged habits of independent thought. It had given her a maturity transcending her years, but this was beautifully relieved by her simplicity and a childlike freshness of sensibility. There was withal, an occasional shyness about her that removed her beyond my sphere. I scarcely dared hope for her love; sometimes I even doubted her friendship. She was like a bird, that with a sweet reluctance approaches close to you, and just as you think you are sure of him, he is beyond your reach.

It is now later in the autumn. The glory of the Indian summer has passed away from the earth, the trees have given up their brilliant garniture, and the dry leaves lie thick upon the ground. Alice and I are sitting at the foot of an oak-tree, which terminates one of the pleasant forest-paths in the vicinity of her home. A brook wanders along close by, and its low singing, the rustle of the leaves, and the loud caw of the lonely crow, are all the sounds that interrupt our talk. A few late asters are growing at her feet, and Alice is carelessly playing with the starry blooms. There has been a silence, which is broken by Alice.

"Did you ever think that women are like flowers?" she said. "There is little Mrs. Lewis—you know how bright and gay she is; but she has had a world of trouble and sorrow. Every one thought when her last child died, that she would never be herself again. Yet she seems to enjoy what there is pleasant in her autumn-like life, just as these cheerful-looking flowers do the November sunshine. She always reminds me of the asters."

"It is a pretty fancy," I replied. "What is Delia like—a honeysuckle, clinging to something strong for support?"

Alice looked grave for a moment, and then answered very quietly, "No."

"No—indeed?" I returned, surprised. "What then?"

Alice was silent. I had seen that she did not esteem Delia, but she never alluded to her faults.

"Will you tell me what you resemble, Alice?"

She laughed and blushed. "Papa says I am like sweet-brier."

I do not know how it came to pass. I had steadfastly resolved that I would return to the city and prove my affection by a long waiting, before I revealed to Alice the hopes which had be-

come so dear to me. But somehow the secret escaped my lips, and a few words told her all. She did not turn timidly away from me—it piqued my foolish vanity, I remember, to see that she was not even surprised. She listened in silence, and when she spoke the clear tones came forth unflatteringly.

"I am sorry you told me this, Philip, because it grieves me to cause you even a moment's mortification. I am sorry you should associate me with anything that may pain you ever so slightly. You would have remembered me as a pleasant companion, and though you will not love me long, we might still have been friends."

I interrupted her. "Do you doubt my sincerity?"

"No, Philip, I believe you are in earnest. If I should give you now the affection you ask me for, you would try to conceal from me the change that will take place in your feelings, and you would keep your pledge."

"How could she talk to me so?" I asked.

"What had she seen in me to make her think me so fickle? I loved her truly. I was sure I should love her always."

She shook her head and smiled a little sadly.

"You do not love me *enough*. Do you know how exacting I am? Do you know what constancy and fervor I should demand? I have never loved many people. My nature is slow to respond to affection. Love is a growth with me, not the inspiration of a moment. But all my life I have known how I *could* love. There would be no wavering or shadow of change in me. And you ask me to give all this to you—who do not even understand me."

I tried to convince her that I, too, could be true. I asked her if she could be indifferent to an affection as deep as it was fervent—that should anticipate every thought, that should lie in wait for the slightest word of the beloved.

"Your theory is beautiful, Philip, but I have no faith in your practice."

"Only give me time to prove my devotion. You would learn to love me, Alice."

"Very likely I might," she answered, shortly.

I sat down on the turf at her feet. "Give me some hope, Alice."

"I must not love you, Philip. I must put far away from me all thought of it." She stopped a moment, then went on hastily. "We are not suited to each other. You are ambitious, you seek worldly renown. I ask only love. You are eager for popular fame. I do not care for applause. You have studied, and I have dreamed. Do not seek to awaken me from my dream."

"Alice, you are more precious to me than any renown I can win. Your love would give a sweetness to every triumph," I said, impetuously.

She drew her hand resolutely away.

"You are mistaken in yourself. You prize intellect above affection. You will never love as you *can* love, until you have tried fame and seen how unsatisfactory it is. You will never value constancy as you ought, until you have known faithlessness."

"Alice," I exclaimed, almost bitterly, "you are cold and hard."

I remember how her eyes kindled. I recall the impetuous movement with which she flung away the asters and clasped her small white hands together.

"You know I am not, Philip," she said, passionately, "but you do not know, you cannot appreciate such a love as I could give you. You would misunderstand and weary of me, and it would break my heart."

I had been unjust, I knew. I began to get a fuller look at the treasure I could not gain. I was silent a moment. She put out her hand.

"Do not let us quarrel any more," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "We have been very happy together."

Ah, if I had but understood her then!

I am on my way to the city. A bleak storm darkens the air, and a tempest of baffled affection and wounded pride is raging in my heart. Delia is beside me. She takes advantage of my escort to make a journey to town. I can scarcely find any pleasant words to say to her. Her very gentleness exasperates me. I gaze out of the car-window in moody silence. I am only alive to one feeling.

Now, my longing to enter upon active life was gratified. It was not hard for me to throw myself into my work with an intensity that left no room for any fruitless regrets, or vain aspirations. I strove to forget Alice. I believe I was proud to prove myself as fickle as she had foreboded. I said I would not again sue for preferment at the court of love. I crushed down my heart, and kept my mind hard at work. I found pleasure in the exciting contests in which I engaged with all the ardor of a novice. I had a keen relish for intellectual sparring. I liked, too, to hunt up obscure points in support of my position. In a word, I had found my niche, and for a while was satisfied with my labor and its results. I was willing now to admit that Alice might have been right in saying that we were unsuited to each other. Perhaps I could not have withdrawn from my professional cares enough to have re-

sponded to such a nature as hers. I realized now that congenial as were our tastes, there was a broader ground of sentiment and feeling, where we might not always have stood together. Sympathetic as she had been, well as she had understood me, I know I had never fathomed her. It was best that she had seen the matter in the light of cool common sense. At first, I said this bitterly. Afterward the thought lost its sharpness, and I said it sincerely. Do not think I had no stability of character. I was at a period of life when everything is transient. The emotions of youth are like the waves of the ever-restless sea—maturity is the quiet inlet unvisited by storms, serene and deep.

It is no new thing to speak of the unsatisfactoriness of success. It is but a repetition of the sentiment of the Preacher—"vanity of vanities." No one ever towered above his fellows but to find a colder atmosphere, a more ungenial clime. I only reached, in my progress, the same unwelcome goal which every other eager aspirant for fame has attained. I grew at last weary of the rude encounter with those as ambitious of distinction as myself. I tasted the satiety of success, and popular applause became hateful to me. There came a time when I did justice to the worth of affection. I learned that of all things in the universe love is the greatest and best. I use the word in its widest signification. I longed now to escape from my restless, troubled life, and thirsted for repose, and for those tender ties that should make that repose sweet.

All this was not the work of a brief space. Years had passed since in that drear November day I turned away from Alice's home and hurried swiftly toward the theatre of my ambitious exertions.

Delia was now a resident in town. With her beauty and ample fortune, she found the gayeties of the city more attractive than the quiet enjoyments of country life. I often met her in society. Her manner was always the same to me—gentle and kind, and touched by a slight familiarity that proved she remembered our old acquaintance. Some business affairs brought me into intimate relations with the family where she made her home. I was lonely, eager for real companionship and the delights of a home, and I found the pleasant domestic circle of the Sandfords very attractive. The intercourse which the household maintained with society did not destroy its repose. It was exactly calculated to tempt my weary spirit. I began now to wonder that I had so easily overlooked Delia's charms. I had acknowledged her personal loveliness, but I believed I had not appreciated her vivacity, her gentleness

and good temper. I observed indeed, the absence of intellectual superiority, but I did not miss it. In truth, in my present mood, I think this very want made her seem more lovable to me. I was prepared to be enchanted with goodness and amiability, and could very well dispense with intellect. After a day's work among musty folios, I liked to sit in the sunshine of her presence, to watch the color come and go in her transparent cheek, and to listen to the ripply flow of her graceful talk.

"What is it to-night, *ma chere petite ami*?" I said, as just at dusk one winter's evening I entered the drawing-room of the Sandfords. "Is it for party, opera or play, that I have the honor to proffer my escort?"

Delia was nestled in one corner of the sofa, and with the freedom of intimate friendship I ensconced myself in the other. She shook back her curls, and replied, in her playful, winning way:

"We are not in need of your valiant courtesy, Sir Knight. We don't propose adorning either with our presence. We prefer a quiet evening at home, so please you."

She looked very beautiful as she sat there in the twilight, the delicate contour of her face taking a yet more ethereal loveliness, and the exquisite fairness of her round white arms contrasting with the soft crimson of the robe whose folds swept so gracefully about her. When I left Delia that night it was as her betrothed lover.

And now the great want of my life existed no longer. The tranquil happiness I had sighed for was within my reach. The home for which I had longed, made beautiful by the tender ministries of love, was no more a dream, but a prospective reality. Enriched by the affection of one so gentle and lovely, what more could I desire? Why was it, that as the months rolled by, the turrets and pinnacles of the castle I had built for myself, the fair structure that sprang so proudly into the blue sky, and caught the sunlight on its many spires, dropped away one by one, despoiling the edifice of its beautiful proportions, till even the foundations crumbled, and only an unsightly ruin remained? It was not that the remembrance of Alice now came to haunt me. The thought of her was laid up in my memory, as one puts away a bunch of withered violets—a faint odor lingers around them yet, but their fragrance and beauty are fled.

"I received a letter from Judge Morgan to-day," said Delia to me, once. "It appears that Alice is to become Mrs. Dr. May."

"Indeed!" I said carelessly.

"Do you know," continued Delia, laughing,

"I once thought you had a *penchant* for Alice. Tell me, was it really so?"

I put her off with light words, and shut more closely the secret chamber where the memory of my first love lay hidden.

No, it was not any thought of Alice that unsealed my eyes to the unloveliness of Delia's character. It was not the remembrance of her earnestness, her truth, her constancy, that revealed to me the frivolity, the insincerity, the fickleness which I now found in Delia. It was not because I recalled the look I had into Alice's deep and loving heart, that I grew dissatisfied with the superficiality which Delia now daily betrayed. Those qualities must have repelled me, had I never known their opposites. The discovery thrilled me with inexpressible pain. It was as if the beautiful drapery which has been supposed to enshroud an exquisite statue, upon being removed, should disclose a hideous skeleton. I wilfully shut my eyes to the truth.

"These are venial faults," I said. "She is very young, I will mould her."

But this was not very easy. With a singular fickleness in matters pertaining to the conscience and affections, she was inflexibly pertinacious in her own fancies and opinions. Hers was no wax-like character; no clinging, dependent vine was Delia. She grew capricious—I was indifferent. She tried to excite my jealousy—her shallow acts only awoke my contempt. Then she became weary of me. I saw it, and the sting inflicted by faithlessness was not the less sharp, that I saw the idol to be clay. From being tiresome, I became disagreeable to her, and yet I waited for her to cast me off. It came. I was grateful to her for having spared me the pain of pulling down my palace with my own hands. I did not think she had played the hypocrite intentionally. She had loved me to the extent of her narrow capacity, but it was a poor, flickering flame that soon died out—not the star that beams on through night and storm with quenchless light.

I went back to my work, humbled in my own estimation for having cherished this pale shadow of a passion, for having stooped to love unworthily. I tried to think that happiness is not the end of life, and I labored to grasp its right meaning. The soul is always made strong by noble endeavor, though it may not fully attain its object, and so I, too, found peace at length. Sometimes the thought of Alice floated across my mind, as, to the mariner sailing shoreward over the wide sea—waste, worn by tempests and homesick for rest, come the songs of birds and the sweet fragrance of fields and flowers.

Three times the splendor of the Indian summer had shone over the mountains, the woodlands and the lake, since the sad waking from my last wild dream, when I again turned my face in the direction of Judge Morgan's residence. From time to time some slight news of my old friend had come to me. I had learned that he was gradually sinking under the repeated attacks of a disease which must ultimately prove fatal. I knew, too, that Alice watched over him. They had not failed to praise her tireless devotion, her saintly patience, and they spoke, too, of Dr. May, the physician who had attended the invalid through all the fluctuations of his malady, the efficient friend and counsellor, and the lover, who as yet forbore to press the claim which was not denied. The judge had desired my services to arrange some business which had become complicated by long neglect. I looked again on the same beautiful scenery, the magnificent blending of the autumn colors, the blue mist veiling its splendor, the same serene, perfect beauty which filled my soul in the olden time—but how was I changed!

*"The youth embarks upon the ocean with a thousand sails,
Sadly the old man drifts to port on a boat saved from
the wreck,"*

says Schiller. I had sailed far enough over the sea of life to know how rough and fierce its waves were.

I found Alice scarcely changed. The piquant freshness of manner that had so charmed me in the olden time, was a little subdued, but there was the same proud carriage of the head, the same deep, tender eyes, and, though the rare smile was a little sadder than of old, it had lost none of its sweetness. She was very kind to me, and we were soon upon the old intimate terms. Daily I met Dr. May at the bedside of the invalid. I saw that he had an earnest purpose, and a strong, bold heart. He was a man who might well have won the love of such a woman as Alice Morgan. That he was dear to her I knew at once. She could not help loving him, I thought. I knew now the full value of the treasure I had lost. If I had but been worthy of her—if I had understood her that morning when we sat together in the oakwood.

Judge Morgan was grateful for my coming. I endeavored to hasten the completion of the visit which brought me there, for I was warned by the anxiety and sorrow in Dr. May's face, that the end was not very far off.

At midnight there was a hurried passing to and fro in the house. I was in Judge Morgan's room in a moment. Alice was leaning over her father. One glance at the sick man, and I saw

that the mysterious change had come over his face that forebodes the speedy coming of the death angel. Alice saw it too. I shall never forget the agony which was in the eyes that looked up to mine.

It was over, and the terrible season that comes to all sometime in life, when the loved one is carried away from our sight, and we have again to take up the burden of living, while the sense of loss is still fresh and sore, came now to Alice. There was no bitterness in her grief, but as day after day she reclined on the sofa in the parlor, and submitted to be petted and taken care of—for she was very weak and worn—the frequent quivering of the lips, and the low, half-suppressed sigh, told how deep was her sorrow. I had never loved her so well as now—had never known anything like the strong, tender, unselfish affection which I now felt, and I knew that its fire would burn on until my heart itself became dust.

During Dr. May's long and frequent calls I withdrew to the library, and busied myself among deeds of settlement and the various testamentary documents which my appointment as executor had put into my hands, consoled somewhat by thinking it was all for her. It was now almost enough to love her. I could almost yield her to another—almost—but there were times, when looking into her loving eyes, and hearing her sweet "thank you," for some trifling service, it was hard not to clasp her in my arms and tell her what she was to me.

There was no excuse for lingering now. It was best that I should go before the pain of doing so became too bitter.

"Alice," I said, abruptly, one night, "I am going away to-morrow."

She dropped the light work she had been holding and looked at me. I could not bear the look, and I rose and walked away to the window.

"Yes, Alice, I am going away to-morrow. I dare not stay here any longer. Years ago, Alice, when you refused my love and sent me away from you, I thought you were cold and unjust, but you were right in your judgment of me. I confess it with shame and sorrow. You knew me better than I knew myself." I went back, stood by her side, took both her hands and looked down into her face. "I did not understand you then, Alice, but I loved you; yet not as I do now. I was not good enough for you, dear. But if I ever do anything that shall make the world better, I shall owe it to you. I shall have more faith in the worth of women always for your sake. You have taught me how unselfish

love can be. Can I put the lesson to a better use, than to go away now and give you up patiently to one who deserves you more than I?"

I held her hands close for one moment, and then I turned away. I had reached the door. She put out her hand with an eager movement:

"Philip!"

O, the love and tenderness in that low, tremulous tone! Every nerve in my body thrilled at that call, and there was such a strange, rushing sound in my ears that I almost lost the whispered words I bent to hear.

"I have never loved any one but you, Philip."

"Alice! Alice! I was untrue to you. Can you love—can you trust me?"

"I love you, and can trust you now."

I held my darling in my arms at last, and kissed away the tears from her glowing cheeks. And I did not go away the next day, after all, for we were very, very happy.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

In this great world of sunshine and shadow, we are constantly casting shadows on those around us, and receiving shadows from them in return. There is no pathway in life which is not sometimes in the shade, and there is no one who walks over these paths, it matters not which way they tend, who does not, now and then, cast his shadow with the rest. How often do we, by a mere thoughtless word or careless act, cast a shadow on some heart which is longing for sunlight. How often does the husband, by a cold greeting, cast a gloom over the happy, trusting face of his young wife, who, it may be, has waited anxiously for the first sound of his footsteps to give a joyous welcome to his home. How often has the parent, by a harsh reproof, chilled the over-flowing spring of confidence and love which is bubbling up from the fountains of the heart of the innocent prattler at his knee. How often are the bright rays of hope torn from the clinging grasp of the souls of those worn out by poverty and the never-ending conflict of life, by the stinging ridicule or the sordid avarice of those whom the world honors—ay, loves to honor. How often does the child—even after it has grown to the full bloom of manhood, and is clad in garments of strength and beauty—bring sorrow to the parent already tottering on the brink of eternity. Then beware, lest you cast a deeper shadow over those which are already darkening his happiness. The shadows we cast—can we escape them? Can we look back, as we walk on in life's journey, and see no shadowy marks about our footprints?—*Home Monthly.*

HOLY FAMILY.

O child of beauty rare!
O mother chaste and fair!
How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare!
She, in her infant blest,
And he in conscious rest,
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast!
What joy that sight might bear
To him who sees him there,
If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.
GOSSET.

(ORIGINAL.)

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

BY WILLIE WARE.

There is a time to laugh,
There is a time to sing;
There is a time to soar away
On fancy's painted wing.

There is a time to mourn,
There is a time to weep;
There is a time to dance,
And glittering pleasures seek.

There is a time to toil,
There is a time to rest;
There is a time for everything
That is for us the best.

There is a time for sleep,
There is a time for prayer—
When we may thank the Lord
For kind and watchful care.

There is a time to love,
And time that love to tell;
There is a time to whisper
The parting, sad farewell.

There is a time to meet
The loved ones gone before,
When we shall pass death's stream,
And reach the heavenly shore.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE RECLAIMED.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE reader who, with Byron, "likes to be particular in dates," can consult the file of the London Times in the Boston Athenæum, if he desires to ascertain the exact date of the first performance of "Benedict" by Macready.

After witnessing that performance I walked towards home, talking with a friend of the excellencies of the witching Mrs. Waylett as "Beatrice," and measuring and comparing the mimic scenes of the drama with their actual prototypes in real life. Near the Bank I parted with my companion, whose residence was in Finsbury Square, and I crossed London Bridge alone.

The clock of "St. George's in the East," struck one as I passed on the other side of the street, and as my head was turned looking across the road, and up at the church tower, I was suddenly accosted by a female who, stepping before me, asked me if I would tell her the way to London Bridge.

Her voice was filled with melody, and as the

light of the gas lamp behind me streamed full upon her countenance, the extraordinary loveliness of her features and complexion almost startled me, and I did not immediately reply to her question. The girl—she was quite a girl, and little more than a child—observed my surprise, and throwing back her graceful head, and, shaking her golden tresses, her white teeth absolutely sparkling in the gaslight as she laughed, she said:

"Do you think me pretty? Would you like me for a sweetheart?" And at the same time she quickly came towards me, and adroitly placed her hand upon my waist.

Every doubt as to her character at once vanished, and I stepped aside and endeavored to pass on. The girl nimbly kept her place before me. I felt her fingers in my waistcoat pocket, and I caught her wrist. She uttered a sharp, low, plaintive sound. It was not the whistle of a man, nor the scream of a bird, nor the cry of any animal. It was a clear, ringing tone, that would be heard in the thunder of a tempest, the roar of a waterfall, or the rumbling of all the wagons in London. I knew it. It was the call of the London female pickpocket to her male confederate. In the stillness of the night it reverberated from side to side, and from roof to basement of every house, along the four roads that met each other at St. George's church.

I saw that my watch was in the girl's hand. In the short instant that she had delayed me, she had separated the watch from the chain that held it. If she had been dexterous in her profession, she would have taken the watch from my pocket without exciting my suspicion, and without disturbing the watch-guard. I perceived that she was only a beginner at the trade of "naming and foisting."

Some minutes are occupied in the description of thoughts that do not fill a second. The imagination of the reader must measure the actual time. I remembered that I was near the dwellings of the worst characters in London. In the alleys and courts and dens of Kent Street on one side of the road, and Mint Street on the other, the refuse of the dregs of the population of modern Babylon have their miserable homes. Then close to the great thoroughfares, one of the main arteries to the great heart of commerce, through which Kent and Surrey and Sussex pour their traffic and their trade, here is the modern "Alsatia" of London; and here, driven from Rastcliffe Highway, by the construction of the Blackwall Railway, and from the "Slums" of St. Giles, by the improvements in New Oxford Street; here—the modern Ishmaelites whose hand

is against every man, and every man's hand against them—here herd like wolves.

There was no policeman near, and I perceived that I must either lose my watch or enter into a personal conflict. Still holding the girl's wrist, I drew a pistol from the breast pocket of my coat, and watched for the approach of the pick-pocket's confederate. I had not to wait long. If I had been superstitious, I should have fancied that an evil spirit had sprung from the ground, as a tall, large man, mysteriously and suddenly started up before me. The wall of houses on my right hand did not appear to offer any opening from which he could have emerged. And yet it was certain that from that wall of houses he must have come. Doors and window-shutters were there in the long regularity of respectability, that marks a rich street in a populous city; yet I felt assured that in that long row of respectability, there must be some opening for rascality; and even whilst I was waiting and watching for the expected assault, I wondered whence the attacker could have so suddenly precipitated himself. I had walked by daylight many hundred times along that great public thoroughfare, yet I had never observed any lane, alley or opening from the main street near where I was standing. There was no appearance of poverty in the apparel of the man, or in that of the girl. Both were well dressed, and with a neatness that had nothing of the "flash" or the "swell." And as my glance travelled rapidly from one to the other, I called to mind many stories of gentle highwaymen and illustrious pickpockets.

But in the immeasurably short instant that sufficed for what has taken some time to narrate, I observed a pale and scarcely perceptible gleam of light, only a little less dark than the high walls of the houses on my right hand, that evidently marked a doorway, and I formed a conclusion that the man was employed in one of the large warehouses or stores. This idea lessened my dread of a desperate attack.

Retaining the girl's wrist firmly in the grasp of my left hand, I jerked her sharply to one side and stepped forward towards the man, who, surprised at seeing his confederate detained, hesitated and drew back. My advance placed me opposite the opening to which I have referred, and I then perceived that it was a long, low, narrow, and covered passage, on a level with the shops, and under the first floor of one of the houses; and that it led into a labyrinth of wretchedness, known as "The Den."

The disagreeable reflection caused by this discovery was interrupted by the man, who brand-

ished a short bludgeon, as he exclaimed with a great oath:

"Now, then, young man, what do you want with that young woman?"

I held the girl fast in my grasp, and kept her at arm's length, as I raised my pistol to a level with the man's breast, and drew back the hammer with my thumb. The click of the tumbler of the lock sounded sharp and clear, and the girl exclaimed:

"O, do not fire here, sir! Take your watch, and let us go."

The man not expecting and not prepared for such a resistance, threw up his hand, as men do to defend the face, and in the sudden movement knocked off his hat. As he was facing the street lamp, which was behind me, I saw his features plainly, whilst mine were concealed in the shade from him. I recognized a man who only two years before had been my fellow-student at Oxford, and I exclaimed in astonishment and sorrow: "Henry Sterling!"

At this instant, the iron heel of a policeman, stamping with a slow and equal pace upon the stone flags of the pavement, was heard approaching. I uncocked my pistol, returned it to my pocket, and dropped the wrist of the girl, who quietly returned my watch to me. Neither of us spoke, until the policeman, turning the shade of his bull's-eye lantern, which was strapped to his waist, threw the glare of its bright light upon each of our faces alternately. He said "good-night," walked on a few steps, stopped, and drew himself up in the attitude of a soldier at "attention."

"This is very dreadful, Sterling," I said.

"Hush," he replied, "here comes the police relief, let them go by, and I will speak to you."

The sergeant's party of police approached in single file. The policeman was relieved by another, and the party marched on. As they were passing by Henry Sterling, a man in plain clothes who accompanied them, stepped sharply up to him, caught him by the collar, and said:

"Hulloa, Nimble Ned, you're wanted."

"Halt," the sergeant exclaimed, and the police stopped.

"What's up now?" said Henry Sterling.

The man in plain clothes answered, "We have nibbed Springheeled Jack—he has split. You have had a short run, but it has been a merry one. Your time's up."

"The dence it is! Well, what can't be cured must be endured. He who lies down with dogs, gets up with fleas. Come and see me in the jug, sissy, will you? Good night, Mr. Jones. I always said that I would see the world, and now

my grateful and considerate country will pay the expenses of my voyage to the antipodes. I suppose it's a case of New South Wales, eh, sergeant?"

Whilst Henry Sterling, known to the police as Nimble Ned, was speaking, a policeman had slipped handcuffs on to his wrists. There was no fuss on one side, and no resistance upon the other. The policeman was quiet, and Henry Sterling was unruffled. At a sign from the sergeant, two policemen put each an arm under the arm of Henry Sterling, the word, "Quick march," was given, and the police marched away with their prisoner. The girl and I were left together.

"You are very young; do you like the life you are leading?" I said.

"Ah, no, you would pity me if you knew my story. And perhaps—yes, I think, O, yes, I am sure—that if you can you will help me. My home is in the direction that you are going. If you will let me, O, do!—do let me walk by your side, and tell you my short history?"

The girl's large, dark blue eyes were filled with tears, and she clasped her hands together in earnest entreaty.

"Come, then, poor wanderer from virtue, and may Heaven bless my efforts, and enable me to save you. I will hear your story."

Side by side we walked together towards Kennington.

"Tell me your name?"

"Isabel Ranson. Do you know Northampton?"

"No, I have not been in that part of England."

"There is a great trade in shoes, and many hundred hands are employed at work for the London market. But very low wages are given, and the people there, as in other parts of England, look to London as the great pay office, where good wages are always to be obtained. Country girls now-a-days know very well that London is not paved with gold, but they believe that gold is to be gained by the same labor that in the country brings in only coppers. The wish of every country drudge is that she may see London. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. Go on."

"So that when a woman—her name is Offal—came to our village to engage shoe-binders, she easily induced half a dozen of the prettiest girls—alas, I know that I am pretty!—to accept her offers. I, with others, came to London; with them I was deceived, betrayed and ruined. Mrs. Offal did not want us for shoe-binders! Do you understand?"

"Yes, my poor girl, I understand too well. But were not you yourself to blame?"

"I was, I was, and Mrs. Offal defends herself by telling me that all I have done, I have done willingly. Alas, sir! like a man who willingly starts to run down a steep hill, I am now unable to check my headlong descent. O, help me, sir! Stay me, do not let me tumble into the horrible abyss of shame and guilt and misery, that I see yawning before me. Help me, sir! I am young, not eighteen, only just seventeen, sir. Sir, can I not be saved? I would be honest."

"Why do you not return home? A parent's love can never die. Affection bursts the chains of anger. Upon a mother's breast, and in a father's arms, the tears of a repentant child fall like dew upon a fading flower. Why do you not return home?"

The girl drew herself up proudly and stopped.

"Sir, I am too proud! Flaunting and boastful I left home, full of hope for myself, and of scorn for my less enterprising companions of the village. How can I return there? I had better die! Heaven has mercy, when earth gives only punishment. What can such a wretch as I have to do in the virtuous village of my father? How can I look into the faces of my little sisters, who have knelt and learned their prayers from me? No, sir, I will return successful, or I will die unrecognized, if not unremembered!"

"Poor girl, poor girl! Such is human nature—proud and humble, weak and strong! And where is Mrs. Offal?"

"I am lodging with her. O, she is very respectable!" The girl's lip curled in mockery. "O, she is very respectable! She has a respectable lodging house, and her lodgers pay their rent regularly, or else she takes their clothes, and then there are the streets, and the unions, and the jails! Do you understand? I owe her rent, and if it is not paid to-morrow, she will take all I have, and then I—I—I—"

Isabel clasped her hands upon her forehead, and cried:

"O, sir, help me! You do not look at me as other men look at me. You do not think me lost? Not altogether lost? I am not left without hope, am I? Ah, I am very young. I may yet save myself. Again an honest girl I may look into my father's face, and lay my head upon my mother's breast, and then I will weep and they will welcome me."

I took her hand in mine, and between mine I held them up to heaven, and there in the open street, I, a Christian clergyman, and she a night-walker, as our tears fell together, prayed to him who never turned away an earnest prayer. We walked on in silence, until at the corner of a street, Isabel said:

"Here is Mrs. Offal's, it is No. 30 in this street."

"Can I see her?"

"Have you money? I do not know anything that money cannot do in London."

"Good-night! I will be at Mrs. Offal's at 10 o'clock to-morrow."

Isabel Ranson took a situation as housemaid in a gentleman's family. Mrs. Offal gave her a character! Four years passed. I travelled in many countries, but although I often thought of Isabel Ranson, I did not hear of her.

Four years after I had met her opposite St. George's church, I was staying at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, during a contested election. The town was in great excitement, and frequent street fights occurred between the supporters of the rival candidates. It was said that prize-fighters were brought from London, and many of the worst characters of the metropolis took an active part in the proceedings.

One day one of the waiters told me that a servant in livery wished to deliver a note to me. The servant came into my room, and said that his mistress, Lady Underwood, requested an answer to the note which he had given me. I read the note:

"Lady Underwood presents her compliments to the Rev. Josiah Jones, and requests an interview at Mr. Jones's earliest convenience. Immediately, if possible."

"And pray," said I, "who is Lady Underwood?"

"The widow of General Sir George Underwood, who died nearly a year ago."

I accompanied the servant. A handsome carriage with a splendid pair of horses waited for me. I was taken to a large house, and was shown into a beautifully-furnished drawing-room. Presently a lady in black, but not in a widow's cap, entered the apartment. She was so beautiful that I could have fallen at her feet, as at the realization of a long dream of female loveliness.

"Isabel Ranson!" I exclaimed.

Isabel came to me, took my hand in hers, raised it to her lips, kissed it, and as she sat down on a footstool beside me, murmured, as a tear fell on my hand:

"My preserver and my friend!"

Reader, Isabel was not twenty-two years old, and I was not more than thirty. Was not this recognition pleasant? Heaven knows that I do not expect gratitude. When I perform a good action I do it because it is my duty, and because it affords me pleasure. I do not sell kindness for a price. I give it, a free gift, to be registered, if

at all, not in the debtor and creditor account of this world, but in the record of human frailty and the register of forgiveness in another. Let a man once feel the tear of another's gratitude on his cheek, or upon his hand, and he will never do an unkind act again.

Isabel Ranson was Lady Underwood. Old General Underwood had fallen in love with his pretty housemaid. Isabel was prudent, and the old general had married her. The world calls this an honorable match, the church sanctions it, the law allows it, and if—O, that *if*—if the conditions of the contract are fulfilled, Heaven ratifies it. During the six months that she had been a wife, Isabel did perform her part of the contract, and when the old general died, he left her his fortune.

"And now," said Isabel, throwing herself into a large arm-chair, "now I must tell you why I sent for you. Do you remember Henry Sterling—Nimble Ned?"

"Of course I do."

"He is in Plymouth. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. He has served his time. He has recognized me, and he insists that I shall marry him."

"And do you love him?"

"Love him? Ah, no! To him I owe the degradation from which you rescued me. I never loved him. He betrayed me treacherously, and deceived me devilishly. How can I do otherwise than hate him?"

"Then do not marry him."

"He threatens me."

"Hand him over to the police."

Isabel drew a long sigh, and after a few moments' silence, she rose from her chair, and said:

"I will follow your advice. Come, have some luncheon. Do you admire my taste in furniture?"

And then her white and perfect tapering fingers, loaded with jewels, rested upon my arm. I felt flushed, heady, and bewildered, as I was led along that magnificent drawing-room by Isabel, the night-walker of St. George's in the East.

That evening I had an engagement at the Yacht Club, and I walked round by the lime-stone quarries. The moon was near the full, but dark masses of clouds floated heavily in the heavens, and threw their gloomy shadows upon the rocks and stones that lay irregularly in heaps about the quarries. The beauties of the scenery were obscured in gloom, and my own feelings took a melancholy tone from the sombre night, as I mused over the chances against the happiness of Isabel, Lady Underwood.

My reveries were interrupted by a sharp cry—I remembered it—it was the call of the female pickpocket to her confederate, and I looked round with that sort of sweet titillation of ill-natured pleasure that one feels at seeing another suffer the ills that one has one's-self undergone. The cry was repeated, and was followed by a call for help, in a woman's voice.

Gazing steadily in the direction of the sound, I perceived two figures near the edge of the limestone quarries; and there was sufficient light for me to distinguish that there were a man and a woman struggling together.

I ran forward, and before the man was aware of my approach, I seized him by the throat, and got my knuckles between his neck-handkerchief and neck, and under his ear. The man turned his face towards me at the instant that the clouds passed from before the moon, and I was again face to face with Henry Sterling.

He instantly grappled me, and with a furious oath wrenched himself clear of his neck-handkerchief, which came off his throat and remained in my hand. Henry Sterling was a larger and a stronger man than I.

"Always my evil genius, Jones!" he exclaimed, again swearing. "Always my evil genius, and an omen of disappointment. Ha, ha, my fine fellow, to-night shall settle our account, and wipe out a long score. You shall not leave this place alive."

We were near the brink of the quarry, which was cut away some eighty feet perpendicularly. Towards this terrific precipice he tried to drag me. Inch by inch and foot by foot I perceived that I was approaching a dreadful death. I did not dare expend my breath by screaming, and I doggedly and in silence resisted his fierce endeavors to destroy me. He had dragged me within five feet of the brink. Then with his strong arms round me, he lifted me and threw me from him. I fell with my head over the edge of limestone, and in an instant his knee was upon my chest, and his long fingers round my throat. My eyes were starting from their sockets, my temples were bursting, respiration was suspended, and I looked up into the bright, clear moon, as I believed, for the last time. An opaque substance passed before it, and crashed on Henry Sterling's head. His hand relaxed its hold upon my throat, he fell forward over the brink of the quarry, threw out his long arms, slipped down, and dropped heavily upon the rocks below me. A soft hand grasped mine, and with the assistance of Lady Underwood, I raised myself from my perilous situation.

Then Isabel told me that, anxious to avoid a

public scandal, she had given Henry Sterling a private meeting, in the hope that she could induce him to leave the country. But Sterling, maddened by drink, had rudely assaulted her, and Lady Underwood had saved my life by hurling the mass of limestone that had killed Henry Sterling.

The next day the body was found, and a coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of accidental death, supposing that Sterling had fallen into the quarry. It has been said that

"Every fault a tear may claim,
Except an erring sister's shame."

But Isabel, no longer young, yet in the full ripeness of womanly beauty, with a heart softened by a grateful recollection of her own revival to virtue, exercises an honest benevolence towards her fallen but not altogether guilt-crushed fellow-creatures.

THE CALIFORNIA VINEGAR PLANT.

Dr. E. J. Coxé has favored us with a bottle of beverage tasting like spruce beer, made from a plant handed him by a lady from Texas, and originally from California, where it is known as the "vinegar plant." By mixing a certain quantity of water and molasses, or golden syrup with a small portion of the plant, in a bottle well corked, in a few hours the beverage above-mentioned is produced. Allowed to sour, it becomes good vinegar. Its strangest quality, however, is that it feeds on the syrup and water, and grows with such rapidity as to furnish an inexhaustible supply. Dr. Coxé informs us that from the small portion of the plant handed him only a few weeks ago, thousands of bottles of this delightful beverage have been made and used in many families, and still the plant grows on its simple food in such quantity as to furnish all who wish for it. Dr. Coxé says it is harmless and possesses no intoxicating qualities. We tasted the beverage last night; and if not otherwise informed, would have thought we were sipping the ordinary spruce beer familiar to every one.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

DIAMONDS.

Diamonds are not used exclusively as articles of ornament or luxury. They are frequently employed with great advantage in the arts. Bad, discolored diamonds are sold to break into powder, and are said to have a more extensive sale than brilliants, with all their captivating beauty. In many operations of art they are indispensable. The fine cameo and intaglio owe their perfection to the diamond, with which alone they can be engraved. The beauty of the onyx would yet remain dormant, had not the unrivalled power of the diamond been called forth to the artist's assistance. The cornelian, the agate or cairngorm cannot be engraved by any other substance. Every crest or letter cut upon hard stone is indebted to the diamond.—*Scientific American.*

MEMORY.

Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.—*CAMPBELL.*

[ORIGINAL.]

AFAR ON THE SEA!

BY M. T. CALDON.

Afar on the sea—O, afar on the sea,
There's a ship that is speeding away from me!
Around it the foam-wreathing billows arise,
And above it are bending these same blue skies;
But the sun that looks faint on our snow-clad hills,
Shines bright on the sail that the monsoon fills.

Afar on the sea—O, afar on the sea,
A heart there is yearning and sighing for me;
A form on the deck borne along by the tide,
For aye, on this earth, should be here at my side.
O Wind of the West, hasten on and bestow
This kiss to the brow, whose caress it will know!

Afar on the sea—O, afar on the sea,
Where perils arise, and where shipwreck may be—
O, boy in my arms, with his smile in thine eye,
Clasp thy innocent hands, as I lift to the sky
Petitions to save him—return him to shore;
The contest triumphant—no gammer no more!

[ORIGINAL.]

A STORM ON THE LAKES.

BY MARY W. JANVRIEN.

CHAPTER I.

"White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is Hope's last gleam in man's extremity."

THE night was dark and tempestuous. The winter wind roamed in wildest fury over land and sea—now whistling and shrieking, like a thousand fiends, over hill, through valley, and among the forests along the shores of Lake Michigan.

The lakes—those inland seas—felt the power of the gale on that winter's night. From far away, over leagues and leagues of water, it hurried on its mad career, piling up wave on wave and bearing them wildly on toward the shores; struggling in terrible might with many a gallant bark—tossing them hither and thither like the pebbles cast up on the low, rocky beach.

In the city of Chicago, the hurry and bustle of the busy day was over. The deserted streets were free to the sweep of the storm, which came with loud cries alike to the draped windows of the rich and the unsheltered casements of the poor. Within, groups gathered around blazing hearthstones; without, the glare of the street lamps cast a cold gleam on the black night. The shivering watchman was fain to seek the shelter of his box; and anon, some late home-

ward goer hastened onward, buttoning his coat collar closely about his throat, breasting the sleet that was beginning to pierce the cold wintry air.

The city clock had struck eleven, when a young man emerged from the door of a large limestone warehouse near the wharves, and, drawing his furled collar about his fate, proceeded rapidly towards his home in another quarter of the city. Threading the deserted streets, he turned into a narrower one, and, entering a court, he gained the steps of a neat brick house at its head, where his summons at the bell-pull speedily was answered, and he shook the snow from his feet in the hall.

"O, George, I am so glad you have come!" was his mother's greeting, as she opened the door of the parlor. "Do you hear anything of the schooner? You are so late, I thought she might have got in!"

"O, mother; no news yet. The despatch I received this morning stated that she had left Buffalo, and would probably be here to-night; so I waited at the wharf, in hopes she would arrive. But the storm has probably beaten her off!"

"O, my son, on the coast to-night, in this dreadful storm! And Mrs. Mallory shuddered and covered her face with her hands, while her son walked the floor of the little parlor in agitation.

"O, heaven! If Paul is on the lake to-night, in this driving northeaster, only One can save him! What do you think, my son? Your father surely knows the dangers of a gale on the lake too well to tempt its fury!" And Mrs. Mallory laid her hand appealingly on her son's arm, arresting him in his rapid walk.

"Let us not fear, mother!" he replied, calming himself by a strong effort of will, and conquering his own alarm, from regard to her fears. "Certainly, father knows the dangers of such a trip, and, I dare say, he has put back, or has managed to keep off shore. It is indeed a terrible night; but we will not borrow trouble. We shall smile at our fears to-morrow night, when, I trust, he will be with us. Calm yourself, mother!" And he drew her to a seat by the glowing grate.

The furnishing of their little parlor was simple, yet tasteful. No gilded mirrors, or costly furniture shone in the firelight; but neatness, comfort, and a certain degree of elegance prevailed. In the centre of the room stood a small table covered with books, and with a cheerful solar lamp lighting up the bright carpet and crimson curtains and a few choice engravings on the wall.

Mrs. Mallory was a lady-like and delicate woman, with traces of early beauty still visible in her face. She had married Paul Mallory when young. In her childhood, he had been her playmate; in later years, he was her protector. They had removed from the east when Chicago was still a young city; and, though he had met with many vicissitudes of fortune, yet affluence seemed likely to crown his efforts. The schooner in which he sailed, was his own vessel; and he was engaged quite largely in the transportation of lumber from the northern extremity of the lake to Buffalo for the eastern trade.

George Mallory was scarcely twenty-two, the only son of his parents. Yet his frank and manly countenance, the firm and decided curve of his lips, the keen expression of his eyes, showed that already he had matured beyond his years. And this was the case; for the cares of his mother's household, devolving upon him during his father's long absences, had given him the experience of one far older.

As the mother and son sat in silence, listening to the storm which shook the house and brought the hoarse murmur of the lake waters up to their ears, the parlor door opened, and a young and lovely girl of eighteen, clad in a wrapper, and bearing a night-lamp, glided in.

"What, Annie! up yet?" said George Mallory, rising and drawing a chair for her near the grate.

"Yes, George. I could not sleep in this storm. The thought that perhaps uncle's vessel might be on the shore, was constantly before me. You will let me join your anxious vigils?" And his young cousin and betrothed, Annie Bradley, sat down near the two watchers.

The young man's heart thrilled at this manifestation of tender feeling in the young and care-free girl; but he affected to smile at her uneasiness, and bade her seek her slumber.

"No; if you and aunt persist in watching the night through, I must be permitted to be with you. God grant that uncle's vessel is not on the lake to-night!" And she shuddered as a wild blast shook the windows and howled away down the court.

"Amen!" said Mrs. Mallory, fervently; though her pale and anxious face revealed her fears.

But few words escaped the young man's lips; but when, an hour later, he sat beside the fire, with sweet Annie's young head drooping drowsily on his shoulder—gazing thoughtfully into his mother's pale countenance—by the anxious lines about his lips and the expression of his eye, as, ever and anon, when a fiercer blast whirled

by, he raised his head to listen, might be read his solicitude for the parent who, perchance, even then, might be at the mercy of the midnight tempest. And many a fervent prayer arose from that fireside to Him who holds the seas in the hollow of his hand, to guard and guide the beloved one safely to their arms.

But still the storm raged more wildly; and the northeaster tramped like a giant over the chill waters of Lake Michigan, and hurled angry billows high up on the line of the low and marshy shore.

CHAPTER II.

"The ship works hard; the seas run high;
Their white tops, flashing through the night,
Give to the eager, straining eye
A wild and shifting light."

Hard at the pumps! the leak is gaining fast!
Lighten the ship! The devil rode that blast!"

THE day was drawing to a close, when a large and trim-built topsail schooner, with all sails set, went ~~cattering~~ across the waters of Lake Michigan. Two-thirds of the expanse had already been traversed, and she was hastening on, eager to find a port before the fierce gale from the clouds which all day had been gathering thick and dun in the sky, should burst upon her. As darkness came down and blotted out the line of the horizon, the black pall gathered thicker, and the chill northeast wind, wet with spray, came ploughing up the waters, heaping them into great billows like the waves of the ocean.

Nothing had escaped the watchful eye of the captain, as he walked the deck—now glancing up to the brooding sky, now turning his anxious gaze to the southwest, straining his vision to discern some trace of the low shore-line. Sail after sail was hoisted, fluttering out to catch the full force of the stiff wind; the masts creaked and bent; and the gullant vessel left a foaming, snowy track behind, as she clove her way through the waters.

It had been a more than ordinarily successful trip—that last which Captain Mallory had performed from Green Bay to Buffalo; and now, with the profits of his voyage, he was returning to the harbor of Chicago to lay by during the winter months, when the lake would be encased in its solid sheathing of ice. And now that his last trip of the season was made, Captain Mallory was anxious to gain port before the northeaster should break.

Night brought down the long delaying, sullen storm upon the waters. Squalls of sleet and snow struck the schooner; still she kept on her course, the captain expecting every moment to make some port.

"No land ahead?" he queried anxiously of one of the men he had sent aloft.

"No, sir. Nothing but Egyptian darkness!" was the reply.

"How is the bearing?" he cried, turning to the man at the wheel.

"West so'west, sir."

"Does she carry herself good?"

"Ay, ay, sir! good and full."

Captain Mallory paced the deck in deep thought. For a short time he revolved the chances of their safety, with the schooner driving along before such a gale.

"It will not do to drive ahead at this rate," he murmured. "We shall all go to destruction together, on some reef or island. I must alter her course. Call 'em up to shorten sail!" he shouted to the officer on deck. Then going forward, he again sought to pierce the thick darkness for the outline of land.

The cries of "Call the watch! All hands shorten sail!" rang along the deck.

While Captain Mallory still leaned over the rail, and before his orders could be executed, there came the startling cry: "Breakers ahead!"

"Where away?" rang out the captain's voice, in thunder tones.

"Dead ahead, sir!" was borne on the voice of the driving wind.

"Good heaven! this will never do!" And then, above the tempest, sounded the captain's voice through his trumpet: "Stand by to 'bout ship!"

Then followed the prompt execution of the order, as every man sprang to his station, and the heavy sails were swung round on the masts.

"All ready, forward!" sounded from the fore-castle.

"Helm's a-lee!"

And now the vessel followed the lead of the helm, and slowly veered round from her course. But her sails were stiffened with sleet; and, after struggling a few moments, she began to lose steerage way.

"What's the matter? wont she come up?" thundered the captain from the quarter deck.

"No, sir. Every sail and block is frozen, and the yards wont swing!"

The schooner was now too near the surf to wear, and time would be lost in clearing away the frozen yards; and it was probable that, even then, the sails would not work. The captain therefore gave orders to the man at the wheel to head the schooner toward the shore, hoping to keep along at a safe distance from the breakers until he could discern some lighthouse signal—for, surely, they must be near some port. And

now on dashed the vessel—parting the waters with its prow, and leaving a snowy wake behind.

There suddenly came a lull in the storm, and silence seized upon those on deck. The helmsman was tugging hard at his station; the sleet was fast congealing, and forming an icy carpet for the deck; the captain stood at the weather rail, watching the bow of the schooner as it ploughed along.

"We'll weather it yet, if we are as far south as I think we are!" he said to the mate, who came and stood beside him. "Or," he continued, in a lower tone, "if worst comes to worst, we must try our luck at a midnight swim in the Michigan!"

Again the gale rose, and with redoubled fury. Between its voice and the hoarse rushing of the waters came the creaking of the overstrained wheel, the bending and swaying of spars, the rattling of frozen cordage and the icy sails as they flapped together, and the almost human groan of the vessel's timbers as some giant wave-blow struck her sides. But still the embracing billows carried her along in the grasp of their strong arms; still she swept on—to her doom!

"Breakers ahead! close under our bow!" was shouted from the fore-castle.

"Hard a-port! Harder, for heaven's sake!" thundered Captain Mallory.

"Ay, ay, sir."

But hardly had the words escaped the sailor's lips, ere, like a mad steed urged on by its rider, the schooner rushed to her fate. There was a terrible shock. Her timbers stove, the masts were snapped like reeds, every man was prostrated on deck, and it was with difficulty that they retained their hold, while a great wave made a complete breach over the vessel.

But amid this peril, Captain Mallory bore himself like a true sailor. Encouraging his men, the small gun which the schooner bore was loaded, and report after report went rumbling toward the shore on the wings of the wind, startling men from their dozing by their cottage fires, and carrying a story of distress and shipwreck in its booming tones.

CHAPTER III.

"Riaeth the winter's sun
Over the sea;
All white and pitless
Down looketh he;
Still comes the winter wind
Howling and free;
Still thunders the surf,
And the ice lines the shore;
But again shall that gallant ship
Sail never more."

"'Tis a wild night—a dreadful night!" exclaimed old Farmer Benson to his wife, as they

sat by a blazing wood fire in their little cabin, near the lake shore, listening to the sound of the wind and the beating of the waters against the foot of the cliff upon which their cottage stood.

"Yes, that it is!" said good Dame Benson, laying down her knitting and removing her spectacles. "This is just such a storm as we used to have down on the seacoast of old Maine; the water roars just as the ocean used to. I declare, I hope no vessels are on the lake to-night! What do you think, father?" And an anxious look overspread her placid face.

"They'd make harbor somewhere before night-fall; the storm's been brewing this six-and-thirty hours," replied the farmer. "No captain would risk it—but hark! Martha, that's a gun, as sure as I live! A vessel's on the reef!" And the old man sprang to his feet, as a dull, heavy boom came up to the cabin.

"Yes. The good Lord help the poor crew!" cried Mrs. Benson, going to the window. "Another gun—and another! O, father, can't something be done to save 'em? Can't you send up a light, or something to keep up their poor hearts? And if their vessel keeps afloat till morning, they may be saved!"

"That's what I have thought, Martha!" said Mr. Benson, putting on his storm-coat and taking down his lantern and tarpaulin from the wall. "Call up the boys, while I get things ready, and signal 'em some way—though, God knows, their chances for rescue are small enough such a night as this!"

And while Mrs. Benson was arousing her two sturdy sons, who slept in the little loft of the cabin, the old man brought from his cellar a few rockets, and, taking his lantern, went out on the cliff. The boys appeared almost immediately—for they, too, had heard the guns from the lake—and joined their father outside the cabin; and presently a vivid and ruddy light was sent streaming up into the sky from the summit of the bluff.

The signal was undoubtedly seen by the wrecked men, for in another moment their gun again sent forth its sullen roar; and again a streaming rocket from the shore bade them not despair. But each party well knew that no help could come till the morning broke; nor even then, if the gale should not abate—for no boat could outride the mad waves—and their only hope lay in their vessel's capability of enduring the night through.

"Well, lads, it's no use standing here, as I can see," said the farmer. "We've let 'em know we heard 'em—and when mornin' comes, if our boat can stand the sea, we'll pull out to their

help, if their vessel's to be seen. Let us go in, now!"

The surf thundered at the foot of the cliff; and every now and then the wind, tearing off the white caps of the waves, tossed them high up to the very spot where the farmer and his sons stood. Nothing appeared in the thick darkness save the white flashing of the line of foam below.

"Yes, father, I suppose we'd best go in and wait till morning, though it's hard to leave the poor fellows to this storm!" answered one of the farmer's sons, as they retraced their way to their cabin.

"The vessel may stand it; the reef is low. Or, if she should go to pieces, the men may be washed among the rocks. Some of 'em will escape, I have faith to believe," said the farmer. "Here, Martha, put all your lamps in the windows! The sight of their shine may kindle hope in them poor fellows' hearts!"

And so the lamps were blazing in the cabin windows, their cheerful flame shining far out on the darkness, and the dwellers in the cabin sat down to await the tardy dawn; while amid the long hours of blackness, cold and storm, the half-frozen crew of the schooner sent the voice of their gun over the lake, realizing the while, as every fresh wave-stroke beat against their maimed vessel, that but a few planks lay between them and eternity.

"If she holds together till daybreak, we shall be saved. And she may—for the schooner is staunch and strong as iron!" said Captain Mallory, outwardly calm and firm, encouraging his men. "I know where we are—on the reef; and I believe the gale is going down. It doesn't blow so hard as when we struck. Keep up stout hearts, my men! I believe we shall be saved! Let us pray that we may see our homes, our wives and children again!"

And there, amid the winter storm, the voice of prayer mingled with the hoarse notes of the wind; and the husky "amens" floated out on the waters of Lake Michigan.

The morning broke bright and clear. The gale had abated, and the waves had spent their fury; but still a heavy swell came rolling in from the northern waters, offering resistance to any boat which might put out.

Farmer Benson and his sons were early on the cliff. Upon a low chain of rocks, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, lay the hulk of a large schooner. The waves were beating upon it, breaking it up piece by piece; the masts had been washed away, and the dismantled rigging

hung over the wreck. Far up on the forecastle, farthest from the water, were seen huddled together the shivering forms of the crew.

A consultation was held between Farmer Benson, his sons, and their neighbors who had been summoned to render assistance. Two large and stout fishing-boats were dragged down to the shore; and the two young men, with others, volunteered to put out to the reef. But the swell was too strong; and as often as they ventured, were the boats hurled back upon the beach again.

The shipwrecked crew were now seized with despair. Their vessel was fast breaking up—no boat could come to their aid—within sight of land, they must perish! Although advised by the captain to patiently abide their time, and put their trust in Him who had brought them through the perils of the night and would not surely desert them now, two of the crew resolved to endeavor to gain the shore by swimming, and cast themselves into the waves—alas! only to meet a speedy death on the freezing, icy flood, and to be cast ashore, stark and stiff, at the feet of the men who would, how gladly! have gone to their relief.

The day advanced. The winter sun stood higher, casting a flood of glorious beams over the lake and shore; but his rays could not warm the benumbed men on the wreck in whose hearts hope was near dying out.

"I believe we are doomed, Grant!" said the captain at last, speaking in a low voice to his mate. "They dare not put out for us in this heavy sea. But it won't do to let the men know it. We must keep up a show of courage before them!"

"I believe, sir, they are trying to launch the boat again," said the mate. "*They are, sir! They may reach us!*"

"Impossible, in this heavy swell!" replied the captain, gloomily, eyeing the boat which, just then, had entered the surf, propelled by the strong arms of Farmer Benson's two sons, who had avowed that "with freezing men under their very eyes, they could not stand there and see them die."

"You can't reach the wreck, boys!" said Mr. Benson and his neighbors.

"We'll try it!" they answered, hopefully. "At least, we can but make the attempt."

God sometimes favors the most daring undertakings, as he did that of those two noble young men. With hushed breath and beating hearts, the gazers on the shore and the men on the wreck watched their buffetings with the waters—now hurled back among the angry surf, now

beating over the high billows, fighting their way by the sheer force of nerve and will.

At last, thank God, the reef is gained! The boat navigates among the low, jutting rocks—the oar-strokes of those athletic arms bring it up close under the dismantled wreck—and the benumbed men, with husky voices and heavy heart-throbs, slide down, one after another, till all are there, and then they put back for the shore.

This passage is far less perilous—the swell of the incoming waves favors the heavily freighted boat—every oar-stroke tells—and now they rush through the surf, the boat's keel grates upon the hard sand, and, thank God, they are saved!

Kind and busy hands were ready to administer food, bring warm apparel, and kindle fires for the nourishment of those rescued men, in Farmer Benson's cabin on the cliff; and, certainly, no king upon his throne, or princes of the blood royal line, ever bore prouder hearts than the farmer and his two stalwart, noble sons, as they listened to the tearful expressions of gratitude which were rendered by Captain Mallory and his men.

And you may be sure, reader, that never more thankful tears gushed from human eyes than those with which Mrs. Mallory and her son greeted the return of the rescued husband and father, on the next night, when he stood among them at his own fireside.

"And now we will have a festival! The wedding need no longer be deferred—hey, Annie? What! blushing?" he said, playfully, as the young girl, who had crept near his side to listen to his recital of the dangers of the storm, blushed rosy red at this remark, and shyly withdrew her hand from George's earnest clasp. "Yes, the wedding shall come off New Year's night, Annie!" said the captain, good-humoredly. "I believe all you were waiting for, was father's safe return! And here he is again with you, thank God!"

Annie escaped from the parlor, whence she was soon followed by her lover; and the captain and his wife were left together.

"O, Paul, such a terrible night!" said Mrs. Mallory, still shuddering at the thought of his recital, and sobbing on his breast.

"Yes, Mary, 'twas terrible! I thought I had known danger before; but I never came so near death as to only feel that a plank lay between me and eternity. I thought the matter over, coming up in the cars to-night; and I have decided that we can live comfortably, without my following this life any longer. I shall live at home with you, in the future. I have had my last STORM ON THE LAKES."

[ORIGINAL.]

KITTY CLYDE.

BY ARTHUR L. KESERVE.

Have you seen sweet Kitty Clyde
Sailing over the river's tide
In her light canoe,
When the stars above are beaming,
And the silver moonlight streaming
From the ether vault so blue?

Have you seen the self-same maiden,
With her strawberry basket laden.
On some golden afternoon,
When the sparrow and the thrush,
And the robin on the bush,
Swell a glad some tune?

Have you never by the brook,
Or in some quiet sunny nook,
Seen this maiden
Angling with a line and hook,
Or 'haps with a pleasant book,
Like a fay in Alden?

Good angels guard Kitty Clyde,
As sailing down life's ruffled tide,
She heeds not danger near;
May they ever cast their spell,
Ever guard the maiden well,
That her life may never sere!

[ORIGINAL.]

BESSIE MILTON :

— OR, —

THE PRESS GANG.*

BY AN ENGLISH ATTORNEY.

On the sea-shore about half a mile distant from the ancient town of Dover, in the county of Kent, England, there stood a few years ago, and perhaps still stands, a small, neat farm-house, which had for many generations, and until some forty years since, been tenanted by an honest family—half fishermen—half farmers—named Milton. The cottage had been built by an ancestor of the last tenant's, some time about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and had been occupied by his descendants down to the period of which I write.

Some forty years ago, the farmer who occupied it, had but one child—a daughter—so fair and gentle, that despite her lowly condition she was known for miles around as the Dover belle. Farmer Milton grieved sorely that he had not a son—for, though he dearly loved his daughter—and was proud of her, and with good reason, he regretted that when he was gone, there would be no descendant of his name to inherit the home-

* This sketch is historically true.

stead of his ancestors. The old man's great desire, since he had not a son of his own to inherit his name as well as his humble estate—was that his daughter Bessie should marry just such a man, as, according to his ideas, would prove himself worthy of such a pretty, gentle affectionate wife as Bessie would make, and of such a snug little farm and homestead as Milton's Grange.

Now the beauty of Bessie had brought numerous admirers to the farm, not only from amongst the sons of the neighboring farmers—but from Dover and the adjacent towns—the sons of respectable tradesmen and professional men; even the young squire from the Hall had shown the fair girl many attentions, and while many of her female friends were envious of the notice she attracted, there were some among them, who did not hesitate to say, that if Bessie played her cards well, she might become the lady of the Hall.

However, while Bessie was friendly and cheerful in the society of all who visited her father's farm, she showed no marked partiality to any one; and if on any occasion one who fancied himself to be a greater favorite than the rest, ventured to speak of love, he was certain never to find himself alone with her a second time. This occurred with the young squire, who, notwithstanding the disparity in the social positions of himself and Bessie, one day offered her his hand and heart. The young man was politely informed that she had not, at present, any thought of giving up her freedom, and that, though she esteemed and respected him as a friend, she could never become the wife of a man whose friends would consider that he had descended from his own position to wed her. From that day Bessie was civil to the young gentleman, but she was never again so lively and unguarded in her conversation with him, as she had been in times past.

Farmer Milton was not sorry to witness his daughter's apparent cautiousness, in guarding herself from any rash engagement. He was decidedly opposed to an ill-assorted marriage, by which his child would be lifted from the social sphere in which her fathers had moved for many consecutive generations—as would have been the case had she listened to the impassioned addresses of the young squire, and he thought her good enough and pretty enough to choose from among the most favored by nature and fortune, and the most deserving of the youths of her own condition; yet, when years passed away, and Bessie had reached the age of twenty-three, without making choice of a lover, the old farmer began to think that his daughter was far less desirous of marrying than the young women of his

youthful days had been, and to become anxious, as he was getting into years, to see her settled in life, the happy wife of a loving and deserving husband, before he should be called away.

He at length determined to speak to her seriously on the subject, and to propose to her consideration the offers of three or four young men, whom he considered worthy of her. Then it was that the old man found out that it was neither cautiousness nor coldness of temperament, which had led Bessie to hold herself for so long a time aloof from the addresses of her admirers. She had chosen secretly for herself years before, and had resolved to wed the husband of her choice, or to remain single for life.

The old farmer was surprised, and perchance somewhat disappointed. The lover his daughter had chosen was not one of those he would have selected for her; still, as he was a young man of irreproachable character and good family, he made no serious objections, but telling her that she had his consent, he rallied her upon keeping her engagement a secret from him.

"Dear father," said Bessie, "I will tell you the reason of my silence with respect to my engagement. I am aware that James Edwards is not the young man you would have preferred for a son-in-law, and we therefore agreed to wait and to keep our engagement a secret until he had obtained command of a ship, when he would be in a position to maintain a wife independent of the farm. He is now first mate of the *Minerva*, and expects to get the command of the vessel after making a few more voyages."

"That needn't have hindered thee, lass," said the old man. "To be sure, James never came into my head, while counting over the likely young men in the parish; but that was, first because he is a sailor, and I should wish my Bessie's husband to remain on shore with her; and second because though the boy's poor enough now, thou knowest he belongs to a family considerably above us in the world. If his father had lived, he would have been by this time rector of the parish, and the equal of any of the gentlefolks, and though he died only the curate, and the boy went to sea—still there is what I call too much of the quality stamp in him to suit my ideas. But, Bessie, if so be as he loves thee, lass, and thou loves him, why, I see no need of his waiting to get command of a ship. Let him quit the sea, settle down on the farm with me, and when I die, I fancy you'll find quite enough left to provide you both with a comfortable support."

This conversation between the father and his daughter occurred only a few weeks before James Edwards's return from the West Indies, in

the ship *Minerva*, of which, as the reader has been informed, he was chief mate. The hope of marrying at once the object of his many years' secret love induced the young sailor to listen readily to the arrangements of the farmer, and to consent to quit the sea, of which he was not very fond, and promise to settle down on the farm. He had, however, bound himself to go one more voyage, and it was arranged that he should marry Bessie before he sailed, and when he returned should give up the sea forever.

The wedding took place shortly after the young man's return home, where he remained four or five months before his ship was again ready for sea. His next and last voyage it was calculated, would occupy six or eight months, and Bessie, when she bade him farewell, and walked back to the farmhouse, already began to look forward to the day of his return, when he would remain at home and trust the treacherous element no more.

Four months after James Edwards's departure, Bessie gave birth to a son, and now she looked forward with redoubled anxiety to the period of her husband's return. She pleased herself with fancying how delighted he would be, when for the first time he took his first-born in his arms, and she formed many plans for their future comfort and happiness.

Soon after the birth of her child, the first great sorrow that Bessie had ever experienced occurred in the sudden death of her father, who was killed by a fall from a cart loaded with hay, which he was bringing from the field; she had been too young when her mother died to feel her loss—but she loved her father dearly, and grieved sorely at his death—and now she longed more earnestly than ever for her husband's return.

The ship in which James Edwards sailed was detained going from one island in the West Indies to another in search of cargo, much longer than had been anticipated. Ten months elapsed from the period of his departure before she read in the newspapers the notice of the ship's arrival in London. However, she was thankful that he had come at last, and as soon as the vessel was discharged, James mounted the Dover stage-coach and hastened homeward. He was met at Dover by his wife, who had gone thither with her babe to welcome him, and though the young sailor lamented with Bessie the sudden death of her father—then first made known to him—they were too happy in their re-union to allow sorrow for the dead wholly to engross their thoughts.

"You will not leave me again, James?" said Bessie, as the husband and wife rode home together in the farm wagon.

"Never, Bessie," was the reply. "I am weary of the sea, and now it is war time, sea voyages are so tedious and uncertain, there is no knowing how long they may last. No, I will turn farmer, and I trust, my love, that there are many years of mutual happiness in store for us, though I could have wished your father had lived to share our delights."

"I am afraid," replied Bessie, "that he left his affairs in some confusion. You know he invested largely, all his ready money, I believe, in an East India speculation, which promised well. The vessel was captured by the French in the Bay of Biscay, and as the insurance takes no risks of capture by the enemy, I understand that he lost all. He never spoke to me on the subject, but I could not help noticing that he looked very serious and uneasy after he heard the intelligence of the capture, several weeks before his death."

"Never mind, Bessie," said the young husband, hopefully, "we will work the harder, and set matters to rights again."

They reached the farmhouse. The neighbors came in to congratulate the ocean-wanderer on his return, visits were made in return, and for several days nothing but festivity was thought of. The youthful husband was exceedingly proud of his child, and all was happiness and joy. However, the round of visits over, it became necessary to attend to business, and in the first place, Edward resolved to go to Dover, and learn from the late farmer's lawyer, exactly how his affairs stood at the time of his decease.

As I have explained already, it was war time, and the government was troubled to procure men for the naval service. Impressment was then in vogue, and at the period of young Edwards's return the press-gangs were more than usually active. It was late in the day when the young man reached Dover, and the lawyer had quitted his office and returned to his residence, a villa on the seashore—Edwards determined to call on him at his, as he was anxious to return that night, knowing that his wife would expect him.

He had proceeded about a mile by a short cut on the beach beneath the cliffs, and had just entered a rabbit-warren, overrun with bushes and brushwood, when, suddenly two men attired as man-of-war-men, sprang, armed with cutlasses, from behind a clump of blackthorn, and called upon him, in the king's name, to surrender.

"To whom?" said the young man, raising his cane and placing himself in a position of self-defence, though he knew too well who his rough assailants were.

"To his majesty's officers," replied a young

lieutenant, who now made his appearance at the head of six other sailors, who with the two who had first spoken composed the press-gang, lying *perdu*, on the lookout for stragglers between Dover and the adjacent towns and villages. "I hold you as a seaman to serve on board his majesty's ship Thunderer, whose tender now lies at anchor in the Downs."

Resistance against such a force, all armed with pistols, and with naked cutlasses in their hands, was of course, out of the question; but as Edwards knew that mates of ships in actual service were legally exempt from impressment, he put forth his claims.

"What ship?" demanded the officer.

"The Minerva, West Indianman."

"Where does she lie?"

"In the River Thames."

"Phoo!" exclaimed the officer. "Those only can claim exception from impressment who are actually on duty on board their ships. Your ship is in London. What are you doing here?"

"I am on a visit to my friends and my native place. Indeed, I have quitted the sea service," replied Edwards, forgetting himself.

"Ha, ha!" jeered the lieutenant. "You have quitted the sea, have you? and yet you say you are the mate of the Minerva! Come, no subterfuge, my fine fellow. It's a shame for an active, able, good-looking chap like you to give up the sea. You don't know what's good for you. We'll teach you better, and find you a snug berth on board a man-of-war, where you will have the honor of serving your king and country. Come, no nonsense," he added, observing the young man to struggle in the clutches of his captors, and endeavor to shake them off.

Edwards pleaded that he was just married, and that his wife depended upon him solely for support, but he might as well have talked to the wind, as to have entertained a hope that anything that he could urge would soften the heart of the officer, or of the rude men under his command, inured to scenes of cruelty, and used to witness the despair of their victims, and the agony of the friends from whom they were ruthlessly torn. His words only called forth taunts and unfeeling and brutal jests.

He was told that he would have an opportunity to send prize money to his wife; and his hands having been bound behind his back, he was marched between two sailors, like a criminal or a deserter, to the beach and placed on board a boat, the crew of which immediately rowed him off to the tender, where he was placed in a wretched dungeon in the lower hold, in company with some dozen other unfortunates like himself,

the greater portion of whom had been striving successfully to drown their sorrows in drink. With difficulty he obtained permission to write to his wife and inform her of his misfortunes, and urge her to come and see him immediately, in order that measures might be taken to endeavor to procure his release.

The poor young woman came at once, and the meeting of the youthful, loving and unhappy couple in the dark hold of the tender, was most distressing to witness. Beattie was permitted to remain but for a short time, but it was arranged that she should at once visit the rector of the parish, and the lord of the manor, both of whom had known Edwards's father, and endeavor to get them to write to the lords of the admiralty, and use their influence to procure her husband's discharge.

This, both these gentlemen did immediately, though they bade her not to anticipate success; and their doubts proved correct. During the first five years of the present century, it was next to impossible to procure the liberation of an impressed seaman, so great was the demand for sailors, and so difficult was it to man the navy—the men preferring the merchant service, notwithstanding its harder labor, to the severe discipline, the long cruises and the small pay on board the king's ships. Many gentlemen of good standing, who had never been at sea, were impressed and carried off, without having been able ever to inform their friends of their fate. The letters sent by the rector and lord of the manor were not even noticed, and in the course of a week Edwards sailed on board the Thunderer, to the East Indies. Poor Beattie was left in a terrible condition of terror and despair, and to add to her distress, in a few weeks after her husband's departure, she was waited upon by bailiffs, who informed her that they had come to take possession of the farm, at the instance of her late father's creditors.

It was thought at the time that there was some villany somewhere, and that a brutal advantage had been taken of her unprotected and distressed condition—but who was there to interest themselves in behalf of the poor, young, widowed wife? The clergyman and the gentlemen of the parish raised a small sum of money by subscription, when they heard that she was to be turned out of her father's homestead, and this was all! She had heard her father speak of a cousin who resided in London, and this, so far as she knew, was the only relative she had in the world. To London she determined to go, and there to seek out this relative whom she believed to be in comfortable circumstances, and to beg him to pro-

cure her some employment by which she might support herself and child until her husband's return—at some indefinite period.

Beattie had never in her life been in a larger town than Dover. She had no idea of the vast size of the metropolis, and fancied, though she knew not her relative's address, that she could find him as easily as she could have found him had he resided in a small country town. She wandered about the crowded streets until her brain was bewildered, and she was so wearied she was ready to drop, and at length procured a humble lodging for herself and her babe. Day after day she spent in searching for her father's cousin, in vain, until she gave up the search in despair. Then she sought for employment with like ill-success. She could not go out to service, she could find no employment at which she could work and at the same time take care of her child, while her exceeding beauty and the neatness, and even elegance of her appearance—for she always dressed well, though plainly—led to frequent annoyances and insults, as she wandered unprotected through the streets.

At length the small sum of money she had brought with her from her old home was expended, though she had observed the strictest economy. She could no longer pay for her lodgings, and she was told that she must go elsewhere. Go where? Without money or friends, and with an infant child in a large city! She wandered the streets all day, hungry and penniless, and at night was fain to beg food and shelter at one of the watch-houses. Both were afforded, but even here she found herself exposed to insult. The very fact of her having her babe with her led to suspicions prejudicial to her character, and such observations were made, and such remarks addressed to her, that she resolved at no hazard to seek a lodging in the watch-house again.

All the next day amidst storm and rain, she walked the streets without food. Urged by hunger and fatigue, she at length humbled herself to ask charity. But most of those she addressed passed on, eager to gain shelter from the storm, merely telling her that there were proper places for such as her to apply to, and that they never gave to street beggars. Others offered her assistance, but their offers were coupled with such conditions that she turned away with scorn and indignation. Again, others who listened impatiently awhile, evidently disbelieving her story, gave her a halfpenny and hurried homeward. She obtained three halfpence in the course of the day. It was now dark, and she had neither food nor shelter, while to add to her distress, her babe,

wet through with the rain, and wearied with his long confinement in his still more wearied mother's arms, began to cry violently. She felt that she could not exist an hour longer without rest.

"O," she thought, "if I had but a shilling to purchase a lodging for the night!"

She was passing through Oxford Street. The gay shops, brilliantly lighted, with tempting wares exposed to catch the eyes of the passers-by, afforded a tantalizing contrast to the dark, wet, cold, dreary street without. She mustered up courage to enter a shop, with the intention of telling her sad story and asking for temporary assistance. She was immediately ordered out by the shopman, who was indignant that such a rain-soaked, mud-bedraggled creature should have the impudence to enter so spruce a shop.

Dejected and broken-hearted, again she wandered on. Her babe was now screaming, apparently with pain, and she was so faint she could scarcely bear his slight weight. In the doorway of a large, handsome shop, several valuable silk handkerchiefs were exposed for sale. One of these would procure her and her child a night's lodging. Such a thought crossed her mind involuntarily; and she shuddered and passed on, though the tempter whispered in her ear: "The night is dark, nobody will see you take it. Among so many one will never be missed, and some day you can call at the shop and pay for it." But conscience whispered in the other ear: "It will be an act of theft nevertheless!"

Just then her infant gave utterance to a sharp wail of agony, to which the mother's heart responded. She looked around. If any one approached she would insist upon assistance. Her babe must not—should not perish in her arms! But that stormy night even the usually crowded Oxford Street was deserted, save by a few houseless wanderers like herself. She turned back again, passed the shop, looked stealthily within, and the next moment a large India silk handkerchief was in her possession. Trembling in every limb, now from fear and shame more than from cold, wet and weariness, she hastened away. But she had proceeded only a few yards when she felt a rough hand laid on her shoulder, and the proprietor of the shop from which she had snatched the handkerchief, said in a savage, yet sneering and triumphant tone of voice:

"So, you thief—you villain, I've caught you, have I? I saw you looking at my goods as you passed the shop a few minutes ago, and I thought what you were after, and concealed myself near the door. But it shall be the costliest handkerchief ever you had in your hands. You shall

swing for it, if I can bring it about, as sure as my name's Higgins."

He dragged her rudely back into the shop, and refusing to listen for a moment to her story, to her appeals for mercy, or to her assertions that she knew not what she was doing, for she believed her babe was dying, and she had no place to shelter it from the storm—he sent one of his shopmen for a constable (there were no policemen in those days), and had her arrested for the theft.

That bitter, rainy, stormy night, the unhappy young woman found herself the second time an inmate of the watch-house. But she was no longer exposed to the insults of the watchmen, for she was alone with her babe in a dark cell, and so thoroughly worn out, that despite her wretchedness and hunger—despite her shame and sorrow, she soon fell fast asleep on the rude, damp straw pallet, and the innocent infant who had only cried in consequence of the cold and rain, slept quietly by his wretched mother's side.

What were poor Bessie's feelings, when after a few hours of sound, death-like slumber, broken at length by strange, and sometimes fearful dreams, she woke just as the bright sunshine without, which had succeeded the night of storm, was struggling in vain to shed a portion of its light into the dark cell, but only succeeding sufficiently to make darkness visible, and feebly disclose the grim horror of the prison. Hunger and thirst had flown and left a death-like languor behind them, but the mind was active, and mingled sensations of shame, remorse, fear and desperation crowded her brain and almost drove her crazy. Her babe woke and uttered a faint cry. That cry restored the mother for a moment to herself. Tears flowed from her eyes, and perhaps preserved her from madness—madness that would have been welcome, that would have been mercy. She took the infant in her arms and placed it to her breast. Alas! she could no longer supply it with the simple nutriment it needed. The infant cried long and loud, but it was weak, and soon fell asleep again. Hours passed away, how many she knew not, for she sat in a state of stupor, when at length the cell door was opened, and a turnkey said, in a rough voice:

"Come, missus, take up your squaller and come with me. I guess you'll be had up afore the 'beak' at ten o'clock."

Silently she lifted the babe from the straw pallet, and followed the man into a large room with iron-bound windows, in which were seated some half dozen of the late occupants of the adjoining cells—all females, and all more or less worn and

haggard with the effects of debauchery, exposure and crime. The wife of one of the keepers entered the room for a moment, and chanced to fix her eyes upon Bessie's face. Her very different appearance from the hardened females around her, attracted the notice of this woman, hard-featured and coarse-minded as she was, and used as she was to scenes of wickedness and misery. Eager for the slightest signs of sympathy, especially from one of her own sex, Bessie quickly noticed the passing expression of interest and pity in the woman's face. Tremblingly she advanced toward her, and faltered out, in a whisper:

"My child is starving, and I have no food to give him; and I"—looking down at her clothing—"wandered through the streets in the mud and rain till I was brought here. Can you give me food for my babe, and supply me with a little water? God will bless you for your kindness."

The woman lifted her finger, as a sign for the poor young creature to follow her.

"Hilloa, Molly! Where are you going with that ere young 'oman?" cried her husband.

"I'm going to take her to my room. I'll bring her back afore the prison van comes."

"You know it's agin the rules," said the man.

"Hang the rules!" replied the woman. And taking Bessie by the arm, she led her to her own apartment.

In a few minutes she heated some bread and milk for the child, and poured out a cup of hot tea for the mother, and also set some bread and butter and cold meat before her. Then taking the babe in her arms, she fed him herself, and then hushed him to sleep. Bessie could eat but little, though she had not tasted food on the previous day, but she contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls and to drink the tea, and felt much refreshed.

"You don't eat nought," said the woman.

"I have no appetite," replied Bessie; "but I feel better, and I thank you sincerely."

"This is a fine little chap, this babe o' yours," continued the woman. "And you"—looking Bessie in the face—"look as though you weren't used to the tramp long."

She spoke in such a way as led Bessie to think that she wished to know what had brought her to such a fallen condition, and briefly and hurriedly she related the outline of her sad story. The woman listened, evidently interested, for her coarse features were softened by pity and sympathy.

"It's hard," she murmured, "ter'ble hard. Them as makes the laws has much to answer

for." Then, as if unwilling to hurt Bessie's feelings, she added: "But what brought you—how came you here?"

The young woman's pale face crimsoned with shame and her voice faltered, as with downcast eyes she told, how, to procure shelter and food for her child, she had been tempted to steal a silk handkerchief from a shop-door, in order to sell it for a shilling or two, and how she had been detected and arrested by the shopkeeper. The woman's face assumed an expression of deep interest and commiseration. She gazed earnestly into the face of the young mother, and at length said:

"That's bad, very bad. I was in hopes you had on'y been tuk up for vagrancy. But," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, and speaking as it were to herself, "you're young and han'some, and that goes some ways with a jury."

Still she shook her head, and continued to gaze pityingly into the young woman's face. Presently she aroused herself, as if from a painful reverie, and said:

"You'll be wantin' soap and water, and a clean gownd. You'll be up afore the magistrate at the Hall this morning, and you must look as neat and spry as you can."

"Thank you kindly," said Bessie. "I will wash my face and hands, and smooth my hair, but I have no change of clothing. All, all is sold—all but my wedding ring."

"Never mind, poor dear," said the woman. "I guess I can fit you with a gownd of mine—plain, but clean. I'm real sorry for you."

Bessie burst into tears. Pity was a stranger to her. Almost the first words of sympathy she had heard since she had come up to London, were those addressed to her by the coarse-featured, hard-visaged wife of the turnkey, who had passed beyond middle life within the walls of Newgate, inured to the sight of misery and crime!

The woman bustled about, and soon produced soap and water, a brush and comb, and a coarse, but clean and complete change of clothing, which she insisted upon Bessie's wearing. Then, leaving the room for a while, she returned with a complete change of baby clothing, and without speaking a word, lifted the infant from the settee where she had laid it, and proceeded to dress it.

"I've kept this suit o' baby clothes for many a year," she said, when having completed the dressing of the child, she kissed it and held it up, crowing and smiling, to its mother, for her inspection. A tear stood for a moment in her eye, and rolled down the furrows of her rough visage, as she added, with a sigh:

"I never thought to part with 'em. I had a baby once myself. It died when it was about the

age of this un. Ah, that was when I lived in the country, afore we came to this drefful place! They was all I had to remind me of my own smiling boy. But never mind, I shall think that I seed 'em last on jest sich a babe as he, and it'll make me think the child is still living."

Poor Bessie's heart was too full to allow her to thank her kind benefactress. She took the woman's hand and looked into her face, while she strove in vain to express her gratitude. The woman stooped and kissed her forehead, and then kissing the child, restored it to its mother.

"Come," she said, "we must go back to the waiting-room. God bless you, and be on your side!"

Several turnkeys were in the room when they re-entered it, and Bessie and the child looked so different from what they appeared on the previous night, that a murmur of admiration passed around among those rude men.

"She's a right good looking gal," said one, to his comrades. "Pity one sich as she should be scraggled."

The prison van had by this time arrived, and Bessie and her babe, with a dozen other women, were ordered to get inside. And in the course of a few minutes they found themselves awaiting examination before the lord mayor and the recorder at Guildhall.

It soon came to Bessie's turn. The shopkeeper, a keen, Jew-visaged, sharp little man, was in waiting, with the officer who arrested her.

"What is this case, constable?" said the recorder.

"A case o' shop-liftin', your worship."

"Ah!" exclaimed the recorder, while the lord mayor lowered the newspaper he was reading, and looking Bessie in the face, glanced at his brother-magistrate, and said:

"Pity—so young, and so good-looking!"

"State the particulars," said the recorder.

The shopkeeper related how he had noticed the young woman the night before, looking suspiciously into the different shops as she passed up and down Oxford Street, and suspecting her object, he had secreted himself near his shop-door, when, just as he expected, the woman made a grab at a handkerchief and carried it off. He followed, brought her back to the shop, and sent for a constable and had her arrested. He hoped, he added, that his lordship, and his honor the recorder would have her committed, as the goods were found upon her. He and his brother-shopkeepers were great losers by that kind of business, and the thefts were always committed by young, good-looking women, who were least likely to be suspected. They always pleaded

starvation and a first offence. But he was determined to prosecute in all cases. It was the only way to stop such depredations.

"You are sure that this ~~was~~ the woman?" said the lord mayor.

"Sure, my lord? Why, I took the handkerchief from her pocket with my own hands."

"It was not slipped into her pocket by some one who wished to escape detection?" said the recorder. "Such tricks are done. This young woman appears to be respectable."

"There was no one else in sight, your honor, not within half a mile. The night was so stormy all honest folks were indoors."

"I did take the handkerchief, gentlemen," sobbed Bessie. "I was sorely tempted. My babe was starving. I thought he was dying. I had no home to go to—no food for him, nor for myself. I regret now that we did not both die." And she briefly told how her husband had been seized by the press-gang, and how she had been turned from the home of her childhood, and had come up to London to seek the only relative she knew of, and had sought in vain.

"I am sorry, very sorry," said the lord mayor. "But by your own confession you are guilty. No amount of destitution can excuse theft. The crime of shop-lifting has increased very much of late, and the courts are determined to visit it with the most extreme severity. Examples must be made. It must be put a stop to. You stand fully committed for trial."

Bessie, sobbing bitterly, was removed by the officers.

"Poor young thing!" said the lord mayor, shaking his head. "Here is a hard case. I am really sorry for her."

"She is very handsome," said the recorder. And the magistrates passed to the examination of the next case.

Within a few weeks the Quarter Sessions came on. Bessie was arraigned at the criminal court of the Old Bailey for shop-lifting, found guilty by her own confession, but was recommended to mercy by the jury, on account of her youth and the hardships of her case. The judge, in sentencing her to die, told her that the recommendation of the jury should be attended to. But he warned her not to hope for mercy, but to prepare herself for death.

It seems impossible to us of the present generation, that such insignificant crimes could be so terribly punished. Now-a-days the people would not permit such judicial murders to take place. Such deeds of horror would cause a revolution. But it is true, that even thirty-five years ago, more than one young woman was hanged for

stealing the most trifling articles from a shop, though it was proved to be a first offence, and that starvation was the cause. This case of Bessie Milton's is true in its general details. And in one instance, a young girl of seventeen was hanged for stealing a pair of socks worth two shillings—the shopman who caused the arrest having been a discarded lover, who it was almost proved had laid a trap for her out of sheer revenge!

No notice was taken of the recommendation of the jury by the Home Secretary, notwithstanding many persons who had witnessed the trial, signed a petition in the poor girl's behalf. She was left for death with half a dozen others—among them two hardened burglars who had committed a horrible murder, and a youth of sixteen who had stolen a pair of shoes from a room-mate!

Bessie left a letter for her husband, should he ever return, and the compassionate wife of the turnkey promised to adopt her child. She would not, however, part with the infant until the last moment, and she appeared on the scaffold with the babe at her breast, only handing it to the chaplain when the hangman had adjusted the fatal noose. A dead silence prevailed among the vast multitude who had assembled to witness the shocking spectacle, and when the drop fell, and the innocent, ill-used girl hung suspended in mid air, a groan of indignation relieved the pent-up feelings of the horrified spectators. Many females fainted, and strong, stern men shed tears. The turnkey's wife proved as good as her word, and adopted the babe, having promised the mother to restore it to its father, if he ever returned and demanded it.

Twelve months after this tragedy, the Thunderer arrived at Spithead. James Edwards was boatswain of the ship. The frigate had captured several of the enemy's vessels, and the crew had a large amount of prize money due to them. Edwards's share was sufficient to purchase back the old homestead. He was paid off, and coming ashore his first care was to hasten to S—, where he supposed his wife and child were still living. His agony, his horror may be imagined, but cannot be described, when he learned the sad history of his wife's death. For some weeks he acted like a madman. Then he hurried up to London, and sought out the wife of the turnkey who had the care of his child. From her lips he learned the sad particulars of his wife's last moments.

"Have you come to claim the boy?" asked the woman, with as much dread lest he should

answer "yes," as if he had been her own child.

"No," replied the grief-stricken man. "I have placed my pay and prize-money, to the amount of five hundred pounds, in H—'s bank for his benefit. The interest is to pay for his education, and the principal he will claim when he is twenty-one years of age. Be a mother to him. I am away to sea again, and shall return to England no more."

He wrung the kind-hearted woman's hand and quitted the prison.

The next morning the city was thrown into a state of intense excitement in consequence of the mysterious murder of Mr. Higgins, the linen-draper of Oxford Street. He was found dead in his counting-room, pierced to the heart by a pistol-bullet. All that was known of the affair, was that some of the neighbors had heard the report of a pistol at eleven o'clock on the preceding night. The first supposition was that he had committed suicide, but no pistol could be found, and in searching for the weapon a letter was picked up from the floor. It was written in a good hand, by a person of education, though the writer had evidently labored under terrible mental excitement. It ran as follows:

"Murderer of the innocent Bessie Edwards, this night you shall meet your fate! You are doomed. Her manes shall be avenged, and your soul shall be sent, red with her blood, to the place of eternal torment. 1—her husband, will be the instrument of vengeance. And the deed of sacred justice done, I fly my accursed country forever—her sworn, bitter enemy! That she may be blasted and destroyed forever. is the sincere prayer of the betrayed

"JAMES EDWARDS."

Of course the murderer was now known, but all efforts to secure him proved fruitless, and the affair was forgotten in the course of time.

Some years afterwards, the war broke out between England and the United States, and several English vessels were captured by the Americans. During the terrific combat on Lake Champlain, which proved so disastrous to the British squadron, there was one seaman—a boatswain on board one of the American vessels, who particularly distinguished himself by his courage, and by his vindictiveness. He gave no quarter, and being at last struck down by an officer, while boarding an English brig, he refused quarter for himself. He was slain; and after the engagement, his mangled body was found covered with gore—the features retaining their stern, savage expression in death. Before he was thrown into the lake, his person was searched, and a locket was found on his breast which contained a long lock of silky brown hair.

Pasted inside the locket was a piece of paper on which was written :

"Bessie Edwards—basely murdered by the laws of England, January 19, 18—."

The singularity of this inscription led to investigation, and the particulars of the trial and execution of Bessie were resuscitated. The seaman had been several years in the service of the United States, and had been entered on the ship's books as James Wilson, but there existed no doubt that he was the veritable James Edwards, the husband of the innocent, murdered, and fearfully avenged Bessie.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense with his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney-corner when next visited, take the tongs in hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, without uttering a word. A day or two afterwards the woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap. "Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. Snap. "Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence. It is hard work fighting a Quaker. It is poor work scolding a deaf man, it is profitless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party. —*Evangelist.*

BURMESE CIGAR HOLDERS.

One custom, however, which struck me as being comical in a high degree, was that of boring in the lobe of the ear a large hole, in which (according to an individual's wealth or position) he or she stuffs a gold, silver, paper, gilt, or wooden ornament; and invariably, when the aperture is not otherwise occupied, men, women, and boys, use it as a cigar holder; that is, suppose they're interrupted in the enjoyment of the cigar, they as instantly clap the unburned portion within the ear as a butcher, when making use of both his hands, places his knife in his mouth. Then, although none wear shoes, boots, or stockings, and not always sandals, few are to be seen without the tee, or umbrella, the color and material of which (white being exclusively royal) marks the rank or office in every class of society.—*The White Elephant, by William Dalton.*

PITY.

What gem hath dropped, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once, bright, pure, from pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand divine.—*BROOK.*

THE LAST HOURS OF SCHILLER.

His head remained entirely unaffected until the sixth day. On the evening of that day he began to speak in broken accents, but was never wholly insensible. When Karoline came to him on the seventh evening, he wished, as usual, to commence a conversation on subjects for tragedies, and on the mode in which the loftier powers of man must be cultivated. Karoline did not answer with her usual vivacity, because she wished him to be quiet. He felt this, and sorrowfully said, "Well, if no one any longer understands me, I had better say no more." He soon fell into a doze, but rambled much in his sleep. "Is this your hell? Is this your heaven?" he exclaimed, just before he awoke, looking upwards, and gently smiling, as if a consoling angel met his sight. On the 8th of May he wandered a good deal. Toward evening he expressed a desire once more to see the setting sun. The curtain was drawn aside, and gazing with a cheerful and serene air at the bright rays of evening, nature thus received his last farewell. When Karoline went up to his bed and asked how he felt, he said, "Calmer and calmer." During the night he talked of Demetrius in his wandering fancies. The servant said that he repeatedly prayed to God to save him from a lingering death. At nine o'clock in the morning, he became insensible. The dying man only uttered some unconnected words, chiefly Latin. In the afternoon the solemn moment of dissolution drew near. When his noble nature at last succumbed, and a convulsion disturbed his features, Lotte strove to put his head in an easier position; he recognized her, smiled, and his eye had already a glorified expression. Lotte sank down close beside him, and he kissed her. This was the last symptom of consciousness.—*Life of Schiller.*

THE POET COWPER.

"If there is a good man on earth," Lord Thurlow was wont to say, "it is William Cowper." From his childhood, he possessed a heart of the most exquisite tenderness and sensibility. His life was ennobled by many private acts of beneficence; and his exemplary virtue was such, that the opulent sometimes delighted to make him their almoner. In his sequestered life at Olney, he administered abundantly to the wants of the poor; and before he quitted St. Alban's, he took upon himself the charge of a necessitous child, in order to extricate him from the perils of being educated by very profligate parents; this child he educated, and afterwards had him settled at Oundle, in Northamptonshire.—*Life of Cowper.*

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view.—*Johnson.*

(ORIGINAL.)

FORMALITY.

BY ISA. ANKRD ESTERHAZY.

I wandered o'er a cold and desert land.
The white earth rang beneath my feet; the frost
Wove jewels in my beard, and all around
I saw huge icebergs pierce the sky, and send
A shiver through the air. A freezing crowd
Was pressing on, besieging these cold peaks
With bitter cries.

I learned these icebergs were
The homes of living men—that far beneath
The icy shell there glowed a genial warmth.
Hope flashed within my heart, and gave my limbs
A giant's strength. I rushed along, and struck
A peak with wild, resistless force. The shell
Was shattered—through the opening crevice gleamed
A flash of leaping, laughing fire. The crowd
Filled all the air with shouts of joy, until
The cold peak quivered with the sound—but he
Within seemed stung with shame, to show the world
That warmth was found beneath his icy shell.

He closed the crevice—closed each door of air
Until the fire grew dim and died; and then
He lay and shivered till his limbs grew cold
And stiff as death.

I heard a voice.
A light flashed through my brain. A truth
Had been revealed—a lesson taught.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE HOOD AND CLOAK.

BY LIZZIE E. BREWSTER.

It was two days before Christmas, chilly without, but warm within; and so, negligently reclining upon a sofa, I read—contented to let the world manage its own holidays, so long as I was sure of mine. But just then I was disturbed; a note had been left for me at the door. Quickly my eyes ran over the tiny sheet, so closely filled with its delicate running chirography; but the news I wanted was not there. Vexed, I tossed the gilt-edged messenger to the opposite end of the lounge, and sank into a half true, half improbable speculation, upon the inconsistency of man.

"Of all the unsatisfactory creatures upon the earth, young doctors stand *par excellence*." This was my exclamation; and for a while, I rather encouraged the disappointed feelings the note had aroused. "Taking the entire class, I do think they are the most stupid set in existence." But here I paused; for, looking up, I met the clear, calm depths of Aunt Martha's eyes. I did not like the rebuke they silently conveyed, so continued, determinedly: "But, auntie, I really do think so!"

"What?"

"That the graduates from every medical college in the land are a set of heartless heathen—only fit to take their own drugs."

• But she gently shook her head.

"You don't include *him* in that sweeping assertion, do you?"

"Indeed I do, then; he is the most heartless of them all, and what's more—"

"Hush, hush, child! Don't say what you may live to regret."

"Regret!" There was all the contempt of my nature accented upon that one word. Good Aunt Martha seated herself beside me.

"Now, Hattie, what is it so provoking?"

"It's enough to provoke any one. Wait, though, till I tell you." And I continued growing more vexed, as I recited my troubles. "Last week Dr. Hope invited me to the sleighing party for to-morrow night, which is Christmas eve. Everything is splendid, all our set are going, and we never had so fine sleighing before. But the doctor is not to be found; he has left town, without a word to any one—gone, nobody knows where; and what is worse, there is not one bit of an apology for me."

"But you are unreasonable—he might have been called unexpectedly!"

"Yes, there it is; unexpectedly, or suddenly, or some other excuse, covers all the shortcomings of these sons of Esculapius. I'm heartily tired of it. As to waiting for his return, I'll not do it, but accept Ned's invitation this evening."

"O, I wouldn't!" broke in Aunt Martha, upon this tirade. "You may be sure he'll come, if he can; and even if he shouldn't, I would stay at home."

"Yes, and have it said I didn't join the party because the doctor was away."

"And 'twould be the truth, wouldn't it?"

"It sha'n't be, for I'm going!" And I picked up the note and threw myself back upon the luxurious cushions, more troubled than ever—less because I had spoken words I did not believe of a good man, than that I was sorry for them as soon as uttered.

Aunt Martha laughed; this was the drop in the overflowing cup, and my slipper beat an angry note upon the carpet. After a few moments' silence, she left the room; while I, for appearance's sake, lifted the open volume still lying face downward beside me, and feigned to read. Soon some one entered.

"Hattie dear," it was Aunt Martha's gentle tones, "I'm going out now; if you have purchases to make, I'll attend to them."

The memorandum I had already prepared;

so springing lightly up the broad steps, from my room I brought my portemonnaie and dropped it over the balustrade into the hands upturned to receive it.

"You'll not see me again till tea-time. Good-by! I'll try to find the doctor." And then the street door closed, and I was alone.

Walking back to my chamber, I paused before Aunt Martha's door. It was unfastened, and pushing it open, I entered. There was something of the owner's spirit pervading this room. I always felt more calm and quiet here, and now its gentle, sunny influence soothed the inward chafings. I walked to the window; but the still falling snow brought too vividly the memory of my disappointment; and, turning away, my eyes fell upon the writing-desk, wherein lay secrets I longed to see revealed. The drawer was fastened, but upon the floor, with the draught of the register rustling its unclasped leaves, was the treasure I had so long coveted, Aunt Martha's journal. She had evidently been writing, for the still undried ink accounted for its appearance. Four hours were safely mine. Bounding to the hall, I ordered that no one should be admitted, that I was engaged until tea-time. Then locking the door, I took this diary of a woman's hopes and fears, and with a feeling almost of veneration, I thought of those leaves whereon lay the working of a human heart—the hidden mysteries of a human life. And opening the book, I read:

"Nov. 1st.—Eighteen to-morrow. Herbert says I am not dignified, because I helped Charlie fasten his windmill to the gate post. He inquired if it was my new bonnet, or the new minister, which made me so anxious to attend church to-morrow. I did not tell him—though both had a share, apart from really wishing to go the day I am eighteen. I am glad it falls upon the holy Sabbath.

"Nov. 2nd.—What a day of excitement it has been! When I arose, the morning was beautiful; the whole air seemed redolent of the sacred Sabbath. I thought to spend the hours quietly, that I might look into my heart, and on this, my eighteenth birthday, root out the evil and uphold the good; but the morning, like the budding promise of womanhood, deceived us. Herbert took me to church with his new colt. The sermon was suited to my wants; it refreshed and strengthened the spirit. Coming home, Herbert was as merry as ever, though I fancied he did not like me to praise so highly the handsome young minister, for he asked me abruptly what I thought of Dr. Grove, whom he presented. And when I replied I scarcely noticed him, he

said I was like the rest, and struck the colt. But just then, we were turning to the house; and the wind striking Charlie's windmill, the noise and whip gave Pedro a start, and he upset us over the gate post. Dear Herbert was taken up much stunned; and for awhile, the death angel hovered over our dwelling. Fortunately Dr. Grove had seen the accident, and came to our assistance. I do not think papa was pleased to have so young a physician; but Herbert is his friend, and will have no other. He remains all night, for fear of fever.

"Nov. 7th.—Herbert is slowly improving; the fever has at last abated, and the immediate danger is past. Dr. Grove scarcely leaves his side, and has almost become one of the family. It is to his exceeding care we owe our brother's life. Mr. Dalton, too, has been very attentive, coming every day to inquire for the sick, and offer assistance. Indeed the whole village seems alive in kindness towards him.

"Dec. 10th.—Now that Herbert is out of danger, I almost dread his gradual recovery; for with his returning strength, we shall see less of the doctor, who is preparing to leave us. I wish Herbert would not tease me so much about Mr. Dalton, especially in Dr. Grove's presence, for he is sure to look so at me, that the crimson blood will mount, regardless of every effort; and Herbert always adds, 'that blush confirms it.' This morning, when he asked me to delay my walk that he might accompany me, Herbert coolly remarked, 'Dalton will be in;' but as I readily acquiesced, he seemed satisfied, and answered, 'then both can be better spared.' We went to the mill race; for once I could be myself in the doctor's presence, and never did I enjoy his company so well. He seemed equally pleased, and we agreed to go to the pond to-morrow. When we reached home, Mr. Dalton stood at the gate, waiting our return. I did not notice, at the time, that the doctor hardly returned his quiet bow. For me life was so bright, that I would have met any living object kindly; and I stood, for a moment, and spoke with him. He gave me a bunch of late chrysanthemum, and I passed into the sick room, still holding them in my hand. Herbert noticed them, for he laughed, exclaiming, 'that it was too bad to go to walk with one gentleman, and wait till I got home for another to give me flowers.' The cloud gathered in the doctor's face; this time I dispelled it. Taking a glass, I placed them in water by the bedside, saying we would all enjoy their beauties. When I looked up, the smile had come back, the shadow flown.

"Dec. 11th.—A rainy day! Nothing but rub-

ber boots and oil suits could venture out. Our walk, of course, was given up. This morning, while in the breakfast-room alone, Dr. Grove entered. He came and stood beside me in the window, both watching the storm without. I said, hardly above my breath—'Isn't it too bad?'

"The earth wanted the rain," he answered.

"But I wanted my walk." I felt very much like ponting.

"How the sunshine swept over his face!

"Do you really feel disappointed?" he questioned.

"Indeed I do, and this ugly rain has come."

"In a moment he said, slowly—'I am glad it rains.'

"O—' I began; but something in his eyes taught mine to fall.

"Then, as steps approached, he added: 'It tells me you enjoyed our walk yesterday, even though you gained no flowers.' And he passed from the room.

"Why will Herbert tease any one that is so sensitive?

"Dec. 14th.—What has come over Herbert? To-day he taxed me with flirting—and flirting, too, with the Rev. Mark Dalton! When I asked if the cloth was exempt from such follies, he said he didn't care, but 'it troubled Frank.' Troubled Frank Grove! It is good to me if any art of mine is remembered by him.

"Dec. 15th.—Herbert is certainly turning to an old maid. Mr. Dalton brought me a long wished-for poem this morning, and because I told him how much I thanked him, Herbert has taken me to task for it.

"You expressed more than you felt, because Frank was here," he said.

"Very true," I replied.

"O, Mattie!—these are his very words—'why will you do so? Frank is so sensitive, he will never declare his love while you are so perverse.'"

"I laughed. 'If he don't dare to face the *lady faire*, he has an able advocate. Do tell me, Herbert—is the doctor really interested?'

"Here mama came in. I imagine she saved me a lecture. That boy, I really believed, thought I would at once make an acknowledgment, and forever give up all gentlemen's attention; at least, he looked so. I could never bear his teasing, were he to know the truth.

"Dec. 18th.—To-night we are to have a grand sleighride. Well for me I have a slight cold, so that I could consistently refuse Mr. Dalton's invitation. As to Herbert's opinion of Dr. Grove's admirations, it surely is false; for, according to all stories, he being the starter of the

enterprise, should at least ask if I were going. But we have neither exchanged a word on the subject, nor has Herbert mentioned it. My mind is well exercised as to whom is the favored lady. After tea, I took my netting up stairs, and released mama from her attendance upon Herbert. He seemed surprised, when I told him I should remain at home; but a peculiar smile rested within his eyes. That look I understood a half hour later, when the opening door admitted Dr. Grove. He seemed astonished at my presence, while Herbert's curiosity gained complete victory, and he would know why we both were at home.

"'Never mind me,' the doctor answered; 'all could not leave you. But I can't account for Miss Mattie, unless Mr. Dalton forgot to prepare his next sermon, or is unexpectedly called to some wedding.'"

"But I answered, gaily: 'It's more probable he enjoys a sleighride to-night.'"

"After a moment of thought, Dr. Grove said to me:

"'I understood you were to go with Dalton. Indeed, he told me he had invited you.'"

"Very quietly I answered:

"'He had not probably received my answer, when he told you.'"

"But it was a good evening, withal, and we enjoyed it.

"Dec. 19th.—Herbert teased me not a little, to-day, for remaining at home last night. He said the doctor staid, because he thought I was to go with another. Very foolish in him, but it turned much to my enjoyment. What spirit possesses me, sometimes, to trouble him? To-day, for instance, when Mr. Dalton called, he alluded to my absence, and was pleased to say I was much missed. I said it was indeed to be regretted, but that I might have added to my cold. Did Frank Grove believe that my real excuse? He appeared to.

"Dec. 23d.—For the past three days, the storm has raged with mad violence. Neighbors are parted by fac simile representations of the Arctic lands. Everything not of reasonable height is lost beneath the soft, still covering. Here, we have spent delightful days. Dr. Grove was never half so entertaining as now. I should be less a woman did I not know, though no word has confirmed it, that the love of his heart is mine. Those charming little attentions he pays me are certainly calculated to make one self-satisfied. Papa and mama exchange knowing glances I don't much like.

"Dec. 24.—Herbert is down in the sitting-room. Dr. Grove expects, every mail, to be

summoned to join his sister's wedding-party, with which he travels south. Yesterday, when he left, he asked if I were engaged this afternoon at four; I was not, and he said he could not call again till then, and he hoped much I would be at home. This morning, Sus sent me a note; she was going with Annie and Mr. Dalton to visit old Miss Marrows. Would I take the extra seat? we should be home by two. This is our annual Christmas visit; still, but for the look in Herbert's eyes, I would not have gone. It was past the appointed hour, when we started. Herbert persisted that I ought not to go; but they promised to be back, and I would not give in. The road proved bad. There was more than we expected, to be done for the poor soul. Hours slipped, and when we re-entered, the broad street lamps brightly burning shone from the tall posts, and the clock struck six, as I hung my blanket shawl on the hat-rack. Herbert looked grave when he saw me; but it was mama who told me Dr. Grove had been punctual—that he seemed disappointed at my absence—and had called twice at the door, anxious for my return.

"Dec. 25th.—Christmas, with its green garlands and happy faces, is with us. To me, it comes with no merriment. This morning, mama brought me a package; I knew the writing, and opened it in my own room. It proved to be a book, and on the fly-leaf was written—'A merry Christmas and a kind farewell to Miss Mattie. F. G.' Then I knew he had left us. I turned the leaves, but the letters mingled, and I read no word. A note slipped from between its pages, and there I read of the heart I had lost—no, thrown away. And now he had left us, never to return. Called to take the night train, while I, with merry mingling of bells, had entered the village, he, with a sad heart and the shriek of whistle, had passed out. One sentence I did not like. He writes: 'I shall have no correspondent in the village, for I could not bear to hear your name connected with another; yet I will wish you all happiness.' He is a good friend, and a worthy man. And he adds: 'Our life walk will unite no more on earth. May I only so live, that in heaven I may meet you!' These words shall be my polestar; there, where no suffering comes, we will not be parted. On Christmas eve will I search my heart, to bind the good in sheaves and cast out the chaff. May I be able to say, each year, 'this has been better than the last.' Afterwards, I went down to Herbert, and placed the letter in his hand. When he had read it, he drew me to him.

"My poor Mattie," he said, "we must try and forget him."

"No," I answered, "rather let his name be sacred between us."

It was growing dusk, and I turned the leaves to close the journal, when my glance rested upon the darker ink of that day. These sentences seemed to rise up and meet my eye:

"Nine years ago to-morrow, my trial came to me. Dear Hattie trembles upon the brink whereon I slipped. May she be spared the sorrow that has chastened and humbled this heart! May her life be one of greater happiness and beauty!"

I laid the volume as I had found it; but within my heart dwelt a clearer knowledge of life's duties, and of woman's mission. I trembled at the sameness of our destiny, and determining that the gay party should go without my presence, I descended to the parlor.

As I carelessly swung backward and forward, in the comfortable rocking-chair, waiting Aunt Martha's return home, Cousin Kate entered. As we exchanged greetings, I saw that she was troubled, and asked what it was that annoyed her.

"Not much," she answered. "I've brought home that nubia you sent me for to-morrow."

"But you'll need it, if it's like to-day?"

But she shook her head.

"I'm not going."

All summer, Kate had been confined to the bedside of an invalid mother, deprived for the season of all our amusements, and the party was entirely on her account; and so I told her.

"Don't, Hattie!" she said; and the tears filled her eyes. "I know it all, and I want to go so much! But there's no one to stay with mother."

"Where's Susan?"

"Her brother is to be married. No, I can't go!"

"Yes you can." Glad was I of any excuse for remaining at home, and here offered a golden opportunity for doing good. "I'm not going," I answered her look of wonder. "Tell Wilson to call for me, as the party passes, and he can bring me back in the same way."

"But Hattie—"

"No buts—run home and get ready!"

I pushed her toward the door; but not before I saw another tear-drop glisten on her cheek, this time for gladness.

The next day was what such days should be—the crowning efforts of a dying year. I had not told Aunt Martha my intentions; but as I saw her anxious look, I answered it.

"No, I'm not going. I sit with aunt, that Kate may go."

She nodded her approval, and I knew she was contented. The hours, like all hours, whether laden with pleasure or pain, passed evenly onward, and evening greeted us. I was all ready, when Wilson called. Aunt Martha kissed me, as she clasped my furs, and murmured:

"You are right now, my child." Ah, little did we imagine how a jealous love could pervert the act.

"Not ready yet!" That was my exclamation, as I entered aunt's chamber, for Kate stood by the grate as quiet as though sleighrides were tabooed. "Hurry, child! where are your things? Here, take my cloak! it was made for such occasions." And I threw the warm plaid over her shoulders.

As I drew her hood and eyes together under her rosy chin, she said:

"It isn't right leaving you here."

"Yes it is; it's always a privilege to stay with aunt. So hurry off, and give us a long evening!"

When the stillness of the night air brought to us the last cadence of the chiming bells, I told aunt how it came that I wished to remain, and of reading the journal.

"Martha has been true to her first love," she answered; "and Christmas eve is devoted to his memory and the review of her heart's progress in its predestined work of good. By much suffering, has she been purified; meekly she accepted her cross, and great must be her reward."

Then we talked of other matters, and the evening gliding unconsciously away, brought the return of the party. A merry word here and there to the occupants of the sleighs, and again seated by my gallant conductor, we sped onward towards home. With much ado over the shortness of our ride, he assisted me to alight; and with merry adieus, we parted. As I turned to answer with saucy retort the worded bonbon he had thrown me, I saw the dark outline of a man beneath the opposite trees. The shadow upon the snow seemed the figure of the doctor. Was I right?

Two miles from Wellfleet, was the railroad station; and here, on Christmas eve, alighted weary travellers homeward bound. Sleighs stood in readiness for passengers, and many a John cracked his long whip, in expectation of the Christmas fee. As two gentlemen stepped upon the platform, the slight form of a lad attracted their attention, while the younger of the two addressed him.

"Ah, James! I hardly expected you."

"I've been to the train, sir, every night since you left."

"Glad to see me, then? That's right. Get the trunks, now, while we stow-away."

A moment more, and they were gliding over the icy road, leaving far behind the lights of Wheatly station. Near to the town, the passing current brought to their ears the dashing sound of bells; and carefully James turned aside his horses, cutting new tracks on the pathless snow, and waited their approach. Gaily the party came on, and as they passed, kindly salutations greeted the occupants of the doctor's sleigh. With a smile to all, he returned their cordial welcome; save once, when, for a moment, he thought he recognized the hood and cloak of Hattie Morris. But as quickly came the remembrance how like one to another all ladies' apparel seemed, and the momentary pain vanished.

"Hurry home, James! I'll overtake them yet." And soon the noble steed stood quietly at the hotel steps. Here, turning to his silent companion, he asked—"When shall you call?"

"Not to-night; leave me alone, and to-morrow, God willing, we will go together."

Ushering him into his own quiet parlor, with a "good night," Dr. Hope left him; and bounding down the long stairs, once more drew the buffalo robes around him. Taking the reins in his own hands, he passed to another street. As he drew his horse's prancing step into a moment's quiet gait, before a plain stone building, a companion hailed him.

"Too late, doctor."

"Why?"

"They were off half an hour ago."

"I could overtake them, if an hour ahead."

"I know your Hero can't be beat, but where's your lady?" He saw the doctor's glance, as it rested upon the windows opposite, and he answered it. "Hattie Morris went with the rest."

The doctor started; he remembered the hood and cloak.

"You didn't suppose she was going to lose the ride on your account? Come take me in! I'm the one left."

"No!" answered the young man. "I sha'n't go; but you are welcome to the sleigh." And handing him the reins, he stepped upon the pavement.

With a "much obliged, you'd better go," the other drove off; while the doctor, torn with jealousy, determined to watch the return, and with his own eyes verify the report. Hours—long, dreary hours to him—had passed, when the

mingling of merry laughter and merrier bells proclaimed their approach. All but one swept past the ~~stone~~ house. Well he knew the girlish form that bounded so lightly to the door, and in her own clear, ringing tones, he heard her answer to the remark of her companion.

"You are much mistaken; I never enjoyed an evening better."

"Not one regret for me," he thought. "Well, it is better to find it out so, than to have been refused to-morrow." And the doctor passed homeward, in vain trying to rub out from his heart's tablet the face and form so long engraven there.

It was nearly eleven, and on Christmas morning, that Aunt Martha and I, as we talked cosily in the parlor, were somewhat startled by the announcement of two gentlemen callers. One was the doctor, the other a fine-looking man of thirty-seven. My aunt must have seen differently, for she turned deathly pale, and sank back in her chair. Only this I saw, for obeying the doctor's motion, I followed him to the study. Then I asked—"Who is he?"

"My uncle, Frank Grove; who apparently procured me an office in Wheately, that I might practice medicine, but in reality to find if Martha Morris had ever married."

With the name, a rush of memory swept my heart, and I knew this to be her reward; that henceforth her trials were ended. For himself, Dr. Hope was on his dignity; nor once did he unbend all that evening. He asked how I enjoyed my ride, and I answered, "greatly."

"I saw you when you alighted," he said.

"Ah, then that was you opposite! When did you come?"

"In the last train. I *could* have gone to the sleighing!" How coldly, and with what an accent this was said!

"Did you call?" I asked.

"No. I knew you had gone."

After this, we talked in monosyllables until summoned to the parlor, where I was presented to Dr. Grove. It was a merry Christmas dinner we enjoyed that day, for, in spite of Dr. Hope's grave face, I could not but sympathize in the calm, deep happiness of the elder members of our party.

As we sat together, the next evening, Dr. Grove called me to him.

"Hattie," he said, for already we had become fast friends, "we want a wedding at New Year's. Can you get Aunt Martha ready?"

"Yes, indeed I can."

"That is right," he continued. "Martha and I have lost some of our best years by foolishness,

just as I am afraid that nephew of mine is doing now. If you can help him out of those blues, do."

"Shall I?" I said, roguishly; for very well I knew what the doctor believed.

"Yes, go."

So half in fun, half in earnest, I advanced; and holding out my hand, said demurely:

"Dr. Hope, I didn't go to that ride on Christmas eve."

He took my hand; I think he would have said I saw you, but I added:

"I sat with aunt, that Kate might go, but returned home with the party."

He looked pleased. Then said slowly:

"But the hood and cloak?"

Half provoked, I ran back to Dr. Grove.

"See!" I said; "I've done my best, and yet he questions me."

Later in the evening, as I passed the doctor's chair, I bent down and whispered—"Kate wore them!"

How those words lifted the dark clouds, and sent the sunlight of love flooding his whole heart, I knew afterwards, when, standing together in the library window, we talked of a double wedding at New Year's that should have for its grooms two doctors.

WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT.

On Thursday, the fifteenth of June, two days before the battle of Bunker's Hill, George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of "all the continental forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty." The appointment was officially announced to him on the following day, and modestly accepted; and on the eighteenth he wrote a touching letter to his wife on the subject, telling her he must depart immediately for the camp; begging her to summon all her fortitude, and to pass her time as agreeably as possible; and expressing a firm reliance upon that Providence which had ever been bountiful to him, not doubting that he should return safe to her in the fall. But he did not so return. Darker and darker grew the clouds of war; and, during more than seven years, Washington visited his pleasant home upon the Potomac but once, and then only for three days and nights. Mrs. Washington spent the winter in camp with her husband; and many are the traditions concerning her beauty, gentleness, simplicity, and industry, which yet linger around the winter quarters of the venerated commander-in-chief of the armies of the Revolution. For many long years she was remembered with affection by the dwellers at Cambridge, Morristown, Valley Forge, Newburgh, and New Windsor. —*Mount Vernon and its Associations.*

SPEECH.

Speech is the morning to the mind;
It spreads the beautiful images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.—OTWAY.

[ORIGINAL.]

DESIRE.

BY EDGAR S. LORING.

Blest Spirit of our Lord, come down,
And dwell within my troubled heart;
Drive hence the chilling earthly frown,
Perfect in grace the heavenly crown,
And gems of Jesus' love impart!

Long have I sought to look through thee
Upon my Master's glorious face;
To live by faith, and joyous see
The path to blest eternity,
As gained by his unbounded grace.

O Spirit, cast thy glowing rays
Unto my lingering, longing soul:
End sweetly now the darksome days;
Tell to the heart its Saviour's ways,
And how to reach the heavenly goal!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MANIAC SKATER:

— OR, —

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY HARRY HARRWOOD LEECH.

AND as we all brought our chairs closer to the fire, my grandmother said:

"Well, girls, you cannot expect from me any romantic story, such as Mary gave us last night; but what is better, I shall give you a history which shall be terrible enough, and only too true—too true," she added, as though looking back, back through the long years.

"When I was a young girl I lived in Milford, beautiful Milford, with its straight streets and pretty cottages, and gardens in front, and the tall elms in regular rows on both sides of Main Street. Our house stood back a greater distance from the street than most of the dwellings, and the garden was my particular delight. The paths were regular, rather too prim perhaps to be graceful, but the box was always neatly trimmed, and I fancy a Quaker could not have arranged with more orderly neatness the various pots on the different stands scattered around.

"One evening, as I was watering as usual my favorite pots containing geranium and heliotrope, I was startled by the voice of a stranger at my side:

"'Miss, is this the residence of Roger Brooks?' he asked.

"I looked up in surprise, and beheld a short, graceful looking young man, who had just alighted from the stage at the door, and found that the driver was quickly unloading a large trunk and

some boxes, and I knew in an instant that he was a visitor my father had long been expecting, so I replied:

"'He does, sir, live here. You are Mr. Stewart, I suppose, whom he is expecting—walk in, sir.'

"Morris Stewart was the son of my father's oldest friend, who had now come to Milford to complete his law studies, and had written to my father several weeks before to request him to recommend him to a boarding-house, so that he could at once settle when he arrived. By return of mail an answer was sent back by my father, 'that the son of William Stewart should find a welcome and a home from Roger Brooks as long as he liked to avail himself of them.' Thus did Morris Stewart become an inmate of Roseleaf, as we called our home. Dear Roseleaf!" And grandmother sighed.

"Ours was quite a monotonous life before the advent of Morris Stewart, but from the instant he became an inmate of our house, it was as if some cheery music had suddenly been introduced into every room, and struck up new chords and exquisite harmonies with the sound of his ringing laugh and sweet voice. He was not what people would call handsome, but his was one of those generous, open faces, with bright, beaming eyes, and mouth with a woman's sweetness lingering in the smile, that captivates and makes one trust the owner ere he speaks; and he had not long been an inmate of Roseleaf, ere I learned to watch his coming and going, his words and looks, as if my life depended on his actions. You smile, girls, and think I loved him. Yes, I did—with all the truth and warmth of a woman's first affection, ere I acknowledged the fact to my own inquiring heart.

"Two months of perfect happiness, which fled by on wings of love, two months of sweet delirium, ere the rosy air was charged with the heavy breath of sorrow. He said he loved me, and so he did, I know, and those words contained all of happiness to me. But my beautiful cousin Amy Howard came, and as her slight figure, with all its willowy grace, moved beside mine, and her floss-golden curls shaded a face of perfect classic beauty, and her eyes of deep blue glimmered out from beneath the long brown lashes, and her merry laugh, so full of music, rippled forth from her beautiful mouth, I watched him whilst the spell was upon him, and I saw her stealing his heart from me, and I knew in my soul he was mine no more, for she was binding a chain round his heart, each link was formed of flowers, and she drew him slowly but surely from his allegiance to me. He might have broken the bonds, but the witchery of her many

charms soon taught him the effort to do so would be fruitless.

"I have often tried to think, my children, that Amy Howard was not aware of my love for Morris, or that I was too cold, and did not make him feel how much he was to me, but after weighing all her actions I have rejected all these conclusions, and believe her heart was bent on conquest, and she cared not how mine was wrung so her vanity was satisfied.

"The full weight of misery was thrust upon me one night, when I caught a few words of theirs, as they sat in the embrasure of a deep window, the moon shedding her silver light full upon them, as its slant beams struggled through the leaves and branches which almost covered the porch in whose kind shadow I was sitting, Morris Stewart said:

"I thought I loved her, Amy, but O, how was I deceived when I contrasted my calm affection for Margaret with the flood of passion which bathed my soul in joy, when I first learned that I was not indifferent to you."

"Dear Morris," was the soft reply. And then the sound of kisses reached me.

"I was maddened then, and had my life depended on it, I could have remained no longer. I strode right into the window where they were sitting, with the light of misery and scorn burning in my eyes, my heart thumping against my bosom, like the huge muffled clapper of a large bell beating against its sides. They rose up in confused haste, muttered something in an embarrassed tone, but I passed on without a word to my chamber. That night of agony, girls, of over sixty years ago—that night of accusations, lamentations and prayer—my sweetest joy and only dream stolen from me, leaving not even hope behind—those hours of sorrow, which continued till nature was almost exhausted, and I sank gasping, fainting upon the floor. When I awoke, I felt hard and cold, as though I could take pleasure in some monstrous cruelty. God help me! I was wicked, unforgiving then.—Yes, over sixty years ago, and this grief comes back to me now with a fresh force." And grandmother rocked to and fro in her high-backed chair, painful reflection giving an emphasis to her words, which was far from usual with her.

"Poor grandmother!" we murmured, but our young minds could hardly grasp the story of that love over sixty years ago. Alas! perhaps we shall some day.

"Well, two months ran on, and Amy Howard and Morris Stewart felt the disagreeableness of their position in our house. I know Morris could not help feeling that he had acted in a way

to earn the contempt and scorn of one so high-spirited as myself, but the enchantress, Amy, in her caresses, soon made him forget his annoyance. It was decided that on the following Monday, Morris was to leave our house for New York, whither he was to escort Amy home. And when my father, in his warm, blustering manner, said:

"Well, well, Morris, boy, I am sorry you are going. You've been a light and joy in the house since you came, and I know Maggie here will miss you. But we can't expect to keep the eagle here, where he can soar no higher than the crow's nest's, he must find his eyrie, eh? Well, well."

"But Morris Stewart was overwhelmed by his baseness on such occasions as these. He would blush and stammer, look at me desperately, only to find my quiet eyes animated with the light of cold contempt, and finally leave the room precipitately.

"It was on the Saturday previous to the Monday on which Amy and Morris were to depart from Roseleaf. We had experienced for about a fortnight previous very cold weather, and Bush Lake was frozen over, and large parties had been skating there daily. It was proposed by my father that we should all go out upon the lake and view the skaters, and observe the skill of Stewart, who was reputed to be the finest skater in the neighborhood. So on Saturday morning I bundled up in my large cloak, and took my father's arm in the hall, whilst Amy and Morris walked on before. A deep snow had fallen a few nights before, but the walking down the main street of Milford was quite good. On we trudged to the huge covered wooden bridge at the end of the town (that is a picture of Milford Bridge, girls, up stairs over my mantelpiece), and then walked down the banks on to the ice.

"The morning was quite cold, but there was no wind, and the sun shining warmly gave an air of cheerfulness to everything. When we got upon the lake it was a beautiful sight, and I will try to describe it to you in my poor way. Stretched out before us was Bush Lake, nearly a mile wide at a point above the bridge, its surface frozen almost without a ripple. From the shores which environed it, the high banks arose, with the tall trees skirting the edges, festooned with the pure drapery of ice and snow, each branch with its row of icicles, each leaf with its falling spray of snow, whilst the trunks were coated with the protecting ice which glistened as the morning's sun flashed upon them. The high, uneven banks covered by the white glazed surface, with the straggling roots interlacing each other, twining, twisting in and out like massive

ropes of ice, now embracing a tiny fallen cedar, now locking in their icy embrace a huge chestnut which had tumbled with the bank years before—the bark all off, its jagged branches reaching out like arms, as though imploring a rescue from the cold embrace of the ice-coated roots. Then across the water, the pillars which fronted the State Lunatic Asylum loomed up grandly on the banks, with its splendid façades, and Corinthian arches whose architectural beauty was the wonder and delight of all visitors. Opposite, the village with its regular streets, neat cottages, and church spires glistening in the sun, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells heard every few moments, as the wind bore the sounds to the hundreds upon the ice.

“Amy Howard stood by my side. She was watching with pride the graceful evolutions of her lover, and he had not long been upon the ice before all eyes were attracted towards him, for his superiority was manifest. Up and down, with the ease and grace with which such a man as he always invests the slightest action—backwards and forwards, flying like the wind, then suddenly wheeling, whirling right and left at strange angles, or in peculiar circles. The sleds were stopped when he first began to skate, and the ladies stood up in them to watch the motions; then, gradually a large circle was formed around him, and whilst eclipsing all his competitors, at each new fantastic action a shout of applause would spring up from the growing crowd. And his eyes sparkled, his cheeks were as rosy as the first blush of dawning day, and at each shout of admiration which he inspired, I saw Amy smile, and as he passed by where we stood, he waved his hand, and in an instant was gone; but when he came near me, I seemed to be blinded, the great lumps would rise in my throat as if to choke me, my temples throbbed, and the cords would swell and beat as though instinct with a hundred bitter lives, and each life a serpent to hiss into my ears, and sting into my brain, ‘False! false!’ And gazing still at Amy, I began to hate her, and curse her in my heart for all the ruin of its hopes. But while my thoughts were in the greatest whirl of agony, a voice spoke to a stranger at my side—a man’s voice, yet soft and sweet as a melancholy sigh, first trembling into music. That voice seemed to startle me with its unearthly sweetness. I looked around at his words:—

“‘Sir, will you please favor me with your skates for a few moments?’

“‘Certainly, sir,’ said the courteous lender.

“‘Thank you, thank you!’ were his only words, but they seemed in the earnestness with

which they were uttered, like the thanks of a man who had just received the dearest boon.

“I gazed in wonder upon this man, and felt as though there was something terrible about his musical voice, and brilliant, glittering eye, something wild and unearthly in his actions. He fastened on the skates, and when he stood upon them and made for the circle upon which Morris Stewart was skating, he sent up such a shout; it seemed full of exultation; it was full of melody, but such music as would woo to death. I shuddered as I heard it.

“Now alongside of Morris Stewart he stood in the midst of that circle, and I had an opportunity to examine him. His appearance was startling. He was a man of medium height, slenderly built, with a sort of serpent’s elasticity in his winding motions. His face was cadaverous and pale, but lit up with a pair of dark, sparkling, defying eyes, which seemed to flash out an unearthly light. His hair was as black as midnight, long and straight, and hanging in coarse, unkempt profusion over his shoulders. Not a sign of a collar or handkerchief was visible about the neck, but the single-breasted coat he wore was buttoned closely up to the chin. The moment he joined Stewart, eager voices inquired:

“‘Who is the stranger?’ ‘Who is the rival of Stewart for the honors?’ While not a few remarked, ‘He looks as though he might be the devil,’ but none offered a solution of his identity.

“And now the two skaters commenced to glide over the ice, and the crisp rumble, rumble was heard, as their sharp skates cut tiny channels over its glassy surface. But no sooner had a few circuits been made around that circle, than the assembled hundreds in the crowd were aware that the mysterious skater was as superior in the art to Morris Stewart, as the latter was to the common bystanders. His form swayed to and fro like the graceful motions of tiny waves in the summer, on this very lake; he seemed scarcely to touch the ice, he never looked where he was going, but whirled stars and names and flowers in the ice with his dexterous blades, more quickly than they could have been stamped in hot wax. He would jump high into the air, alight, and in an instant be spinning like a wheel—in another, dart off like an arrow from the bow, and before the eyes could take in his position, be back again, carving the ice, and performing fantastic and wonderful gyrations. Shout after shout was given by the delighted people; but I looked on in mute surprise, and felt a sort of despairing dread, as if I were gazing at some festive scene, the end of which would be a tragedy.

“Gradually this strange being rushed towards

the crowd, widening and enlarging it and at last opening avenues through it right and left. He seemed to be in the wildest excitement, his long hair flying, his angular body swaying, waving, stooping, his limbs crossed, straight or curved, and his wild laugh echoing amongst the hills. But now a stranger scene was about to dawn. This man seemed to be environed by about half a dozen men who scattered themselves around him at different distances. This I did not notice until Morris Stewart had come to the shore and was removing his skates, when an elderly gentleman addressed him :

" 'Mr. Stewart, we will have to be very cautious; that man yonder, is an escaped lunatic from our asylum over the river. He came out of the gate this morning hanging to the springs of a carriage. I wish to ask of you a favor. Keep your skates on, and try to approach him so as to secure him; my men will all then come to your assistance.'

"There had been a few listeners to this disclosure besides ourselves, and when Morris started off again, there was a thrilling whisper through the crowd: 'A maniac! A maniac skater!'

"Morris Stewart was quickly by his side, and laid out his hand to grasp the maniac's shoulder, when the other turned as quickly as lightning and eluded him. Now it seemed to dawn upon the mind of the lunatic that he was pursued, and you are aware how preternaturally acute all their faculties seem to become under such circumstances. So it was now a race indeed—up and down, turning back and front with the agility of rope-dancers, over towards the 'Whirlpool' they both skated. This place was never known to be frozen solid on account, as it was supposed, of numberless springs which bubbled up from this one spot, and the great yawning hole was open, and the piles of cracked ice were thrown up all around it to the height of about two feet, layer upon layer. As Morris Stewart approached the dangerous hole, he veered suddenly, but the maniac skater, with a loud, discordant laugh, went up to its very edge, and the ice cracking, smashing, like weights falling into and crushing glass, seemed to make merry music for him. Then, as the crowd murmured their horror, out from the spot he darted again, with Stewart in full pursuit.

"Now that the lunatic seemed aware that all the efforts were concentrated upon his capture, his excitement seemed to become more intense, and his energies increased with his peril in and out among the crowd, who involuntarily shrank from his touch. As he passed by Amy and myself in his mad career, he shouted defiantly in our

faces, 'Ha, ha! Ho, ho!' and the hills seemed in mockery to shriek, 'Ha, ha! Ho, ho!' But Stewart was now almost upon him; he had grasped his arm, but he writhed from him again. Then the fearful race continued on, on towards the Whirlpool once more. Its edge was almost gained. Morris Stewart made one fierce effort, and caught the maniac around the body, but instead of giving up to his captor, he turned quickly and grasped Morris in return, while his eyes glared into his, and his hot breath blew upon his face, as if almost scorching it with his horrid maniac laugh, 'Ho, ho! Ha, ha!' It was now a desperate struggle. Morris felt that the maniac was possessed of giant's strength, and was dragging him slowly but surely to the yawning pool. He struggled, resisted with all his power, but at last sent up a fearful cry, 'Help! help!'

"The asylum keepers were hastening to his assistance—the crowd seemed paralyzed, appalled, save a few stragglers who were hastening towards them. As for me, I stood with eyes distended, watching the dreadful scene, and my heart seemed to stand still. I could scarcely realize the horror of their positions, but I could hardly restrain the cry which was bursting from my lips as I saw his danger—'Morris, dear Morris—O God, help him!'

"They were now upon the very edge, down, wrestling upon their knees, then up again, then with backs curved and breasts out till they almost fell backwards. Panting, tugging for life was Morris Stewart in those moments when assistance seemed to be so tardy. Now I heard the ice around the edges breaking, like a hammer splintering glass; but the maniac was ruthless, his strength was superhuman, and whilst his keepers were rushing towards Stewart's rescue, not ten feet from him, the maniac dragged him to the edge—one gasp, one desperate effort for life, and with a feeble cry from the one and an awful laugh from the other, over into the Whirlpool both went.

"There were many efforts to save the doomed. But I only saw in the splashing water the uplifted arms of my former lover, and heard his last despairing cry, ere he sunk from sight, and beside him, the pale face and burning eyes and elf locks of the drowning maniac, who shouted gleefully, though but a second's time was his of life. That instant I staggered back blind with agony, when I heard a low wail at my side. But there was deep misery in that cry. I almost laughed then at the baby Amy's frenzy, and thought of my great load of woe. But she uttered one feeble cry which caught my ears :

" 'My husband! my husband!' And Amy Howard sunk to the ground in a swoon."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAIDEN BY THE SEA.

BY LESLIE MORSE.

In a little cottage, by the heaving sea,
There a fairy maiden is watching now for me;
We parted in the springtime,
When roses were in blush,
And waves, they sang an ancient rhyme,
In twilight's holy hush.

Mid her raven tresses the winds they sang in glee,
While she gently whispered, "O, love, remember me!"
The tears were wildly streaming
From out her midnight eyes,
And her coral lips were gleaming,
And fragrant with her sighs.

Many times I kissed her upon the rosy cheek,
The tears were hotly gushing where'er I tried to speak;
And when at last we parted,
We whispered ne'er a word:
Afresh her sobbings started,
And her heart-beats loud were heard.

In my dreams I see her beneath the flowering tree,
With starry eyes outlooking upon the foaming sea:
While flowerets that she crushes
Beneath her tiny feet,
Look envious at her blushes,
So fair she is and sweet.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CLOTHES-HORSE:

—OR,—

LADY ROSAMOND'S REFUGE.

BY EVA MILFORD.

I AM an old lady now, but I remember as if it were yesterday, the times when I, a little girl in pinafore and sash, sat upon my old nurse's knee, and begged for stories. Old Rachel possessed a great fund of these, and never failed to interest me—indeed so much so, that I often prefer even now to remember one of these old tales to reading a new one.

"Now, nursey," said I, chiming into her lap one winter twilight, as she sat knitting before the fire, "now, nursey, for a story, a real nice story, about something you did yourself once."

"About myself, darling? Sure I've told you all there ever was to tell about old nursey, haven't I? Yet stop, I believe I never told you about Lady Rosamond and the clothes-horse, did I?"

"O that sounds splendid! Tell quick, do, dear nursey."

"Well, dear, when I was a little girl like you, I lived in London (where I was born) alone with

my dear mother. We were very poor, I remember well. Sometimes we had not even enough to eat, but we were very happy for all that, because we loved each other so dearly. My mother used to do whatever work she could get to do, either at home or abroad, and when she went out, she always took me with her. I liked those days best, because the people where we went generally gave us enough to eat, and sometimes would put a bit of cake or a penny into my hand when I went home. I was such a little wee thing, I suppose they pitied me.

"Well, one night—it was in the autumn, and there was a miserable chilly fog in the air I remember, just as mother and I were going to bed, there came a little low knock on the door of our room. Mother went close up, and said low:

"'Who's there?'

"A woman's voice answered softly, 'It is I, Clara.'

"Then mother opened the door quick enough, and the woman, all muffled up in a cloak and hood, came in, and she and mother kissed each other over and over. Then they began to talk very fast and low, so that I could hear nothing, except once in a while the stranger would say 'my lady' a little plainer than the rest of her talk, and mother cried a good deal. At last, the woman, who had sat down, got up to go away, and mother, opening the door, said:

"'To-morrow night, then?'

"'Yes; I will come for you. Good night.'

"'O, stop a minute. I must bring Rachel.

"'Rachel! Who's that?'

"'My child,' said mother, pointing to the bed, where I lay awake watching them.

"'But can you trust her? You know'—and here the woman began to whisper so low that I could not hear a word.

"Mother nodded when she had done, and said, softly, but aloud:

"'I know—I know, but Rachel never sees any one to speak to except when I'm about, and besides she has sense beyond her years, and we can trust her.'

"The woman seemed satisfied, and after a little more whispering, they said good night.

"When mother came to bed, I put my arms round her in a coaxing sort of way (something as you do by me, Miss Nelly, when you want a story), and I said:

"'Now, mother, tell me all about it.'

"'There's nothing to tell,' said mother, kind of short, 'except that a lady I used to live with before I was married, has just come home from abroad, and wants me to come and wash for her to-morrow night.'

"What, in the night! That's funny!"

"Well, child, I know it is, but you see, for reasons she has, she don't want to have a soul know that she's at home, and so don't have any fire in the daytime, lest folks should see the smoke. But now, Rachel, mind what I am going to say to you. This lady, as I said, has very particular reasons for not letting it be known that she is at home, and only let me know because she was sure I could be trusted. Now, child, promise me (and don't forget it) never to mention to any person at all, either that Miss Clara came here to-night, or that we are going to my lady's, or anything you may see or hear there."

"No, mother, I won't," said I, "but just tell me what the lady's name is, and who is Miss Clara?"

"Her name is Lady Rosamond—no matter for the last name, and Miss Clara is her dressing-maid, and the only servant she brought with her from abroad. That's the reason they want me to wash. Now, child, go to sleep."

"I shut my eyes and pretty soon slept. But all night long I was dreaming strange dreams of Lady Rosamond and Miss Clara, her bower woman."

"The next evening at about the same hour, there came a tap at our door, and mother opening it a little way, said:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes—are you ready?"

"All ready," said my mother, taking her little bundle and leading me by the hand.

"As soon as we were outside, and mother had locked her door, Miss Clara set off at a great pace, we following on behind. We went through a great many streets, and at last turned down a dark and narrow lane leading to the river (the Thames, you know, Miss Nelly.) About half-way down, Clara, who was still in front, stopped, and unlocking a gate, let us in to a great garden, stretching from the river to the back of a large house which loomed up dimly in the starlight. There were no lights or signs of life to be seen as we approached the house, and mother said, softly: 'Sure, they don't sit in the front rooms.'"

"No, in the little study at the back. But before I light the lamps, I draw the curtains close, and the shutters are never opened. All the light they get in the daytime, is through the little round holes at the top."

"While Miss Clara was speaking she had unlocked a door at one corner; and now we went in, groping our way along a dark, narrow entry, till we got into a room at the end of it. Then Clara said: 'Stand still till I get a light.'"

"So she felt about till she got hold of the tin-

der-box, and struck the flint and steel together till she got a spark by which she lighted some candles that stood ready. Then I looked round and saw that we were in a smallish room, fitted up for a laundry, with a great copper kettle, and a pot for burning charcoal, to heat the irons over, and some heavy oaken frames standing out from the wall to hang the clothes on when they were done—very much like our clothes-horses, only heavier and fastened to the wall. There was a great pile of soiled linen ready, and as soon as the fire was kindled my mother began to wash, and Miss Clara went up stairs to undress her lady, she said, and we saw no more of her that night. In one corner of the room was a bed spread upon the floor, and after a while I lay down and went to sleep on it, nor did I waken till my mother called me a little before sunrise, and said it was time for us to go home. We went again the next night and the next. Miss Clara had given mother the key of the garden gate the first time, and we always found her waiting to let us in at the laundry door.

"The third night my mother was ironing, and had nearly finished. I did not feel sleepy, but stood beside her table watching and admiring both her skill, and the beautiful clothes upon which she was employed. There were a great many fine linen shirts, I remember, all with broad ruffles at the bosom and hands, and all the ruffles trimmed with elegant thread lace. Then there were neck handkerchiefs and pocket handkerchiefs, all fine and delicate as cobwebs and all trimmed with lace. What I particularly admired though, was the exquisite embroidery upon all the garments belonging to my lady. I never have seen anything since to equal it, and I don't believe the queen herself has anything more beautiful. Upon every article, either of my lady's or her husband's, was an embroidered crest and initials, such as I remembered to have seen on the silver plate of a gentleman's house where my mother often worked. And I suppose this was one reason why my mother had been engaged to wash them, instead of their being sent out."

"Well, mother was plaiting some of the last ruffles, and I was beginning to gape, for it was very late, indeed almost morning, when we heard the sound of light footsteps running very fast down stairs, and presently Miss Clara rushed into the room followed by a lady more beautiful and graceful than any I have seen before or since. She was very small and delicate in figure, and did not look to be over twenty years of age, but yet she had an air as grand and noble as a queen. My mother went down on her knees and kissed her hand."

"My good Sarah," said the lady, in a kind, but hurried voice, 'how glad I am to see you again (my mother had been under-nursery-maid to Lady Rosamond years before, and had stayed in the family till after my lady was married), but O, Clara, what are we to do?'

"What is it? Clara, what is the matter?" asked my mother, softly, while my lady peeped carefully out between the curtain and the shutter.

"They have found us out," said the maid, in a frightened voice. 'The street is full of soldiers, and I brought my lady down thinking to escape through this door to the water, but looking out at the last staircase window, I saw them leaping the garden wall—'

"Yes, and they are coming up towards the house," cried my lady, running from behind the curtain, her face as pale as ashes. 'Good heavens, what am I to do? Thank God, Lord George is gone!'

"Will his lordship be out all night, my lady?" asked Clara.

"Yes, and to-morrow night. O what a blessed chance! And he has taken most of the papers with him—all the worst, at any rate. The rest are here, and will not be taken till they are wet with my heart's blood!" said my lady, putting her hand upon her bosom, and looking like an empress.

"But where shall we hide your ladyship? O dear, what will become of us all?" whispered Clara, beginning to cry.

"God only knows! We can die but once," murmured my lady, growing still paler as a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Suddenly, my mother, who had been wringing her hands and looking from one to the other through her tears, cried out:

"I've got it—the clothes-frame!"

"Clothes-frame?" asked Lady Rosamond.

"Pshaw! they'll look behind that the first thing!" exclaimed Clara, partly guessing my mother's meaning.

"Yes, but not on it," said my mother triumphantly, and snatching off the clothes from one of the frames. 'Now, my lady,' said she, in a great hurry, 'if you will step up on this lower bar and hold to the upper one, so, with both hands, I can cover you up so you can never be seen or suspected.'

"Do you think so?" asked Lady Rosamond, doubtfully. 'Such a ludicrous position, if I am discovered! What say you, Clara, have you anything better to suggest?'

"No, your ladyship," sobbed Clara, glancing wildly at the door, which shook under the heavy blows, which now followed the raps.

"Very well, my good Sarah, you shall try," said my lady, calmly, as she stepped upon the lower bar, and clasped the upper one with her little white hands.

"What a blessed thing that we had such a wash!" said my mother, half-laughing, half-crying, as she began to hang the clothes over Lady Rosamond, whose white dress helped out the plan.

"Run up stairs, Clara, pull the clothes off my bed and hide them," whispered her ladyship, suddenly. 'Then you can say we went away yesterday, you don't know where, and they won't wait so long looking.'

"Clara wiped her eyes and hurried up stairs, while my mother, who had completely covered Lady Rosamond, went on to hang some skirts and dresses each side of her, so that the projection caused by her slight figure was soon entirely concealed. Just as she had put the finishing touch, Miss Clara ran down stairs, and catching my mother and me in her arms, dragged us with her into a corner, and bid us do just as she did. So when in another minute the door was burst open, the men who rushed in found us all sobbing and crying together, as if we were too frightened to speak or move.

"The first man, a big, rough fellow in the dress of a soldier, came straight up to us and held his lantern in our faces.

"She aint neither of them, is she, sir?" asked he, of a tall, slender person, who followed close behind him, whose face was covered by a mask.

"This person shook his head without speaking, and turned away to follow a party who rushed up stairs, while others went into the cellars and to other parts of the house. The big fellow remained in the laundry with two or three others, peering into the wash-boiler, up the chimney, under the tubs, and everywhere else they could think of. Each one looked at different times behind and among the clothes-frames, and the leader even thrust aside the clothes in two or three places to look among them. As he did so, I plainly distinguished at one spot the folds of Lady Rosamond's white cambric wrapper, but the man apparently saw no difference between that and the other white things hanging there, and let the clothes alone. Just then Clara, wishing perhaps to distract his attention entirely from the dangerous vicinity, and perhaps unable to hold her tongue any longer, called out:

"You haven't looked in there yet, captain!" pointing as she spoke, to a box about a foot square, which hung against the wall, over the boiler, for the purpose of holding soap.

"The captain, as she called him, glanced at the box, and then coming up to where we still

crouched, seized Clara by the arm and pulled her up, swearing at the same time a dreadful oath at what he called her impudence.

"And why didn't you open the door, when we knocked, instead of giving us the trouble to batter it down?" asked he, with more oaths than I should dare to repeat.

"It's likely we should open the doors to a great rude party of soldiers, two lone women and a little girl. We were only too glad to keep you out while we could."

"Where's your master and your mistress?" growled the man, eyeing her with great dislike.

"Well, I can't say exactly where, but if they keep on at the rate they set out last night, they must be many a mile away from here."

"Last night! Lord George was seen and recognized entering this very house last night," said the man doubtfully.

"Well, and being conscious of that, don't you think he showed his wisdom in flitting before sunrise?" asked the crafty waiting-woman, immediately. "Not that I mean to say he did either. I was ordered to say nothing at all about him; but I don't think I've given you much clue as yet, have I?" asked she, as if really anxious lest she had betrayed a secret.

"The captain looked at her with an expression of great perplexity and dislike, and asked:

"And where are you to meet them with all this gear?" pointing, as he spoke, to the clean clothes.

"I didn't say I was to meet them anywhere, did I?" asked Clara, innocently.

"The man turned away and stamped once or twice up and down the room. Clara, without appearing to speak or move, whispered to me quick and fierce:

"Say Highbridge, to-morrow night."

"So when the man came near us again, I said aloud, but in a low voice, as if I thought she had forgotten, and wished to remind her:

"Why, Lady Rosamond told you to meet her at Highbridge to-morrow night, with the clothes."

"Hold your tongue, you little fool!" cried out the maid, pinching my ear, and pretending to be very angry. But the captain heard, and darting forward, seized me by the arm, and called out:

"What's that, sissy? Say it again; she sha'n't hurt you, and I'll give you a silver penny."

"I only said," whimpered I, "that Lady Rosamond bid Clara meet her at Highbridge to-morrow night with the clothes. I didn't know it was any harm to say that."

"No more it wasn't. You're a good little girl, and shall marry a soldier when you grow up," said the horrid man, laughing, and giving

me a penny. 'Now tell me, when did they go? In the first place, who went?'

"No one but Lord George and Lady Rosamond, and they went very late last night—it was almost sunrise."

"And what did my lady say about Highbridge?" asked the trooper, standing me between his knees, so that I could not see Clara, who, mother told me, kept making signs, and pretending to be in a great fury.

"Why," said I, gaping and looking very stupid, "she only said, 'We are going to Highbridge, and you must follow with the baggage and clothes night after next.'"

"O, you little viper! O, you horrid child!" shrieked Clara, trying to get hold of me, while mother screamed out:

"O, you miserable child, you've betrayed your master and mistress to their death!" and began to cry and wring her hands. They both made such a fuss and noise that I got frightened, and didn't know at last but they really meant it, and that I had done wrong. So I began to cry in good earnest, and the trooper, pushing me away, called me 'a squalling little fool!' Then turning to one of his men, he said, impatiently:

"Go up, and call them all off. Tell the gentleman in the mask, that I have got a clue, and we must be moving."

"In a few minutes the whole troop were assembled, and the captain calling me, made me say over all that I had told him (Clara had whispered to me that it was all right), so that the masked man, who seemed the real head of the party, might hear. When I had finished, they whispered together a few moments, and the captain gave me a crown piece (I suppose the other told him to do so), and said to one of his men:

"Gregory, you are to stay here as guard over these women till you are relieved. I suppose there are provisions in the house, eh, you jade?" added he, to Clara.

"Provisions enough," said she, sulkily.

"That's right. And don't you be hard on this little fool (pointing to me), for she's done the king good service to-night."

"A few minutes more and the whole troop had clattered out as they clattered in, leaving us alone with the man called Gregory, an old weather-beaten soldier, with a rough, but not a wicked looking face.

"Clara waited a few minutes, and then began to sigh and moan and lean back against the wall, as if she felt sick.

"O dear," said she, at last—"O how faint I feel—goodness me, I believe I am dying. How I wish I had a bottle of wine out of the cellar!

Good Gregory, you won't object to my getting one, I know," she said, coaxingly.

"No, I don't know as I shall," replied the soldier, gruffly, 'not if you get me one at the same time, I sha'n't.'

"You shall come with me and get as many as you want," answered Clara, blithely. And taking one of the candles, led the way into the cellar just behind us.

"The best is out this way," we could hear her say. 'I always get a bottle of this when I want a drop for myself. Wait a moment though, till I fetch a cup and let you taste the port in this great butt.'

"Setting down the light, and not giving the soldier time to object, Clara tripped lightly along the brick floor, and as she reached the door, sprang through it, and in another minute had turned the great key and shoved home the monstrous bolt which secured it.

"Quick now, my lady," cried she, breathlessly, pulling aside the clothes and lifting down Lady Rosamond, who, faint and exhausted, could not have clung a moment longer to her singular perch. 'Quick, we have another hour before light, thanks to this November fog. The boat is at the foot of the garden. I can row it. We will reach the city in half an hour. You shall hide with Sarah till night again. I will find his lordship, and to-morrow will see us far away.'

"Lady Rosamond, too much exhausted to speak, nodded with a faint smile, but looked timidly at the cellar-door, upon which Gregory was now pounding furiously, swearing all the time.

"O never mind him, your ladyship," resumed Clara. 'He can't get out, if he kicks his feet off, and he's got a whole candle and more wine than he can drink—he won't suffer. Besides, he'll be relieved to-night. Sit here a minute, till I run for your ladyship's hood and mantle, and take a little sup, just one, of this wine I brought out with me. Poor Gregory didn't get the whole.'

"Lady Rosamond drank a little of the wine with some water, and we all did the same. Then Clara, having wrapped up her lady in a cloak, drew the hood over her face so that no one could see it, and stole out through the garden. My mother insisted on loading herself with a bundle of the nicest of those beautiful fabrics which I had admired so much, and which she declared should not be wasted on those vile soldiers.

"We reached home safely and unsuspected, and in the course of the day, Clara contrived to see Lord George and tell him where his wife awaited him, and that very night he came and carried her off with Clara. They left us a great

sum in money, and a promise that when it was safe to do so, they would send for us to come and live with them. A few months after we got a letter from Clara, very carefully written, in case it should be opened by the wrong hand, in which she said: 'Those friends of yours came safely to port, and are living in great peace and contentment.' This was the last we ever heard, for a little while after, my father came home from sea, and he and my mother emigrated to this country, which was then just beginning to be spoken of as a good place to live in. Years after, I asked my mother who Lady Rosamond was, and why the soldiers wanted so much to find her and her husband. But though it was so long gone by, mother seemed afraid to say much about it. She told me, however, that Lord George was concerned in a plot against the king, and had come over from Holland with letters from the Pretender, as he was called, to the leading men of his party in England.

"All had gone well, until one morning as he was entering his own house, he was seen and recognized by a cousin of Lady Rosamond's, who had been a disappointed suitor for her hand. This man, actuated by revenge towards his cousin, and hatred to Lord George, had immediately lodged information against them, and was probably the man in the mask, who accompanied the party."

"And what became of Gregory, nurse?"

"Indeed I don't know, child. Probably he kept on drinking and kicking at the door, until the next night, and then was released by some of his companions. At any rate, I never heard anything more of him, or indeed of any of them. And now it is little Miss Nelly's bed-time."

So ended my nurse's tale, or rather one out of many of them.

A SMART FOX.

In a recent lecture upon his experience in Arctic life, Dr. Rae said:—"On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to look as much like a hare as possible (which is an animal comparatively worthless). Another fact of this kind occurred to me whilst being detained at a particular place, where our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was with a spring gun connected with a bait, which when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate, or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort."

ROSA BONHEUR.

She has already made a fortune, but has bestowed it entirely on others, with the exception of a little farm a few miles from Paris, where she spends a great deal of her time. Such is her habitual generosity, and so scrupulous is her delicacy in all matters connected with her art, that it may be doubted whether she will ever amass any great wealth for herself. Her portfolios contain nearly a thousand sketches, eagerly coveted by amateurs; but she regards these as a part of her artistic life, and refuses to part with them on any terms. A little drawing which accidentally found its way into the hands of a dealer, a short time since, brought £80 in London. Rosa had presented it to a charity, as she now and then does with her drawings. Demands for paintings reach her from every part of the world, but she refuses all orders not congenial to her talent, valuing her own probity and dignity above all price. The award of the jury in 1853 (in virtue of which the authoress of "The Horse Market" was enrolled among the recognized members of the brush, and as such exempted from the necessity of submitting her works to the examining committee previous to their admission to future exhibitions) entitled her, according to French usage, to the cross of the Legion of Honor. This decoration was refused to the artist by the emperor because she was a woman! The refusal, repeated after her brilliant success of 1855, naturally excited the indignation of her admirers, who could not understand why an honor that would be accorded to a certain talent in a man, should be refused to the same in a woman. But though Rosa was included in the invitation to the state dinner at the Tuileries, always given to the artists to whom the Academy of Fine Arts has awarded its highest honor, the refusal of the decoration was maintained, notwithstanding numerous efforts made to obtain a reversal of the imperial decree. In person she is small, and rather under the middle height, with a finely-formed head, and broad rather than high forehead; small, well-defined, regular features, and good teeth, hazel eyes, very clear and bright; dark brown hair, slightly wavy, parted on one side and cut short in the neck; a compact, shapely figure; hands small and delicate, and extremely pretty little feet. She dresses very plainly, the only colors worn by her being black, brown and gray; and her costume consists invariably of a close-fitting jacket and skirt of simple materials. On the rare occasions when she goes into company (for she accepts very few of the invitations with which she is assailed), she appears in the same simple costume, of richer materials, with the addition merely of a lace collar. She wears none of the usual articles of feminine adornment; they are not in accordance with her thoughts and occupations. Rosa Bonheur is an indefatigable worker. She rises at six, and paints until dusk, when she lays aside her blouse, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets alone, or accompanied only by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of everything around her, the first conception of a picture is often struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.—*Mrs. Elliot on Women.*

A MOURNING CITY.

The number of ladies dressed in deep mourning, which one now meets daily in the streets of San Francisco, is truly remarkable and solemn. In walking through Montgomery Street, the other day, we counted not less than forty-five, in the short space between Bush and Washington Streets. Were the cause not explained, this fact might lead to the presumption that our city was unhealthy; but nothing could be further from the truth. It results from the uncommon number of deaths from scarlatina, or scarlet fever, which has prevailed the past year to an extent hitherto unknown in California. The averages of this scourge have, however, not been confined to this city. It is remarked in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Nevada, San Louis Obispo, San Diego, Shasta, and Butte counties.—*San Francisco Herald.*

REPARTEE.

"I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, 'As sober as a judge.' It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. 'It is perfectly true,' replied the judge, 'as most of these old saws are. They are characteristic, at least, for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say—"As sober as a judge," and "As drunk as a lord." Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say—"I know there are men too fond of the bar to sit on the bench, and that there are peers who richly deserve a drop. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

SHORT TRUTHS.

A "retiring" disposition is appropriate only to those who have money to fall back upon.—The worst sort of *I-dolatry* is egotism.—A mental reservation is that which underlies a statement.—A draughtsman must lead a checkered life.—When a gentleman is seen often with a young lady, his attentions are apt to be misconstrued.—Life is an auction, where we hear little less than "going, going, gone;" but he does not always get the best bargain who makes that "last bid"—namely, farewell!—The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.—A broken engagement is always the precursor of a crisis.—Individual contributions make up the commonwealth. The government's favor, however, secures un-common wealth.—*London Punch.*

TIME AND SUBSTANCE.

Time is but a flame; it is what is done in time that is the substance. What are twenty-four centuries to the hard rock, more than twenty-four hours to man, or twenty-four minutes to the ephomera? "Are there not periods in our own existence," writes an ingenious thinker, "in which space, computed by its measure of thoughts, feelings and events, mocks the penury of man's artificial scale and comprises a lifetime in a day?"—*Bulwer.*

(ORIGINAL.)

OUR CHASTENING.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

Last night, when the sun went down to rest,
In a fiery, molten sea,
Wore never a monarch's couch, I ween,
Such regal canopy.

And still, in the warmth of the crimson glow,
And still, in the golden gleam,
Came the sickening thought that ne'er again
Should we watch its fading beam;

For he who had made that dear old home
Welcome and warm and bright,
We knew, by the weary pain in our hearts,
Was going home that night.

The shadows lay close to the old hearthstone,
And across an old arm-chair;
But changed to a flood of golden light,
As it fell on his snowy hair.

The stars came out in their quiet light,
And we fancied that they could feel,
And tried to shut their pitying eyes
To the grief they could not heal.

And all through that solemn eventide,
And all through the livelong night,
We watched with an anguish before unknown,
For the parting spirit's flight.

And when the new day with a bounding step
Came up o'er the eastern hill,
The hand we had pressed, the lips we had kissed,
Were lying cold and still.

And a shadow lay on the garden path,
And lodged in the trees above;
But we knew, and we tried so hard to feel,
"It was only done in love."

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MARTINET.

BY ARTHUR L. STONE.

CAPTAIN MEACHEM, master and part owner of the ship Whirlwind—little Bob Meachem—small in stature, and in intellect, but a great man in his own opinion, was in the strictest sense of the term a martinet, a fussy, fretful, over-nice fellow, in short a perfect "old Betty."

He was not usually tyrannical or overbearing, and always gave his men an abundance of good food; but his uncomfortable disposition was so widely known that he frequently found considerable difficulty in shipping a crew, for of all captains, your true Jack Tar most dislikes a martinet, a man who would experience more real vexation at the sight of a spot on his white decks, or a rope hanging loose, than at the loss of a

mast, or the destruction of a whole suit of sails.

On one occasion, after remaining longer than usual in port, from this very cause, he succeeded in shipping an excellent crew, consisting of twelve able and four ordinary seamen, all fine-looking, stout-built fellows, good sailors and brave men, who would cheerfully obey any reasonable command, however difficult or dangerous of execution, but were not to be imposed upon, or "worked up" without remonstrance.

The ship was bound to Havana, and for a day or two after leaving port, everything progressed smoothly. All hands were kept at work until the decks were cleared up, running rigging set up, and everything made shipshape. This labor was accomplished by the afternoon of the second day out, when the watch was set below, and the regular routine of sea life began.

On the following afternoon an incident occurred which gave the men their first insight into their commander. After dinner, as the weather was very fine, Captain Meachem took an arm-chair, a book and a cigar on deck, and seated himself by the side of the binnacle, where the spanker formed an awning over his head. By the time his cigar was consumed he felt the need of a more potent stimulus, and called to the steward for a glass of brandy. One of the captain's faults, which we had forgotten to mention, was his love of ardent spirits. He was always strictly temperate while in port, but invariably balanced this compulsory self-denial by a free indulgence at sea. Instead, however, of drinking deeply enough at any one time, to make himself completely intoxicated, he imbibed almost constantly, but in such quantities as to keep him continually fretful and peevish.

The steward promptly brought the brandy, and presently a second glass was called for, which soon followed its predecessor down the captain's throat. By this time the old man began to grow restive, and after pacing several times across the deck, cast his eye around him for some pretext for finding fault, and thus relieving his mind.

Geordie McDonald, a burly, good-humored Scotchman, stood at the wheel, thinking, no doubt, of the "land o' cakes and brither Scots," and perchance of some pretty Bessie, or Highland Mary he had left behind him. Suddenly his wandering thoughts were recalled to the actual world by the captain's voice.

"How does she head?" he snarled, somewhat after the manner of an ill-natured cur.

"South by east," replied Geordie, forgetting in his abstraction to add the "sir."

"What's that? What do you say?" growled his majesty.

"South by east," repeated Geordie.

"O, you impertinent scoundrel," shouted the captain, shaking his fist at Geordie, who could not for the life of him imagine in what manner he had offended his superior.

"Relieve the wheel," continued Meachem, in a loud voice. One of the watch immediately came aft and took the wheel from Geordie's hands.

"Now!" cried the captain, dealing the Scotchman a violent blow in the face which sent him into the lee scuppers, "take that! Henceforth remember that there's a handle to my name."

"Ay, sir," replied Geordie, as he picked himself up. "But, do you ken we have handles to rum jugs in my country!" And he started forward.

"Mr. Wilcox," roared the captain, addressing himself to the mate, "send that impudent Scotchman to slush her down fore and aft, then let him scrape the rust off the anchors till supper time."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Wilcox; and poor Geordie was "worked up" for the remainder of the afternoon.

During the second dogwatch that evening, this incident was freely and fully discussed in the forecabin, and it was unanimously resolved that a captain who would knock a man down for simply forgetting to add the "sir" to his name, was unreasonable, and furthermore, that Captain Meachem had got the wrong boys aboard if he expected to play the bully.

The next day passed without any striking exhibition of the captain's peculiar characteristics, with the exception of a severe lecture which the officer of the deck received upon the occasion of Meachem's finding a piece of ropeyarn nearly three inches long upon the quarter-deck.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the captain, in the course of his remarks, "the officer who would permit a ropeyarn to encumber the deck, and offend the eye of his superior, would not scruple to go to sleep in his watch on deck, steal the chain cable in port, and sell it for old iron, or cut his captain's throat. Neatness, sir, is as far ahead of godliness, as the flying jib-boom is ahead of the taffrail. If you go on in this way, I predict that you will end your days upon the gallows, and bring the gray hairs of your aged parents in sorrow to the grave."

"That can't be, sir," interrupted the mate, who was something of a wag in his way. "My father is bald, and my mother wears a wig."

"Silence!" thundered the captain. "I am perfectly astonished at your depravity. Next to a want of neatness, the habit of indulging in un-

seemly levity is most criminal. I have but very little hope of you, although the Bible (?) says that

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Captain Meachem was very fond of quoting the Scriptures, and the foregoing is a fair specimen of his correctness. A famous Bible quotation of his was Pope's well-known line:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"Now," continued Meachem, "remove that unsightly object from my quarter-deck, and if I ever again find a just cause for anger, there will be trouble between you and I!" And the pompous little fellow stuck his thumbs in his vest pockets and strutted aft.

"Come this way, a couple of you, with handspikes," exclaimed the mate.

Two men immediately hastened aft with capstan bars, procured from the rack around the mainmast.

"Now, then, get a purchase under that Irish pennant, heave it alongside the rail, then get a heavy tackle and hoist it overboard," commanded the mate, who was not a little amused at the absurdity of the captain's conduct.

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" demanded Meachem, turning abruptly as he heard the mate's commands.

"By no means, captain, I only wished to get this terrible encumbrance into the sea with all possible despatch."

"Drop your handspikes, you lubbers, and one of you chuck that ropeyarn overboard quicker'n lightning, or there'll be a row," exclaimed the captain, addressing himself to the men, without deigning to notice the mate.

Upon this, the "Irish pennant" was quietly thrown overboard; but the mate had succeeded in placing the captain in a most ridiculous position, and all the circumstances of the affair were soon reported forward.

This happened on Saturday, the third day of the passage. During the first and second days out, the decks had been thoroughly holystoned, and there was not yet so much as a spot to mar their purity, for they had been carefully washed down in the morning, swept at noon, and again washed off during the first dogwatch. The next day being the Sabbath, and the ship being now at sea, the men, of course expected to be on that day released from all labor except the necessary operations of trimming the yards, and making or shortening sail as might be required.

Consequently the morning watch were not a little surprised at being aroused from their com-

fortable nooks in which they had stowed themselves, at six o'clock, by these orders from the quarter-deck :

"Lay aft here the watch. Man the force pump and draw buckets. Call the other watch to holystone."

This was not only an unexpected but a most disagreeable commencement of the appointed day of rest ; but there was no alternative but to obey, and the port watch tumbled lazily aft, while the third mate opened the fore-castle door to call the starboardlines.

"Starboard watch ah-o-o-y ! Turn out, ye sleepers ; this is Sunday morning, and you must take a turn at your Bibles and prayer-books." (Large holystones, which are drawn along the decks by ropes attached to ringbolts inserted in the end of the stone, are called by the sailors, Bibles ; while the smaller hand stones, which are used for scrubbing—the scrubee kneeling on deck, and plying the stone with both hands—are called prayer-books.)

With many strong expressions of disgust, the starboardlines tumbled out of their bunks, jumped into their clothing and proceeded to take out the Bibles and prayer-books from the boatswain's locker.

"It's too bad, boys," exclaimed the mate, coming forward. "It's altogether too bad, but I can't help it. It's the old man's orders."

"He be *somethinged* !" exclaimed one of the men.

Another added a violent imprecation upon the old man's optics ; but the mate pretended not to hear these polite remarks, and continued :

"I shouldn't think a man that has the Bible at his tongue's end, like Captain Meachem, would forget the commandment in regard to the Sabbath."

"I reckon he reads it like this, sir," interposed the man who had so unceremoniously consigned his skipper to perdition :

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou art able,
And on the seventh, holystone the decks and scrape the iron cable."

"I guess he does, Jack," replied the mate, laughing. "But come, come boys, turn to and have a bad job over as quick as possible."

Accordingly the men hastened aft, with their holystones, buckets of sand and bars of soap, to give the already snow-white quarter-deck a fresh scouring.

"Don't scrub too hard, boys, so as to wake the old man up," said the mate, as they commenced operations, giving at the same time a sly wink to Jack Ratline.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Jack, seizing a prayer-book and squatting down upon the deck directly over the captain's stateroom. As the mate observed Jack demurely apply the water, soap and sand to a piece of the deck about three feet square, exactly over the head of the old man's berth, and roll up his sleeves for vigorous exertion, he turned away and walked forward to conceal his laughter.

Then Jack proceeded to "spread himself" on scrubbing, viciously shoving his prayer-book back and forth with great force and rapidity, creating a sound not unlike rumbling thunder, or the roar of heavy artillery. The perspiration ran down his face, as he labored, but he steadily continued his exertions, being determined, as he said, "to make his part on deck as white as any on 'em," and if he had been allowed to remain long in that particular spot, it is quite probable that he would have succeeded in doing what one of his shipmates advised him to do ; that is, scrub a hole through the deck, and drop the prayer-book on the old man's head.

He had been at work scarcely five minutes, however, when Captain Meachem made his appearance at the head of the companionway, partly dressed, and evidently in a great rage.

"What do you mean, you villain, by scrubbing right over my head before I had turned out?" exclaimed the irate little skipper.

"I didn't know but what you had turned out, sir," replied Jack, with amusing nonchalance. "I thought this was the place where you ginrally sot when you was on deck, and I took it becase I reckon I kin holystone a deck whiter than any other man aboard."

"It's quite likely you can, judging from the energy which you have just displayed, and which has been the means of waking me from a pleasant dream of home," replied Meachem, somewhat mollified by the implied consideration for his comfort which Jack had exhibited, and scarcely knowing whether to be angry or gracious.

"I hope I haint offended you, sir," continued Jack, "cos I was only trying to do what I thought would please ye."

"You are perfectly excusable, Jack," replied the captain, whose wrath had now entirely disappeared. "It seems it was your zeal o do that which you thought would please me, nat caused you to scrub so energetically above my head?"

"Zactly so, sir," replied Jack, puching his cap.

"Very well, then, you may continue to scrub the after part of the quarter-deck until the job is finished ; but before you go below you may stop

at the pantry, and the steward will give you the wherewithal to splice the main brace."

"Thank ye, sir," responded Jack, resuming his labor in great glee, and "laying the flattering unction to his soul" that he had not only made the "lazy bugger" turn out, but had earned a glass of grog by his scrubbing operations.

After two hours of hard labor, the quarter-deck was thoroughly holystoned. The port watch, meanwhile, had washed down the main-deck, and now, breakfast being ready, all the men were sent below, except two ordinary seamen, who were kept on deck to finish their labor of polishing the brass work.

While the breakfast was discussed in the fore-castle, the morning operations were also *discussed*, minus the first syllable of the word. Scarcely had the men finished their after-breakfast pipes, when again the order of:

"All hands on deck," fell upon their astonished ears.

"Turn out here," cried the second mate, poking his head into the fore-castle. "Tauten up the running gear fore and aft. Get hold of the fore-tack, everybody."

The fore and maintacks and sheets were hauled taut, and then the same operation was performed upon the sheets, braces and halyards of the other sails. When all this was done, the men supposed that they would surely be allowed to go below in peace; but Captain Meachem was not yet satisfied.

"Pump ship, sir," said he, addressing himself to the mate, and accordingly the "old skiff" was pumped out.

"Now then, men, lay the ropes in Flemish coils, and then you may have the rest of the day to yourselves," continued Meachem, in a tone of gracious condescension.

"No thanks to you; you send us below cos yer caa't find nothin' else to work us up on," muttered an indignant tar, loud enough for the captain to hear him.

"Wha's that, sir?" demanded the skipper, the words coming forth in a similar manner to the yelps of an angry cur. "Do you dare to growl aboard of my ship? Crawl up into the main-togallant cross-trees, and stay there till I call yowdown."

The poor fellow was obliged to obey, and crawling slowly up the rigging, he perched himself upon the cross-trees, and amused himself by shaking his fist at the captain, whenever his back was turned, to the great delight of the mate, who observed these demonstrations of hostility. He was not called down until his shipmates had finished their dinner, and was obliged to make the

best meal he could upon the cold fragments remaining in the pans.

During the afternoon, a council of war was held in the fore-castle, and it was finally decided that there should be no more Sunday holystoning on board the Whirlwind, that voyage, in spite of the old man. A method of abolishing this institution of Captain Meachem's was proposed and accepted, and two of the men were chosen to do that which should make future holystoning an impossibility.

On the mornings of Tuesday and Friday following, the Bibles and prayer-books were again brought in requisition, and the quarter-deck faithfully scoured. After this labor was finished on Friday, the captain was overheard to say to the mate:

"Next Sunday morning, sir, we will holystone the maindeck fore and aft."

This was promptly reported in the fore-castle, and the unanimous opinion was expressed that "the old man would find himself slightly mistaken in that respect, when Sunday came."

At length the eventful morning arrived; the bell had scarcely chimed the four strokes which denote six o'clock, when again the order was passed forward to call the watch and get ready to "scour her down." The watch were out of their berths and dressed in an incredibly short time, and as they emerged from the fore-castle the second mate came forward with the key of the boatswain's locker. But to his astonishment, he found upon opening this depository of holystones, marline-spikes, etc., that he was in that unpleasant position in which old Mother Hubbard found herself when she

—"went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none."

For lo! the holystones were *non inventis sunt*; and, as Paddy would express it, when he looked where they were they wa'n't there!

"Here's a go!" exclaimed the officer. "Boys, the holystones are missing, do you know where they are?"

"Gone?" echoed the men, in well-feigned surprise. "No, sir, we don't know anything about 'em."

"You needn't tell me that. I know you've put 'em out of the way yourselves to get clear of using 'em."

"Vell, hi'm blessed hif that haint too bad, sir," exclaimed a cockney tar, who stood next to the second mate, "to haccuse hus hof 'ooking the 'olystones, ven you knows that we loves to 'olystone better'n we does to heat hour wittles."

"That are aint according to the principles of our great free and enlightened republic, to accuse men of anything till yeou've got some proof agin 'em," added a Yankee.

At this moment the mate came forward, and the second mate informed him that the holystones were not in the boatswain's locker.

"Then I think they must be in another locker," replied the mate.

"What locker do you think they're in, sir?" asked the second dickey.

"Davy Jones's," drily replied the mate.

"So I think, sir, and these villains have chucked 'em overboard; but I'll go and tell the old man, and I guess he'll fix 'em." And off he posted for the cabin.

In a few minutes the old man came on deck in a terrible rage, declaring he'd flog the whole ship's company if they didn't instantly tell what they had done with the holystones. All hands were called aft and questioned, but one and all denied knowing anything whatever of the missing Bibles and prayer-books, and at length the captain came to the wise conclusion that it wouldn't be safe to punish the whole crew for what might have been the fault of a single person.

"Never mind," said he, "if you have thrown the holystones overboard, you sha'n't get clear of scouring. Mr. Wilcox, unship the two grindstones, and let them be used for holystones; then take that soapstone slab in the galley and saw it up into hand stones."

This was done immediately, and the work of holystoning was performed as usual, the grindstones serving as Bibles, and the blocks of soapstone as prayer-books. Of course it was more difficult to scour the deck white with these rude contrivances than with proper stones, and the men unanimously decided at breakfast time that they had "shot their granny" that time!

However, it was not too late to remedy this unforeseen difficulty, for if holystones could disappear so mysteriously, why might not grindstones also vanish? A hint to this effect was sufficient to inspire all with a belief that some of these fine mornings the extempore holystones would be found to have followed their predecessors. Nor were they mistaken. On Tuesday morning, search was made for the grindstones and soapstone slabs, but they too were missing.

At this discovery the old man raved till he could hardly speak from hoarseness, and cursed till the air was blue; but without effect.

"Ah, you scoundrels," he at length exclaimed, "I'll fix you for this. You shall now begin to scrape the masts, and as you have thrown the grindstones overboard, you must do it with dull

knives; but by Heaven you shall make every inch of the masts as bright as a new dollar!"

Accordingly all hands were set at work to scrape the masts, which were unpainted, from the royal trucks to the deck. Next to "slushing down," scraping is one of the most disagreeable tasks that a sailor is ever called upon to perform. To be obliged to sit in the bight of a rope, swinging about the mast, and scrape the hard wood bright, is decidedly unpleasant at any time, but tenfold worse when your knife is dull, and long before night the crew of the Whirlwind began to fear that they had a second time destroyed their venerable maternal ancestor.

There were but two men, it will be remembered, who knew what had become of the missing stones, and they kept their own counsel. As the men went forth, next morning, to renew their labor of scraping, they were surprised to see the two grindstones restored to their places in the frames, ready for use; but their surprise did not prevent them from taking advantage of their recovery, to sharpen their knives and scrapers.

When Captain Meachem came on deck, he was informed that the grindstones had mysteriously re-appeared.

"Very well," said he, "before night I will have them taken into the cabin, and to-morrow morning we will holystone the decks again."

The work of scraping progressed rapidly now, and before night the scrapers had got as far down as the lower mastheads. About five o'clock in the afternoon the steward placed the grindstones in the half deck and locked them up.

At the usual hour next morning the men were ordered to turn to and holystone; but before the second mate could bring out the grindstones, the port watch had come aft with the proper holystones in their hands.

"Where in thunder did you find those stones?" asked the second mate.

"In the boatswain's locker," was the reply.

The second mate looked incredulous, but said nothing further about the subject, and bade the men go to work at once. After the decks were thoroughly scoured, the holystones were placed in the half deck, and the grindstones were again brought on deck. Captain Meachem now flattered himself that the holystones were beyond the reach of the men; but his curiosity was not a little excited to know where they had been kept since their disappearance.

The work of scraping was finished by Saturday night, and on Sunday morning again the work of holystoning was attempted, but strange to say, both holystones and grindstones had again disappeared.

This time the captain's rage knew no bounds. After cursing the men to his heart's content, he ordered strict search to be made for the missing stones in the fore-castle, between decks and hold; but after the whole forenoon had been spent in this hopeless task, during which every chest and bunk in the fore-castle, and every nook and cranny of the hold had been explored, without finding the stones, he concluded that this time they must have been thrown overboard, and retired below to plan some means of punishing the crew.

Something in their appearance, however, warned him not to go too far, and at length he concluded to say no more about the matter, but to work the men up as much as possible during the remainder of the voyage. The officers were ordered to keep every man awake in his watch on deck at night, and various eye-openers were specified as proper to be used for this purpose, among which was the ingenious one of hooking the two blocks of a tackle to ringbolts in the deck several feet apart, and making the men swing away for hours together upon the fall, without, of course, gaining a tenth part of an inch.

The officers, however, did not obey these orders, and the men continued to enjoy their stolen naps as usual. On the following Tuesday morning the second mate had occasion to go to the boatswain's locker for a marline-spike, and upon opening the door discovered that the holystones had been again restored to their proper place.

It is needless to describe the many mysterious disappearances and re-appearances of the holystones during the remainder of the voyage. Suffice it to say that they were never to be found on Sunday, and only once a week on a week day. Captain Meachem had them stowed in various places, but put them wherever he would, they were sure to disappear until the following Friday. At length it became so well understood that on this day alone the holystones could be found, that no attempt was made to scour the decks at any other time.

In due time the Whirlwind reached Havana, took in her cargo, sailed for home, and arrived at New York, hauled into the dock and discharged her crew. On the following day the men came aboard to be paid off, and as they received their wages, one after another departed. At length only one of the crew remained upon the ship. As he pocketed his "spondoolicks," he turned toward the captain, saying:

"I suppose, cap'n, you'd like to know where them holystones are?" (The stones had again been missing since the preceding Friday.)

"Yes, I should. Where are they?" replied Meachem.

"Well, cap'n," said the man, backing toward the cabin door, "they're under the lower bunk in your stateroom!" And he made a hasty exit.

The captain could scarcely credit this; but he hastened to his stateroom, and there indeed were the missing holystones, snugly stowed beneath his berth—probably the only place on board which had not been explored in the search for the stones after their second disappearance.

The man exhibited to the mate before he left the ship, the manner in which the stones had been placed there. It seems he had first carried them down between decks through the fore-castle, then walked aft, and standing on the transom, raised a small hatch in the after cabin floor, through which he gained easy access to the cabin. Then, first making sure that the old man was asleep, he slipped into the stateroom, and deposited the holystones in their novel place of concealment.

The captain could scarcely help smiling at the ingenious manner in which he had been outwitted, and as he had no longer any authority over the rascals, the subject was immediately dropped, and from that time forth nothing more was heard about the lost holystones.

PICKLED CORPSES.

It is not generally known that at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, the residence of the late Madame de Stael, and her father and mother, the celebrated Monsieur and Madame Necker, the latter are not there buried, but are preserved in a huge vat of spirits of wine. The curious—and they are not few—rush there to see this most painful as well as disagreeable of sights. It was so much the desire of Monsieur Necker that he and his wife should be pickled in this strange manner, that, fearing his own family might not carry out his wishes, he left a certain sum to be paid yearly to the town for the supply of a certain quantity of spirits of wine for that purpose. The vat is placed in the grounds close to the house, and partially hid by trees which his grandson, Monsieur le Baron de Stael, had planted round it.—*Court Journal*.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the rank grows thinner, they that remain till now become weary and lie down to rise no more. At three-score and ten a band of some four hundred still struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.—*Economist*.

The Florist.

Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Seedling Verbenas.

The best way of raising verbenas from the seed is to procure of some reliable florist half a dozen of the finest varieties, from white to dark purple. These seeds should be sown in shallow pans, which must be kept in a warm room near the stove. The pans should be filled with rich, light, loamy soil, and kept well moistened, but not too wet. As soon as the plants are of sufficient size to transplant into pots, do so—but with great care, keeping the plants warm, but out of the sun. If the plants are destined to be trained to frames, prune out the weakest stalks; and when spring comes, you will find you have a vigorous, healthy plant, which will be covered with bloom during the summer months. Those destined for bedding out should be trained rather differently, being allowed to fall over the sides of the pot; and to prevent the shoots from becoming weak, they should be supported by a light framework, hanging outside of the pot, made either of wire or reeds.

Charcoal.

It has been spoken of, that cuttings have been struck in charcoal in Germany; but it has now been ascertained that all kinds of plants will grow in charcoal better than in anything else. At Biston, near Sidmouth, the seat of Lady Rolle, bananas and other stove plants are grown of a most extraordinary size and vigor, by the use of charcoal mixed with loam; the whole being put loosely into the pots, without breaking the compost into small particles. Under this treatment, bananas only two years old grow to a very large size and bear fruit. Greenhouse and hardy plants are grown in the same manner, and with similar success.

Coccus.

The scale-insect. These insects are troublesome on many woaded plants, such as the lemon and orange tree, and camellia; but more so in the kitchen-garden, on the vine and pineapple, than on flowering plants. One species of coccus infests the opuntia, and is what we call cochineal; and another, on a kind of fig-tree in India, produces the substance we call shell-lac, which is used in making sealing-wax. The only cure for these insects is brushing them off, and washing the branches with soft soap and water.

Griffinia.

Handsome bulbous-rooted plants, which require the heat of the stove, and which should be grown in equal parts of white sand, loam and peat. They should be allowed a season of rest, complete rest, in winter, and abundantly supplied with water when they begin to grow after re-potting in the spring. They should have plenty of air; and they are increased by offsets, which should be taken off when they are re-potted. They flower in autumn.

Saponaria.

Soapwort. Very beautiful little plants, annual and perennial, greatly resembling all kinds of lychnis. All the kinds of saponaria look well on rock-work, covering it with a profusion of beautiful little pink flowers. The handsomest kinds are *Saponaria Ocymoides*, *S. Calabrica*, for the perennials; and *S. Vaccaria*, and *S. Perfoliata*, for the annuals. They will grow in any kind of garden soil.

Noisette Roses.

These roses are not as sensitive to bad air and improper soil as the teas; yet a few more of the delicate varieties, such as the *Isabella Gray*, the *Jaune Desprey* and the *Chromatella*, will repay the cultivator for a little extra care. Plants of these, established in a conservatory, in good soil, and trained to the arches or trellis-work, form splendid festoons of rich flowers. Much discussion has taken place respecting the *Isabella Gray*, and several prominent rose fanciers in England, whose opinions our American writers are but too ready to re-echo, have spoken disparagingly of its blooming properties. Like many other novelties which sell at a high price, the plant has been so excessively propagated, that little cuttings with just root enough to make them plants are sent abroad, to be nursed instead of planted to produce bloom—mildewed and sick like a little *Rebecca* grape. Give an amateur a good, vigorous plant, and with proper treatment his *Isabella Gray* will prove the queen of *Yellow Noisettes*—at least little inferior to the favorite *Chromatella*.

A few Hints.

Palargoniums require some especial attention; re-pot all the plants intended for early bloom, and carefully train out the branches, so as to make bushy plants; nip off the end of the growing shoots; keep in a light and airy part of the house, near the glass, and fumigate often so as to keep down the green fly. *Asiaticas* will show signs of fresh growth, and as soon as they do, water more liberally. *Cinerarias* will need another shift, if growing rapidly; keep them near the glass, and practise fumigation regularly, as the green fly is destructive to the beauty of plants, and these especially. *Achimenes* and *gloxinias* may now be re-potted, placing them in the warmest part of the house, and water sparingly for a week or two.

Common Daisy (*Bellis Perennis*).

Those who are now filling their greenhouses or windows with plants for winter flowering, should not forget to procure a dozen or two pots of this sweet little flower. Placed near the glass on a shelf in a warm greenhouse, they flower early in the winter, and continue till spring is fairly opened. There are several varieties in cultivation, as the red, white, bluish, mottled, red-quilled, white-quilled, and hen and chicken daisy. The latter is a singular freak of one stem supporting a quantity of flowers, instead of one, the normal type.

Manettia.

Climbing plants, some of which require a stove, though one species, *manettia cordifolia*, which has very bright scarlet flowers, is generally grown in a greenhouse. It is a native of Buenos Ayres, whence it was introduced in 1831, and, like many plants from that country, it will very probably stand the summer in the open border. It should be grown in a mixture of sandy peat and loam; and when kept in a pot, be allowed plenty of room for its roots, and abundance of fresh air as often as possible. It is propagated by cuttings, which must be struck in sand, with bottom heat.

Osyris.

The poet's cassia. A pretty little shrub, a native of the south of Europe. It bears delicate white flowers, and should be grown in loam and peat, and is propagated by cuttings.

Curious Matters.

Wonderful Machines.

The common clock, it is said, beats in ticks, 17,100 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a day, and 159,424,800 a year, allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will work with care for one hundred years—so we have heard people say. In that case they would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times. Is it not surprising that they should be beat to pieces in half that time? The watch is made of hard metal—but there is a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as steel or brass. It is not much harder than the flesh of your arm, yet it will beat more than 5000 times an hour, 120,000 times a day, and 43,890,000 times a year. It will sometimes go on beating like the watch for one hundred years. That "curious machine" is the human heart. Is it not

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long?"

Curious Re-Union.

In November, 1860, Mr. Erastus Salisbury, of Liverpool, Ohio, was married to Miss Helen Pritchard. About a year afterwards he took his departure to California, where he toiled in the mines until a few months ago. The correspondence between him and his wife was in some way interrupted, but rumors reached her that he had proved unfaithful, and she therefore procured a divorce. This step was taken after her husband had been absent eight years; but Mrs. Salisbury had been Miss Pritchard again but a few months when her former husband returned. Overwhelmed with surprise at finding himself a bachelor, he took immediate steps to reinstate himself in his former position. The charge against him he proved to be untrue; and after a courtship in due form, the couple were again married.

A singular Death.

The New Haven Journal says:—"Mr. Elihu Blakeslee, of Prospect, a hard-working and forehanded farmer, was taken ill a few weeks since by the swelling of his arm. Although the most eminent physicians were called to his assistance, it continued to grow worse, until it was thought amputation was the only way to save his life. The arm was taken off, but from that time he continued to sink very rapidly until he died. His age was about 70. Before his death he made his will, leaving three of his children \$10 each, and the other three the balance of his property, which is said to be quite extensive. There is probably not a man who has labored more earnestly and continuously to amass wealth than Mr. Blakeslee for thirty years past."

Remarkable Appearance.

A very curious phenomenon was observable from the steamer Sonora, as she entered the Gulf about twilight on a recent voyage, and it continued for some fifteen miles. The sea was the color of milk as far as the eye could reach: The paddles on the rudder even did not discolor it, nor turn up a single point of the luminous phosphorescence with which the ship's path had been marked for several preceding nights. Captain Baby mentioned that patches and streaks of this "milky sea" he had occasionally seen, but never anything of the sort on so large a scale before. In drawing a bucketful of water, it presented no unusual appearance; under a powerful glass, however, it was found to be all alive with animalcules.

Ingenious Mechanism.

The Norwich (England) Mercury says that "after years of mechanical labor and many mathematical tests, Mr. James White, of Wickham Market, has completed, and has now in active operation, a self-winding clock, which determines the time with unflinching accuracy, continuing a constant motion by itself, never requiring to be wound up, and which will perpetuate its movements so long as its component parts exist." As this would be nothing more nor less than perpetual motion, it would require more than a simple statement of this kind to prove the truth of the existence of such an instrument.

Scientific Fact.

Burning-fluid explosions are not generally caused by contact of the flame with the fluid itself, but with the gas that is always escaping from the fluid when open to the air. People not understanding this fact, think they may safely fill lighted lamps, if they do not allow the flame to touch the fluid itself; but the invisible gas rises, touches the flame, the lamp explodes, and the consequences are sad, perhaps fatal. Never bring a lighted lamp within a foot, at the very nearest, of open fluid.

Historical Incident.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the first discoverer of the value of the potato as a food for man, one day ordered a lot of dry weeds to be collected and burned. Among these was a lot of dried potatoes. After the bonfire, these potatoes were picked up thoroughly roasted. Sir Walter tasted and pronounced them delicious. By this accident was discovered a species of food which has saved millions of the human race from starvation.

Natural Oil.

Petroleum, or rock oil, engages the attention of the Pennsylvania people. In Crawford county the excitement is especially great; and everybody is digging wells to find the oil, or investing money in it. A great reservoir of it has been tapped at Titusville; hundreds of wells show it in other parts of the county, and the excitement is spreading. Except that it wants purifying, it resembles the kerosene or coal oil now in use.

Remarkable.

The New Orleans Delta reports that Joseph Wheeler, who had been deaf and dumb for about four years, lately ventured very near the mouth of a cannon—and when it was fired, he was knocked down senseless by the concussion. On recovering, to the surprise of all he spoke as fluently as anybody, and heard and answered all questions put to him, and is up to this time retelling language out in large doses.

An old Stager.

Abram F. Seranton, of Madison, Conn., who is now 76 years of age, has never ridden in a railway car in his life, and has determined that he never will. He invariably walks from Madison to New Haven, when business calls him; and performed this feat one day, lately, returning the next, a distance of twenty-one miles, in about five hours and a half, without serious fatigue.

An aged Negro.

A negro woman, named Clara Wilson, died near Alton, Illinois, December 18, 1869, at the age of 120. She settled in Alton, in 1840, being then nearly one hundred years old. The Alton Courier says:—"She was born and raised in South Carolina, and her earliest recollections were of Charleston, in that State, which she remembers as a smart village, instead of the great city it now is."

How to find Water in the Desert.

When the water begins to run short, and the known fountains have failed (as is too often the sad hap of these desert wells), fortunate is the man who owns a tame Ohamca, or "Babian," as it is called. The animal is first deprived of water for a whole day, until it is furious with thirst, which is increased by giving it salt provisions, or putting salt into his mouth. This apparent cruelty is, however, an act of true mercy, as on the Ohamca may depend the existence of itself and the whole party. A long rope is now tied to the baboon's collar, and it is suffered to run about wherever it chooses—the rope being merely used as a means to prevent the animal from getting out of sight. The baboon now assumes the leadership of the band, and becomes the most important personage of the party. First it runs forward a little, then stops; gets on its hind feet, and sniffs up the air, especially taking care of the wind and its direction. It will then, perhaps, change the direction of its course, and after running for some distance take another observation. Presently it will spy out a blade of grass, or similar object, pluck it up, turn it on all sides, smell it, and then go forward again. And thus the animal proceeds until it leads the party to water, guided by some mysterious instinct, which appears to be totally independent of reasoning.

Singular restoration to Hearing and Speech.

The New Orleans Delta relates that a young man of that city named Joseph Wheeler, who had been deaf and dumb for four or five years past, was suddenly restored to his hearing and speech under the following circumstances: During the firing of a salute in front of Jackson Square, he went up very near the mouth of the cannon, and before those around could interfere to take him away, the cannon was touched off, and the concussion knocked him down, throwing him fifteen feet. He was picked up senseless and conveyed to the police station, where some water was sprinkled in his face. To the utter surprise and astonishment of all around, as soon as he opened his eyes he spoke as fluently as anybody, and heard and answered all questions put to him, and has evidently fully recovered the power of speech.

Autophagy—the Act of eating Oneself.

At a late meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, a very singular paper was read on "Autophagy, Spontaneous and Artificial." M. Anselmier, the author of the paper, bases his theory on the fact that the body, when deprived of its ordinary nutriment, consumes itself, until, as its substance wastes away, its temperature falls and death ensues. He had proved by experiments that the most economical method for this self-consumption is to keep up the ordinary processes of nutrition by slight bleeding and drinking the blood. Of two animals in a similar condition, one of which he starved, and the other fed upon its own blood alone, the latter lived several days longer than the former.

Very Curious.

There has recently been presented to the Museum of the Medical College, Mobile, a beautiful specimen of legumns or lace-wood tree. The peculiarity of it is in the fibrous nature of the bark, which is about an eighth of an inch thick. From this bark has been dissected more than twenty coats of apparently real crape or lace, most of them large enough to serve as a small handkerchief. It can be washed and ironed like ordinary muslin. The tree is a native of the West Indies, and is very rare.

Curious Experiments.

Some curious experiments have recently taken place at Paris, to test a new contrivance for protecting firemen from the action of the flames, and enabling them to resist a strong heat. It consists of gloves made of amianthus, a kind of filamentous mineral—a helmet of the same material fitting into another of wire gauze, and a shield one metre in length and eighty centimetres broad, besides other garments of the abovementioned material. Three men having put on the gloves were enabled to carry iron bars at a white heat for three minutes, without being obliged to let go their hold. Straw was afterwards set fire to in a large cast-iron cauldron, and continually kept up, while a fireman, wearing the double helmet abovementioned, stood above the flames, which he warded off with the shield. Although they rose at times above his head, he was able to keep his post for a minute and a half. Numerous other experiments were tried, which demonstrated the success of the materials used.

Railroad Timepieces.

The conductors on the Swiss, French and Italian railroads carry a watch of ingenious construction, designed to lessen the danger of accidents. The aperture by which the watch is wound up is accessible to the conductor; but that by which the hands are regulated can be opened only by an official, whose business it is to set all the watches by a common standard. Thus the time of running the trains is rendered uniform, and no accident is excused on the ground of mistake. The aperture by which the dial is regulated is closed by an application of a system of permutation, such as is employed in some permutating locks.

Strange Tragedy.

A singular and dreadful occurrence took place at San Juan de los Remedios, Cuba, recently. A woman, who had never exhibited any symptoms of madness, suddenly, it is supposed, became insane, and taking four pieces of rope, during the temporary absence of her husband, suspended them to the ceiling of her house, hung a favorite game-cock with one, her youngest child, three months old, with another, her other child, four years old, with the third, and herself with the fourth rope. Her husband returning, found the woman and the eldest child still struggling, cut them down and they were restored; the youngest child and the fowl were dead.

Origin of the term Mualin.

The city of Mosul stands on the western bank of the Tigris, opposite the site of ancient Nineveh. "All those cloths of gold which we call 'mualins,'" says Marco Polo, "are of the manufacture of Mosul." It is probable that the city of Mosul, at that time one of the principal entrepôts of Eastern commerce, may have given the appellation to various products of the loom, conveyed thence to the Mediterranean.

Transfusion of Blood.

A successful case of transfusion of blood into the veins of a woman was performed lately in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. The woman, although in the prime of life, had become so weak from the loss of blood, that pulsation was at times imperceptible. The blood of a friend was injected into a vein in one of her arms, and the most cheering results were immediately manifested. She continued to improve rapidly, and at last accounts was considered beyond the reach of danger.

The Housewife.

Egg Sauce.

Boil the eggs hard, cut them into dice, and put the pieces into melted butter. The yolk may, however, be crushed to a powder, and used to thicken the butter. Or, if a more savory sauce is required, boil two eggs hard, mince them very fine, add a third portion of grated ham or tongue, a very little white pepper, and the juice of a lemon; warm it up in melted butter. It is chiefly used for roast fowl and salt codfish; and if the butter be sound, the salted will be found quite as good for all these purposes as the fresh.

Cool Rooms.

In fevers a cool room frequently does as much good as medicine; blinds coated with the following composition, and placed *outside* the window, are both sun and rain-proof. The greatest heat will not affect them. Boil well together two pounds of turpentine, one pound of litharge in powder, and two or three pounds of linseed oil; the blinds are to be brushed over with this varnish, and dried in the sun. Umbrellas, light linen coats, and covers of hats, may be so treated.

Game Pudding.

Game of any description can be made into puddings, and when partly boned, well spiced, with minced truffle or mushroom, mace, and a clove of garlic, and boiled within a rich paste, they are very rich, and the paste particularly fine, as it absorbs so much of the gravy; but the boiling deprives the game of much of its high flavor—and a woodcock or a snipe should never be so dressed, as they lose all the savor of the trail.

Potato Pie.

As many potatoes washed and sliced as will fill a pie-dish, a little salt and pepper, a sprinkling of finely chopped onions, a teaspoonful of cream (or good milk), a bit of butter the size of a walnut, cover with a meat pie crust, and bake till the potatoes are thoroughly done. If crust is not approved it is good without.

Bread Cheesecakes.

Slice a penny loaf as thin as possible, pour on it a pint of boiling cream. When well soaked, beat it very fine, add eight eggs, half a pound of butter, a grated nutmeg, half a pound of currants, a spoonful of brandy or white wine. Beat them up well together, and bake in raised crusts or patty-pans.

Mince Pie.

One cracker and a half, three spoonfuls of melted butter, a cup of vinegar, one cup of molasses, raisins and spice to your taste. Melt the butter and vinegar, then add the rest, and fill your paste. Cover as usual. This, if well made, can hardly be distinguished from a minced pie of meat and apples.

Lemon Pudding.

Half a pound of flour, half a pound of suet cut very fine, half a pound of crushed sugar, the rind of two lemons, and the juice of one or two eggs; boil it four hours in a shape. Served up without sauce it is excellent.

Egg Pudding.

Take any number of eggs, their weight in flour, brown sugar and butter, and a few currants or chopped raisins, as preferred. Mix well together by means of the eggs. Bake in buttered moulds; serve hot with wine sauce.

Oyster Patties, or Pies.

As you open the oysters separate them from the liquor, which strain; parboil them after taking off the beards; parboil sweetbreads, cut them in slices, lay them and the oysters in layers, season lightly with salt, pepper and mace; then put half a teaspoonful of liquor and the same of gravy; bake in a slow oven. Before serving, put a teaspoonful of cream, a little more oyster liquor, and a cupful of white gravy, all warm, but not boiled. If for patties, the oysters should be cut in small dice, gently stewed and seasoned as above, and put in the plate when ready for the table.

Sponge Cake.

A quarter of a pound of lump sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour well dressed, the rind of a lemon grated, seven eggs, leaving two of the whites out; do not beat up the eggs; boil the sugar in a quarter of a pint of water, and pour it boiling hot on the eggs, whisking them very quickly while the sugar is poured gently on them; continue to whisk it for twenty minutes; stir in the flour, but do not whisk it after; put it into moulds, well buttered, and bake it in a quick oven. Be careful to have the oven ready, or the cake will be heavy.

Jumbles.

Take a quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces of butter, rubbed in the flour, two ounces of currants, two eggs, and a small quantity of brandy. Drop them on tins.

Gingerbread.

Three-quarters of a pound of butter (dissolved), two pounds and a half of treacle, three pounds of flour, half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces and a half of ginger, and a quarter of a pound of candied peel.

Caledonian Oream.

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of raspberry jam, two whites of eggs, juice of one lemon. Beat for half an hour; serve up sprinkled with fancy biscuits.

Block Biscuits.

Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, half a pound of ground rice, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, four eggs, and a little sal volatile.

Cup Cake.

One cup of sugar, one of butter, three and a half of flour, four eggs, half a cup of cream, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus.

To Stop Mouse-holes.

Stop mouse-holes with plugs of common hard soap, and you will do it effectually. Rats, roaches and ants will not disregard it.

Cure for Warts and Corns.

The bark of the willow tree burnt to ashes applied to the parts, will remove all corns or excrescences on any part of the body.

Rice Cake.

Three eggs and the same weight of ground rice and sugar, mixed and beaten well. Bake quickly in a mould.

Salted Fish.

A glass of vinegar put into the water you lay your fish in to soak will fetch out most of the salt.

Picture-Varnish.

The picture, whether wood engraving or steel, must be stretched upon a common wooden frame. It can then be varnished in this manner:—Best pale glue and white curd soap, half an ounce of each; hot water, a quarter of a pint; dissolve, and then add a quarter of an ounce of alum powdered. Or else, make a solution of isinglass in water, and cover the print with it; then, when dry, apply with a camel's-hair brush a varnish made of one ounce of Canada balsam and two ounces of spirit of turpentine, mixed together.

Panada.

A glass of white wine and an equal quantity of water, with a little nutmeg and lemon-peel, should be set over a clear fire, in a very nice saucepan; the moment it boils up, throw in a large tablespoonful of very fine bread crumbs; stir it for a minute or two, until it is well mixed and thickened. If wanted for an invalid, where wine might not be proper, make as directed, only putting more water instead of the wine; and when it is nearly ready to take off the fire, add the juice of a lemon or orange.

Short, or Luncheon Cake.

Put into a basin sufficiently large to hold the whole ingredients, half a pound of fresh butter, and set it in the oven to melt. In the meantime mix well with one pound of flour two teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking powder, a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf sugar, half a pound of currants washed and dried, two ounces of candied peel, a little mixed spice, with salt to taste. Mix three well-beaten fresh eggs with the butter, then add the whole. Bake in a quick oven.

Cold Cream.

Oil of almonds, one pound; white wax, four ounces; melt, pour into a warm mortar; add by degrees, rose water, one pint. It should be light and white. Or else, take oil of almonds, one ounce; white wax and spermaceti, of each, one drachm; rose water, one ounce; orange flower water, a quarter of an ounce.

Perfume-Bags.

Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, each half an ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together; grind the whole well to powder, and put it into little bags among your clothes, etc.

Caper Sauce, white.

Put whole capers into melted butter, adding a little of the vinegar they are pickled in, a pinch of salt, and sufficient cream to make it white. This is used principally for boiled mutton.

Caledonian Cream.

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of raspberry jam, two whites of eggs, juice of one lemon. Beat for half an hour. Serve up sprinkled with fancy biscuits.

Rice Buns.

Take a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and beat well with two eggs; then add a quarter of a pound of ground rice, and flavor with any essence preferred. Bake in drop tins.

Mouldy Ink.

One and a half dozen cloves (more or less, according to the size of the bottle,) bruised with gum Arabic are to be put into the bottle.

Portable Balls for removing Grease Spots.

Dry fuller's earth so as to crumble it into powder, and moisten it well with lemon-juice; add a small quantity of pure pulverized pearlsh, and work the whole up into a thick paste; roll it into small balls, let them completely dry in the heat of the sun, and they will then be fit for use. The manner of using them is by moistening with water the spots on the cloth, rubbing the ball over, and leaving it to dry in the sun; on washing the spots with common water, and very often with brushing alone, the spots instantly disappear.

Apple Sauce.

Pare, core and slice some apples, and put them in a stone jar, into a saucepan of water, or on a hot hearth. If on a hearth, let a spoonful or two of water be put in to keep them from burning. When they are done, bruise them to a mash, and put to them a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, and a little brown sugar, if required; but it destroys the slight acid flavor of the apples, and its corrective to geese and pork.

To make Lemon Syrup.

Take two pounds of loaf sugar and put it to two pints of water, and boil gently for half an hour. Put it in a basin till cold. Then take one ounce of citric acid beat to a powder, and half a drachm of essence of lemon, mixed together before added to the syrup. Put two tablespoonfuls of the syrup into the tumbler, and fill up with cold water.

Hilton Pudding.

Take some thick slices of bread, cut off the crust, and soak it well in milk; remove it into a dry dish, and wash it over with egg, and grate a small quantity of nutmeg on it. Boll some lard, and put in the prepared bread; fry it of a light brown. When served up, pour white wine sauce and scatter powdered sugar over it.

Sauce for Rump-Steak.

Take equal parts of ale, red wine and catsup, a piece of butter and a little pepper, with a teaspoonful of garlic vinegar; stir these over the fire in a small saucepan, and pour it very hot upon the steak. It will form a pleasant addition to the gravy of any roast meat, and can be made in a few minutes.

Indian Meal Puffs.

Into one quart of boiling milk stir eight tablespoonfuls of meal and four spoonfuls of sugar. Boil five minutes, stirring constantly. When cool, add six well-beaten eggs. Bake in buttered cups half an hour. Try them with a little butter and maple molasses, and see if they are not good.

Lemon Pudding.

Half a pound of bread crumbs, quarter of a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one lemon, juice and rind, and one egg; to be baked in a mould one hour. Serve with a little wine sauce, if approved.

Rats and Rat-Holes.

It is better to stop rat-holes with pieces of sticks or chips chopped up into lengths of one or two inches, saturated with coal tar and rammed into their holes, than to pour it into them.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THANKSGIVING PUMPKINS AND GIRLS.

A foreign correspondent of the New York Times says: "A private letter from Berlin gives an account of the American Thanksgiving dinner on the 24th of November. About seventy Americans sat down to a substantial repast of American viands—turkey, mince-pie and pumpkin-pie (the latter supplied by a New England lady). My enthusiastic epicure of a correspondent says of the pumpkin-pie: 'It was not exactly the same as it used to be in America, but formed, after all, as M—— says, "a very good translation!"' It lacked only that thin brown skin, which we children used to delight to peel off, and eat first!' Notwithstanding the absence of the thin brown skin, our countrymen made themselves very merry with toasts, and speeches, and jokes. Among other comical sayings, a gentleman from Massachusetts spoke for the ladies, claiming it as his privilege, since he came from a town that once received General Jackson with *five miles of girls*; but was somewhat disconcerted by the remark of a gentleman from Virginia, who said that 'if a miss was as good as a mile, that meant exactly *five girls*.'"

COASTWISE STEAMERS.—The coastwise steam commerce of the United States is yet in its infancy, but is destined to become an interest of the first importance. Steamers of medium size, probably iron propellers, must before many years ply between all ports on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf of Mexico, as they do now on the coast of the United Kingdom.

MATRIMONIAL.—A man in Johnson county, Iowa, sixty-five years of age, forgetting that

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,"

was lately united in matrimony to a girl of thirteen.

ORIGIN OF A WORD.—A literary gentleman, of London, claims that the word whig was derived from the initial of the party motto, "We hope in God."

MAPLE SUGAR.—Our maple sugar crop in this country amounts to nearly \$34,000,000—thirty-four millions of dollars a year!

THE SKY AND THE WEATHER.

The color of the sky, at particular times, affords wonderfully good guidance as an indicator of the weather. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather, and a ruddy sunset bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims; and yet not so simple but that the English Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

BEAUTY.—Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

A GOOD HINT.—If, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.

CORRECTION.—In speaking of the weight which Dr. Winship the strong man could lift, the types made us say in our last number of the Magazine *two* hundred pounds in place of *ten* hundred pounds.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Because he is under a sovereign.

EXPERIENCE.—Experience is the best teacher in the world; but then her charges are higher than those of any other school-ma'am.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Every one wishes to succeed in life, and success—of course we speak of success attained by honorable means—is a duty. The goals of the travellers who start upon the highway of life are as various as the tastes of man: one seeks political distinction, another military renown, a third literary fame, a fourth the laurels of the artist, a fifth, perhaps, aims at attaining pre-eminent skill in some handicraft. Too many pursue wealth, not as a means, but as an end. At first, and to the eyes of youth, the attainment of each of these objects appears easy. In the mirage of life's young dream each favorite object looms up distinctly and near at hand, and it seems as if it required but a few rapid strides to grasp them. But as mile after mile is passed and hour after hour glides away, we see the phantom recede before us, as Mt. Blanc recedes before the approaching tourist. We see that there are flinty paths, and deep ravines, and wild, whirling streams to be traversed before we reach the prize, and the faint-hearted come to think that the coveted good is unattainable. But the mountain comes not to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. To drop allegory and figurative expression, success is attainable, but only through persevering labor which involves an iron will. In our copy books at school we are taught to write over and over again the dogma, "Labor conquers everything;" but personal experience, or that of others only can teach us that "Nothing is impossible with him who wills." Will and labor are more than a match for "those twin-jailers of the heart, low birth and iron fortune."

A young French officer was often heard to say to himself, as he paced his narrow quarters, "I will be a great general, and I will be marshal of France." And he became both. The Duke of Marlborough, as he sat shaking in his saddle on the eve of a terrible battle, was wont to exclaim, "See how this little body trembles as what this great soul is about to achieve." This was not the frothy boast of a vain man, but the declaration of one who knew that his iron will would override every obstacle, and in the might of its inflexibility, reach the goal of victory at last. The determination to succeed works miracles. It gives the man apparently most unfit to succeed in any given walk, a mastery over adverse circumstances, and a triumph over rivals favored by nature. "It is quite alarming," says Victor Hugo, "to see the catalogue of preparatory studies marked out for the apprenticeship of the general; but how many excellent generals there have been who could not even read! It would seem the first condition, the *sine qua non*

of every man destined for the war, that he should have good eyes, or at least that he should be stout and active. Sure enough. But a crowd of great generals have been one-eyed or crippled. Philip was one-eyed, lame, and maimed of one hand; Hannibal was one-eyed; Bajazet and Tamerlane—the two thunder-bolts of war, in their age—were, the one lame, the other half blind. Luxemburg was hunchbacked. It seems even that nature, in ridicule of all our calculations, had wished to show us the phenomenon of a general totally blind, guiding an army, marshalling his troops for battle, and winning victories. Such a man was Ziska, chief of the Hussites."

One would think that to be a distinguished painter hands at least were necessary. But there is an excellent European artist, born without hands, and who manages his brush and crayon with his feet more dexterously than many a professional painter endowed with flexible fingers. And a more surprising case yet was that of an English lady who had neither hands nor arms, was a mere trunk, in short, who held her pencil in her teeth, and yet painted well. There is a case on record of a crippled shoemaker in Essex county, so unfortunate as to be able to move about only on his hands and knees, yet who drained, reclaimed and cultivated one acre of land, stocked it with fruit trees, and raised from it six hundred dollars' worth of produce in a year. After such examples, who of us need be discouraged?

It is this disbelief in impossibilities which has rendered our own beloved country the wonder of the universe. Never before were a whole people imbued with such a zeal for labor and such a determination to succeed. Look at the result!—a continent cleared of primeval forests; thirty-three great sovereignties established, peopled, supplied with churches, schools, roads, libraries, manufactures, arts; the deep-rooted oaks and pines of centuries building a magnificent mercantile marine that bears our flag and our wealth to every quarter of the globe; a net-work of railroad and canals and telegraphs, linking the whole territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the lakes and the gulf together in body and mind; and all this accomplished in less than two centuries and a half by the invincible force of united will and labor!

MYTHOLOGICAL.—When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should it name? Comus (Comb us).

TAX.—The theatres of New York pay an annual tax into the city treasury of some \$8000.

THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Who that looks upon one of those dusky specimens of humanity, that are occasionally seen about our railroad stations, peddling small wares, can realize that he belongs to the same race which produced the princely Uncas and the royal Philip, the warrior sachem of Mount Hope? Yet the same blood that coarsed impetuously through the veins of the once lordly possessors of the soil on which we dwell, filters sluggishly through the handful of red men yet huddled together, or sparsely scattered in Massachusetts and in Maine. And the more intelligent among these people must experience many a bitter pang, as they contrast their present condition, their restricted limits, the restraints which they suffer, with the eminence, the wide range, and the independence of their ancestors. "I have been looking at your beautiful city," said an Indian chief to General Knox, at New York, in 1789, "I have been looking at your beautiful city—the great water—your fine country, and see how happy you all are. But then I could not help thinking that this fine country, and this great water, were once ours. Our ancestors lived here—they enjoyed it as their own in peace. It was the gift of the Great Spirit to themselves and their children. At last, the white people came here in a great canoe." He proceeded to describe in brief, but eloquent terms, the conduct and progress of the whites, ending: "They brought spirituous and intoxicating liquors with them, of which the Indians became very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. Finally, they drove us back, from time to time, into the wilderness, far from the water and the fish and the oysters. They have destroyed the game—our people have wasted away, and now we live miserable and wretched, while you are enjoying our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brethren! and I cannot help it."

To a man who feels thus, and appeals thus to your own feelings, it is useless and cruel to reply with arguments that pass current only among the civilized, viz.: That land belongs of right only to those who can use, not to those who possess it; that a territory which supports thousands of men, cannot be abandoned to a handful; or, that the land owned by the aborigines was transferred to the whites on the usual conditions of purchase and sale. In fact, the purchase of the Indian lands was a mere farce; the whites giving what they knew to be an unfair equivalent, taking undue advantage of ignorance of value on the part of those with whom they dealt. Our fathers indeed gave these poor children of the forest what they asked, but they should have

given more. Step by step the Indians of New England found themselves stripped of their land, burthened, moreover, with vices acquired from the whites, and certainly in many cases foully wronged, though by individuals, and not by the colonists generally.

The Indians of New England, if they labored under disadvantages, possessed also all the higher qualities of savage nature. If they were poor, they were generous and hospitable; if they were ferocious, they were brave; if they were revengeful, they were generous; if they exhibited cruelty, they also displayed fortitude. They were, until their ruinous contact with civilization, temperate and chaste as they were necessarily frugal. If their highest ambition was to excel in war, can we wonder at it, when war is the idol of brilliant and refined France in the days in which we live?

Winslow, who at first asserted they had no religion, changed his opinion, saying: "Therein I erred, for as they conceive of many divine powers, so of ONE, whom they call *KRINTAN*, to be the principal and maker of the rest, and to have been made by none. He, they say, created the heavens, earth, sea, and all the creatures therein; also that he made one man and one woman, of whom they, and we, and all mankind come; but how they became so far dispersed, they know not. At first, they say, there was no sachem or king but *KRINTAN*, who dwelleth above in the heavens, whither all good men go when they die, to see their friends, and have their fill of all things."

We have said that these Indians were occasionally foully wronged. Let us take an example: "*Miantonomo*," says Elliott, in his *New England History*, "the chief of the Narragansetts, and one of the most capable Indians in New England, the friend and favorer of Roger Williams, was taken prisoner by Uncas, who referred the matter to the ministers at Hartford; they decided that he ought to be put to death—not for what he had done, but because they feared him—so he was murdered in cold blood." The ministers justified themselves, we are told, by quoting Agag and "sundry other cruel doings of the Jews towards unarmed enemies." "This," says Governor Hopkins, was the end of *Miantonomo*, the most potent Indian prince the people of New England ever had any concern with; and this was the reward he received for assisting them, seven years before, in their war with the Pequots. Surely a Rhode Island man may be permitted to mourn his unhappy fate, and to drop a tear on the ashes of *Miantonomo*, who, with his Uncle *Canonicus*, were the best friends and greatest benefactors the colony ever had;

they kindly received and protected the first settlers of it when they were in distress, and were strangers and exiles, and all mankind else were their enemies; and by this kindness to them, drew upon themselves the resentment of the neighboring colonies, and hastened the untimely end of the young king." Thirty years afterwards, when Philip of Pokanoket took the war-path, the colonists had reason to remember the fate of Miantonomo. It was a bloody drama of crime and retribution.

THE RULING PASSION.

A person having occasion to visit an old couple at Durham, England, of extremely penurious habits, found them holding counsel together upon a matter which apparently weighed heavily on the minds of both, and thinking it was respecting the probable dissolution of the wife, who was lying dangerously ill, proceeded to offer them all the consolation in his power; but was cut short by being informed that that was not exactly the subject they were discussing, but one which afflicted them still more deeply, viz., the cost of her funeral; and, to his astonishment, they continued their ghastly calculations until every item in the catalogue, from coffin to night-cap, had been gone through, with much grumbling at the rapacity of "the undertakers," when a bright thought suddenly struck the husband, and he exclaimed: "Well, Janet, lass, you may no' die after all, ye ken." "'Deed, an' I hope not, Robert," replied his helpmate, in a low, feeble voice, "for I am quite sure that we canna afford it."

VICE, FOLLY AND VIRTUE.—Vice and folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable; aquafortis dissolves the base metals, but has no power to dissolve or corrode gold.

A LADY PATRONESS.—Niebuhr, speaking of a lady who had patronized him, said, "I will receive roses and myrtles from female hands, but no laurels."

SHORT SAYINGS.—The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value—like the dust of gold or the least sparks of diamonds.

THE TRUE AND FALSE.—True friends are like true diamonds—scarce but precious. False ones, like the leaves of a forest, without number.

THE PORT OF SAFETY.—The place of greatest safety is the place where duty calls you.

SMOKE-CONSUMING LOCOMOTIVE.

It has always been a desideratum to construct a locomotive capable of consuming the smoke that issues from its iron lungs. Various attempts have been made to accomplish this object, but without success. It now appears, however, that Mr. Grier, superintendent of the workshop of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Altona, has constructed a new locomotive, of which the *Pittsburgh Chronicle* says: "It is regarded by those competent judges of such matters as one of the most powerful and complete engines of the class ever constructed anywhere. In appearance it resembles the ordinary 'camel back,' or coal burning engines now in use on the eastern division of the line, with the exception that it is far more highly finished, and seems built for greater speed. Its chief recommendation, however, lies not in its attractive appearance. It has other qualities, which give it far more interest in the eyes of railroad men—improvements which have long been desired in locomotives. It consumes its own smoke, so that, instead of the vast volumes of smoke which the ordinary locomotive belches forth at each revolution, a little steam only is seen escaping from that of Mr. Grier's invention. In consuming the smoke, a great saving of fuel is effected. She made the run from Altona—a distance of one hundred and seventeen miles—upon twenty-five bushels of coal, maintaining a high rate of speed all the time, and evincing the possession of extraordinary power."

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—Nearly seventeen hundred of the subscribers to our Magazine have thus far, since the first of January, enclosed us \$1 50, and so become subscribers to our new mammoth paper, *The Welcome Guest*—thus making that paper the cheapest in the world, as our Magazine is the cheapest monthly ever published. The new paper contains more reading matter than any other weekly in America. Remember *The Welcome Guest* and the *Dollar Magazine*, together, we send for \$2 50 a year, and that any subscriber to the Magazine has only to enclose us \$1 50, and mention that he is on the subscription list of our Monthly, to receive the new mammoth paper for that price.

PHILOSOPHY.—Inherited fortunes, like ready-made clothes, seldom fit those who get them. To spend money properly requires as much brains as to acquire it.

REMEMBER.—Four things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

ADULTERATED LIQUORS.

Dr. Hiram Cox, the Cincinnati inspector, has published many deeply interesting facts of his experience in testing liquor sold in that city. In seven hundred inspections of stores and lots of liquors of every variety, he found that ninety per cent. were impregnated with the most pernicious and poisonous ingredients. Nineteen young men, all sons of respectable citizens, were killed outright by only three months' drinking of these poisoned liquors. Many older men, who were only moderate drinkers, died within the same period of delirium tremens, brought on in one quarter the time usual, even with confirmed drunkards, by drinking the same poison. Off four hundred insane patients, he found that two-thirds had lost their reason from the same cause. Many of them were boys under age. One boy of seventeen was made insane by the poison, from being drunk only once. Seeing two men drinking in a grogshop, and that the whiskey was so strong that it actually caused tears to flow from the eyes of one of them, the doctor obtained some of it and applied the tests. He found it to contain only seventeen per cent. of alcohol, when it should have had forty, and that the difference was supplied by sulphuric acid, red pepper, caustic and potassa, and strychnine. A pint of this liquor contained enough poison to kill the strongest man. The man who had manufactured it had grown weakly by producing it. These alarming facts do not apply to Cincinnati alone, but are of equal force in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and our American cities generally. It is a matter of wonder to us that people will deceive themselves and believe that they are drinking pure liquors, when there is not one pure gallon sold for every ten thousand that is consumed!

FEMALE CHARMS.—The ladies in Japan paint the face white and red, the lips purple, with a golden glow; the teeth of a married lady are blackened, and her eyebrows extirpated.

PHILOPENA.—An exchange says this word signifies, in its common use, "friendship's forfeit." It is a Greek and Latin compound, and literally interpreted, signifies, "I love the penalty."

EXPRESSIVE.—A late English writer, in speaking of the United States, says: "It is the land of large farms and thinly peopled graveyards."

THAT'S THE WAY.—To get a duck for dinner—jump into the river.

HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

Everybody knows how passionately fond of hunting the British are—

"Contusion, hamstring of neck and spine,
Which English gentlemen call sport divine."

Now we in this country are fond of hunting also, but the game must be worth the candle. An elk or a moose or a bear is worth something, and explains the ardor of the Nimrod. But observe that in England the game is worth nothing; the object of pursuit is only a fox. And the motive is not to exterminate a nuisance, for had that been the case, the island would long ago have been cleared of foxes. No, the fox is but an apology for riding and leaping, dining and drinking. Sometimes the English sportsmen course hares. Now let us see what the hunting of England costs, and perhaps we shall be astonished at the sum total. It is said that in Yorkshire, there are ten packs of fox hounds, one pack of stag hounds, or fifty couples each, and five or six harriers, equal in all to thirteen or fourteen packs of fox hounds. Thirteen packs of fox hounds, or fifty couples each, that is 1300 hounds, consume annually 200 tons of oat meal, at a cost of £2600, or \$13,000, besides the carcasses of about 2000 dead horses. There are at least 1000 hunting men in Yorkshire, keeping, upon an average, four horses each. Four thousand horses cost £209,000, at an average of £50 apiece, and their keep at £50 per annum each, makes £200,900 more. Four thousand horses employ 2000 men as grooms, and consume annually 4000 quarters of oats, 2900 quarters of beans, and 8000 tons of hay.

PRECIOUS STONES.—The first question from one lady to another in Paris, at present, is: "My dear, what diamonds have you got?" The rage for these lumps of light is beyond that of any former day. The wealthiest ladies look as if ornamented with decanter stoppers, so monstrous and many are the glittering jewels on neck and wrist, brow and stomach.

A SCULPTRESS.—Miss Hosmer is not the first lady who has excelled in sculpture. The finest bust ever made of Peter the Great was executed by M^{lle}. Collot, a French lady, who was deeply enamored of the emperor.

QUEER.—One of the Texas papers says there is no water in the vicinity of Austin, nearer than two miles, and the people are obliged to swim their horses over the river to get it!

WONDERFUL.—An individual has been fined \$1 and costs, at Norwich, for stealing an umbrella.

ABUNDANT RICHES.

The silver discoveries in California promise to be of far more importance than the discovery of gold in 1848, inasmuch as the product of the lighter metal will now be more abundant, and its comparative appreciation in value, growing out of its relative scarcity, will cease, thus removing the apprehension of a troublesome change which has given so much uneasiness to political economists. The samples of silver-bearing quartz, now at the Assay Office, fully justify the reports heretofore published. The ore is worth in its richest developments about \$5000 per ton, and the field of discovery appears to be a solid mine of this wealth thirty miles in length. These silver mines were first discovered on the 20th of June last, by Captain McLaughlin, of Angels Camp, Calaveras county. The principal part of the ore is taken out forty feet below the granite surface. The lead is from four inches to two feet in width. Washoe Valley is one hundred and eight miles from Nevada, via Downieville Pass, and about thirty miles from Genoa, Carson Valley. Virginia City is the name of the camp in the vicinity of the mines. Claims have been taken up for miles upon the supposed continuation of the lead. Some are sinking shafts, and others are running drifts. Population is rapidly increasing. Capital and labor are required, as silver mines do not yield an immediate return like the gold placers. What an Aladdin-like age we live in!

WELL TO REMEMBER.—Any persons residing in New England, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

HOPE.—Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travelling companion, but he is not the man for your banker.

HASHEESH.—The use of hashesh, in nervous affections, is getting quite common abroad. Rather a dangerous remedy, we should think!

QUERY.—What kind of a boat resembles a knife? That's easy enough—a cutter.

THE LADIES' HEARTH-STONE CLUB.

The New York correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says some very saucy things about the discussions of this "institution," for which he ought to have his ears pulled by a committee of the ladies. Hear the wretch: "One week the all-absorbing topic is pumpkin pies, and how to make and cook them. Another week the engrossing theme is 'cod-fish balls.' Elaborate essays are read on 'the use of the bottle in nursing,' 'taking up and putting down carpets,' 'removing stains from kid gloves,' and a hundred other tiny domestic topics. Twelve members speaking at one time is a common occurrence, and the general effect on an outside listener is very much like the garrulous twitter of a flock of blackbirds. At the last meeting the dominant theme was dolls. It is needless to say that the rag-baby advocates were crushed and humiliated in the discussion, and that the presidentess, who is clothed with the awful power of deciding all controversies, settled the question for all time in favor of painted India rubber, both on artistic and utilitarian grounds."

A FAMILY NECESSITY.—A public journalist who recommends a useless quack medicine is guilty of a great wrong to the public, but he who makes known the virtue of a truly valuable specific, is equally to be commended. In private, and in the papers we issue, it has always been a pleasure to us to endorse the *Oxygenated Bitters*, which form the best tonic medicine ever produced. They contain no spirituous compound, but afford the invalid the much desired strength, without the reaction that follows the use of other tonics. This pleasant preparation is the natural enemy of dyspepsia.

A CHANCE.—As we are now closing out the stock of Ballou's Pictorial, we will sell the bound volumes at *half price*, that is less than the cost of the white paper! These volumes contain thousands of brilliant engravings, tales, novelettes, sketches, biographies, adventures; in short, each volume is an illuminated library in itself. Call and see.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—This new literary journal is a credit to Boston. Without meddling in politics, or sectarian matters, it is yet intensely interesting, crowded with original matter, and treating upon a great variety of subjects. No handsomer newspaper comes to our table, nor any one that is conducted in a more scholarly or agreeable manner. Messrs. Ballou and Durvage, the editors, are gentlemen of great experience and good taste.—*City Item*.

AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.—A portrait-painter's studio reminds one of a street during a row—it is full of striking likenesses.

Foreign Miscellany.

Small pox has been raging in Paris, and a lovely countess was a victim.

Lord Clyde's share of the India plunder is stated by an English paper at £120,000 sterling.

The governments of France and Spain have ordered a combined fleet to Vera Cruz.

The male births in Europe surpass the female four millions every year, but are balanced by the greater number of accidents to males.

Prescott's History of the Reign of Philip II. has been published by Messrs. Firmin Didot Freres, Paris.

Coolies from China still continue to arrive at Demarara, though nearly half of those who start die on the voyage.

Lonis Napoleon has secured a newspaper organ in London, it is stated, by purchasing the Morning Chronicle for about \$50,000.

The shares of the Great Eastern continue to decline in England. Old junk dealers are said to keep a sharp eye on the vessel.

So great is the pressure to obtain divorces in England, that before long additional judges must be appointed to the court. It is stated that there is now an arrear of six hundred divorce cases.

Since the alteration in the newspaper stamp duty, no less than 411 penny publications have been brought into existence in Great Britain, of which 372 have already become extinct.

In consequence of the enlargement of the area of Paris, the government has ordered the opening of three hundred and nineteen new bakers' shops. Eight new theatres are also to be constructed.

Experiments, attended with great success, have recently been made in France, with steam as a fire annihilator; and what, at the outset, threatened to be severe conflagrations, have, in several instances, been extinguished by its use.

The Emperor of Russia has ordered the establishment of six schools in six different places in Caucasus, and has decided that the Russian language, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and drawing shall be taught in them.

Nearly \$2000 have been subscribed for the statue to Dr. Isaac Watts, in the public park at Southampton, Dr. Watts's native town. Mr. Lucas, the sculptor, has commenced the statue, which will be above life-size, and, with the pedestal, will stand nearly twenty feet high.

Some years ago, Madame Goldschmidt raised £2000 for the purpose of adding a wing to the Southern Hospital in Liverpool. A suggestion is now made that the bust of that generous lady be purchased by subscription, and be placed in the hospital as a memorial of her services.

The amount of Australian gold received in London is annually and regularly decreasing, and has been since 1855. The best authorities in the Victoria Colony, and those interested in keeping up expectation on the subject, admit that the amount of the precious metal is unquestionably limited, and that it will in a comparatively brief period dwindle to moderate limits.

The latest Parisian bonnets are long, round, and advancing well over the head.

Nineteen Chinamen were lately beheaded in Canton for the crime of kidnapping coolies.

Almost all the European governments are a little short of money just about this time.

Lord Macaulay was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, with appropriate honors.

The stud of the Emperor Napoleon consists of about 303 horses—saddle, carriage and post horses.

Dr. Livingstone, in the course of his new explorations, has "seen the elephant," at the rate of 800 of the huge animals in one flock.

Seventeen hundred and sixty-eight children were born in London during the last week in December.

A submarine telegraph cable has been successfully laid between the Channel Islands and France.

Letters from Vienna fully confirm the assertion that Austria has abandoned all idea of renewing the war in Italy.

The Pyne and Harrison troupe were playing Mellon's Opera of Victorine at Covent Garden at last dates.

A cargo of two hundred and thirty-seven tons of human bones lately arrived in England from Sevastopol, which are to be used as compost.

It is stated that Macaulay's History is to be completed by Sir Charles Trevelyan, who is, we believe, his brother-in-law, and a very superior man.

The number of births in Paris for the last year, so far as they are made up, is 37,000, out of which near one-third (11,000) are illegitimate, so declared on the civil registry.

A proposition requesting the home government to grant to the Australian colonies their independence, created quite a hubbub in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, lately.

The monthly returns of the Bank of France show a decrease in cash of 45,000,000 francs, and an increase in discounts of very nearly 46,000,000.

Mr. Tom Taylor has dramatised Dickens's last serial story, "A Tale of Two Cities," and it will be produced by Madame Celeste at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

At the London Westminster Police Court, lately, a woman was brought up on a charge of being drunk; this was her 107th appearance before the magistrates for the same offence.

M. Borne, a Dutch astronomer, has published a pamphlet to announce that the famous comet of Charles V., which was seen in 1558, will reappear in the month of August next.

The stud of horses now owned by the Emperor Napoleon is the largest and most valuable in the world. It consists of 320 of the finest animals ever seen together.

It is stated that when the twelve hundred clerks employed in the Bank of England leave the building in the evening, a detachment of troops march in to guard it during the night, although a burglar could not penetrate the solid vaults in six weeks.

Record of the Times.

Spectacles and windmills were invented in the year 1299. Great institutions, both!

Moses, an English tailor, has retired from business on \$900,000!

In 1547, his majesty, the King of France, first worked a pair of silk stockings.

The Mercantile Library, of New York, comprises about fifty-four thousand volumes.

There's a rare animal in Australia called the laughing jackass—very common here, though.

The total number of votes in the next Electoral College will be 306.

The draw of the railroad bridge, across the Cumberland River, weighs 640,000 pounds.

The total valuation of real estate in the city of New York is \$400,000,000.

A French farmer estimates that draining has increased his wheat crop 70 per cent.

The corn crop of Kentucky for 1859 is estimated as worth \$130,000,000.

In Baltimore 2800 persons are employed in opening, packing and sealing oysters.

The tea plant is cultivated in Louisiana without any difficulty.

The fishing bounty paid in Belfast (Maine) District, for the past year, amounts to \$33,732 96.

The fur trade of Minnesota has grown into consequence. A St. Paul paper estimates it at over a quarter of a million of dollars.

The lottery system in Maryland will be broken up by the "new code" adopted by the Legislature. The fact has caused, it is said, general rejoicing in Baltimore.

The water in an artesian well in rear of the Bay State House, Worcester, rises and falls at nearly uniform periods from day to day, the fluctuation being 11 1-2 feet—a phenomenon which no one seems able to explain.

A man in New Fairfield, Conn., named Stevens, recently bid off at an auction sale a package of old papers for a trifling sum, in which he found a soldier's land warrant, located in what is now the village of Batesville, Arkansas, and he sold it to a gentleman of that State for \$48,000.

The Auburn State Prison is overflowing. There are now in it 943, while the prison accommodations are intended for but 775. The cells are all occupied, and several rooms have been fitted up in which convicts are placed during the night, with a guard in attendance.

There are in Pennsylvania 11,485 public schools, 14,071 teachers, and 634,651 pupils. Including Philadelphia, the cost of tuition was \$2,047,661 92; of building expenses, \$531,413 81, and the whole expense of the system for the year, \$2,579,075 77.

To illustrate the facilities of travel which mark the present age, an Englishman said that during the present year he had eaten a sandwich on the top of the great pyramid in Egypt, drank the health of Queen Victoria on the verge of the crater of Vesuvius, and been rather sharply scolded by his wife on the summit of Mount Blanc.

The population of Canada is estimated to be exactly 3,000,000.

Active measures are being taken in Baltimore towards establishing an asylum for inebriates.

It is proposed to establish a line of steamers between Portland and Philadelphia.

The present style of ladies' dress—the low and behold style!

Mr. Wise makes a balloon ascent from Kingston, Canada, May 24th, the queen's birthday.

It is said that many capitalists are turning their attention to Minnesota as a wool-growing State.

The number of Methodist Episcopal communicants in the United States and Canada is 1,880,260.

Iowa had a large sorghum crop last year, and syrup of the value of over a million of dollars will be manufactured from it.

There are in New York ninety insurance companies, with a nominal capital of eighteen millions.

The valuable coal mines of Arkansas are now being extensively worked, and measures are in progress to transport large quantities of the coal to the New Orleans market.

Mr. David A. Demarest, who had been a subscriber to the New York Commercial Advertiser for sixty-three years, died at Nyack lately. He was ninety-six years of age.

Fifty years ago, not a pound of fine wool was raised in the United States, in Great Britain, or in any other country except Spain. In the latter country, the flocks were owned exclusively by the nobility or by the crown.

The Gonzales (Texas) Enquirer says that not less than one-fourth of a million of sheep have been brought into Texas from Mexico since the first of January, 1859, exclusive of those imported from Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas.

The income of the Aetna Fire Insurance Company at Hartford, for the past year, was about \$2,000,000, which is a large increase over any previous year. The losses sustained within the forty years which the company has been in existence are \$13,000,000.

The crop of grapes in California was less, last year, than in any previous season since 1853. This diminution was caused by unfavorable weather, the winter and spring frosts, the ravages of the cut-worm, and a generally unfavorable summer for the growth of fruit.

Twelfth Night cakes are mentioned in a public document of the year 1311, signed by the Bishop of Amiens. In those good old times, when the substantial cake was cut, a large portion was set aside for the Divine Infant and the Holy Mother, which was distributed among the poor.

The importation of rags into this country for the purpose of paper-making, is an extensive item. During the year 1857, we imported 44,482,080 pounds, valued at \$1,447,125, and making 69,461 bales; 35,591 bales were from Italy, and more than one third are entirely linen, the rest being a mixture of cotton and linen. About 200 bales were also imported from the cities of Hamburg and Bremen.

Merry-Making.

The Time that tries men's souls—Winter.

Second class base ball players are called Muffins, probably because they are dough heads.

The most unpopular of all postal arrangements—the whipping post.

Managerial axiom for the consideration of dead heads—"every seer is not a profit."

The arctic regions are well guarded by pole-ice everywhere there.

What book is it that is all bunions? Why, "Pilgrim's Progress?"

The Flight of Genius. Too frequently, the flight is the Attic.

Those periodicals are most likely to explode which haven't a spark of fire in or about them.

A rainy day for the production of long faces is equal to a dozen funerals and five bank panics.

A country editor translates the execution of a *grand pas* to "The execution of a grandfather."

The followers of Calvin found peace in their amens, and Europe found peace in its Amiens.

Remedy for fits. Buy your clothes at a slop-shop, and you will never have a fit afterwards.

Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Because he never gives.

"He is the greatest liar on (H) earth"—as the cockney said of the lap-dog he often saw lying before the fire.

What were the feelings of the Minotaur after devouring the king of Athens daughter?—He suffered from a lass-he-chewed.

Who was the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible? Herodias. She got a-head of John the Baptist, on a charger.

What is the difference between truth and eggs? "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but eggs wont.

Before you buy "Port from the Wood," endeavor if possible to ascertain that the wood whence the wine is derived is not log-wood.

Some sharpers seem to act upon the assumption that, if they cheat a poor fellow out of his land, he has no *ground* for complaint.

Bald-headed men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of getting it through their hair.

Some bachelors join the army because they like war, and some married men because they like peace.

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

It is very well that the youth of our country should get high, but they should do so as the oaks do—by drinking water.

Byron was disenchanted when he saw his innamorata eating. In other words, he faltered when youth and beauty were at steak.

One of our exchanges, intending to be severely classical, has a compositor who made it say in a late issue: "The rubicund was crossed, and rum was fluid no more."

Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragoons—they *charge* so.

"A crack shot"—a marksman shooting through an aperture in a board fence.

Prentice contends that inveterate laziness is the best labor-saving machine ever invented.

A man may generally expect a domestic "breeze" when his wife begins to put on "airs."

The wrath of soldiers is greatest, we imagine, when it is in tents.

Fast youth are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.

Consumptives who swallow the cod-liver theory, are dose-ile creatures.

Why is a butcher's cart like his boots? Because he carries his calves there.

Be careful how you talk to a woman about bonnets, nurses, puddings, parsons, or babies.

To make a handsome profit on boarders furnish them with strong butter and weak tea.

What occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life? The letter M.

It is equally severe to say of a speech that it is wordy, as of music that it is Verdi!

Why is John Smith like a badly cooked buckwheat cake? Because he isn't Brown.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand today?" "Ours stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the plastering."

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

Red-haired men ought to make the best troops, because they always carry their firelocks on their shoulders.

The last place in which one should look for the rail of human kindness is within the *pale* of civilization.

Holmes, after telling that a dog was shot for biting a woman's leg, said it was a pity to shoot a dog with such fine taste.

The difference between a lion and a boatman is very slight—the one has a roar, and the other is a rower.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship? Because its a little for'ard of the main-hatch.

Why is a blacksmith constantly deserving of confinement in a penitentiary? Because he is a forger by trade.

The first swallow-tail coat that old Sourby got, so displeased him that he starched the tails and used it for a boot jack.

Given the street and the hour, to find at once the number of children in the street. Beat a bass drum, or grind a hand organ.

A rascally old bachelor says a man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman never—she was "only mistaken."

If you want to have a man for your friend never get the ill will of his wife. Public opinion is the average prejudices of womankind.

A married lady being asked to waltz, gave the following appropriate answer: "No, thank you, sir; I have just as much hugging at home as I can attend to."

The Progress of Young America.



Tom's early efforts for independence delight his fond parent;



As also his strength and courage.



But his taste for decorating is not a source of joy to his mother.



His attempts to adorn himself in his aunt with dismay.



Thomas's method of coloring his father's meerschaum, although rapid, is injudicious.



He exhibits too early a genius for art.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Whatever his faults, he is incapable of dissimulation.



His natural playfulness is sometimes exhibited on the help;



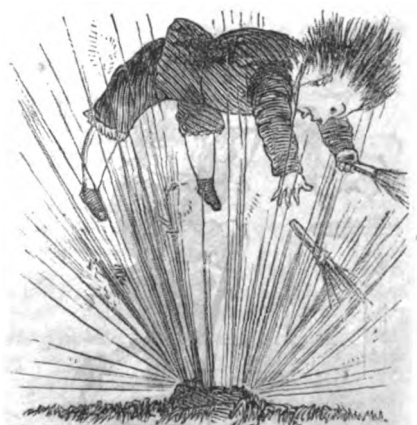
Also on the best customers of his father, who begins to think something must be done with the boy.



Having made himself master of his father's accoutrements, he fires at the word—much anxiety on part of his mother.



Attempts the manual in the drawing-room—both parents seriously deliberate.



Poor Tom says when all business is over, he is not a bit of a man.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL—No. 5.

BOSTON, MAY, 1860.

WHOLE No. 65.

PERSIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

In our opening illustrated article for the present month, we propose to take our readers far from familiar scenes, and penetrate, with them, a kingdom of Asia, whose scenery, religious customs and manners are widely different from ours; a land whose history goes back to remote ages; a land haunted by strange traditions; a land of romance and poetry, the country of the genii, the home of the fire-worshipper. Iran or Persia, though not free from occidental influence, is still rich in the most striking features of Orientalism, and as such, is invested with peculiar interest.

Persia is bounded on the north by Trans-Caucasian Russia, the Caspian Sea and Independent Tartary; on the east by Afghanistan; on



THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S DRUMMER.



A MAN OF GHILAN.

the southeast by Beloochistan; on the south by the Indian Ocean, the Strait of Ormuz, and the Persian Gulf, which separates it from Arabia, and west by the eastern provinces of Asiatic Turkey. Its area is estimated at 526,812 square miles. Physically, it consists of an extensive table-land, with lofty mountains encircling the interior portion of it. Some of the soil is fertile and productive, but a large-portion is sterile and arid. The rivers, considering the extent of the kingdom, are few and insignificant. Not one of them is of any navigable importance except the Euphrates, and that can hardly be called a Persian river, as it only waters a small portion of the southwestern frontier. There are some remarkable salt lakes, and rock-salt is everywhere abundant. Among the most celebrated mineral products of Persia is the turquoise, the most valuable mines of which are in the vicinity of Nishapoor to the west of Meshed. Among the metals, iron, argenteriferous lead, copper, and antimony, are said to be abundant. The extremes of heat and cold are most sensibly felt in the central plateau, where the winters are as severe as the summers are sultry. On the north side of the mountains the climate resembles that of the tropics. A large portion of the kingdom is destitute of trees, but on the north side of the lofty ranges which overlook the Caspian Sea there are fine forests of oak, beech, elm, walnut, interspersed with box-trees, cypresses and cedars. Wheat and barley are cultivated at an elevation of several thousand feet above the sea level, while in the rich plains vegetation of every kind is remarkably luxuriant.

The most remarkable wild animals are lions, seen in Farsistan and some other places, leopards, including the beautiful chetah, used for hunting, tiger-cats, lynxes, bears, wild boars, hyenas, wolves, jackalls, porcupines, argali or mountain sheep, and booz or mountain goats. Birds in numerous flocks are only found in particular spots. Pheasants are found in the plains on the southeast corner of the Caspian; pelicans and bustards along the sandy shores and in the deserts; blackbirds, thrushes and the famous bulbul or eastern nightingale. Fish abound only in the Caspian and along the shores of the Persian Gulf. The population of Persia is variously estimated at from 8,000,000 to 12,000,000. The people of Persia are divided into two classes, the

fixed and the wandering, or the Sheheroes and Eilants or Iliyats. The former are a mixed race of Turks, Tartars, Arabians, Armenians and Georgians, ingrafted in the stock of the ancient Persians, and their general language is a mixture of Arabic with the ancient Persian. These inhabit the cities, and are a fine race, tall, and in general strong and active. Their complexion varies from a dark olive to a pure blonde. The highest class, from which ministers of state are usually selected, are called "mirzas," and are highly accomplished. Sir John Malcolm says: "Speaking generally of the Persians, we may describe them as a handsome, active and robust race of men; of lively imagination, quick apprehension, and agreeable and prepossessing manners. As a nation they may be termed brave, but their vices are still more prominent than their virtues."

The religion of the Persians is the Mohammedan, but the people of the several provinces profess it in various forms. Jews are met with in all the great towns; Armenians and Nestorians are also to be found, and a few Sabæans or star-worshippers. The clergy consists of several orders, the highest of which is that of Mushtehedo, of whom there are seldom more than three or four. Next in rank is the Sheik-ul-Islam, who is the supreme judge of the law. Besides these there are in every city, and connected with all seminaries of learning, a crowd of Mollahs, who have little priestly character but the name, and are generally a licentious set. The only remains of the ancient fire-worshippers, or followers of Zoroaster, called Guebres or Infidels by the Moslems, reside principally at Kerman, Shiras, Ispahan, and Cashan, but they are very few in number, there being only about 2500 families of them in all Persia.

The Persians received their arts and sciences from Arabia, and still exhibit all the characteristics of their origin. Modern science is to them yet a dead letter; and although every mosque has its college, and schools are thickly distributed over the whole country, nothing approaching to the character of a liberal education is open to the people generally. Great progress has,



CIVIL COSTUME

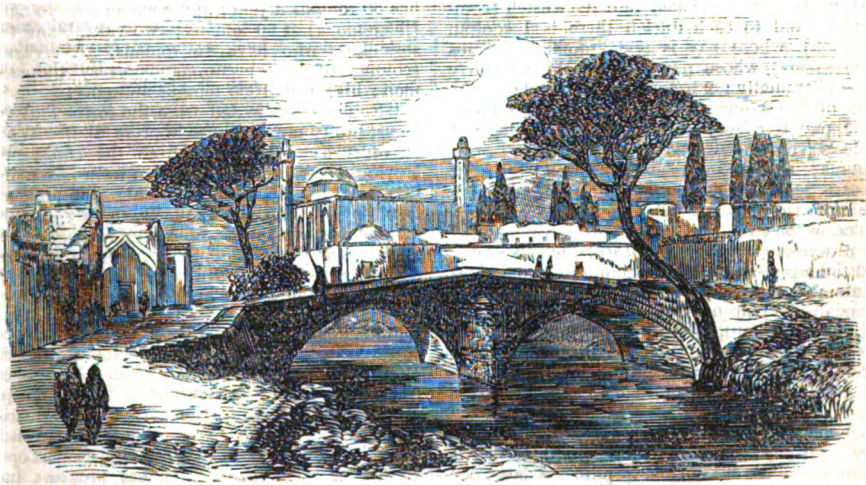
however, been made in this respect during the last sixty years, and since the commencement of the present century Persian literature has been decidedly on the advance, and a spirit of intellectual refinement is beginning to influence society, with the exception of the lowest peasantry and paupers; indeed, there is now scarcely a mechanic or laborer who does not send his children to school. The higher branches of education are taught at the universities, which are well spoken of by all as efficient, but the great object constantly kept in view by teachers is the Koran, which is the chief study of the learner. The introduction of the printing press, however, has been effected, and must work a great intellectual revolution.

The government is despotic. The shah is regarded as the vicegerent of the Prophet, and as such, is entitled to implicit obedience. The Koran is the foundation of civil and criminal law. Each of the large provinces has at its head a *czarena*. The income of the shah, derived from

Elburz chain, where luxuriant meadows are often seen, considerable attention is paid to the dairy. Sheep and goats are extensively raised. Among the domestic animals there are fine camels and an excellent breed of horses.

The manufactures of Persia are more numerous than important, though in a few articles they retain their former celebrity. Among them may be mentioned various kinds of silk goods, taffetas, velvets and brocades, the carpets and felts of Khorassan, shawls from the wool of the goats of Kerman, the fire-arms of Keomashah, the swords and cutlery of Ispahan, Shiraz and Meshed, the copper-ware of Kashan, and the gold brocades of Ispahan.

As a verbal description of personal appearance, costume and architecture is always incomplete and unsatisfactory, we have illustrated our text by engravings made expressly for us from authentic drawings, and they will enable our readers to appreciate correctly the people and places of the far land to which we have invited their



BRIDGE OF MEIDAN AT TABRIZ.

taxes, and so forth, is \$10,000,000 a year. The arms is small and consists chiefly of irregular troops.

In the lowlands and southern plains of Persia, the sugar-cane and orange come to perfection; the pomegranate grows wild, the cotton plant and mulberry are extensively cultivated, large tracts are occupied by the vine, and orchards loaded with exquisite fruits, figs, apricots, peaches, plums, cherries and apples, occur in every quarter. Even the swampy shores of the Caspian are covered with a tall growth of saline plants and canes, available for building and many other domestic purposes. In these low plains the only grain under extensive and regular culture, is rice, and the principal auxiliary crops are cotton, indigo, sugar, madder and tobacco. Irrigation is well understood and extensively practised, and on lands apparently of no great fertility, good crops are thus obtained. In the more pastoral districts, and more especially on the fertile slopes and plains at the foot of the northern side of the

attention. That our verbal comments on Persian matters may also be reliable, we shall make an ample compilation from the journal of a recent English traveller, Robert B. M. Binning, of the Madras civil service, who spent two years in Persia and Ceylon, a keen observer, with a good memory.

The first of our engravings represents quite an important character—the drummer of the Shah of Persia, on a camel magnificently caparisoned and draped with flags. At the close of the article will be found a picture of a camel artilleryman; in this case the camel is also splendidly decorated. We also present several sketches of Persians—a man of Ghilan, a Kurd, an Affghan, the head of a Persian warrior, with his light, graceful helmet and lappets of chain mail, a mounted officer of the household, with his chain armor, long gun, little round shield and sabre, a muleteer smoking the Persian pipe, and a Kurd of Saultz-Boulak. These are all interesting studies of Persian physiognomy and costume, and contrast with the

European type we have given, in the person of an officer of the French embassy, on horseback.

"The Persian army at present consists of about fifty regiments of serbaz (infantry); twelve troops of suvara (cavalry), besides the body guard; toopchee (artillery) to the amount of two thousand men; and zamboorekchee (camel-artillery) about two hundred individuals. The zamboorek is a swivel-gun carrying a ball of a pound weight and upwards, mounted on a camel. The rider sits on a saddle behind the gun, which he works without difficulty; and guides the animal by a long rein.

"Each fowj, or regiment of infantry, contains 1000 individuals, including 800 serbaz (privates) and 200 others, of whom 159 are considered as sahebi manseb (officers or men of rank and station), while the remaining 41 belong to the band. The pay of each serbaz is no more than seven tomans a year, and this he sometimes does not get for two or three years together; and his jeera (rations) are, or ought to be, half a Tabreez man, or rather more than three pounds, of bread daily. Every regiment is divided into ten dusteh (companies), and to each dusteh there is 1 sooltan (captain), whose pay is sixty tomans; 2 naibs (lieutenants), whose pay is from thirty to forty tomans annually; 2 begzadehs, who ride in the rear of the regiment and look after the men: their pay is twenty tomans each annually; 4 vakeels (sergeants), who get from ten to twelve tomans; and 4 serjoukas (corporals), at eight tomans yearly. The sooltan, naib, and begzadeh are mounted officers, while the vakeel and serjouka are on foot. The regiment is commanded by a serhang (lieutenant-colonel), whose pay is 500 tomans; and under whom are two yavers (majors), who receive from 150 to 250 tomans. Over every two fowj (regiments) is a sersteep (full colonel), with a salary of 1000 tomans a

year. The regiment has besides, a moshriff (head accountant) at 50 tomans, and four clerks or writers, at from 30 to 40 tomans each. The members of the band get from 8 to 15 tomans.

"The cavalry is of two kinds—the gholami rikabee, or body-guard attendant on the Shah and princes—and the gholami suvar, or ordinary cavalry. The first of these resemble Louis XI.'s Scottish archers, described in Quentin Durward. About four hundred individuals constitute this favored guard, who receive each 60 tomans and upwards yearly; being obliged to keep a servant and three horses. Their daily rations are a man and a half of bread; with 4 1-2 mans of barley and 9 of straw, for the horses. To every ten guardsmen there is a dehbashsee, or commander of ten; and to every hundred a yoozbashsee or centurion, whose pay is 500 tomans.

"The gholami suvar or ordinary cavalry have, each man, from 10 to 15 tomans pay, and daily rations of half a man of bread, a man and a half of barley, and three of straw. Every fifty horsemen are commanded by a sooltan (captain), who has 50 tomans a year: under whom are two naibs (lieutenants) at 30 tomans; two vakeels and two serjoukas, who have 15 tomans. A serkerda (colonel of horse) commands every thousand men: his pay is 1000 tomans annually.

"Soldiers are levied from the towns and villages, pretty much on the impress plan. When an order has been issued from the capital, for levying a certain number of men from any place, it is usual for the villagers to subscribe and pay four or five tomans annually, to any of their own people who do not object to serve. When these leave the village, this sum is paid to their families or relatives. Numerous abuses exist in this army besides that of irregular payment. I have heard of the rank and salary of a colonel being conferred on an infant just born!

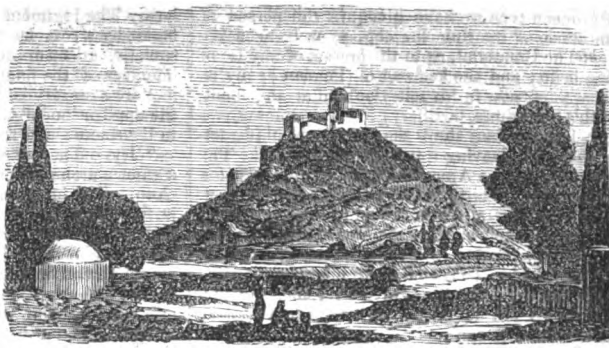


THE SHAH'S HORSE AND HIS GELODAR.

"Military tactics on the European system, engineering, &c., were introduced by Abbas Mirza, the present Shah's grandfather, who employed English officers in organizing and disciplining his forces. These officers, who came chiefly from India, have spoken in terms of high praise of the Persian soldiers; who, when properly commanded, drilled, fed and paid, are excellent troops. When officered by their own countrymen, their condition is sufficiently bad. The Persian officer is destitute of every necessary quality for his post.

He never drills his men, maintains no kind of discipline, does not attend to their wants, and his only care is to swindle them out of as much of their hard-earned, badly paid wages, as he can manage to embezzle. To such officers, the men can have little attachment; and it is for this reason that Persian troops have so often behaved badly in the field. The Shah has lately dismissed the European officers (most of them Frenchmen) who disciplined his troops, finding them expensive servants; and in consequence, the entire Persian army is rapidly falling into the primitive condition of a disorganized collection of gangs of beggars and banditti. Some show of discipline is kept up at the capital, where the troops there stationed are regularly drilled, and I believe regularly paid; but away from Tehran, all such matters are neglected entirely. A French officer, once in the Shah's service, thus describes the present state of the Persian troops: 'The soldiers have neither discipline, nor respect, nor obedience for their leaders; these last have no appreciation of their rights, duty or dignity, and are incapable of suitably directing or checking their subordinates.'

"There exists no commissariat in the Persian army; and no provision is made for supplying troops on the march. The men accordingly pilage, selling their stolen goods to the purveyors who follow the camp; and who, in turn, dispose of this plunder in the market. The march of Persian troops is a dreadful calamity to the inhabitants of the places through which they pass. The men without food or pay, are obliged to plunder, both by stealth and by open violence. This is not the poor soldier's fault—he must live, and cannot quit his regiment—but the blame rests with the despicable government he serves, and the neglect and villany of his commanding officers. Punishment is sometimes very severely inflicted: this depends upon the commander, who can do as he pleases; and often allows the greatest license to run on unheeded, and the worst conduct to pass unnoticed; and then suddenly punishes some trivial fault in the most cruel manner. Great severity is often exercised, without any attempt being made to maintain a regular and proper restraint on the men's conduct and actions. Desertion is a crime usually visited with the most rigorous penalties: deserters are sometimes flogged to death, or even burned alive.



GUEBRE TEMPLE AT ISFAHAN.

"The Persian costume," says Mr. Binning, "consists of the following articles of attire: a peer-shun or shirt, resembling a chemise without a collar—a pair of zeer-jameh or light, loose trousers, fastened by a running string round the waist—over these, the arkhalek or under coat, and above that the caba or outer coat; both fitted close to the body as far as the waist, wide and loose below, and reaching down to the ankles. The sleeves of these coats are open from below, and may be buttoned down to the waist, or left loose, at the pleasure of the wearer. Short socks, called jooraub, are worn on the feet, and high-heeled slippers; which latter articles are always taken off when about to enter a room. These slippers are made of sagheres or shagreen, a kind of leather made from the thick skin of the back of a horse or ass, near the tail, and commonly dyed green. The heels are shod with iron. Shoes made in the European style are coming into fashion, and worn by many. A shawl is commonly worn round the waist; and the cap completes the costume. This cap is of black lamb-skin, nearly a foot and a half high, of conical form, and always pinched or folded in at the top. It is lined with calico, and has a stiffener of thin pasteboard within it, to keep it in shape. A small skullcap of cotton is worn under the cap, and changed every now and then, as it becomes dirty. A tolerably good cap will cost about fourteen keroonees, and a common one of rough, black sheepskin may be had for two or three; while one of the finest sort, made of the delicate fur of Bokhara, will sell for seven or eight tomanas.

"The common notion that the fine Bokhara skin is obtained from the unborn lamb, is an erroneous one—the lamb, I am told, is never killed until at least a fortnight old. This species of lamb-skin is usually called in England, Astrakhan fur, but why, it would be difficult to say, as none of it comes from Astrakhan. The common people mostly wear a cap of brown felt, which costs a keroonee, and will last for many years. All Persians of every grade wear the cap, except some of the mercantile class, and men of law and religion, who adhere to the turban, considering it a more grave and becoming head-dress for such as practise weighty and important professions. A moollah wears a large turban of white muslin; and a seiyid, in whose veins runs the prophet's blood, a smaller turban of dark green stuff.

"There is fully as much coquetry displayed in the mode of wearing the cap, as well as in its shape and material, as in the bonnet of any London belle; and the kesheng or Persian dandy is most particular in his selection and arrangement of this head-dress.

"The Persians shave the crown and hind part of the head, leaving a tuft on the top, like the scalp-lock of an American savage, and hair on either side; which some keep closely clipped above the ears, and others wear in long masses of ringlets. Such as affect the beau, cultivate their love-locks, keeping them in full luxuriance and stiffly curled. To keep the hair in graceful order, they employ a mucilage of quince pips boiled; which, if I am not mistaken, is used in England for a similar purpose.

"I have heard that some grave and reverend seniors have, at times, issued sundry remonstrances against this piece of vanity; and like the histriomastix Prynne, have endeavored to persuade the rising generation of the "unloveliness" of such appendages as love-locks: but without success. A small ringlet is left, by some petit-maitres to stray over the forehead; a piece of ultra dandyism.

"The Persians are very partial to a long and

bushy beard; and this is always dyed, generally black, by a combination of henna and indigo, but sometimes deep orange by the use of henna alone. The tips of the fingers, palms, and soles of the feet are also stained in a bright orange hue, by the application of this plant, which is supposed to have some salutary effect on the skin.

"The outer coat is commonly made of kadak, a stout cotton stuff; and in cold weather of broadcloth. The inner coat is usually of chintz. Silk is forbidden to Moslems, but many Persians pay little attention to the prohibition; while some evade it, by having a small quantity of cotton thread mixed with the silk in weaving; so that the cloth cannot be considered genuine silk. In the cold weather, a cloak is worn both indoors and out. This is almost invariably of the kind denominated a joobba—open in front, with long sleeves, wide and loose about the shoulders, and tight at the wrists. It is made of Russian or French broadcloth. The Arab cloak of camel's hair is also worn by many.

"A new fashion in dress was introduced by the late shah, and is followed by most of the royal family, but by few if any others. This is the nezam or uniform, consisting of a frockcoat, close-fitting trousers, a shirt with a collar, and a

handkerchief or stock—all in European style. The Persian cap and cloak are worn in addition to this. The people here abominate all innovation, particularly European; and Prince Feerooz Mirza, the only man in Sheerauz who wears this attire, is privately pronounced to be a fuzool (a tomfool) and a mask-hera (buffoon) for adopting it. When a Persian goes out on horseback, he puts on a pair of shalvar or wide cloth trousers, which inclose the skirts of the ark-halek as well as the zeer-jameh, and fasten tight at the ankles, which are swathed round with the mooch-peeche, a cloth band about four inches broad. The foot and leg are then thrust into a wide boot, generally made of red Bulghar leather. The skirts of the caba are tucked backwards, and the rider usually puts on a cloak, or a kuleeja, a riding jacket like a loose tunic without sleeves, sometimes lined with fur. When travelling any distance, he is always heavily armed. Eastern costumes, like eastern customs, are not supposed to be much liable to fluctuation of fashion: but Persia is an exception to the general rule. Here within the last two centuries, the fashion of dress has greatly altered. In the time of Shah Abbas, as old travellers have described and as old paintings show, the Persian costume was very different from the present mode—the dress was of gay colors, much ornamented and laced with gold, whereas it is now of dark sombre colors, perfectly plain and unadorned—the lambekin cap was unknown, and large, showy turbans worn—beards were shaved, and moustaches allowed to grow very long. I prefer the present costume of Persia to that of Syria and Egypt, on account of its sober plainness; which in my opinion is in much better taste,



OFFICER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TROOP.

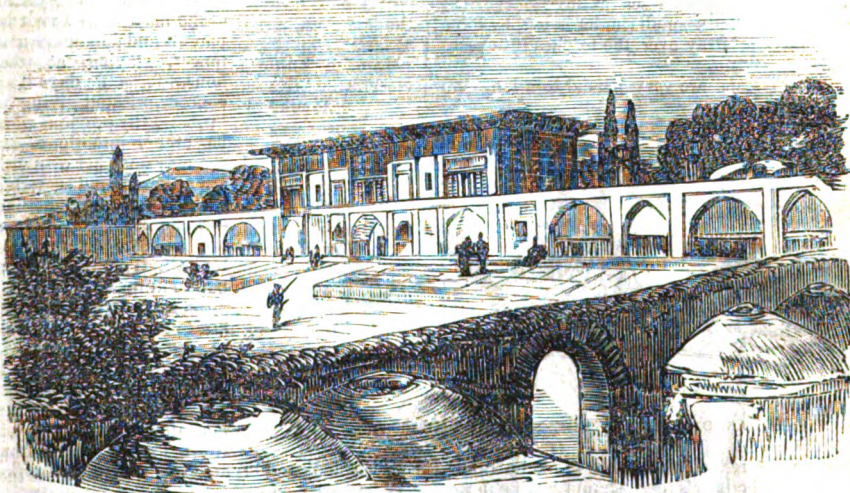
than the bedizenment of tawdry gold lace, buttons and flashy colors, to which the Turks and Arabs are so partial."

"The dress of a Persian female," says the same authority, "consists of a pair of immensely wide trousers, like a couple of petticoats tacked together, made of silk or cotton, and fastening round the middle by a running string—a very short chemise of gauze, reaching only to the waist—a koordee or jacket reaching to the hips, having open sleeves, which may be buttoned close if required—an arakcheen or small skull-cap upon the head—and sometimes a charkudd or handkerchief, thrown over the head, and descending on the shoulders and back. A variety of ornaments are worn, but not in the profusion which Indian women are so partial to: these consist of rings, bracelets, necklaces, and earrings of different sorts; and usually a jeeka or aigrette springing from a band encircling the head.

"Their hair is arranged in zoolf or large side

abling her to see clearly. The legs and feet are protected by chakchoor or long cloth stockings; and a pair of high-heeled slippers, or clumsy boots, completes the out-of-door costume. In this attire, the women are all exactly alike, and no person can recognize his own wife or mother in the streets; but the lady can see everything distinctly. The same sort of disguise is worn by all women, high and low; though many of the latter, particularly in the villages, are less scrupulous about exposing their persons; and walk abroad, without mantle or veil of any kind.

"The life led by Persian ladies is listless and indolent, and to any civilized woman would be insufferably monotonous and insipid. Their duties are the superintendence of household affairs, and the care of their children; and their amusements consist in visiting their female acquaintances, and receiving their visits in turn; witnessing the performance of female dancers, singers, and storytellers; playing in the gardens of their houses;



CASTLE OF ABBAS-MIRZA AT TABRIZ.

locks, and gees or long plaited tresses hanging down behind. It is usually brought down low upon the forehead, which is certainly not a becoming fashion. They paint their eyelids at the edges, with soormeh, a kind of collyrium, made, I believe, of ore of antimony; and smear the eyebrows with khattaut, a sort of black paint. Little patches of some black substance are occasionally applied to set off the countenance, as used once to be the fashion in Europe; and they endeavor to make the eyebrows unite; such being considered a great beauty of feature. The attire in which they are to be seen out of doors, is simple and uniform. This consists of a large mantle, called a chader, of dark blue cotton stuff, enveloping the whole person from the crown of the head down to the feet. Where this chader is drawn over the head, it is bound round with the ends of a piece of white cotton, called the roo-bundeh, which falls over the face, down in front; and opposite to the eyes of the wearer, a small piece of network is inserted in this face-veil, en-

smoking, and eating sweetmeats. Some play on the guitar or other instruments; and some are adepts in the art of needlework and embroidery: most of them are skilful cooks and confectioners. They visit the public baths on certain days of the week, when men do not go thither; and perhaps their greatest enjoyment is to meet at these resorts, to bathe together, smoke, and talk scandal.

"Persian women are not generally good looking, as far as I can judge from what I have seen. I should say they were inferior to the men in appearance. The usual characteristics of their countenances are, a round flat face with little expression in it, large black eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a low forehead; the latter defect being heightened by the practice of wearing the hair low upon the brows. I have seen some pretty faces among them, but not many. Though Persian females wear no kind of stays, or other unhealthy contrivance for compressing their waists, a small waist is greatly admired. Their notions of beauty are not dissimilar to our own, and are



AN OFFICER OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

certainly more refined than those of some other Orientals. The lady's eyes should be like those of an antelope, large and dark; her eyebrows united, and resembling, in shape, an unbent bow; her ringlets like the noose of the warrior or hunter (an instrument similar to the 'lasso' of the modern Mexican, now no longer used in this country, but a favorite implement of the warriors in the Shah Nameh); her figure should be erect, tall and stately as the cypress tree, for Persians 'hate a dumpy woman' as much as Lord Byron did—but here let me stop—I do not possess the delicate pen of Miss Pardoe, in depicting the charms of Eastern ladies—besides which, I labor under the disadvantage of not having seen any of the better class, who, we may suppose, are finer specimens of feminine beauty than their humbler unveiled countrywomen.

"Europeans are mistaken in entertaining the general notion that Oriental wives are mere slaves or pieces of furniture; that they are ill treated by their liege lords; cooped up in prison-like harems, and denied every liberty and enjoyment. On the contrary, the husband is usually very indulgent to his wife; consults and takes her advice on matters of almost every description; and is, not unfrequently, completely ruled by her: for I

am told that the noble arts of henpecking, coaxing and worrying, are fully as well understood, and as often practised, by ladies in this country, as by their fair sisters in any quarter of the globe. To mix in the society of men, and to walk abroad with the face exposed, are indelicacies to which no Eastern lady would submit. They have no notion how any lady of reputable character can allow herself to be stared at by every man she may happen to meet. Out of doors, the lady enjoys almost unlimited liberty. She may attend the baths and mosques, at times when the men are not there, whenever she pleases—she may go and visit her parents and female acquaintances, staying at their houses for some days if she chooses, without giving her husband any previous warning of her intentions—and she may have her own visitors at home, and entertain them in any way she likes—while her better half cannot interfere or even show himself. The husband cannot venture into the wife's apartments without giving notice; and she will refuse to admit him, if she has visitors, or does not choose to see him. It has been asserted that the women in Mahomedan countries enjoy, in reality, more liberty than English ladies do; and I believe the assertion may be partly correct.

"Every zenana is a little kingdom in itself, wherein the lady or chief wife is the sovereign; and from whence, her influence and machinations affect the outer world at large: for it is a fact that many plots and intrigues, both trifling and serious, have been concocted in this sanctuary. The lady rules here with undisputed sway; rewards or chastises her female domestics, as she thinks fit; and treats them just as her lord does his male dependants in the outer chambers.

"In point of education, women of this country are very far behind those of civilized lands; but it is a mistake to suppose that none of them can read or write, for many can do both. The arts of reading and writing do not, however, constitute education; and these being turned to no beneficial end, the ladies are brought up in deplorable ignorance. If the proper respect and degree of consideration with which the gentler sex is regarded be a just criterion of the civilization of a people, the Persians are far back in the scale of enlightenment. Though the women often possess great influence over their husbands individually, they cannot be said to have any place in society, or to impart any tone to the morals or manners

of the community. They are mostly terrible intrigantes; and having no small share of evil passions, pride, and ambition, they incite their lords to all manner of mischievous schemes, but seldom exert any beneficial sway over them. That the most creditable and honorable qualities of men are greatly promoted and fostered by the humanizing influence which well-educated women maintain in society—as exemplified in civilized Christian lands—is an argument which a Persian has not yet learned to comprehend or appreciate."

Our view of the bridge of Meidan, at Tabriz, conveys a pleasing idea of Persian architecture and scenery. Before the graceful arches of the bridge, spanning the river, are seen white walls, minarets and domes blended with trees, the effect of the whole scene being highly picturesque. The Guebre temple of Ispahan, of which we present a view, crowns a lofty hill, and is remarkable as being one of the most ancient memorials of the establishment of the fire worshippers. Another of our views presents a sketch of the "shaking minarets" at Ispahan, which Mr. Binning visited during his tour.

"I went," he tells us, "to visit the minari joomban, or 'shaking minarets,' one of the greatest curiosities of this place. These minarets are upon the roof of a mausoleum, situated in the suburb of Khaledon, westward of the city and north of the river. On my way thither, with an Armenian as my guide, I was conducted along the outskirts of the city, through a succession of intricate paths, threading a perfect labyrinth of gardens, fields, and watercourses cut from the river. The gardens were all surrounded with walls, mostly of the description called cheena, formed of thick layers of mud. Each layer is about a foot and a half high, and as it dries hard, another is laid upon it, till the wall has attained the height of nine or ten feet. I noticed that the doors of many of these gardens were formed of a single large slab of gray marble, turning on pivots at top and bottom. We passed several pigeon-towers, strange-looking round turrets with perforated domes on the top, resembling gigantic pepper-casters; a style of dovecote unknown at Sheeranuz.

"The watercourses were all planted along the borders with trees, including two or three species of the beed (willow); the chenar; the kaboodeh or gray poplar; the seffedar or white poplar;



A TURK OF ERZEROUH.

the subani goonjeehk (sparrow's tongue) a tree much like an ash, and thus called from the shape of its seeds, which hang in small clusters; and the senjid, a species of jujube, not unlike the olive in appearance. All the firewood used in Ispahan, comes from the gardens and plantations, and is rather scarce and dear. The poorer classes of people burn tapaleh or cakes of the dung of cattle, pressed and dried in the sun. At Julfa, firewood usually sells for 4 shahees (two-pence) the Shahee man (between 14 and 15 lbs. avoirdupoise). Watermills are numerous on the banks of the aqueducts, and their wheels are almost invariably undershot. The windmill seems to be unknown in this country: I have not yet seen one. In some places the quern or handmill is employed. I have seen this primitive implement at Bushire, where it is to be found in every hut.

"Khaledon is a small suburb, nearly hidden in orchards and gardens. Here, a little way detached from other buildings, in a small inclosure, stands a vaulted open chamber, constructed in the form of a Saracenic arch, with a flat terraced roof above. In a recess at one end of the chamber, is the tomb of a saint named Sheikh Abdallah; of whom the keeper of the place could tell me nothing, save that he lived and wrought miracles, five hundred years ago. On one side of the flat roof, and at the two corners, stand the famous minarets; a couple of small brick towers, with winding stairs within, so narrow, that though I had no difficulty in getting up, I doubt whether any corpulent man would find it an easy matter to do so. My guide ascended the opposite minaret, and began to shake it by swaying himself backwards and forwards: the little turret presently commenced rocking to and fro; and although I kept perfectly still, the one upon which I stood, proceeded to rock in unison with its neighbor. In like manner, when I shook the minaret where I was, the opposite one also shook sympathetically; and I could observe that the entire roof of the mausoleum was agitated at the same time. This must be owing to some unexplained mystery (a fortuitous one probably) in the construction of the building; but the people, of course, impute it to the sanctity of the grave beneath. Round the top of each minaret is a small parapet hardly breast high.

"At the distance of a mile or so, west of Khaledon, a hill or rather rock rises abruptly

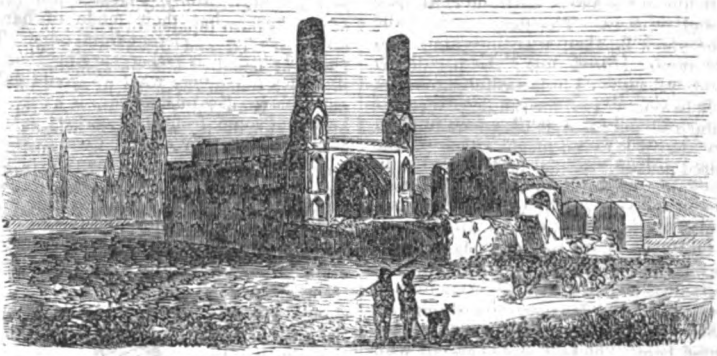


from the plain, named the atiah-gah or "Place of fire;" and is said to have been a sacred resort of the Guebres of old, having had formerly upon it, a fire-temple, erected by King Ardesheer the Long-armed (*Artaxerxes Longimanus*), the remains of which, I was assured, were still to be seen. I rode to the rocky hill, and walked up it by a winding footpath. On its top, I found the remains of a modern brick building, comprising a number of rooms, all in ruins; and on the very summit stands a small circular edifice in eight open arches supporting a domed roof, the greater part of which is broken away. No trace of any ancient building could I descry, except part of a thick wall, a little way below these ruins, made of enormous bricks. From this spot, a fine prospect of the surrounding country presents itself to the view. Up the river, two farsakhs from the city, lies the large village of Linjan, encompassed with cultivated fields. A great deal of rice is grown at this village. I returned home by a different road, leading along the north bank of the river, which I crossed at the bridge of Marnoo.

"The vast straggling city of Ispahan, resem-

part of the Ispahanees; for in Sheerauz, as well as in the cities of other Moslem lands, the shops are usually opened on that day, after the noon's service in the mosques. The streets of Ispahan are fully as ugly as those of Sheerauz—narrow, crooked, ill paved or unpaved, and filthy; and in the city's best days, they never could have been otherwise.

"The pigeon-towers, which are numerous in the fields and gardens on both sides of the river, are the most singular structures I have seen in this country. These are high round towers, slightly tapering upwards, with several small pointed domes on the top, full of apertures, by which the pigeons enter. The exterior of the tower is usually whitewashed and painted with fanciful cornices, and all manner of strange devices; producing a quaint and picturesque effect. These towers are designed for the purpose of collecting the pigeon's dung, as manure for the melon gardens. The whole interior of the tower is divided into thousands of little triangular niches, in which the pigeons make their nests and rear their young. A few domesticated pigeons are first put into a tower, and they soon attract the



TREMBLING MINARETS AT ISPAHAN.

bling one dense town surrounded by a great number of faubourgs, is nearly twenty miles in circumference; but the whole of the inhabited portion, if brought together, and all ruins and deserted places rejected, might easily be contained within a compass of five miles. The chief part of the city was formerly enclosed by walls; parts of which remain; and fourteen gates are still to be seen. Ispahan contains thirty-two mehallas (wards or parishes); twelve large mosques and many more small places of worship; thirteen colleges; and eighteen large public baths and some smaller ones—a sad falling off since Chardin's time, when there were 162 mosques, 48 colleges, and 273 public baths. The bazars are numerous and extensive: they are all covered in with roofs; and so united together as to resemble one immense market, branching in every direction. They exhibit a showy variety of goods and merchandize; but in point of architecture, there is not one of them that can compare with the Vakeel's Bazar at Sheerauz. The finest of them is the bazar of Abbas the Great, leading off from the Meidani Shah. Most of the shops are closed all Friday; a piece of "unco guidness" on the

wild ones, which come in myriads, and establish themselves in the domiciles prepared for them. They are all of a slaty blue color, like our common wood-pigeon. The only entrance for man, into the pigeon-tower, is a door or rather hole near the bottom, which is closed up with a shutter or stone slab fastened in, and remains shut for the greater part of the year, during the periods of incubation and fledging of the young; and when opened, the bottom of the tower is found filled with the precious manure to the depth of several feet. Morier tells us that a pigeon-tower will rent for 100 tomans yearly, for the sake of the manure; but I do not hear of any now fetching so high a revenue. The melon growers generally hire them for thirty or forty tomans, or even less. I have seen in Egypt, pigeon-houses constructed something on a similar plan, but on a much smaller scale.

"Garden land within the precincts of the city, generally pays no tax to government, though some of it is taxed. This land is very valuable, and if well planted with vines and fruit trees, will sell as high as 80 or 100 tomans a jereeb. Outside the city, land of every description pays a

tax; and if fertile and well watered, sells for 20 tomans a jereeb: inferior kinds sell for 5 tomans or even less. A great part of the land is irrigated by channels cut from the river. Private gardens are watered from wells, by means of the leathern bucket drawn by a bullock, which I described at Sheerauz.

"The entire maliyat of Ispahan and all the bulooks and villages attached to it, amounts to nearly 300,000 tomans per annum; of which more than three fourths are collected from the bulooks. The revenue of the city itself is 68,000 tomans; and of this, 40,000 are derived from taxes on trades, professions, grounds, &c., and 28,000 from the customs. There is no house-tax here. A jizyah or poll-tax is paid by the Jews and Armenians, but it is not heavy: the Armenians of Julfa pay 1000 tomans a year. The municipal economy and police of this city are so much the same as at Sheerauz, as to require no particular notice.

"The manufactures of Ispahan have greatly fallen off since the city ceased to be the capital of the kingdom; still a large proportion of the inhabitants is employed in handicraft labor. Silks and satins are made here, and quantities of cotton stuffs, particularly the kadak, a strong cloth used for coats and trousers. The zereh or fine gold brocade, for which Ispahan was once famous, is very rarely manufactured now: the people are too poor to purchase it. The beautiful patchwork called koollab-doozee, used for saddle-covers and other ornamental purposes, is occasionally made at Ispahan; but it is by no means equal to that manufactured at Resht on the south coast of the Caspian. Though many articles are made very tastefully and ingeniously in this country, Persian workmen in general are by no means neat-handed. Ordinary carpenter's and blacksmith's work is coarse and rudely executed; and very far inferior to that of Indian artisans.

"The sword-cutlers of Ispahan formerly enjoyed great celebrity; and numbers of swords are still manufactured here. The best blades are all made of Indian steel, imported in the form of small round cakes, which cost about two tomans each. Old Persian swords will fetch very high prices, all over the East; for they cannot now-a-days fabricate blades equal to those of former ages. There lived at Ispahan, in the time of Abbas the Great, a cutler named Assad-Ullah, whose blades are as famous throughout Asia, as those of Andrea Ferrara in Europe; and if known to be genuine, will now sell for more than their weight in gold; but many common swords have Assad-Ullah's name forged upon them. Khorassan was also famous for its swords, some centuries ago. When Teimour Lung conquered and took Damascus, he carried off all the celebrated cutlers of that city, and settled them in the towns of Khorassan, where they and their descendants, for long, fabricated weapons of surpassing excellence. Good blades are full of the pattern of dark wavy lines, called jowher or 'damask,' produced by crystallization of the steel; and from the arrangement and closeness of this pattern, the quality may be known. A well crystallized blade will tingle like a bell, when struck with any hard substance; and with a bit of gold, one may write his name upon it.

"The stories told of the trenchant powers of certain famous swords exceed all belief. Such

performances are attributed to them, as fully rival the marvellous feats of the fairy-wrought falchions of heroes of ancient romances. Persian swords are not so much curved as the Turkish. When the blade has been hammered out of the koors or cake of Indian steel, it is put in the furnace, and kept there all night, subjected to the action of a low fire. In the morning, it is taken out, smoothed, and filed into shape, and then heated red-hot, and immersed for a few moments in a trough filled with castor oil. It is next polished, sharpened, and the hilt and scabbard fitted to it; and the last thing done, is to bring out the jowher or damask pattern. For this purpose, the blade is perfectly cleansed from oil or grease; and a yellow kind of stone is ground to powder, mixed with hot water in a cup, which must be of china or glass, not metal, and the solution laid on over the blade with a piece of cotton, two or three times: this exhibits the black jowher perfectly. The scabbards of Persian swords are all made of thin laminæ of wood, joined together and covered with black leather, with a sort of pattern stamped on the outside. They are generally quite plain; but a few intended for princes, are mounted with gold and jewelry. Many Persians are very skillful swordsmen; but their mode of handling the weapon is quite different from ours. Their method of cutting, is rather carving than striking; and they never give what we would call a downright blow. Swordsmanship is a part of the education of some, from their earliest years; and by long practice, they acquire great dexterity.

"Daggers are worn by many persons, and are also made here. These are of two kinds—the khanjer, a curved double-edged dirk, stuck on the girdle on the right side—and the kard, a straight single-edged pointed knife, worn on the left side. A favorite weapon with military men is the kum-



A MAN OF KURDISTAN.



PERSIAN WARRIOR.

meh, a sort of cutlass, much like the ancient Roman sword; with a straight double-edged pointed blade, about a foot and a half long, and nearly three inches broad.

"Fire-arms are manufactured in Ispahan, but not in any great quantity. The best gun-barrels are brought from Georgia, and they are fitted here with common English flint musket locks, and stocks of coarse walnut, or cheet wood. Long single-barrelled guns and pistols are also made here, but the workmanship is very coarse, and they are proportionately cheap. The percussion system is little known, except to a few of the higher classes, who are fond of English guns when they can get them. The Persians usually carry the gun slung at the back; and all its apparatus is borne in a keesae, kerner or waist girdle. This is a leather belt fastened round the middle, to which are attached two or three pouches for ball, shot, materials for striking a light, and other odds and ends; a large powder-flask made of thick untanned hide as hard as horn; and a smaller flask, generally of metal, containing fine powder for priming. They make tolerably good powder, but of coarse grain: bullet-moulds are ordinarily constructed of stone, and shot is mostly imported from Europe, as well as flints.

"In days when archery was employed in war and the chase—and it has not been abandoned more than a century—the bows of Ispahan were greatly esteemed; but now that the bow is used by very few, and only for amusement, none are manufactured here. The tarkash-dooz or 'quiver-makers' now embroider saddles and other articles of leather, for there is no longer any demand for quivers. All manner of leathern work is well executed at Ispahan. The green high-heeled shagreen slippers made here, are the best in Persia; and they also make tolerably good shoes on the European plan, which are now coming much into fashion. Saddles and horse furniture of all kinds are manufactured in the best style; but the fashion is wholly different from ours. The process of making the nei-peech or long pliant snake-tubes for the kaleon, is a neat and curious branch of leather-work. Fine wire is

wound round a straight rod about as thick as one's little finger, and covered with a strip of thin leather, fastened lengthways with a very tenacious glue, called screech, made from the root of a plant. The exterior is then bound with fine wire; and when dried, the rod is drawn out. These tubes, which are exceedingly flexible and delicate, are made very cheap, a snake fourteen or fifteen feet long costing two keroonees. I am no judge of precious stones; but good ones seem to be scarce and dear. The real turquoise is found only in Persia, at Nishapoor in Khorassan, and I had hopes of getting some fine specimens of this gem; but all that have been brought me, were of very inferior quality, and high-priced.

"Ispahan is famous for fruit, especially for its melons, which are the finest in the country. At this season, the only fruits to be seen are such as will keep; and of these, immensely large quinces are the most remarkable. Sweetmeats, of the same kinds as I have noticed at Sheerauz, are sold in every basar, and consumed in vast quantities. One kind, the gesangabeen or manna of the tamarisk, is made here in perfection; but though generally highly esteemed, it is not at all to my taste. The manna is found in several places near Ispahan; but the greatest quantity is brought from Khonsar, to the northwest. In the course of the autumn, it falls like dew, during the night, upon the leaves of the tamarisk plants, and is collected by the people in the morning. The ground beneath the bushes is swept clean, and cotton cloths spread over it: the bushes are then well shaken, and the manna, which is white like snow, falls off and is collected in the cloths. It is passed through a sieve to clear it of dirt and dried leaves, and sent into the markets of Ispahan, where it sells for 16 keroonees a Shahee man—nearly a shilling a pound. It is made into small round cakes, sometimes mixed up with split almonds and pistachio nuts. Two medicinal kinds of manna, called the sheer-khiest and the toorun-jabeen, are found, in a like manner, on the leaves of trees, in some parts of the country."

Our sketch of the Castle of Abbas Mirza, at Tabris, will serve to give an idea of the palatial residences at Persia. This building was assigned to the late French embassy during its sojourn at Tabris. As we have introduced a picture of the Shah's horse, perhaps our readers will be interested in an account of a visit to the owner of that showy animal:

"After my return from Shemiron," says Mr. Binning, "I accompanied the British Minister and suite, on a visit of ceremony to the Shah, on the occasion of his majesty's approaching departure from the capital. We rode out to the Kasri Kajar, and proceeded, in the first instance, to wait on the deputy minister of foreign affairs, who, with the master of ceremonies, received us in a small tent lined with chintz, placed near the entrance to the palace. Here we were accommodated with chairs, and sat for half an hour, while the usual routine of kaleons, tea and coffee, was gone through, after which, word was brought that the Shah was ready for our reception. We then proceeded on foot into the inclosure of the palace; the deputy minister and master of ceremonies walking before us, both clad in long robes of scarlet, with singular head-dresses, formed of cashmere shawls wound round the common Per-

sian cap so as completely to conceal the cap itself. It was formerly the fashion for all Europeans admitted into the royal presence, to wear chakchoors or stockings of scarlet cloth fastened at the knee; but this absurd piece of court dress is now abolished, and we had merely loose slippers over our boots, which were slipped off at the door on entering. The usual salutation made by Europeans to all Persian grandees, is similar to our military salute, raising the right hand, with a sweep of the arm, to the front of the cap. The covering of the head is never removed, whether in or out of doors.

"We were ushered into a tent of crimson cloth lined with silk, pitched on the terrace of the palace; at the further extremity of which, was the Shah in person, seated alone in a large gilt chair. Having been marshalled in by our conductors, whose duty it was to introduce us, a chair was placed for the British Minister, who, as the representative of his Sovereign, was the only individual privileged to be seated in the Shah's presence; while the rest of us stood immediately behind, ranged in a row, like so many sentinels. Nearly the length of the tent intervened between our Minister and the Shah, both of whom were seated at opposite ends, for it is not permitted to approach too near to royalty. We were briefly introduced by the master of ceremonies, and his majesty bid us welcome: I was presented as 'one of the rulers of India,' the Shah being, as I suppose, left to imagine that I had attained the goal of many an Indian Englishman's ambition—a seat in the dingy halls of the Old Lady of Leadenhall Street. The ceremony of introduction having been performed as rapidly as possible, a brief conference took place between the Shah and Minister; the former asking a few questions, to which the latter replied. A smart shower of hail meanwhile rattled on the covering of the tent, obliging both to shout at the top of their voices, in order to make themselves audible. The audience did not last above three minutes, and we took our leave with the same curt ceremony as on entering.

"The Shah is now (1850) in his twenty-second year, but looks older. His complexion is very sallow, and his countenance, though not disagreeable, cannot be pronounced handsome: he wears moustaches, with but the rudiments of a beard. He was plainly dressed in a frockcoat in European style, over which was a jooaba of dark shawl stuff trimmed with sable, and on his head the ordinary black lambekin cap.

"Leaving the palace, we proceeded to the tent of the prime minister, Mirza Takee, surnamed the Ameer Atabek, who inhabited a small garden, a few hundred yards distant from the Kasri Kajar. He received us with much politeness; chairs were brought for the whole party, and kalcans and tea handed round. The Ameer is a large, portly, good-looking man, with an open, intelligent countenance: he sat and talked with us for nearly half an hour; and though his conversation was principally directed to the British Minister, he addressed some part of it to every separate individual present: the true way, according to Theodore Hook, of making one's self agreeable. He is said to be jealous of Europeans generally; and has persuaded the Shah to discard several from his service: he is also particu-

larly anxious to exclude all foreign manufactured goods from Persia, by way of encouraging native industry—a short-sighted policy, in no way tending to the advancement of commerce or of civilization. Our visit being ended, I took my departure along with the suite, leaving the Minister in private conference with the Ameer."

The remarks with which we close this article will probably induce our readers to rest satisfied with the sketches we have given, instead of seeking information in the remote land we have described. The authority we have followed, says:

"The traveller in this country should carry with him as little baggage as possible—this may be set down as a general rule, applicable in every case. He should have a Mackintosh air-bed, which is much preferable to a common mattress, being more portable, and impervious to moisture, so that it may be laid on the damp ground, without the least danger—a couple of lahafs or quilts, made of chintz quilted with cotton, which supply the place of bedclothes—one or two small carpets—an English saddle and bridle—a Mackintosh waterproof cloak—a double-lined umbrella, to defend him from the sun in hot weather—a telescope—and a gun and pistols; for every one travels well armed, and besides this, game is often to be met with on the road. He may, if he thinks fit, dispense with a chair; but if he dislikes the custom of sitting on the ground, as I do exceedingly, a folding camp-stool should form part of his movables, and one of his chests will serve for a table.

"He should also have a curtain to hang up at the entrance of his cell in the caravansaries, to keep out the wind and cold, and prevent his being too much stared at; for these cells have no door. The best thing for this purpose is a piece of carpet or other thick heavy stuff, eight feet long, by four or five broad, with strong loops sewed along the edges; and half-a-dozen large nails or iron spikes, to knock into the wall for the suspension of this curtain. He must not omit to have a small mangal (or brazier to burn charcoal in) in winter, as the cold is no trifle—and a fan or flyflap, in summer, to keep the flies off his face; for in the hot weather, these insects are numerous enough to be exceedingly troublesome—and at all times, a matara or a doolcheh for water; as this indispensable element is not always to be found, and when found, is often quite un-



MULETEER SMOKING THE CALMON.

drinkable. As I have before stated, an Englishman ought to wear his own costume, in preference to the Persian dress.

"My travelling attire has generally been a Tweed shooting-jacket, Cape of Good Hope deer-skin trousers, waterproof boots, and a Persian cap. For walking, especially when clambering up hills, the most agreeable covering for the feet is the cloth-soled Persian shoe, which I have before described; but in cold or wet weather, stout English shoes are preferable. Vermin are not as numerous or as troublesome, in this country, as I had supposed. Mosquitoes are at times annoying, but they do not abound as in India. Scorpions and snakes are said to infest many places, but I have not seen any. A large formidable-looking spider, called the *rotell*, makes its appearance in summer: its bite is venomous, but not dangerous.



A KURD OF SAULTZ-BOULAK.

The black and yellow-striped English wasp is common in the gardens, as well as a large reddish hornet, well known in India. Flies are too plentiful to be pleasant, in summer; but flies and other more objectionable insects are not by any means as numerous in Persia as in some other countries I have visited.

"A knowledge of the language is, in this country, indispensable. In all countries it is highly desirable; but in this, I do not know how any one could get on without it; for no Persian knows a word of any European tongue. In Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine, the servants, and many others, have a smattering of English, French, or Italian; and it is not absolutely requisite that the traveller should be acquainted with the language of the populace—but such is not the case in Persia. In every place, ignorance of the speech of the people takes away at least one-half of the

pleasure of the tour; and the traveller, to enjoy himself properly, should possess, not a mere smattering sufficient for ordinary purposes, but a good knowledge, and an ability to converse fluently with every one, and on every topic.

"The old troublesome custom of making presents to the headmen of towns and villages, where the traveller halts, is now fortunately falling into desuetude. This used to be a heavy tax on all tourists, the English especially, from whose generosity, much was sure to be expected. It often happens that persons bring the European stranger trifling presents, such as trays of fruit or sweetmeats, in hopes of getting a "quid pro quo" in the shape of a round sum of money; but with proper instructions to one's servants, these may easily be avoided.

"In Persia, one is not troubled with beggars; in which respect, this country affords a complete contrast to the regions about the Levant, where almost every one begs. With the exception of derveshes, fakeers, and other sanctified impostors, who are permitted by custom to prey on the public, I have seen no mendicants, save a few blind, maimed, and diseased folks. Some one (Sir John Malcolm, I think) has justly remarked that there are fewer beggars in this country than in any other: and I believe I never encountered fewer, even in the United States of America.

"Persia, as far as I have seen of it, is a particularly ugly and uninteresting land. A dismal uniformity pervades the whole country, reminding me of South Africa; but there is an aspect of neglect, ruin, and misery throughout, which the Cape Colony did not manifest. Everything here seems to be crumbling to decay as fast as possible, and from its general appearance, one would suppose the unhappy land to be lying under some stupendous and overwhelming curse! Were I to draw, in a few words, a picture of Persia, from what I have seen, I should describe it as a vast dreary desert intersected with huge chains of bare, sterile mountains—the soil, in some places, bearing stunted shrubs, and in others, teeming with saltpetre—here and there, at long intervals, where water is to be found, green spots with fields and habitations—the towns and villages, few and far between, consisting mostly of heaps of dismal ruins, enclosing and nearly concealing the inhabitable portion—no fine buildings to be seen, except a few old palaces and edifices falling in ruins for want of repair—the streets of the towns, narrow dusty lanes between high mud walls, which conceal any appearance of comfort and elegance which the house and gardens within may possess—the roads through the country, mere tracks, which, in the valleys, are tolerably level and easy, and in the mountains, rugged and unsafe—the lodgings for travellers, comfortless caravansaries, generally more or less ruined, and always more or less filthy—the people mostly civil to strangers, but not to be trusted or believed in the least particular—the climate consisting of a pleasant spring, a very hot summer, an unhealthy autumn, and a cold winter; a very dry atmosphere and clear sky: some rain in spring and autumn, none in summer, and a good deal of snow in winter.

"I have often thought, with some degree of wonder, on the singular position which the solitary English traveller occupies in this country.

Alone, with no countryman of his within a hundred or two hundred miles; among a people who detest his creed, and bear no good will to any European; who are reckless of human life and suffering, and are restrained by no moral principle; having with him no guard or protection of any sort; yet he is in no danger, he finds the people commonly civil and obliging; and can travel from place to place in perfect security. Robbers are numerous in many parts of the country, but on the great public routes, they are too well matched to be venturesome, and they do not often meddle with Europeans. Travelling, in remote and little frequented parts, must always be unsafe, unless with some guard or escort; but as long as the European tourist keeps to the principal routes, I believe he may (except in cases of popular outbreaks) journey from one end of Persia to the other, without meeting with the least disagreeable adventure, unless he makes one for himself, and lays himself out for hostility, by some exhibition of bullying, petulance of temper, or those diverting John Bull frolics, which savor too much of horse-play to be relished by most people.

"Though polite as far as outward show goes, the English traveller need not expect to find the Persians by any means kind or hospitable; unless he happens to be a man in authority, or in other way of consequence, in which case they may present some show of hospitality in order to conciliate his favor. The strong abhorrence with which they all (with few exceptions) regard infidels, and Franks in particular, combined with their innate meanness and selfishness of character, will effectually bar every sentiment of liberality and kindness towards strangers. As a general rule, the Christian need never look for anything like genuine disinterested hospitality among Mussulmans of any class or country; and he will never receive a single instance of it, unless it is in the rude tent of a wandering Eoliaut or Bedouin Arab. The Persians are a lively and inquisitive people, and when they find a Frank who can talk their language, they are glad to kill time by having a chat with him; and will show so much politeness, and make so many unmeaning protestations and friendly offers, that a stranger, unacquainted with their real character, might be disposed to think them half in earnest. All this, however, means nothing: and their civility will go no further than words, or acts that involve neither trouble nor expense. Malcolm and Brydges have painted the urbane side of their character far too highly. It was all very well for these gentlemen, and others like them, who came hither as accredited envoys of their sovereign to the Shah, and to whom everybody was ordered to show respect; who travelled through the land with regiments at their heels, and all kinds of pomp; and who carried loads of presents to distribute with both hands. They, no doubt, found the people, one and all, disposed to treat them with the greatest civility or servility (in the East these are the same) wherever they went; but with private individuals the case is widely different—as it is, in some degree, all the world over.

"The European can never be intimate, even with the few Persians who are content to receive him as a visitor, without considering themselves

greatly defiled thereby. By compliance with their customs and manners, he may be received on certain distant terms of acquaintance, but any approach to intimacy is entirely out of the question. A Mahomedan is forbidden by his religion to form friendship with any unbeliever; and the Sheeah, in particular, is taught to class the Christian with pagans and idolators, who are utterly unclean, and whose very touch is contamination. An Englishman and a Moslem can have few ideas in common. Their opinions and tastes are so essentially different, that on any near acquaintance, they will be mutually disgusted with each other. The blunt straightforward manners, plain unvarnished speech, and surly self-sufficiency of the former, will be as odious to the pliant obsequious Asiatic, as the utter want of truth and principle, the fawning hypocrisy, and abominable vices of the latter, will be to the Englishman."

ANCIENT AMERICAN CITIES.

An interesting article has recently been published by the Fort Smith Times, in regard to the ancient remains of the city Quivera, situated on a level plain some ninety miles northeast of Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and about seventy from the high isolated peak which the Mexicans call the "Captain," that we take the liberty of condensing for our antiquarian readers. The plain upon which lie the massive relics of once gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward towards the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water, that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness. The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular, and arranged with skill, to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loopholes, as though calculated for the use of weapons.

Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of dark granite rock which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. At the present time the best tempered tools, in the hands of the most skilful workmen, could scarcely produce an impression on the surface. In one place a pile of ruins appears to have been intended for three separate buildings, each about three hundred feet front, with the intervals between them occupying one thousand feet. This middle building is constructed with great neatness and care, of ponderous blocks of the material before mentioned, of a nearly cubical form, which, allowing 1599 ounces as the weight of a cubic foot, would be found to weigh more than three tons each, and could only have been transported from the distant quarry and placed in their present elevated position with prodigious labor. The walls of this building are at the present time from thirty to thirty-five feet in height, while the surface of the ground is strewn with huge masses of fallen blocks, which have probably been displaced from their former position by the action of some great disturbing agency, such as a volcanic eruption, which would lead to the conclusion that they once rose to a

great altitude. This temple, as it may properly be termed, is entirely destitute of any partitions, or the appearance of their former existence, and appears to have been designed by its architects as a vast hall to be used for the performance of solemn religious rites, or the celebration of public feasts. The pavement is hid from view by a confused mass of fallen building materials, among which are to be found fragments of carving in bas-relief, and fresco work of superior design and execution, which would justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hand as those of Thebes or Palmyra.

This series of buildings are all loopholed on each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these buildings are composed, are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the

shock. The slight examination which has been made by officers of the United States army, indicate the presence here of objects of rare curiosity. It is impossible, in looking upon the evidences of residence in North America, in ages that are past, of a powerful and civilized race, to regret that they utter no voice to tell us of the causes that made it prosperous, and finally swept it away into utter oblivion. Whence came the builders of cities now dumb ruins, awakening our admiration of the art and power of a lost race, yet thwarting all efforts to penetrate the dark veil that shrouds their history? When Thebes and Palmyra were in their glory, we cannot but believe that in the depths of this American continent a people, brave in arms and skillful in arts, spread in mighty numbers from the neighborhood of the northern lakes to the Isthmus of Panama. Should any fortunate accident lift the obscurity that overwhelms this ancient race, America will doubtless be found as rich in the antique as Egypt or India. These ancient relics will continue to be as much matters of interest as they are of doubt and obscurity.
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

BOOK-MAKING.

A book, as defined by Dr. Paul Chatfield, in 1836, is a thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Book-making, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in everything else, the market is so completely overstocked, that our literary operatives, if they seek to avoid starving, must eat up one another.—*Transcript.*



A KAMBOUREKI, CAMEL ARTILLERIST.

[ORIGINAL.]

MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

BY ISA. AMEND EBERHART.

Gentle moonbeams, fall around her!
 Kiss her cheek, and bathe her brow!
 Linger near, and softly whisper
 Thoughts of angel beauty now!

Bring her pure and peaceful slumber,
 Let her rest secure, serene;
 Close her eyes to earth and earth-light,
 Ope them to a brighter scene!

Angel visions hover near her,
 Angels round her pillow play:
 Making hers the air of heaven,
 Keeping evil far away!

Gently, lightly, flower-winged breezes,
 O'er her pillow softly blow;
 Warn her not by aught of rudeness,
 That she still remains below!

[ORIGINAL.]

HENRI AND GABRIELLE.

A Romantic Leaf from French History.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

SATED, utterly wearied and disgusted, for the while with the sinful and intoxicating pleasures of the French court, which palled the more easily upon his senses because of his youth, the dauphin quitted Paris, and repaired to the neighboring palace of Versailles. Hardly had his foot left the stirrup, before he was surrounded by an obsequious throng of attendants, noblemen and high officers of the kingdom, all of whom vied with each other in desiring to know the pleasure of their young master. A look of intense uneasiness crossed the pale, handsome face of the latter, and then, suddenly waving them back, he exclaimed, with an angry impatience:

"Leave me, gentlemen; leave me, all, and trouble me no more with your attentions. I have come hither to free myself from the irksome formalities and incessant debaucheries of the court, and while I am pleased to tarry, I would forget that I am Henri, Dauphin of France, and that I shall one day sit upon its throne. By my soul, I would that I had been born in the rags and tatters of the poorest vassal in my kingdom, and to the inheritance of its most menial laborer, rather than in the purple of royalty, to be forever harassed by the formalities and frivolities of my station! But go, gentlemen, leave me to myself, and forget that any respect or homage is due from you."

To hear was to obey. The courtiers returned

to their amusements in the courts and chambers of the palace whence they had issued at the sound of the approaching cavalcade; the retinue which had accompanied the wearied dauphin from Paris, pursued their way back, and Henri was left alone. Pleased with his solitude, and doubly gratified at the prospect of this unusual freedom from restraint, he commenced to wander carelessly among the paths which wound in a labyrinth among the groves and gardens which thickly embowered the palace. As he strolled along, an unwonted calmness took possession of his breast. The quietness and repose of nature around him exerted a soothing influence over his turbulent heart, and the sigh which burst forth was only caused by the regretful thought that his life must be passed amid the turmoil and crowd of camp and court.

Occupied with his thoughts, and pleased with his freedom, he continued his walk, giving no heed to the way he was pursuing, until he abruptly came to a pause upon the edge of a circular basin, from which the water bubbled up in the form of a fountain. It was a pleasant and retired spot, thickly hedged and shaded with trees; and reclining himself upon the grass, Henri gave rein to the reflections which had occupied his mind since his arrival at the palace, and well-nigh lost himself in the excess of his happy thoughts and visions. So perfectly was this pleasant forest nook shaded from the sun, that it was only lighted in every part at full meridian; and it was not till he observed the sun directly over his head, that the young prince became aware he had now been alone for several hours. Rising from his grassy couch, he entered one of several alleys which led from the fountain, and moved, as he supposed, in the direction of the palace. But so intricate were the paths of the garden of Versailles, and Henri so little acquainted with them, that after wandering among them a full hour, he found himself again by the side of the fountain!

Half amused, half irritated at his perplexity, he stood irresolute for a moment, undecided what course to pursue. To plunge again into the groves which surrounded him, might only involve him in their mazes still more hopelessly. He might shout for assistance, it was true, and with a good prospect of being heard by some of the numerous population of Versailles.

"But that will not do," he soliloquized. "I well know how the varlets would laugh in their sleeves after being so unceremoniously dismissed this morning, to be called so soon to my assistance! No, I'll free myself from these troublesome woods without their help, or remain. And!

I bethink me that this must be one of the places where the menials about the palace come for water. A happy thought—I will content myself here until one of them comes."

Seating himself again upon the grass, where he might remain unobserved, Henri beguiled another hour in watching the play of the fountain, as it rippled and flashed like molten silver in the bright sunlight. He was soon aroused from his reverie by the sound of voices; and in a moment two gentlemen of the palace emerged from one of the paths, chatting and laughing. The same considerations which had restrained the concealed dauphin from calling for assistance, now prevented him from discovering himself, and he remained silent and hidden, until they had drunk from the fountain and walked away.

"Unfortunate that I am," the vexed Henri muttered, in a serio-comic mood, "what am I now to do? Suppose that none of these rascal menials should have occasion to visit the fountains again to-day—or, if otherwise, suppose they should conceive in their brainless heads to visit some other than this? Upon my royalty, what a situation is this for the son of a king! From the depths of my heart, I wish that every valet and servant at Versailles were dying with thirst, or running mad with hydrophobia, and there were no water save this, within a thousand leagues! And I am beginning, too, to wish Chevenant and Freneau back again. Shall I call them? But, hie—somebody comes!"

The eye of the speaker was at the instant caught by the figure of a young girl, who slowly entered the nook from an alley opposite to that by which the courtiers had disappeared. She was dressed in the simple and graceful costume of a rustic, and upon her shoulder was poised a water-jar. Kneeling by the basin, she moistened her long, flowing ringlets with the limpid water, and then, while she caroled a simple air with one of the sweetest of voices, she commenced to fill her vessel.

From the first moment in which he beheld her, the eager attention of the young dauphin was rivetted upon her face and form. He had thought that no female without the court of France was worthy to be accounted beautiful. He had mingled there with the loveliest of all the titled dames and maidens in the kingdom, and joined himself in their praise, and yet, never had he seen beauty so innocent, so childlike as this, or which so possessed him with admiration and delight. Nor was it strange that this should be so. The reason was simple and natural, although he paused not to consider it. The beauty which he had been accustomed to admire, owed its attrac-

tion to the studied graces of art and the brilliant trappings of court attire. Here, was loveliness such as the hand of nature alone can produce—a graceful wild-flower, blooming in all the charms of innocence and purity.

Almost unconsciously Henri arose to his feet, and advanced several steps towards the object which had thus excited his deep interest. She had filled her water-vessel and placed it beside her, and now seemed to be gazing thoughtfully at the reflection of her fair young face in the water at her feet, wholly unconscious of the presence of another, when suddenly she was startled by observing the shadow of a human figure lying beside her own across the water. Starting up in alarm, she discovered a handsome, richly-dressed youth but a single step from her, looking upon her with undisguised admiration. Trembling with confusion and alarm, she would have fled, but her foot slipped upon the wet flagging, and only the ready and willing arms of the dauphin saved her from a fall into the basin.

Her confusion, as may be imagined, was by no means decreased upon finding herself in the embrace of him who had caused it, though innocently; and struggling to free herself, while a deep blush tinged her cheek, she said, in a beseeching tone:

"Release me, monsieur, I pray you. I am sure you would not harm me!"

"Nay, far from it, my good girl," Henri replied. "I would rather protect you. Do you not see that I have saved you from an unpleasant bath in this basin? Do not fear me; only promise you will not hasten away, and I will release you. I wish to speak with you. Do you promise?"

The promise was given, and Henri freed his captive; although we can hardly help presuming that he would have been better pleased to have detained her longer. She was still agitated and embarrassed, standing before him with downcast eyes; but the kind words and accents of the stranger—for such he was to her—soon re-assured her, and banished her apprehensions. Soon she ventured to raise her eyes to his face, and the prince fancied that he detected a charming air, half of coquetry, half of assumed displeasure, in the movement.

"What is your name, my child?" Henri asked.

"Gabrielle, monsieur. But I'm not a child; my grandame says I am quite fifteen—almost as old as you, I'm sure," she said, with a sauciness of speech which caused Henri to break forth into a merry laugh.

"Nay, my pretty Gabrielle, I am several years

the oldest," he replied. "Will you tell me where you live?"

"I live with my old grandame, monsieur, in the wood, near the little stream which runs through the palace-garden. But we like this water much better, and so I come to fetch it twice every day."

"Very good, Gabrielle; I will carry it for you this time, and you shall show me the way to the palace; for, to tell the truth, I have become so puzzled in this maze of forests, gardens and paths that if you refuse to help me, I shall perish here to a certainty. But you would not care."

"Nay, monsieur, it would be a thousand pities," Gabrielle archly said. "Here is the path; it is not far by the shortest way."

Henri lifted the jar to his shoulder, and taking one of the alleys almost opposite to that by which he had endeavored to extricate himself from his bewilderment, the young girl conducted him towards Versailles. As they proceeded, the former became momentarily more interested in his young companion. In every word or action she seemed actuated by the beautiful innocence which pervaded her whole being, while at the same time, there was added to her speech and manner a certain sprightliness, just mischievous enough to be agreeable to one of Henri's temperament. No greater contrast could be presented, than that which existed between these two. He, youthful as he was, had drank every cup of pleasure, participating in all the vicious excesses of the most dissolute court of Europe—to her, the world, with its crimes and vices, was as a sealed book. She knew nothing beyond the little circle of her daily humble existence—humble, and yet happy with such a happiness as the dauphin had never known. She was, in truth, a child in years and intellect, although a woman in bodily development, and she seemed to confide in her companion as a superior being.

"Here is my grandame's cot, monsieur," she said, relieving Henri of his burden. "There is the palace, you can see its towers through the trees."

"Good-by, then, Gabrielle; I shall see you again. At the fountain, perchance," he added.

The young girl blushed, smiled and nodded affirmatively, and then remarked:

"But monsieur will tell me his name before he goes?"

"True—I have not. It is—it is—well, you may call me Cecil. I am valet to one of the gentlemen at Versailles. Adieu, *mon cher*, we shall meet again."

Gaily kissing his hand to her, Henri disappeared in the wood. Gabrielle watched his retreating

form until she could see him no longer, and as she entered the cottage, something much like a sigh was breathed from her lips.

It might perhaps have been expected that not a thought of the young peasant-girl would afterward enter the brain of the young dauphin. But such was not the fact. He felt his interest excited in her more than he was willing to admit to himself; and the next day found him pursuing his way to the fountain where he had first seen her. She came again, and a bright sunny smile mantled her features as she saw her companion of the previous day, and heard his kindly-spoken greeting. Again he bore her vessel, and walked by her side along the path to the cottage.

The record of one day passed by Henri at Versailles, would be that of twenty. Daily and habitually he repaired to the fountain in the grove; and there, as regularly met Gabrielle. She waited for his coming with an impatience, and when he came, greeted him with a fondness, which revealed to him unmistakably the state of her feelings.

And what, it may be asked, were the designs of the dauphin? It would be difficult to assign the true motive which impelled him to seek the society of Gabrielle. It was not a true and sincere affection. He affected to regard her as a child, and would fain have convinced himself that she only pleased him in his idle moments. Neither is it certain that he intended to betray the absorbing confidence and love which he had won from the simple peasant-girl, almost without an effort. It is more probable, and certainly the belief is more charitable, that the romantic cast of the young dauphin's mind actuated him to carry out the deception which he had practised upon her in regard to his name and station. If he loved her well and truly, "it was one of the strangest of the vagaries of the passion"—it was as Cecil the valet, and not as Henri the proud Dauphin of France.

But there was soon to be an end to these trysts and meetings. There were watchful eyes at Versailles, and ere long the place of Henri's resort, and his object in going thither, were discovered. The king, in Paris, was apprised that the dauphin had become enamoured with a peasant girl at Versailles, and the consequence was a peremptory command to Henri to return to Paris immediately. Its cause was quickly conjectured by the latter, and vexed and angered that his intimacy with Gabrielle had thus become notorious, he prepared to obey it.

A lingering affection, an unwillingness to depart without informing Gabrielle—either one of these causes, or, it may be, some other, induced

him to seek the peasant girl again. And when, with an unshaken voice, he announced to her that he was compelled by circumstances which he could neither explain nor control, to leave Versailles, a quick pallor whitened the cheek of the unhappy Gabrielle.

"Leave Versailles—and me?" she faltered.

"And whither Cecil, do you go?"

"To Paris."

"But you will return?"

"Perhaps, *mon cher*. Yes, at some future day I may again visit Versailles and you."

And this was all. No other words passed between them. Now, however, for the first time did Henri realize, and with a little pang, the cruel thoughtlessness of his conduct. Too well he knew from her pale countenance and faltering speech, the terrible agony which racked the tender heart of Gabrielle; too well he knew by signs as apparent and significant as these, that she loved him as he had never been beloved, and that from this passionate, absorbing affection had arisen hopes which could never, never be realized. For a moment he hesitated; once he had half-decided to avow himself to her in his real character, and to destroy the cruel delusion, his own fabrication, by which she had been misled; but other considerations prevented him. He pressed her hands, he kissed her unresisting lips and departed.

For a time, even after his return to the gayety and intoxication of the court, he recalled the pale face of Gabrielle, at intervals, with a pang, but not long. His brief sojourn at Versailles, with its attendant consequences, was but an unimportant episode in his life; amid the renewed pleasures and festivities of his royal life, it passed from his mind like an idle dream.

But not so with Gabrielle. What to Henri had been the mere trifling of a few idle days, was to her something real and earnest; she had given him the first deep affection of her young heart, and the event, an era in her hitherto quiet and peaceful life, was pregnant with woe to her. But let us not anticipate.

It was a bright, glorious day in mid-autumn, several months after the events above noticed. A gay cavalcade of gentlemen and dames from the royal palace in Paris, swept on a brisk gallop along the road leading to Versailles, whither they were bound for a few days of pleasure and recreation. All were arrayed in the costly dresses of their respective ranks, and the animals upon which they rode were caparisoned with courtly magnificence.

At the head of the troop rode the dauphin,

and beside him one of the most beautiful ladies of the French court. He seemed in a gay and jovial mood, and more than once the forest which lined the way, echoed with the peals of laughter which the sallies of the prince called forth. To have seen him, one might well have said that no unhappiness could ever have visited him. The troop soon drew near to the palace, and as it did so, a number of peasants and menials, attracted by the brilliancy of the cortege and the continued sound of laughter and gay conversation, gathered around the gateway to satisfy themselves with gazing. Henri had just bent in his saddle to make some observation to the lady who rode beside him, when his attention was attracted to a young girl, who with clasped hands and an expression of eager joy upon her pale, sorrowful face, had started forward almost beneath the feet of his horse, murmuring the single word, "Cecil." But by neither word or look did the dauphin betray his knowledge of her, or her meaning. Glancing coldly at her upturned, beseeching face, he reined aside his charger, and spurring him forward, was again at the side of his companion.

With a look of mingled agony and wonder, Gabrielle—for the strange suppliant was none other—looked after the retreating figure of him whom she had known as Cecil; and then grasping convulsively the arm of one of her female companions, she faintly murmured:

"Lois, good Lois, who, who, is the leader of this party?"

"The leader? Dost mean the handsome youth in the velvet doublet, with the bright star on his breast and the gay plume in his cap?"

"The same—the same."

"Why, art thou crazed? Dost thou not know that he is the Dauphin Henri, son of the king?"

Not a word, not a syllable escaped the lips of the stricken Gabrielle, but only a faint moan, as she fell fainting into the arms of those near her. They bore her to the cottage, and there, through the night, in the insensibility which still bound her, she breathed alternately, with mournful pathos, the names of Cecil and Henri. Upon the following morning, however, she arose from her couch, paler, weaker and more sorrowful than before, but with strength enough to enable her to pursue her daily walks in the forest-alleys. These were the paths where she had rambled with the prince, the lost Cecil of her heart; and it had been a melancholy pleasure after his departure, to review in fancy those sweet interviews. But now suddenly she paused—the object of her thoughts, the prince himself, was before her! She saw him and heard his voice, as he addressed

her, but she trembled not, nor did she avoid his painful gaze. Ah, well might the remorseful Henri look with pain and self-accusation upon the poor wreck of beauty before him—his work! She seemed no more the sweet, joyous Gabrielle whom he had known, but rather her shadow, so pale, so thin, so wasted had she become!

"Gabrielle, is it indeed you?" Henri exclaimed, seizing her hand, which she instantly withdrew from his grasp. "You are silent, you turn from me. Do you not know me? It is I, Cecil, your friend."

"Nay, my lord dauphin, I do know you no more by that name. The time is past when I could be thus deceived; let me leave you now; it is better that I should see you no more."

Embarrassed and confused by her words—for now he knew that she had recognized him in his true character at the gate—the eyes of Henri sought the ground. Raising them after a moment, he said:

"No more, Gabrielle. Those are hard words! Promise me, at least, to meet me to-night by the gateway where you saw me yesterday. There is much I would say, and I need time to collect my thoughts. This, surely you will do."

"I will do as you wish, my lord," Gabrielle hesitatingly replied. And with these words she hastened away.

The prince walked thoughtfully back to the palace, and avoiding his gay companions, he secluded himself for the remainder of the day, and until night drew near. He recalled to mind the strange manner and appearance of Gabrielle with a half-formed foreboding, which assumed no definite shape, but which was still strong enough to fill his breast with painful apprehension.

The night set in cold and dark, and wrapped in his cloak, Henri sought the gateway with rapid and nervous steps. The figure of a female caught his eye as he drew near, but instead of her he sought, it proved to be Lois, whom we have mentioned once before. She held a billet towards Henri as he advanced, with the words:

"Gabrielle bade me deliver it to him whom I should find here at this hour. 'Tis for you, sir, I suppose."

Eagerly snatching the note, Henri tore it open, and by the scattered sparks of a flint, which he struck repeatedly against the stone pillar of the gateway, he read these fearfully ominous words:

"It was at the fountain in the wood where we first met—and there I will be as you read these, the last words of the unhappy GABRIELLE."

"At the fountain—her last words!" Henri ejaculated, almost speechless with terror. And he leaned against the arch faint and weak. "O

Heaven, I know the terrible meaning of these fatal words!—but too late, O, God, too late! But haste, ho, bring torches—torches, lights, with all speed!"

The frantic cries of the prince quickly brought the desired assistance, and snatching a flambeau from one of the servants, he bade the others follow him, and flew with the speed of desperation towards the well-known spot named in the billet. The woods resounded with the name of Gabrielle, as he dashed on, and reaching the forest-nook, he knelt by the basin, and let the light of his torch fall over the water. Fatal, fearful indeed, was the spectacle which it revealed! The body of the devoted suicide barely floated in the shallow depths, her dress clinging in wet folds about her, and her long, black hair floating dishevelled back from a face, pale and rigid, yet beautiful with all the awful beauty of death! And when at last the horrified gentlemen and servants of the palace discovered the dauphin, he was sitting upon the ground by the side of the basin, clasping the corpse of the drowned girl in his arms, and pressing his lips to those of the dead!

Our story, true to history as it is, is soon concluded. There remain but a few further words to be penned. As an act of simple justice, the prince provided for the maintenance of the old grandame of the peasant girl, until the day of her death, and there the matter seemed to end. But thus, we may be certain, it did not end. For who shall say, that even with the royal coronet upon his brow, Henry of France did not at times remorsefully recall the story which we have here recounted; or that at times his heart did not wander from its allegiance to his royal and peerless consort, when he thought of the life, the love, and the death of Gabrielle?

SEVEN FOOLS.

1. The envious man, who sends away his mutton because the person next him is eating venison. 2. The jealous man, who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it. 3. The proud man, who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of his inferior. 4. The litigious man, who goes to law in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself. 5. The extravagant man, who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home. 6. The angry man, who learns to play the tambourine because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano. 7. The ostentatious man, who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.—Punch.

FORTITUDE.

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel
SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE TRIFLER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

We sat in the sunset glory:
 I looked at the crimson skies,
 And noted their radiant blushes—
 He looked in my wandering eyes.
 And holding my hand, his language
 Grew into tenderness low,
 A blush like the blush of sunset
 Stole to his forehead of snow.
 And he asked me to walk in his presence
 The path we were both doomed to go;
 But the blush died out and left marble,
 When I said, "Never—no, no!"

I was a gay, laughing trifter,
 He was a being of truth;
 I was a girl, not a woman,
 He had passed onward from youth.
 My heart was an unfathomed fountain,
 Covered with vanity's crust;
 His was a shrine of nobility—
 Gold, without cankering rust!
 But I bowed his proud head in sorrow,
 And trod his love in the dust;
 I weakened his pure faith in woman,
 Changed into doubting his trust.

O, where away is he wandering?
 By what lonesome rivers and seas?
 Does he look up to watch the red sunset
 Through verdure of cocoanut trees?
 Is he mid the cold polar icebergs?
 Or far in the land of the palms?
 O, tell me, ye winds of the orient,
 That sing in the willows your psalms!—
 O, tell me, ye breezes of southland,
 That bring to my lattice rich balms!—
 O, tell me, sweet heaven of midnight,
 And stars in the fathomless calms!

[ORIGINAL.]

LEOLA:

—OR,—

THE REVEL OF DEATH.

BY N. C. ROBINSON.

PERCHED upon one of the loftiest and most inaccessible peaks of the Caucasian Range, at a time far back in the darkness of the feudal ages, the castle of Petroff, an exiled nobleman of Russia, stood frowningly against the sky, overlooking the valleys and ravines in which the besieging forces had collected their strength. For more than a year, the castle of the stubborn count had withstood the assaults of its enemies, and daily the hardy Petroff made the circuit of the defences, animating and encouraging his little handful of

retainers to a stout resistance, and often assisting himself in the work.

Twenty years before, on account of some fancied delinquency, deeply offensive to royalty, this nobleman had been ignominiously banished from the Russian court. Departing uncomplainingly, he had built and fortified for himself this cyrie-like retreat among the southern mountains; and here, pleased with his solitude, as well as the absence of courtly favor and tyranny, he proposed to devote the declining years of his life to the nurture and education of his orphaned and darling child, the little Leola. And this, thus far, he had done; from a mere infant, he had watched with delight her growth of body and expansion of mind, until he beheld in her the embodiment of that of which he had dreamed at her birth—Leola, the beautiful, the proud, whose eagle eye and queenly bearing proclaimed her a true daughter of the Petroffs. The old man loved to cherish the thought, and often his exultation revealed itself in words such as these:

"It was a happy act, my child, which the tyrant of Russia did, when he thought to crush us. Ah, in these barren mountains, God willing, I will nourish a spirit and build up a house, which, in years to come, will menace and overshadow him!"

Declarations such as these were hinted about among the adherents of the count, and in time borne to the court of the emperor. With them, the latter also received strange accounts of the beautiful maiden whom old Petroff so jealously guarded in his mountain citadel; and prompted by a dormant but still existing hatred against his former liegeman, as well as by an arrogant desire to transfer this wild mountain flower to his court and palace, the despot determined to invest the castle of his banished vassal, and reduce him to the performance of such terms as he pleased to prescribe.

To will was to do; a month had scarcely elapsed before the stronghold of Petroff was girdled and besieged by a powerful force, led by the emperor in person, and employing all the arts of war to reduce and capture it. A year, however, had elapsed, and still the fortress of the exile frowned defiance upon its foes. No force of arms or effort of strategy had been sufficient to make the slightest impression upon the stronghold; but, upon the other hand, favored by their position, the besieged had been able almost daily to hurl death and devastation into the camp of the besieger. And in his daily walk upon his battlements, the stout old rebel sent forth his laugh of derision upon his enemy below.

But it was mainly owing to the efforts of the

youthful and gallant Seltzberg, a protegé of Petroff, and the actual commander of the defending force, that the latter had been enabled to hold out so stubbornly. With the promise from the count, of the hand of the Lady Leola, when he should finally repel the invader, the young commandant had applied himself vigorously and successfully to the defence. Cheered by the hope which had thus been held out to him, the realisation of which seemed to grow daily brighter, and by the smiles of Leola herself, the youth seemed in himself a tower of strength, and an assurance of final success.

A crisis, however, was now approaching. Angered and mortified at his continued failure—certain, as he was, that the surrounding nations were watching in surprise the unusual spectacle of the emperor of a mighty nation held at bay by the single arm of one banished and exiled noble; and, further than this, despairing of his ability to bring him to terms by the simple force of arms, the baffled tyrant despatched a messenger to the castle, with the terms of the compromise which he proposed. The herald stood in the presence of Petroff, his daughter and Seltzberg, and thus delivered his message:

"My master, the emperor, bids me declare to you, that he has no wish to continue this fruitless and unnatural contest. Deliver to him the Lady Leola, your daughter, the report of whose beauty reached him even in his capital, and to gain whom he was the more willing to take up arms—do this, and he swears that he will retire forthwith from your castle, and molest you no more."

"Answer him, Leola," were the quick, stern words of the count.

"Answer him, Seltzberg," the maiden repeated, turning to her lover, with a flash of her black eyes which sent a thrill to his heart.

"Ay—that I will!" was his reply, as starting to his feet, he confronted the messenger. "Base minion of a baser master, tell the caitiff-emperor who sent you hither, to go back in disgrace to his city, while we yet leave him the strength wherewith to depart. Tell him this, and say to him that while a stone of our castle remains standing, while an arm can be raised within it in her defence, Leola Petroff shall be preserved from the disgrace of his touch! And more—tell him that if he shall insult us with a like proposal, we will surely hurl his messenger from our battlements!"

The cowering herald shrank away; and his report of the answer he had received aroused the emperor to new exertions. Again and again he hurled his whole strength against the walls; and

as often he was beaten back by the indomitable defenders: until at length, resting upon his arms, he despatched another embassy to the castle. Count Petroff heard its terms with undisguised astonishment; his enemy now proposed a final cessation of arms, a reconciliation of all subsisting feuds, and avowed himself willing to restore the exiled count to all the dignities and honors which he had formerly held at court. The proposition concluded with an invitation of himself and his commandant to the besieging camp, that they might arrange with him a certain foundation for peace.

There was much in this strange concession which could not be otherwise than pleasing to the count. Often, in secret, he had longed to behold his darling Leola at the Russian court, surpassing in her own matchless person, all its renowned beauties; nor was the prospect of his own reinstatement there at all ungrateful to his thoughts. The victory would, in truth, be a splendid one for him—a victory, not of a day, but the fruit of years of silent and noble endurance, as well as open resistance by arms. He pondered upon it long, and in deep abstraction, while the herald stood before him, awaiting his reply.

"What pledge," he at last demanded, "does your master propose to give me, of his good faith?"

"That which has never yet been broken," was the instant rejoinder—"the word of a Romanoff!"

For a short time longer, Petroff hesitated; and then he determined to comply with the request of the emperor. Together with Seltzberg, and attended by a slight escort, he submitted himself to the guidance of the royal messenger, and was conducted toward the camp. Alarmed by the forebodings which she could not repress, Leola anxiously watched their progress from the battlements. She saw her father and lover as they reached the hostile lines, drawn up to receive them—she witnessed the friendly advance of the emperor, disarming, for the instant, her fears, and—

There are some scenes of human existence, to describe the horrors of which, words seem unavailing. Leaning upon the battle-marked stones of the embrasure where she had placed herself, rigid and motionless with the terrible petrification of agony—the agony of a broken heart—the maiden witnessed the treacherous massacre of the only beings she had ever loved. She beheld the heroic defence of Petroff and Seltzberg, as, surrounded and hard pressed by an hundred sur-vile Russians, they fought until life itself ebbed away through innumerable wounds. In the

brutal rage of their mean victory the murderous crew next turned their weapons against the escort, and the unhappy men composing it were as inhumanly slaughtered. And then, at the signal of the emperor, the whole force rushed again, with yells of triumph, to the walls.

The conflict which followed was obstinate and sanguinary. The brave defenders, enraged at the sight of the cruel massacre of their leaders, fought with almost demoniac energy; but, for once, they were doomed to struggle in vain. They lacked the example of Seltzberg, always before present among them—they listened in vain to hear the trumpet ring of his voice, and faltered when they could no more see his lion-like form plunging into the thickest of the carnage. They had been surprised, too; the drawbridge was down, and as they were pressed backward, the enemy gained an easy foothold. To end the disasters of the day, at the conclusion of the fight, the latter were in possession of half the interior defences. Intoxicated with joy at the prospect of victory which now lay within his grasp, the emperor once more sent his herald forth to demand instant surrender.

"Bear word to the Lady Leola," he commanded, "that ere twelve hours have passed, she must come within my power—by force or free will—which, it matters not. And tell her, too, that mayhap the love which has led me to battle for her a full year, as I would five times one year, could she not be otherwise gained—the love of an emperor—tell her, vassal, that this should not be despised!"

The reply of the maiden was such as to arouse Romanoff to a frenzy of exultation. It was to the effect that Leola would give herself up without further resistance, provided her few retainers might be suffered to depart beyond the Russian borders, unharmed, and without molestation. To this condition the emperor immediately signified his assent, and it was upon his part most faithfully performed. The same night the remains of the little band of defenders, grim and war-worn, issued forth from the castle and took their way into the lower ranges of the mountains.

* * * * *

Romanoff paced nervously up and down the hall of the castle, the windows of which looked across the court. Darkness had come on, but he had as yet, received no intimation from Leola. More than once his impatience had urged him to give the signal of assault; but restraining himself, he continued his uneasy walk.

"My lady waits," a voice uttered at his elbow. The speaker was the page of the daughter of Petroff.

"Waits, boy—where?" the eager emperor exclaimed.

"In the banquet-hall. She has sent me to conduct you to her."

A moment had hardly elapsed before Romanoff was ushered into the presence of Leola. He paused, astounded at the magnificence of the scene which he beheld. The banquet-room was brilliantly illuminated, and the light was reflected in a thousand rays by the silver vessels which held the most costly viands and wines. But the centre of all, seated upon a throne-like chair at the head of the board, dressed in the gorgeous lawn and purple of a queen, and beautiful, far beyond the Russian monarch's wildest visions of the beautiful in woman, was Leola. Romanoff did not observe the wildness of her eye, the pallor of her cheek, nor yet the strange compression of her lips; bewildered by her charms, he bent a knee which had never before been bent to a human being, and kissed a hand whiter than the ermine which surrounded it.

"Mine, then, Leola—mine, at last, fair lady," were his words, as he pressed her hand in his own. "Is it not so?"

A shudder pervaded the frame of the maiden as she felt his touch, and her answer was low in its accents.

"Yes—thine, my lord," were her simple words.

"The favor of Heaven be with thee ever, for those words!" the delirious monarch exclaimed, in an ecstasy of rapture. "Thou shalt be my bride, my queen, Leola; thou shalt reign, not alone over my heart, but sovereign empress, as well, of all the Russias! A kiss, my queen; on my knees I crave it!"

"Nay, my lord—not now: let us feast to-night, and love to-morrow! Here is wine, drink to me, if you would not have me think your words mere breathings of flattery!"

Romanoff eagerly seized the goblet which Leola extended to him, and drained it to the last drop. A strange smile flickered for an instant upon the face of the maiden, as she observed the act; and lifting another goblet to her lips, she drank half its contents. A spirit of madness seemed suddenly to have possessed the monarch; again and again he received the flagon from the hand of Leola, grasping it each time it was offered with feverish haste, and tossing off the red, sparkling wine in the interval of renewed vows and protestations of his love. In his frenzy he laughed, long and wildly; he sang and danced in his delirium, and once attempted to embrace his fair captive, who easily eluded his arms. His blood had grown hot since that first draught; it rushed like a torrent of molten fire through

his veins—and suddenly striking his breast with his clasped hands, he howled in irrepressible agony.

"Heavens, how it burns—it burns!" he groaned. "Witch, enchantress, tell me, in the name of heaven, what infernal art have you practised upon me?"

Leola Petroff gasped wildly in her effort to reply. She had risen from her chair, and was now leaning feebly against it, striving to gather strength to utter the doom of the man whose agony was at that instant grateful to her.

"Remember, Alexis Romanoff," were her words, "that there is a God of judgment and retribution, for before him you and I must now appear! Remember that scarce three hours ago you basely and treacherously violated your solemn faith, and slew those whom alone I loved; remember, for I would have you realize that a just doom has overtaken you. The wine you have drunk was drugged, poisoned deeply, and by these hands! Pray, Romanoff, pray, for your time is short!"

With a gasp of pain, she sank back into her chair. The horrified emperor gazed at her, spell-bound by her fearful announcement. In an instant more the castle rang with his wild shrieks and cries for assistance. But the poison was preying upon his vitality, his strength was departing, and his voice quickly died to an ineffectual whisper. Again he looked upon the woman who had thus fatally ensnared him in the meshes of her revenge; for her he had staked all, lost all! Actuated by a new impulse of his frenzy, he staggered towards her, and raising her in his arms, pressed her to his breast, and placed his burning lips upon her cheek. He encountered no resistance; she lay passive in his arms, inert, lifeless, dead! With a groan of horror Romanoff threw the corpse from him; and again the hall rang with his unavailing prayers and imprecations. Unavailing, for though heard at last, it was too late. When the retainers burst open the doors, searching for the cause of the terrible shrieks which had for the last half hour filled their hearts with fright, Russia was again kingless, another Romanoff had found a violent and untimely end!

BROTHERHOOD.

Even now a radiant angel goeth forth,
A spirit that hath healing in its wings—
And fleth east and west, and north and south,
To do the bidding of the King of kings;
Stirring men's hearts to compass better things,
And teaching brotherhood as that sweet source,
Which holdeth in itself all blessed springs;
And showeth how to guide its silver course.
When it shall flood the world with deep, exulting force.
MRS. NORTON.

THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEE.

A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the 'taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said his nephew, whom we shall call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brim and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was going?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rudder chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "thou knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee!'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

AN ARTISTIC THIEF.

The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gortchakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. Crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago, a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise, he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the prince. "True enough," replied the latter, "my best sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?" "O, yes, one of my messengers; he took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my album." "But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?" "O, dear, no! the puppy showed such deucedly good taste in the selections he made, I could not think of having him arrested."

FRIENDLESS CANDIDATES.

The Prince de Montbarey presented a list of young gentlemen who were candidates for vacant places in the military school of Louis XVI. of France. In this list were a great number who were strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank, along with some who were wholly destitute of such recommendation. The king observing this gave an instance of that goodness of heart which he exhibited on so many occasions. Pointing to the latter, he said, "Since these have no protectors, I will be their friend," and instantly gave the preference to them.—*Transcript.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SUNNY HOURS.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

[On a dial near Venice there is this inscription:—"I reckon only the sunny hours."]

I only reckon sunny hours:
I count the sunbeams, not the showers;
Then let the dial's lesson be
To us a daily verity.

I only count the sunny hours
Above the blossom and the flowers;
Then like the dial let us prove
The beauty and the bloom of love.

I only count the sunny hours;
For this I keep my mystic powers:
Then like the dial let us make
Our acts a blessing for life's make.

I only count the sunny hours,
I never heed the falling showers;
So let us be, when storms assail,
Firm in the faith that will prevail.

I only count the sunny hours
When sunbeams bathe the plains and bowers;
Then let us on life's sunny side
Look evermore with hope and pride.

[ORIGINAL.]

TWICE MATED.

BY LT. T. SMITH REED.

THE storm was past, and the last groan of the last strong swimmer in his agony was smothered in the long heave of the bronzed sea, whose undulating swell rolled inwards without a ripple, and without a speck of foam. The wreck of the great ship lay helpless, broadside in to the liquid rolling hills that lifted her on their summits, or threw her from their sides, while they smiled and sparkled in the sunlight, as strong and prosperous beauty passes decrepit and sorrowful old age.

Allan Wentworth, the captain of the wreck, stood alone alive. Desperately but despairingly, he looked on the dead crew as they lay about the deck, resting against the foot of the broken masts huddled together in the scappers, and lashed to the stanchions of the last bulwark. But though he looked at them, he did not see them. He had gazed so long at the wretchedness which surrounded him, that he no longer perceived the horror of his situation. One by one his men had died, and his strong ship had lost her rudder, her masts and her vitality, until, coffin-like, she enclosed only the corpses of his people; and

Allan Wentworth lived, the hapless, helpless captain of a crewless ship. With unshaken resolution he watched the approach of irresistible destiny, and holding fast to his religion and clinging to his love, he would not believe that he should be left to die so miserably alone. Allan Wentworth loved his wife, and trusted in his God.

Not many more hours could that brave old ship last upon the waters. The next plunge or the next roll might and perhaps would carry her into the unfathomable depths, where unknown monsters play with dead men's skulls, and where lost argosies that cannot sink, and cannot rise, float idly in the mid-water of the immeasurable ocean, like the small feathers that little children throw into the air.

Allan Wentworth had rigged a raft, that, made fast to the stump of the broken mizen, dragged heavily, sometimes at the stern, and sometimes at the side of the rolling ship, and he paused, only to give one look to Heaven, and one thought to home, ere he trusted himself to its frail aid.

Suddenly, in the full red light of the rising sun, he saw upon the waters the image of a woman, who rested her white hand upon the arm of a young and handsome man. And Allan trembled, as he recognized his own dear young wife. The spectral form melted into air as he looked upon them, and he rallied himself with the reflection that the appearance could be only one of those illusive figurations on the retina, which are well known to science, although they are only imperfectly understood, even by the most scientific. Yet, though his reason was convinced, his feelings were disturbed, and the cool and confident resolution that had calmly met the continually increasing danger of his situation, gave way to angry desperation. He cast loose the end of the hawser that held the raft, jumped upon the broken taffrail and sprang into the sea, as far as he could from the ship. It seemed that the little impetus the wreck received from his feet was sufficient to sink her. She toppled lazily down the side of one of the green and swelling liquid mountains into a deep valley. Her bows, no longer buoyant, drove heavily below the surface, and as the water hissed and foamed, the brave old ship, struggling and vibrating in unavailing resistance, sank, never to rise again.

Ten days afterwards, Allan Wentworth was thrown senseless upon a sandy beach, on the coast of Spain. Tangled seaweed, broken starfish, and dead shells lay around him, and the setting sun cast the long shadows of grotesque rocks upon the shelving sands. There he lay

without other clothing than a light pair of white linen trousers, tight at the waist, and loose and open above the knee, whilst the seagulls screamed over him, and the limpet, the sea-urchin and the soldier-crab, crept hungrily but fearfully round him. The high spring tide that had cast him ashore, retired slowly; the moon rose palely, like a pining lover, and in the white moonbeams Allan Wentworth's hands and arms shone like polished marble, as Inez Samuda, a Spanish girl, wandering musingly upon the beach, discovered the shipwrecked sailor.

The first impulse of Inez was to run away beyond the reach of indefinite danger, and she turned and took several steps. Then she stopped, looked back, returned and slowly approached the corpse-like form that was extended, one arm under the head, in the clear moonbeams of the summer evening. Gracefully and timidly as a young fawn Inez Samuda stepped round the object of her fear and admiration. Wonderingly she gazed at the manly symmetry that lay death-like, yet untainted by any seeming of mortality, and contemptively she wondered whether she was looking upon breathing manhood or a decaying corpse. Nature and education began a struggle for the mastery of her young heart. Kindliness and conventional usage opposed each other; and whilst her feelings told her to assist the shipwrecked sailor, her fears forbade her to touch the almost naked man. Fascinated by sensations altogether new, she could not leave the spot on which the image of the Eternal lay in a mortal trance; yet controlled by habit and custom, she dared not submit to the impulses that urged her to kneel at the side of the young man, and lift his head in her arms.

Her meditation was abruptly terminated by the appearance of a party of country people gathering seaweed on the beach. She immediately signalled to them, and with their assistance Allan Wentworth slowly revived and was carried to the neighboring village.

"O do not leave me, Allan Wentworth!" Inez exclaimed, passionately, some three weeks after her first interview with the young Englishman. "Do not leave me! I will risk much to retain you near me. Ah, you will think me bold and forward, but I will tell you, Allan. May Heaven forgive me! Alas, God help me—I love you!" And Inez clasped her hands and gazed helplessly and lovingly into the large dark eyes of the handsome sailor.

"Dear lady, do not think me ungrateful! I am poor—too poor to support you in the elegance and with the comforts to which you are accus-

tomed, and I will not injure the innocence that so trustingly confides in the truth and honor of a stranger."

"Ah," Inez replied, warmly, almost passionately, "you are no longer a stranger to me! I have watched you for three weeks, and I have learned your noble character. Allan, Allan, I love you!—yes, I love you, Allan Wentworth! I have much, very much money, and my uncle who gives me everything I desire, will leave me all he has, his land, his houses and all."

Allan answered in a tone of melancholy and affectionate sadness:

"It cannot be, dear lady. Grateful indeed I am for such preference, that when so many young and noble Spaniards ask thy love, that I in honor must refuse."

"Refuse—you must refuse!"

"Alas, dear Inez, I must not, may not, will not break the truth I swore upon the altar! I have a wife in England!"

"O, then God help me, Allan! Happy is the woman who possesses so brave and true a lover! Pardon me, Allan Wentworth, had I known this, I would not have betrayed myself. Farewell, noble and true heart! Stay! take this—accept this bracelet; bear it to thy wife, and when you tell her that you have refused the Spanish girl's love—O, Allan, may she love you as truly as I do!"

The rapid course of the mountain torrent checked itself, as the valley widened into a nearly level meadow where the rippling, bubbling current glistened as it broke against the scattered rocks in the channel of the stream, and tall elms and spreading oaks threw their shadow and their shade across the low, arched stone bridge that spanned the stream, and formed the roadway to Allan Wentworth's English home.

And Allan Wentworth, late in the summer's evening, stepped upon the lawn before the wide low window that looked on the weeping ash that drooped into the river. There were voices in the pretty drawing-room of the tranquil cottage, and Allan Wentworth's heart throbbed and his breath quickened, for he knew the voice of the wife he loved, but he did not know the voice of the man who was addressing her in tones of tender endearment. The window opened on the lawn, and as Allan Wentworth drew back into the shade cast by the trees, upon the side of the projecting window, Mrs. Wentworth walked into the open air. But she was not alone. A gentleman in the undress uniform of a cavalry officer, had one arm round her waist, and with the other hand pressed the white fingers of Mrs. Went-

worth. And the lady looked into his face and said :

"Ah, Nicholas Shirkey, do not betray me! If my husband should have the least suspicion of our connection I am sure he would kill me."

"Betray you, my pretty Jessie! I must be particularly anxious to figure as a defendant at Doctors' Commons, before I could be such a fool as to breathe a word of our secret to any one. But tell me, where is this precious husband of yours?"

"The last I heard from him was by a letter, and here it is, which told me he was ill in some unpronounceable village on the coast of Spain."

"Let's look at his letter. What sort of a letter does he write?"

Nicholas Shirkey, as he asked the question, took the letter, and as he leaned against the window-frame, almost within reach of Allan Wentworth's hand, he read it by the light that shone in the drawing-room.

"The fellow does not write a bad letter, Jessie. He must be horribly in love with you, you ungrateful little minx!"

"Why, of course he is, Nick. And I used to be horribly in love with him, too. And I declare that there was a time, and that's not a year ago, when if I thought he did not love me, I should have done—ah, I know not what. I was determined to have him, and now, umph, I don't care a pin about him! O, we are not suited to each other. Our dispositions are as different as our complexions—he is fair and I am a brunette. He is calm and meditative, and I am all for action. He likes sentiment, I dearly love fun. The fact is, Nick, I don't mind telling you, and you won't mind hearing it—I am tired of him!"

"Ha, ha! And I suppose you are getting tired of me?"

"O you are different, you know. Besides, I am afraid you will be tired first."

"Not at all improbable, my dear Jessie. I particularly dislike anything that approaches to a *grande passion*. I abominate a fuss, and somehow or other, an Englishwoman is never satisfied until she blunders into a little *ceneute*, that is, 'kicks up a shindy,'—a little sentiment in private and a great scandal in public."

"Now that is not my way, Nick."

"Yours—O no; you are the very essence of intrigue! I believe that if your husband could be here now, at this very instant, you would flirt with me before his face, throw me a kiss over his shoulder, and look your love into my heart, even while your head lay in his arms. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it is true, Nick, I have not much sentimentality about me, and I don't want any more than I have. It is silly to love too much.

To love, indeed! 'Tis to give one's heart-strings for bell-ropes."

"I am quite of your opinion; so let me swear to it and kiss the book!"

While the guilty lovers were in this way dallying, Allan Wentworth, who at the first sight of his wife's infidelity had been crushed by the discovery, recovered his energy and gave way to his revenge. With glaring eyes, close-set teeth, and bated breath, he crouched in the shade of the bow window, and was concealed by the long branches of the drooping ash. Every breath, nay, every pulsation of the heart of his false wife was felt and heard by the excited nerves of the agitated husband. And when the guilty lips were pressed together in kisses, Allan, unable to remain a quiet spectator, rushed forward. Then there ensued a struggle—two pistol-shots in rapid succession—and Allan Wentworth strode between two bleeding bodies that lay upon the grass.

Allan Wentworth was quickly apprehended and examined, and committed to prison, to take his trial for the murder of Major Nicholas Shirkey, and for the attempt to murder Mrs. Wentworth. He availed himself of a legal form, and pleaded "not guilty." But in a manly and fearless defence he stated every circumstance as it occurred.—in the agony of a proud heart, he acknowledged his own love, his wife's treachery, and the punishment he had inflicted on her and her paramour. And when the verdict of "not guilty" was recorded amid the applause of a crowded court, Allan Wentworth laid his head upon the shoulder of a friend, and relieved his overburdened heart by tears.

"Captain Wentworth, I did not know you! How pale you look! Have you been ill again?"

"I have suffered much, Mr. Samuda, since I left Spain. But where is—how is Inez?"

A shade of sadness and sorrow passed over the countenance of the old Spanish merchant, as he replied: "Inez is in the convent."

"In a convent—and by your wish?"

"No. You know that my wish, nay, my hope, Wentworth, was that you would be her husband; and the knowledge that you were married, was a sad disappointment. Inez pined very much after you left Spain, and her confessor and her aunt the abbess, induced her to take the veil. At first she hesitated, and has consented only unwillingly."

Allan seated himself in the merchant's large easy-chair, and leaned his head upon his hand, as he said: "Then I am too late!"

"Too late, Wentworth! Too late for what?"

Allan looked into the old man's face and shook his head, as he said, sorrowfully:

"My friend, my dear, good, old friend, you look at me with kindly sorrow, because my countenance tells of suffering. But I have undergone more than lips or words can speak. A few months have pressed heavily upon my heart, and I am not the high-spirited Allan Wentworth you knew six months ago. Yet, such as I am, such as you see me, changed in person, with softened pride and humbled heart, I come here to ask—to ask Inez to be my wife."

"Your wife, Allan Wentworth! Where is Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Dead!"

The old Spaniard pressed Allan's hand warmly, and as he sat down at his side, said, in a low, compassionate tone:

"My poor young friend, Inez is to take the veil to-day. Already every initiatory ceremony has been completed, in an hour her life will be irrevocably vowed to Heaven."

"I will see the ceremony," Allan said.

"Come, then."

The long procession moved slowly through the stately aisles of the Abbey chapel. The voices of the choristers mingled with the sacred song of the nuns, and the perfumed incense rose in clouds from the golden censers. Inez walked slowly towards the altar, her thoughts in heaven, and her eyes on earth. She was passing Allan Wentworth at a distance of only a few feet, when during a pause in the music, and while only the performers in the religious rites were heard in the still silence of the groined arches, Allan said: "Inez!"

Inez started.

"Inez!"

Inez looked towards him.

"Inez, be my wife."

Inez threw back her veil.

"Inez, be my wife."

Inez screamed: "Allan Wentworth, my love, my husband!" and rushed into Allan's outstretched arms.

In a few minutes there was a little confusion, and for a few hours there was much wondering, and not a little argumentation. But the excitement gradually calmed, and a judicious application of part of Mr. Samuda's wealth satisfied the church. Allan's religion, as a good Catholic, smoothed some difficulties, and the influence of the abbess, the aunt of Inez, removed the rest. And should the reader visit Seville, he will find no wealthier merchant, where many are rich, no fairer lady, where all are lovely, and no happier couple than Allan and Inez Wentworth.

Prodigals are born of misers, and butterflies are born of grubs.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHEN BACK ON THE WAVES.

BY JAMES KISTINE.

When back on the waves of our own placid bay
We anchor, returning from far distant shores,
How sweet is the billow's harmonious lay,
That softly along on the evening air pours.

And on the cool saphyr that soars from the land,
We scent the sweet fragrance of long-cherished flowers,
That strow with their beauty the green sloping strand,
And gem the bright paths of our dear native bowers.

[ORIGINAL.]

MATTIE MILLIS AND HER BEAU:

— OR, —

THE OLD FOLKS CONVINCED.

BY EMMA FRANCES POTTER.

"How strange it is that gals and boys take so kind of naturally to one another," soliloquized Dame Greg, as she unfolded a bundle of hemp cloth and began to stitch busily upon a frock-sleeve. "The very old possessed has got into our Mat," she continued, "since she has been stayed to by Will Tileston, and the good-for-nothing trollop has gone off now somewhere, and left these frocks just where she found them, not even sewed a gusset in, I declare! How things have changed since I was a gal! My old man—he was young then—and many's the time we've set and pared pumkins together, and never thought of sky-larkin' round *hether* and *yend*. Dear me, gals aint good for nothing now—"

"Hallo, Aunt Greg!" exclaimed young Tileston, coming up the path just at that moment, with the rosy-cheeked niece of the farmer.

"You're a good-for-nothing sneak-about," returned Aunt Greg. "Here I expected Mat to a helped me a sight on these frocks, and she shirked out of it just as slick as you please. I suppose she'd jump out of the garret winder to go anywhere with a bean."

"Who blames her?" asked the young man. "It is abominable, the idea of stitching such buckram as this,"—taking hold of the coarse cloth, which lay on Aunt Greg's lap. "Her delicate fingers revolt at such a task!" he continued, winking at the blushing Mat. "She must have a sewing-machine."

"Sewing-machine, hey? Delicate fingers, humph!" exclaimed Dame Greg, biting off with a nervous nip of her teeth the hempen thread which had knotted in her needle. "It's mighty pretty to have somebody to say such things for

you, but Mat knows better than to say it herself. The best sewing-machine is this,"—and the strong-minded woman took long sweeping stitches in the coarse cloth, and motioned with her head towards the gyrations she was effecting with her brawny hands. "And as for our Mat's hands being delicate, bless me, she can milk the ugliest cow in Christendom with them."

"You laugh and think I am in jest," replied young Tileston, "but there are such things as sewing-machines, and shirts and all kinds of clothing can be made much nicer and much quicker than by hand. And there's Farmer Greg, too, persists in sitting astride of that ridiculous shovel, to shell corn on its edge, when there are just the handiest cornshellers looking him in the face every time he goes to mill, through the window of the Union store. And the churn, too, that blisters Mattie's hands twice a week, is one of the old-style plagues that should have vanished with the May-flower."

"Much you know about it," replied Aunt Greg. "But there's any quantity of newspaper humbugs; my old man is continually reading them. I saw a declaration about a mill or machine where you could put in a live ox at one side, and out of the other side would come a pair of boots, two quarters of dressed beef, a quarto Bible and a trunk or two! O, you can't fool me with any of your nonsense!"

Tileston burst into a loud laugh at this denunciation of Aunt Greg's against all new inventions, but getting sober again he began to remonstrate with her.

"I am sure," he began, throwing his straw hat on the table and putting his hand into a basket of peas which Mattie was shelling, "Farmer Greg, although he ignores every new improvement for himself, laughs and thinks the working of neighbor Hallam's threshing-machine and cultivator is remarkable in the extreme, and he dare not call them humbugs. And I remember last winter, where one of the prettiest girls in Tileston made the red apples spin on a paring apparatus which a certain young fellow brought from town for the express purpose of making all you old fogies stare!"

Here Tileston stepped significantly on the toe of Mat's slipper, causing the pan containing the peas to slip from her lap, and the contents went spinning and popping over the floor.

"There, so much for not having your mind on your work!" said Mrs. Greg.

Mat and Tileston began to scrape up the peas with their hands, and Mrs. Greg stepped out to bring a brush with which to facilitate their work.

"No harm done," said Tileston. "But about

these new-fangled matters"—Mat and Will had been gradually approaching each other, and he now hastily gave her a kiss. Whether Aunt Greg saw this or not, we do not know, but certain it is, she came into the room very quickly, and laying down the brush, exclaimed:

"New-fangled indeed! If there were a few more new-fangled, bothering affairs like you around, there might be sewing, threshing and kissing too, done! Clear out, you young scamp, for Mat will never do a thing properly while you are round."

Seizing the frock she had been making, she attempted to strike the young man over the head with it; but he made his escape before she could reach him, and leaped over the garden fence, swinging his hat and exclaiming:

"Bravo! bravo! what do you think of threshing-machines, Mrs. Greg?"

Aunt Greg was not an ill-natured woman, and she could not forbear laughing at the nonchalance and mirth of the smart young Tileston.

"What a rattle brained fellow that Will Tileston is!" she exclaimed, as she returned to her sewing. "Means well enough, I suppose, but I can't bear to hear young folks talk like fools, when they know better."

This she said as a sort of excuse for her brusque method of getting rid of him, for she rather liked than otherwise both the gallantry and satire of this young beau of Mat's.

The red cheeked girl who had been the blushing witness of Dame Greg's agitation, put her head out of the window to look after the author of this controversy, who looked back every now and then to catch glimpses of Mattie Millis. From an earnest gaze the vague look of Mat passed into a sort of day-dream, in which, with her head resting on her hand, and her deep blue eyes fixed on the swaying vine on the garden wall opposite the old kitchen window, she imagined herself walking away among the sunny meadows on some Sunday afternoon, with another by her side who put his arm around her as he walked, and told her of the new white cottage next his father's, so cosy and so much the thing for a pretty young wife to live in. Then she saw in the swaying vine a neat bridal costume, and her uncle and aunt Greg, with go-to-meeting faces, bustling about the best room and talking of "acres and "selling out." Here, just as she was timidly imagining her own blushing reply to—"Wilt thou take this man to be thy lawful husband?"—Aunt Greg hit her a ringing slap on the shoulders, and accompanied it with:

"What upon earth has got into you, Mat?" I have been screaming this half hour! The po

boils over; go and see to it, you jade you, and don't let me catch you casting sheep's eyes at Tileston again!"

How instantly the day-dream of our heroine vanished, we have no authority to state; enough that when the old brass clock struck twelve, dimpling Mat was sent out to blow the horn for the people at work in the field, and awaited their coming to feast upon the vegetable dainties, which despite the boiling over of the kettle and the temper of Aunt Greg had been dished up on the farmer's table.

What the reflections of young Tileston were, as he walked towards the bars which separated his father's fields from the pasture of Farmer Greg we cannot define, but by his repeated backward glances at the farm-house, just visible among the trees, one might at once conclude that the late adventure in the cottage kitchen had enhanced the blooming Mattie in his opinion, and made him, too, guilty of a day-dream in which the white cottage on the hill was one prominent landmark, and this formed itself into a determination to go more earnestly to work upon the affections of Miss Millis.

The first point to be gained was over the wilful guardian, Aunt Greg. The scene which had transpired within the last hour was fresh in his mind. Farmer Greg was ploughing in the field directly before him, and as Tileston watched the awkward and laborious exertions of the old foggy farmer, he exclaimed:

"Old fool! he thinks he must tread in the exact footsteps of his ancestors, but I will prove to him and to his wilful dame that they are behind the times—and I can be working after Mat all the time."

With this for the capital letter of his future, Will Tileston got down off the bar, and bringing his hand down on his knee with a "Good!" (thought aloud), he walked into his father's house.

"Sprucing up, eh? Where on earth are you going now, Mat?" exclaimed Dame Greg, as she stooped to pick up the threads from the striped carpet.

"Not anywhere, aunt," replied the blushing Mat.

"Then I suppose Mr. What's-his-name's expected here. I hope the goosehead will know enough to go away in some sort of time. That's all the candle you can have anyway, so make much of it."

Mat, who had been making water-curles around her dimpled face, turned around upon the insinuating woman, who was holding the door open to aggravate her niece.

"There, there," she exclaimed through the crack, "that will do—that will suit him, just the Tileston curl exactly. What tarnal proud critters gals are now-a-days," she muttered, as she closed the door.

The pleasant voice of young Tileston, just ushered in by Mat, caught the ear of Aunt Greg, and after lingering a moment to lay aside her apron, she once more found herself *vis-a-vis* with the arch-looking Will Tileston.

"Have you thought anything more about our scheme?" was the first salutation. "Let me see, where did we leave off? Any new humbug come to light, Aunt Greg?"

The farmer's wife burst into a laugh, as the young man set her a chair, and she made a rather evasive answer, to which he replied:

"Are you any more open to conviction than heretofore? How is it about the frocks—all done, Mattie?"

"But you was in fun, wasn't you, Will?" asked Mat, taking the tongs to adjust a brand in the fireplace. "There isn't any such thing as a sewing-machine is there?"

"Certainly. And were you disposed, you could count every stitch in a shirt, and make three or four of them in a day, for all I know. Why, Mat, this is the age of progress. We who live away up here in the country don't realize what's going on in the world, but the day is coming for Tileston yet. Old Farmer Greg will be ashamed yet to be seen astride of the peel shelling corn. And I'll wager Aunt Greg the most shining silk dress in the City of Notions, that before the end of two years, much as she has laughed at me, that the old mill-brook beyond Greg's Hill will be bridged by a mill of some sort, and that the hemp frocks in this very kitchen will be stitched by the questionable humbug, and that—but I won't say what now."

"Well, I want to know if you really mean it?" asked Aunt Greg. "Now do tell us all about it. You're the first person I ever heard speak about this in earnest."

Will now had to turn the laugh on to Aunt Greg, who became confused and out of patience, and finally left the room.

"Ahem!" ejaculated Tileston. "I was going to say furthermore, that my little Mattie Millis would be the mistress of a certain little cottage beyond the mill, and Will Tileston would be on the door-plate."

"Hush!" breathed Mat, half-afraid, turning a hurried look towards the door, and allowing Tileston to press her hand as she did so.

"I've a notion," commenced Tileston again, "of my own, of building up myself and Tileston.

The old man has got plenty of funds, I am his only son, and you are the only heir of your uncle. Now, Mat, ahem, ahem—" (Tileston had a strong phthisic affection of the throat just then.) However, after turning about, going to the window, and then re-seating himself just as he was before, he leaned his head towards Mat, who was making a cat's-cradle of her apron-strings, and whispered, "Mat, do you love me?"

Whether there was a sudden reviving of the flickering of the embers on the hearth, or a last effort of the dying candle to illumine her answer, was indeterminate. But certain it was, that there was a fire-red glow upon a certain fair face, and a "No you don't," from the rosy mouth which Will Tileston took the liberty at that moment to taste of.

"But I am in earnest, Mat. I am a man now, two-and-twenty last Monday week. You know the cottage down by the mill—that's mine, when I've a mind to settle down. If you and I can agree, and can bring the old folks to agree with us, I will make the old mill-pond soon ring with the mallet and hammer. Tell me quick, Mattie, do you love me?"

Mat had at this juncture escaped from the room to replenish the fire and the candle, and coming laughingly along, with an apron full of cobs to serve as fuel and light too (Aunt Greg having prohibited another candle), Tileston extended his arm to force her into acquiescence, she dropped her apron accidentally into the fire, and in a moment her whole dress was in a blaze. Tileston screamed with affright, and Aunt Greg and her spouse, both in their *robes de nuit*, rushed into the room to find Mat gasping in the arms of Will Tileston, who was showing his solicitude in every imaginable way. Uncle Greg was startled at this phase in affairs, never having known the particular penchant of young Tileston for his niece. Though Aunt Greg frowned at first, and then after Mat had been taken to her room, more scared than hurt, she sought the apartment where her spouse and Will Tileston were discussing the delicate theme of marrying Mattie Millis.

"Marrying!" broke in Aunt Greg, "why, the child haint knit her own stockings only this year—you are crazy, Mr. Greg!"

"But you shall have a sewing-machine to help you," broke in young Tileston, "the very first one there will be in town. I will warrant your conviction when you see the beauty of its motions; its humming will be sweeter than was ever Mat's voice. She has been rather a troublesome sewing-machine, I suppose. How is it with Uncle Greg's frock sleeves, any gussets to them yet?"

The dame was rather affronted at first, but seeing a broad grin on the face of the old farmer, she thought better of her ill-nature, and replied:

"Well, I've nothing to say about it. She's the old man's relation instead of mine, he can say what he pleases." It is useless to detail any more about the stratagem of young Tileston, of the illness of Mattie Millis; enough that the old farmer did not say no, and the old rail fence that marked the boundary around the mill-pond on Greg's Hill, disappeared in a few weeks, and the echoes in that vicinity were aroused by the creaking of timber and hewing of stone, and a lofty building soon rose to view, with the sign, "Tileston & Co., Tool Factory," on the very sight where Tileston and Mat had trysted time and again, and talked of the white cottage, in which was in reality settled another Tileston & Co.

In the farmer's kitchen, beside the same window where the first scene of this sketch was laid, about two years after might have been seen Aunt Greg stitching a hemp frock on one of those disputed sewing-machines, while a blue-eyed, curly-haired youngster was crawling upon the carved work beneath, and incommoding Aunt Greg's busy foot, she reprimanded him with:

"Take care, Willie, aunty can't sew."

Farmer Greg's hired man was hitching the oxen to a new-fangled concern called a cultivator, just as the old farmer drove up with the long wagon, and called him to help lift out another of the silly notions of Will Tileston, destined to supercede the old shovel in shelling corn. Meanwhile the old man muttered to himself:

"Corn is worth a dollar a bushel! The rats gnawed into the cornhouse, last winter and carried off half my crop; this ere machine will fill my bags, and when the crop is turned into cash, 'twill fix the vermin. But then, when I think how things are changed, I can't believe my eyes. That scamp of a Tileston that carried off our Mat, how he laughed at me one day when he saw my corn-sheller—but then he's a mighty smart fellow, and I have never begrudged Mat her setting out."

LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—WALTER SCOTT.

Wisdom is wealth; but if there was no other wealth than the wealth of wisdom, the world would be shockingly poor.

[ORIGINAL.]

GONE BEFORE.

BY MRS. B. B. EDSON.

It is very lonely now, darling,
 Since that quiet autumn eve,
 When you meekly folded your loving hands,
 And told us not to grieve;
 For though o'er the light of our earthly love
 The shadows were settling down,
 You saw on the bright, the further shore,
 The gleam of the promised crown.

You asked me to think in the coming years,
 Mid the toils and the cares of life,
 Of her who had been ten happy years
 Your loved and loving wife;
 And when the pang of this parting hour
 Should be dulled by the lapse of years,
 And the quiet joy and the old-time smile
 Have taken the place of tears;

When the grief that is surging so wildly now
 Shall be changed to a quiet flow,
 I know you will never quite forget
 The loved one of long ago;

And when the fair shores of the better land
 Shall break on your fading sight,
 You will know I only went before,
 To make it more homelike and bright.

Dear heart, the sweet home of rest above
 Grows nearer since thou art there,
 And all defects of doubt and fear
 Are vanishing into air;
 And the sullen surge from the unknown shore,
 So vague and undefined,
 Is parted now by the golden wake
 Your love has left behind!

And I think, with the thrill that the mariner feels,
 Who has been long and long away,
 When he sees the blue hills and the headlands rise
 Through the mists of the opening day,
 That a few more weary leagues of space,
 And a few more lagging hours,
 Shall bring me safe where the swinging lamps
 Hang down from the pearly towers!

[ORIGINAL.]

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M. D.

I SHALL never forget to the last day of my life, my emotions of joy when I was called up, on the evening of the Commencement of the University Medical College, in the city of New York, to receive my diploma authorizing me to practise as a physician. The idea of being able hereafter to write John Merrifield with M. D. after my name, was a sufficient reward for all my hard study; and I remember the next day I did nothing else but write it on a piece of paper to see

how it would look. This vanity is perhaps pardonable, when it is remembered that for three years I had been looking forward to that happy day; that it was the end of all my ambition; that for this privilege I had burned the midnight oil; and that I looked upon it as a stepping-stone to a respectable position in the world, if not to fortune and renown. I little knew the trials and difficulties a young physician has to undergo to gain even a moderate competence; but I suppose I expected that I should jump into practice at once, and rich patients, large fees and successful cures formed the staple of my thoughts.

I determined that I would settle in the city, as affording me a larger scope where to exercise the abilities I thought I possessed. The very next day I hired a suitable office in Bleeker Street, fixed my "shingle," in all the glory of gold letters on a black ground, to the side of the house, furnished my apartment in a very moderate style, and then sat down in my office to wait for patients.

And I had to wait days, weeks, nay, even months elapsed, and no patients came. My small means were slowly dwindling away, and I saw no prospect of time effecting any improvement in my circumstances. I began to despair, and resolved several times that I would give up my profession and seek some other employment, which would at least afford me a means of support. At last I came to a fixed resolution on the subject, and determined that if another week did not bring me a patient, I would at once take down my sign, scratch out M. D. from my name, and endeavor to procure a situation as clerk in a drug-store, for which position my previous education qualified me.

Six days passed, and not a soul came; the seventh (it was Sunday, how well I remember it!) dawned. It was a bitter cold day in March, and the streets were covered to some depth with snow. I advanced to my office-window and gazed listlessly into the street. It looked so hopelessly cheerless outside that it struck a chill into my heart, and I sat down in my "Boston rocker" utterly dispirited. I attempted to read, but the words swam before my eyes and I threw down the book. I could only gaze into the fire, and endeavor to read my future fate in the glowing coals.

I might have been thus occupied an hour or more, when I was aroused by a violent ring at my office-bell. At first I thought it was only my imagination, and rubbed my eyes to see if I had not been dozing. A second ring, even more violent than the first, caused me, however, to start to my feet. I ran to the door and opened

it, and found standing there a young girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age. The passage was rather dark, so I could not see her features well.

• "Does Doctor Merrifield live here?" she asked, in a sweetly musical voice.

"I am Doctor Merrifield," I replied.

"Would you be kind enough to come and see my father, sir? He is very sick, and wishes you to come immediately."

At last, my first patient had come!

"Where does your father live?" I tremblingly asked.

"He lives in the Third Avenue, near Sixteenth Street. I will accompany you, if you have no objection. You might not find the house, as there is no number on the door. I have a hack at the door."

To put on my hat and overcoat was the occupation of but a moment, and in another minute I found myself seated by the side of the young girl in the hack. It was only then that I had an opportunity of seeing her features, and I was immediately struck with her extreme beauty. As I have before said, she was about eighteen years of age. She was above the medium height, and her features were faultlessly regular. Her hair was bright auburn, her eyes dark blue, and her long eyelashes gave that dreamy expression to her face so charming in woman. She evidently possessed a fine mind, for her forehead was lofty, and her actions and motions showed that she had been endowed with a refined education.

We spoke but little while in the carriage. She answered my interrogations as to her father's symptoms, with an eagerness which showed that her whole thoughts were centred in him, and perceiving her pre-occupation, I did not attempt to discuss any other subject.

At last we stopped before the door of her father's house, and I descended from the vehicle and having assisted the young lady to alight, I glanced at the building in which my first patient resided. It was a substantial-looking edifice, standing a little back from the street, and everything around it betokened easy circumstances, if not wealth. The young lady led the way, and in answer to her summons at the front door, it was speedily opened, and we entered a spacious hall. Requesting me to remain in the parlor for a moment or two, my fair companion tripped nimbly up stairs.

While she was gone I had an opportunity of examining the apartment. It was elegantly furnished, and gave the same evidence of more than a moderate income which the exterior did. The walls were decorated with handsome oil

paintings, and from the large number of sea-subjects, I judged that my patient had been a sailor. While I was examining the pictures, the young lady re-entered the room and informed me that her father, Captain Linton, was ready to receive me. Escorted by Miss Linton, I ascended the stairs and was shown into the captain's bedroom. The bed on which my patient reclined was at the further end of the chamber. The moment I entered, he stretched out his hand, and I took my place by his side.

He was an elderly man, and at first glance did not appear to be very sick. His face was full, and excepting an anxious expression to be traced on it, bore evidence of good health. The moment, however, that I placed my fingers on his pulse, I discovered the secret of his malady, for it was intermittent. I knew even before examination, that he was suffering from organic disease of the heart. He answered all my questions calmly and to the point. After an interview of about half an hour, I prescribed a sedative and returned to my office.

The next day I visited him again and found that he was something better. I conversed with him longer than I had done the first day, and found him to be a highly intelligent man, full of anecdote and valuable information. It was as I had previously supposed; he had followed the sea as a profession, and had been the captain of a privateer during the war of 1812. He had taken many valuable prizes, and from his successful career had amassed quite a fortune.

I need not dwell on this part of my history; suffice it to say that I attended Captain Linton for three weeks. During this time I had frequent opportunities of seeing his daughter, and my acquaintance with her only served to increase the favorable opinion I had entertained on our first interview. She was a charming girl, full of grace, gentleness, and what the French call *esprit*. It was, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure that I heard Captain Linton, when he was able to dispense with my professional services, request me to drop in now and then and pay them a friendly visit. Helen Linton had frequently when I was alone with her, asked me my opinion of her father's condition. Without wishing to alarm her seriously, I thought it my duty to intimate in pretty plain language that his heart was organically diseased, and that he might be taken away at any moment. She heard my opinion with tears in her eyes, and begged that I would do everything in my power to persuade him to follow a strict regimen. This I promised to do, and really think my advice had some weight with the hardy old seaman, for I noticed

on subsequent visits that he indulged much less in stimulants than he used to do.

I do not know how the feeling crept on me, or what fostered its birth, but I seemed as it were to find myself suddenly in love with Helen Linton. I suppose it was the thorough awakening of my mind to all her noble qualities, that caused me to draw the conclusion that she would make me an excellent wife. Be that as it may, I found myself visiting there every night, and really looked upon myself as one of the family. Helen always received me with *empressment*, and yet I could not tell whether she simply viewed me in the light of a dear friend, or entertained any tenderer feelings in her heart.

One day, however, I determined to know my fate, and taking advantage of her father's absence, I poured into her ear a flood of impassioned eloquence which proceeded from my heart. I had the supreme happiness of imprinting on her lips the seal of an accepted lover. That same evening I asked her hand of the captain, when he returned home. The only reply he made was to place her hand in mine and repeat a prayer for our happiness. I shall not attempt to paint our joy. It was decided that in a month from that time we should be married. Since my first attendance on Captain Linton, patients began to drop in, and I was getting together quite a good practice.

Three weeks passed on, and the preparations for our wedding were all completed, when I suddenly received a message from Helen, begging me to come immediately, as her father was very sick. I obeyed the summons, but before I got to the house he was dead! Instead of a wedding we had a funeral. Helen was terribly affected by her father's death. Of course our wedding was postponed, and it was decided that she should go and spend a few months with an uncle who lived at a small village called Industry, on the banks of the Ohio. Our parting was an affecting one, but we were cheered by the hope of soon meeting again; for it was agreed between us that after she had been visiting there a month, I should go and see her.

She had been gone about a week, when to my great surprise and consternation, I received a letter from her uncle, Mr. Henry Linton, stating that she had not arrived at his house, and begging some explanation of the delay, at the same time expressing a hope that it was not occasioned by sickness. I did not think it necessary to answer this letter, for I determined at once to go on. I made a hasty arrangement with a fellow-practitioner to attend to my patients during my absence, and that same evening I procured a through

ticket to Wheeling, and in a few hours had left New York far behind.

When I reached Wheeling I made the necessary inquiries at the various hotels, and succeeded in tracing Helen there. I also discovered that she had taken passage in a boat to Wellsville. To this last place I hastened with all the celerity I was capable of exercising. Here, however, I lost all trace of her, and nothing was left for me but to go on to Industry, for I thought that perhaps she might have arrived at her relative's house since the latter had been despatched to New York.

When I reached Mr. Linton's house, I found to my consternation that she had not been heard of. Her uncle was extremely surprised to learn that she had left New York, for he had supposed something had detained her. He immediately despatched messengers in every direction to search for her. I would have accompanied them, but I was physically unable to do so, for I was so thoroughly exhausted that I could scarcely stand. Mr. Linton insisted on my resting for the night. Much against my inclination I was compelled to comply with his request.

I woke early the next morning, very much refreshed, and hurrying on my clothes descended into the garden, where, through the window, I saw my host walking up and down one of the paths in an agitated manner.

"Good morning, doctor," he said, "as soon as he saw me. "I suppose you are off again."

"Yes. I will search the earth through but I will find her."

"God grant you may be successful!"

"You speak doubtfully—you cannot think anything serious has befallen Helen."

"I hope not—I trust not, but we live in strange times."

There was something so peculiar in the tone in which he spoke, that I gazed earnestly at the speaker.

"You are alarmed and agitated," I exclaimed.

"Tell me what it is you fear."

"Doctor, I ought to tell you, and yet I am afraid of exciting your fears needlessly, but on reflection, it is perhaps better that you should know all."

"You do indeed alarm me. You have heard some bad news. Speak, I conjure you."

"No, I have heard no bad news, I have heard nothing at all of Helen. But, doctor, there is something very mysterious transpiring in our neighborhood. No less than four or five of our best citizens and several strangers have suddenly disappeared from our midst, and nothing more has been heard of them, and all this within six months."

"But have they been sought for, and is it certain they did not leave of their own free will?"

"If only one or two had disappeared, that would be a very just suspicion, but it is impossible that five respectable farmers and merchants would desert their wives and children, as these men have done. You ask me if search has been made for them. The most minute and careful search has been instituted; in fact, the whole country has been scoured for miles, but not the slightest trace of the missing individuals could be found."

"How strange! What is supposed to have become of them?"

"Heaven only knows! There are a hundred rumors afloat, but nothing reliable in any of them. The thought struck me this morning that perhaps Helen may have disappeared in this manner."

"That is scarcely possible," I returned—at the same time I felt a chill strike my heart. "Surely no one would harm a young girl. Your suspicions will, however, stimulate me to fresh exertions. Is there any particular locality where these people who have disappeared were last seen or heard of?"

"As I before told you, these parties who disappeared were farmers, and most of them were returning from Rochester, a town eight miles from here, where they had been to dispose of their produce. They were traced to Rochester, where they did their business, and were then traced out of that town; then all further clue was lost."

"It is certain then, that the ambuscade, or whatever may be the cause of their disappearance, lies between Rochester and Industry?"

"So it would seem, but every foot of ground has been thoroughly explored without any success at all."

A domestic now came to inform us that breakfast was ready. After a hurried meal, I jumped on the back of a horse which I borrowed from Mr. Linton, and determined that I would explore for myself the road between Industry and Rochester.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and in spite of my anxiety, I could not help noticing the charming country through which I passed. On one side of me was the silvery Ohio, flashing and sparkling in the beams of the morning sun, as if it were greeting its bride. The trees were musical with birds, and covered with the bright green verdure which they assume in the spring of the year. While I was pursuing my journey, I could not help thinking on all I had heard, and the more I reflected on it, the more extraordinary it

appeared; at the same time it did not seem to me to be at all probable that Helen had shared the same fate, whatever it might be.

It was while indulging in these thoughts that I reached Rochester. I visited every portion of the town, but could not learn that any one answering to Helen's description had been seen there. It was night by the time I had concluded my search, and I must own my mind was considerably relieved that I had heard nothing of Helen—for the conversation I had with some of the inhabitants of the town, only served to confirm all that Mr. Linton had told me.

It was quite dark when I left Rochester for Industry, but as I had only eight miles to travel I set off at a gallop, expecting to reach the latter place in less than an hour. I had, however, not proceeded more than two or three miles, when my horse fell suddenly lame, and I found that he could proceed no further. I dismounted, and leading him by the bridle, walked for half a mile, when I came to a large inn or tavern, which I had noticed in the morning when I passed along the road.

It was now about ten o'clock, and I determined I would leave my horse there for the night and try and procure another animal from the landlord, which would convey me to my destination. I advanced to the door of the inn, and knocked loudly. Although I could see a light burning in the interior, no reply was made to my summons. I knocked again more loudly than at first, and after a minute or two the bolts were withdrawn, and a man appeared. I made known my request to him; he informed me that he could not let me have another horse, but that I could sleep there until the morning, when a stage would pass the house.

I debated a minute or two in my own mind as to what was best to be done. It was late, and I knew that Mr. Linton would scarcely expect me at that hour, and the idea of walking five or six miles on a road concerning which such terrible stories were rife, was by no means an agreeable one. Not that I felt afraid, for I had taken the precaution to arm myself with a revolver. I finally made up my mind to accept the landlord's offer, and consigning my horse to his care, I entered the house and made my way to the parlor, where I found a woman seated by the fire, whom I afterwards learned was the landlord's wife. I sat down after making a few general remarks, and was soon rejoined by the landlord.

He was a strong, healthy-looking man, with a remarkable mild face and pleasant smile, the very impersonation of a jolly host. His wife was also a very fine-looking woman, with an excellent ex-

pression of countenance. I felt perfectly at home in a minute, and we conversed on a hundred different topics.

"By-the-by," said I, after a pause in our conversation, "the road between here and Industry bears a bad reputation, if I am to believe all the reports concerning it."

"You may well say reports, sir," said the host of the White Swan. "The fact is, I don't believe there is a word of truth in the matter. I have lived on this road now going on twenty-two years, and I never saw anything wrong here. It's my belief that the first man who disappeared went out West, and anybody that wants to leave takes advantage of the excitement, and by this means conceals his flight."

"That supposition is very reasonable," I returned; "but I am informed the men who have disappeared were all of the highest respectability."

"That may be, sir, but there's no fathoming the human heart—a man may lead a seemingly virtuous life, and yet in his heart may be everything that is bad. What makes me think that my supposition in this matter is a correct one, is the fact that a man was here the other day and stated to me that he had seen one of the missing men in Wisconsin."

"If that is the case, it certainly goes far to explain the mystery. It is a pity the fact is not made public and positive proof adduced; it would tend to disabuse the public mind."

"If the truth could be made manifest, it would do me a great deal of good, for I assure you, sir, since these reports have been circulated, my business has suffered terribly. Formerly my house used to be always full, now scarcely anybody visits it. If it were not for what I make at my business as a carpenter, we should starve."

We prolonged the conversation for some time longer, when I expressed a wish to retire to bed. I noticed for the first time a peculiar glance pass between the man and the woman, which afterwards returned with terrible significance to my mind, but at the time I paid but little heed to it.

"The white room," suggested the landlord's wife.

"No, the red room," returned the landlord, knitting his brows—which action had the effect of silencing her, for she offered no further objection.

The landlord handed me a lamp and ushered me into my chamber. It was a large, old-fashioned apartment, with a high ceiling and polished floor, for strange to say, it was without a shred of carpet or matting to cover it. The bed was a heavy four-poster, with thick red curtains drawn close all round it. The furniture in the room

was old but strong and substantial, and the walls were covered with several large sporting prints. The landlord bade me good night and left me to my own reflections.

When he had gone, I went to the window and looked out on the night. A glorious sight met my gaze. The moon was at its full, and rode through the heavens in all the majesty of its solitary splendor. Through the trees I could see the waters of the Ohio flashing in the moonlight. I put out the light that I might better enjoy the scene, and fastening the curtains back, seated myself close to the casement, and supporting my head with my hand, delivered myself up to my own reflections.

In what I have written, I have dwelt but little on the condition of my own feelings since Helen had been lost, but the reader must not imagine on that account that I did not feel this trial poignantly. It was now, especially as I gazed on the beautiful scene before me, that the recollection of her glorious character, of her noble heart, of her devotion, all came back in a flood to my heart, and unmanly though it may seem, the tears coursed each other down my cheeks. Although her disappearance was most mysterious, I could not bring myself to believe that any accident had befallen her. I thought that perhaps, instead of getting off the boat at Wellsville, she might, through accident, have gone on to Pittsburgh, and be detained there from some unavoidable cause.

It was while plunged in the midst of these reflections, that I distinctly heard a stealthy step on the stairs, and almost directly afterwards the door opened gently, and the landlord's wife put her head in.

"Did you want anything?" I asked, rising up in a standing posture.

"We thought you called," said the woman, withdrawing her head.

"No," I returned, "you are mistaken, I did not call. I want nothing."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Good night."

"Good night."

And the woman closed the door, and left me alone again. It was now that suspicion began to creep into my mind. There was something very strange in this woman's visit to my apartment. I could not believe that they thought I had called. The night was too still and calm to admit the possibility of such a mistake. Then recurred to my mind the look which had passed between them when I expressed a wish to be shown to my chamber. Still, my suspicions took no tangible shape, but only determined me to keep all my senses about me. The thought cer-

tainly did strike me once or twice that perhaps this innkeeper might have something to do with the mysterious disappearances, but when I remembered his honest face, I repelled the idea as being most chimerical. After a little time, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts, and resumed my occupation of gazing on the silver river.

One sense I possess in a very acute degree, namely, the faculty of hearing. Ever since I was a boy I have been able to distinguish sounds, while to the majority of persons a complete silence reigns. I suddenly became conscious that some one was listening at my chamber door. It may be that I was more on the alert than usual. My plan was immediately formed. It was evident that for some purpose or other, the worthy host and his wife wished me in bed, so without making any preparation whatever, I threw myself dressed as I was, on the bed. I was immediately conscious that the person left the door, retreating down stairs.

It was now my turn to exercise a little diplomacy, for I was by this time assured that there was something very unusual in all this. I rose quietly from the bed and concealed myself in the folds of the window-curtains, determined to watch and wait. I remained in this position for at least half an hour, without a single sound reaching my ear, and was about to go to bed in good earnest, when I heard the clanking of iron in the room immediately underneath the one I occupied. It was very faint and resembled, as near as I could tell, the hooking of one iron chain to another. I now felt certain that something extraordinary was about to occur. Another long pause, however, followed. It might have been perhaps half an hour, when happening to turn my eyes in the direction of the bed (on which the moon was shining), I saw the top of it oscillate, and then, to my intense surprise, it began to sink slowly through the floor, a large trap-door having opened for that purpose.

More determined than ever to penetrate this mystery—for I was now satisfied that the mysterious disappearances were in a fair way of being explained—I stole gently forward, and before the bed had wholly disappeared, I had clung firmly to one of the bed-posts, the bed-curtains concealing me from a casual observer.

The bedstead continued to descend so gently and slowly that its motion was scarcely perceptible, and I am certain had I been asleep, I should not have felt it. I was not aware at the time how far we went, but it seemed to me to be a considerable depth. At last the motion ceased, and I watched with some anxiety to see what was

next to be done. I had not to wait long, for suddenly a heavy iron plate, which appeared to come out of the top of the bed, fell with tremendous force on the bed itself. It is certain if I had been lying there, I should have been instantly killed. As it was, I was shaken from my hold and fell on damp earth. I was not hurt, however, and was immediately aware that I must be in a species of cellar, or cave, from the softness of the ground. I rose on my feet, and endeavored to penetrate the darkness which surrounded me, but I was unable to see a single ray of light.

I groped my way along an uneven wall, until at last I came to a round projection. Passing round this by the aid of my hands, I saw the glimmering of a light which proceeded from an opening in this subterranean chamber, for such it proved to be. I cautiously advanced to this opening and glanced through it, and who should I see there but the landlord and his wife! They were conversing together, and their voices distinctly reached my ear.

"I suppose his business is finished by this time," said the landlord.

"Have you let down the iron plate?"

"Certainly, two or three minutes ago. It kills very surely, that's one comfort."

"John, I wish you had saved this stranger's life," said his wife.

"Why so?"

"Well, we've shed blood enough."

"Pshaw, you're growing squeamish!"

"Do you think he had much money about him?"

"I don't know, but he has a splendid gold watch, and that's something."

At that moment their conversation was interrupted by a scream so loud that it seemed to shake the very ground. Every particle of blood receded from my heart, for I thought I recognized the voice.

"There's that girl screaming again," said the landlord of the inn. "If it had not been for you, I would have settled her business long ago—but you have dissuaded me from it. I tell you what, though, she shall die to-night."

"No, John, don't murder that poor girl."

"What will you do with her?"

"I don't know yet—but let her live."

"No, she must die!"

"John, you must not—cannot kill her."

"But I will though—and this very minute, too!"

"You shall not—you shall not!"

"Hold your tongue, wretch!" exclaimed the landlord.

"I say, John, I will not allow you to kill her

"You will not, hey? Take that for your trouble then."

And I heard the villain give her a blow which evidently felled her to the ground, for she was silent after it.

I now saw the innkeeper, with a bowie-knife between his teeth, stealthily leave the cell, and with a candle in his hand, direct his steps towards the further end of the cavern, where I saw, by the rays of the candle, a circular projection similar to the one he had just left. His fearful purpose was only too apparent. I followed, close to his heels, the soft ground preventing my footsteps being heard.

Another thrilling and heart-rending shriek reached my ears. My only wonder now is, that I did not seize the assassin there and then. But I suppose I was afraid I should never be able to find Helen in that accursed place, unless guided to her place of confinement; at all events, I thought it better to allow him to proceed. He unlocked a grated door and entered a dismal-looking cell. I glided in after him, and saw my beloved girl bound hand and foot to an iron bedstead.

"Young girl," said the villain, as he entered, "I will give you two minutes to say your prayers in—you must die!"

"O, spare me—spare me!" shrieked Helen. "O, John, John, why are you not here to protect me?"

"I am here!" I exclaimed, seizing the villain by the throat, and almost choking the life out of him.

The moment he saw me, he was completely paralyzed, for I suppose he thought I was some one risen from the dead. I bound him hand and foot, and then proceeded to release Helen. I shall not attempt to describe our meeting, for any words I might use would but feebly portray the delights of us both. The cause of her appearance there was explained in a few words. By some mistake, she was landed at Rochester instead of Wellsville, and on inquiring on the wharf the way to Industry, he told her that he was going there and would take her to the stage. This man was no other than the landlord of the inn, and he conveyed her and all her luggage to his dwelling and confined her, as the readers have seen, in the cell underground. His sole motive appeared to have been plunder. He would doubtless, however, have murdered her at once, had it not been for his wife, who had not yet lost every particle of humanity from her heart.

I locked the villain up in the cell where Helen had been so lately confined, and then went to where his wife was lying, still insensible. I found

in this apartment a winding staircase, which led to rooms up stairs. I carried the landlord's wife up these stairs and confined her in a bedroom, and then, accompanied by Helen, as soon as it was light, we returned to Rochester.

In a few hours both the man and his wife were in custody, and they were tried a few months afterwards. They attempted no defence, for the remains of all the missing men were found, and the proof was overwhelming. The man was hung and the woman sent to State Prison for life.

The inn, until it was burnt down a year or two ago, was a place of great curiosity, and the proprietor of it reaped a handsome fortune from showing its mysteries. It appeared that the criminal, who, as the reader knows, was a carpenter by business, possessed great mechanical skill, and began the alterations in his house more for his own amusement than for any evil design, but when he had finished them, the thought struck him that he might make them subserve his own private purposes. One thing led on to another, and the first crime committed, all remorse was stifled and he plunged boldly and deeply into every description of iniquity. The mechanical contrivances were perfect, and defied ordinary penetration to discover them. There was no other outlet to the cave, excepting through the lower floor of the dwelling, and the trap-door was so ingeniously concealed, that when the secret was known, but few could distinguish the spot where it opened.

I will not attempt to paint Mr. Linton's joy when I confided his niece to his care. His advice to us was to be married immediately. We were of the same opinion, and before I returned to New York, I called Helen by the endearing name of wife.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

How sweet is it when the heart expands and the mind kindles by reciprocated kindness and knowledge. And sweeter far in domestic life is it to rest the wearied heart and mind on the chastened expression of sympathy, lighting up the well-known and beloved countenance of one who has often treated our sorrows with compassion, returned long-suffering to our tryingsness, and shown enduring fidelity in our burdens—endeared to us like a gallant ship, which, though the gloss of its new paint and rigging may be worn less bright, yet in its very scars marks the tenacity with which its anchors have held, and its rudder answered the helmsman, through many a tempest.—*Mrs. Schimmelpenninck*

TRUTH.

Truth is a heavenly principle—a light,
Whose beams will ever guide the willing right:
A fixed star—a spotless, central sun
In the mind's heaven—unchangeable and one

[ORIGINAL.]

SONG.

BY J. WAKEFIELD.

Had I as a stranger met thee,
 Had we parted as we met,
 It were easy to forget thee—
 Now, I never can forget!

Till my pulse has ceased its beating,
 Till my heart lies still and cold,
 Memory shall be found repeating
 That one name, so dear of old.

But while memory tells me of thee,
 Breathes that treacherous name of thine,
 I can neither hate nor love thee—
 Would that love or hate were mine!

I would love thee had I never
 Learned the treachery of thy heart;
 I could hate thee hadst thou ever
 Been to me what now thou art.

Once I loved thee and believed thee,
 In my blind idolatry;
 But thy serpent-tongue deceived me:
 O, 'twas cruel—such from thee!

Then, farewell!—the word is spoken,
 And we must forever part;
 All the dearest ties are broken
 Which should bind thee to my heart.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STOLEN GOLD PIECE.

BY ISABELLA BELL.

At twelve years of age Walter Stevens became an orphan, and was thrown homeless, penniless and friendless upon the cold, wicked world. But God never forsakes his children in their hour of need. A friend was raised up for him in the person of Mr. Hall, whose kind heart was moved with compassion at the sight of the sorrowing, destitute boy, and he took him home, and gave him employment in his store. It was an act of pure disinterested benevolence, for he did not need his services; he was a man in moderate circumstances, doing a small business, and he and his clerk could perform with ease all that there was to do. But the boy was penniless, with no place to lay his head, and acting upon the basis of a broad Christian love, he brought the child to his own house, and made him a member of his family; and this was not all, he sent him to school a portion of the year, instructed him evenings, and gave him all the advantages his limited income would allow. Mrs. Hall, too, like a true woman as she was, entered

into all her husband's views, and seconded all his plans for the benefit of the young orphan.

Walter Stevens had been with Mr. Hall two years at the time our story commences, and had proved himself a smart, active, hard-working lad, thoroughly devoted to the interests of his benefactors; for Mr. and Mrs. Hall, his affections and gratitude were unbounded, and they in their turn reposed in him the highest confidence and regard.

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, as he stood with his hat in hand, ready to leave for his place of business—"you need not come to the store for two hours. It is so stormy this morning there will be but few customers in, and Henry and I can attend to them well enough without you, so you may have the time to devote to your studies." And then turning to his wife who was just then passing through the room with some books in her hand, which she was going up stairs to deposit—he added: "Mr. Williams, the tailor will call here this morning, to bring some clothes he has been making for me, and I should like to have you pay him—here is the money;" saying this, he laid down a twenty dollar gold piece on the table.

"Very well, I will attend to it," she answered, and went on. A bright, shining gold piece, just from the mint; what a pretty plaything for a child? No wonder it pleased the eye of Ella, Mr. Hall's little daughter, over whose head three summers only had passed, and in an instant when her mother's back was turned, she ran to the table and seized it with her little hand, screaming with delight as she did so, quite unobserved by any one.

"Here, papa, let me do too. Ella want to do out with you," she cried, seeing her father open the door into the hall, and gliding past him, still keeping tight hold of her treasure, she scampered off into the kitchen. Her mother was up stairs, and she had the room all to herself. She threw the gold piece up and down for some time, catching it in her hands, then she rolled it backwards and forwards on the floor, calling it her wheel, and finally becoming weary of that, and spying a large coffee-pot in the closet, she said, "she would make b'lieve it was coffee, and make some for papa's dinner." Accordingly she raised the lid of the coffee-pot, and dropped into it the gold piece. Just then, her mother called from the room above:

"Ella, come up here. I want you to put on a clean apron."

"Ella tuming, ma'am, Ella tuming," she cried, and leaving her "make believe coffee," she began scrambling up the stairway.

"Mary," said Mr. Hall, to his wife at the dinner-table, "I suppose Mr. Williams has called in my absence? Did you think to take a receipt for the money you paid him?"

"O, yes, he called," she answered, "but you forgot to leave me the money, Edward."

"No, I did not forget. I left you a twenty dollar gold piece on the table."

"I know you said you did, but I could not find it, and supposed you'd forgotten to leave it."

"You must have overlooked it," said her husband.

Upon going into the sitting-room, both began searching for the missing gold piece. The lamp and books were removed from the table, the cloth taken off and shaken, and every part of the carpet was examined, but no money could be found.

"Are you certain you left it here—didn't you carry it down to the store?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"No. I am confident I did not. I recollect perfectly laying it down right here," he said, placing his hand on the exact spot. "You saw me, Walter?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"And was it there when you came down to the store at eleven?"

"I don't know, sir. I saw you leave it, but I was so busy studying, that I did not notice anything about it afterwards."

"You don't suppose there has been any one in the house to steal it, do you, Mary?" asked Mr. Hall.

"No, it cannot have been stolen, for there has been no one in the room but Walter, and after he went away, I came down and locked both the doors."

"It is perfectly unaccountable," said Mr. Hall, "where that money has gone to. I declare, if it were in the days of witchcraft, I should think the witches had got it."

It was evening. Mr. Hall was sitting alone with his wife. "Mary," said he, "that gold piece has disappeared most mysteriously. Walter is good and faithful, and it is hard to believe anything wrong of him, but he was strongly tempted, and has probably yielded to the temptation. In fact, it is my firm belief that he has taken the money."

"O, don't say so," pleaded his wife—"it cannot be, we have had so much confidence in him, it is dreadful to think of his being the thief."

"I know it is, Mary," he answered; "but the circumstances are all against him. Walter," he called, as he heard his step in the hall, "come here. I want to speak to you."

The boy obeyed.

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, sternly, after having regarded him attentively, "tell me the truth, did you take that gold piece?"

The boy stood for a moment almost stupefied with amazement at this unexpected question, then raising his eyes, with a look as bright and fearless as ever, he said:

"I steal!—I steal from you, Mr. Hall, when you have done so much for me? *Never.*"

Mr. Hall again repeated the question.

"Did you ever know me to tell you a lie?" asked Walter, proudly, a rich color mounting to his cheeks as he spoke.

"No, you never have."

"Did you ever know me to deceive you, or to take the least fractional part of a farthing that did not justly belong to me?"

"No, you have been a good and faithful boy thus far, and I have never had occasion before to distrust you; but a bright, twenty dollar gold piece was a strong temptation, and older and wiser people have yielded before you. But if you will confess and tell me what you have done with the money, I will pardon this first offence, and if you do well, you shall in time be reinstated in my confidence."

But the only answer he received was, "I am innocent."

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, still more sternly, "I command you to tell me what you have done with the money; there was no one in the room but you, and no one else could have taken it."

Still the boy's despairing cry was, "I am innocent! O, Mr. Hall, I am innocent."

"How dare you persist in adding falsehood upon falsehood to your theft? I give you your choice, confess your guilt, and tell me what you have done with the money, or to-morrow morning you shall leave my house forever! I will not keep a boy," he said, angrily, "who repays confidence and kindness, with the basest ingratitude and theft."

Walter was silent for a few moments; and then in accents that would have melted a heart of stone, he said:

"You have been to me like a father, Mr. Hall, you took me when a poor destitute orphan, without a friend in the whole wide world, and gave me a home and employment; and I have been happy, O, so very happy. Could you look into my heart, you would see there love and gratitude as enduring as my life; had you placed a whole bag of gold pieces before me, I would have died before taking one from you."

"This is all idle talk," said Mr. Hall, "when this act of yours belies your words. You have

heard the only conditions upon which I shall suffer you to remain. Now take your choice."

The face of the boy was colorless as marble, as he said in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"How can I confess guilt when I have no guilt to confess?"

Truth and innocence were stamped upon the boy's face, but the circumstances *all* pointed against him.

"How young to be so skilled in artifice," thought Mr. Hall.

At this moment, little Ella came running into the room, and coming up to Walter's side, laid her soft, curly head upon his arm, and said:

"Papa, Wally didn't teal, Wally dood, Ella love Wally."

Thus far the boy had shed no tears; he had borne up like a hero under the charge against him; but Ella's childish words of affection and sympathy were too much for him. Bursting into tears, he sank down upon the sofa and covered his face with his hands.

It was a touching scene. Mrs. Hall raised her eyes beseechingly to her husband as if imploring him to relent. Mr. Hall, too, was moved with compassion at the sight of his distress, but when he thought of the many circumstances against him, he more firmly than ever believed in his guilt; and thought him acting most admirably his part of dissimulation and falsehood, and stifled all the feelings of pity that were beginning to spring up in his heart. Uncertain what course he ought to pursue, he said:

"You may go to your room now, Walter, and in the morning we will settle the question."

The next morning the sun shone into his room as bright and cheerful as ever. Would that the heart of its little occupant were as bright and joyous as were its glad some rays. Walter had passed a sleepless night, and had arisen at an early hour. The words that Mr. Hall had used the evening before almost drove him to distraction. "He must either confess his guilt, and restore the money, or he should be forever banished from his house." Would it not be better he thought, to say that he had taken the money, but had lost it in the street, for Mr. Hall had promised to pardon him, and in time to reinstate him in his confidence. But a still, small voice within him said: "Keep to the truth, Walter, keep to the truth."

At that moment his eye fell upon his Bible, the dying gift of his mother; he opened it, and read these words: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall receive them." Precious words of comfort and promise—and kneeling down by his

bedside, he poured forth his soul in prayer, asking that his innocence might be proved, and for a rich blessing to descend upon his benefactors. Was the prayer answered? We shall see.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall had taken their seats at the breakfast-table. The countenances of both wore a troubled expression quite unusual to them, and while her husband was helping to the meat, Mrs. Hall attempted to pour the coffee, but it would not run.

"Why, what is the matter?" she said. "The coffee-pot is full, I know, but there won't a drop come out."

"Shake it," said Mr. Hall, "perhaps the grains have got lodged on the strainer."

She did so, and something hard and heavy like a piece of metal, fell to the bottom of the coffee-pot with a rattling sound.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said, and raising the lid, she inserted a spoon, and drew out upon it something round and hard; "it looks like a large, brass button," she said, wiping it with her napkin.

"Why, Edward," she exclaimed with amazement, "it is that twenty dollar gold piece, you gave me yesterday," and she handed it to her husband.

"Are you sure?" he asked quickly. "Good Heavens! you are right."

"Here, papa," cried Ella, who was seated beside her father at the table, "it's mine, dive it to me, Ella put it in there to make you some coffee with."

The mystery was explained, and hastily dropping his knife and fork, Mr. Hall rushed up stairs to Walter's room.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, "your innocence is proved, clear as daylight;" and he proceeded to tell in what manner the money had been found.

"I knew it would be," said the boy, his face radiant with every emotion of joy. "I knew it would be found, and before this day was out, too."

"How did you know it?" asked Mr. Hall, a good deal surprised at the boy's earnestness.

"Doesn't it say here," and he held up his open Bible and pointed to a particular passage: "That whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I took God at his word, and prayed that he would prove my innocence, believing that he would hear my prayer, and you see he has done it."

Beautiful indeed is a child's implicit faith, in the unfailing promise of the Redeemer. Why so

much talk in the world about creeds, doctrines and professions? Why is it not enough to follow the simple teachings of Jesus, and to give to him and the Father the tribute of a loving, trusting, grateful heart.

Christmas came a fortnight after, and the twenty dollar gold piece did go to Mr. Williams, the tailor, after all; but not to pay for Mr. Hall's clothing as was originally intended, for that bill was settled some days ago—but to buy a good, warm, handsome suit, together with a cap, tippet and gloves, for Walter Stevens, a Christmas present from Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

A TOUCHING ANECDOTE.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and free schools of that city, related the following: "A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, warmed, and sent him on his way with a blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted, he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and, Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, that orphan boy stands before you!"

A FASHIONABLE LADY'S-MAID.

A short time back, the famous French actress, Madame Doche, was in want of a lady's-maid. Amongst others who applied for the "situation," one suited the lady; terms were agreed upon, and all seemed about to be satisfactorily concluded, when the Abigail said: "I forgot to ask what my room is like; is it a comfortable one?" "Very comfortable," was the reply. "With a fire-place?" was then rejoined. "Yes," was the answer; "but for many causes I allow no fire to be lighted, as you sit in a well-warmed room down stairs." The lady's-maid drew up grandly, saying, "Then our agreement is at an end; it is not on account of needle-work that I need a fire, but because I receive my friends every Saturday evening!"—*Literary Gazette.*

AGE.

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks,
Who wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience.

Rowe.

[ORIGINAL.]

LITTLE FEET.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

The feet that cross my gloomy path
To-night are pattering lily ones;
They turn aside the long-laid wrath,
And lead where virtue's river runs:
Its placid bosom will I seek,
And for lost love no longer weep.

How love I all these footprints fair
That guide my soul—as on the sea
Some ship sails towards the rough coast bare,
But, warned by beacon light to flee,
Again strikes out the storms to dare—
Thus saved from dangers on the lee.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE RACE.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

With her face resting on her folded arms, and her dreamy eyes fixed on the blue distant hill-tops, Mattie Forrest knelt upon her chamber-floor, before the open window. The luxurious indolence pervading the warm, fragrant breeze that floated in to her, and the drowsy hum of the bees among the roses below, almost sent her asleep. But there were tears in her brown eyes, and on the long, golden lashes that shaded them; tears on the flushed face and bare, round arms; tears on the cluster of chestnut curls that lay tangled against her soft cheek. Mattie had been weeping. And when the broad, white lids began to droop slowly over the drowsy eyes, a little convulsive sob would break from her lips and startle her back to consciousness again. Then as memory returned, a warm, resentful color would burn hotly on her cheeks, and break into a ring flame of crimson at the pretty mouth. Then would come the fall of tears again, and a few angry, petulant words would disturb the stillness of the little room.

"I wish I could go to sleep and never wake again! I wish I were dead—I do—I do!"

She sprang to her feet, brushing back her rich, dishevelled hair with her little fair hands. As she did so, a miniature fell from her lap to the floor. She picked it up, and holding it before her tearful eyes, looked until the passionate color faded from her face, and the scornful, pouting mouth grew irresolute, like that of a grieved child.

"Robert! Robert!"

She laid the picture against her cheek, and seemed to grow calmer for a moment, but the

next instant the storm of passion and grief came back, and she flung herself upon the floor again, in all the careless abandon of grief.

"Why, Mattie, dear Mattie, what's the matter with you?"

Mattie ceased her sobbing and sat quiet and breathless almost, as the sound of her little sister's voice fell upon her startled ear. But she made no answer, and after a moment the child came into the room, and kneeling down by her, put her arms about her neck, and with her little voice tremulous with childish sympathy, said:

"Tell me, Mattie, was it papa that grieved you?"

No answer.

"Did he say that you couldn't go to Boston this fall?"

Mattie shook her head.

"Was it mama, or Aunt Mary that—"

"No."

"Then what is it? Have I—O, Mattie, have I done anything to hurt you?"

"No, dear," Mattie said, resting her face on the slight shoulder of the anxious little creature.

Nine-years-old Sarah was completely nonplussed, and sat silent, holding her sister's drooping head in her arms, and wondering blankly at the cause of her grief. In the whole course of her little lifetime, she had never before seen merry, light-hearted Mattie affected like this, and she looked almost wildly at the swollen, tear-stained face, half hid by the tangled hair.

"Saity dear," said Mattie, at last, passing her arm about the little waist, "I'll tell you, but you must never tell."

"I never will, truly," was the very earnestly-given answer. And Sarah sat quietly and patiently waiting for the explanation.

But the girl seemed to have some difficulty in commencing her story. She hesitated, then said: "Yesterday,"—then cried a little, then murmured something about Robert, and at last broke down entirely.

"Robert—Robert Graves, Mattie?"

"Yes, and I hate him," sobbed Mattie, very energetically.

"Hate Robert Graves! Why, I thought you were going to marry him. How can you, Mattie?"

"I am not going to marry him. I shall never see him again!"

"O, Mattie!"

"He is going away. We have quarrelled. He spoke to me as he had no right to speak, and I grew angry," Mattie continued, talking hurriedly. "You see the trouble arose in this way. Last week I rode out with Frank Alwynn, and

Robert was very grave, but he did not say much about it. The next day I went upon the pond with George and Charlie Foster and their sister to get water-lilies; and yesterday Alfred Lewis called and asked me to go to the party at Squire Foster's this evening, and Robert was very angry about it, and called me coquettish and a flirt. It provoked me, and I told him that I should do as I chose. He stopped a minute and seemed to grow calm. The color all went out of his face, as he said: 'Very well, Mattie, choose your own way, I have no further claim upon you!' My heart leaped into my throat, and I grew so dizzy that I could scarcely see his face. He started as if to go away, but instantly turned back and said: 'We are hardly in the right mood to decide this matter now. I will see you again to-morrow.' Believing that he was trifling with me to make me betray my feelings, my answer escaped from my lips before I knew what I was saying; 'I see no necessity for the delay. I am in full possession of my senses, I believe. There is an old maxim, "There is no time like the present." It is a favorite of mine.' 'But not applicable to every case,' he replied. 'However, be it as you wish. But, Mattie, by-and-by I trust that you will see the folly of this, and then, when you can turn from them to me, I will forget this, and we will be friends again—never before.' Then he said, gently—'God bless you!' and left me standing alone in the garden, feeling like one stunned. That is all, Saity, only I have since heard that he is going to leave town this evening."

Poor, bewildered, little Sarah! her face was as pale as her sister's. She did not speak, but looked wistfully at Mattie, as she concluded, and sat with her hands clasped in her lap.

"Mattie," she said, at length, with a fixed gravity, "do you care more for these other people than for Robert?"

"Of course not, child!"

"Then, why don't you tell him so?"

"Pshaw! how can I, you foolish little thing? You don't understand the matter at all, Saity. Go down stairs, and I will be down presently."

Mattie arose, and kissing the child, sent her away. Then for a moment she stood looking wearily through the window. Suddenly the garden gate opened, and Alfred Lewis came hastily up the path, an elegant bouquet of hot-house exotics in his hand. Involuntarily she leaned forward, and at the same instant that she returned his gay salutation (for he glanced up and saw her), she caught sight of Robert Graves, as he rode past on horseback. She drew back hastily, remembering her tearful face and disordered

hair, and immediately a sudden revulsion of feeling followed. For an instant she stood in deep thought. Then, with the look of a sudden resolution formed settling upon her face, she commenced preparations to see the visitor who waited for her below.

Half an hour later, little Sarah looked up in astonishment, as Mattie entered the room, her hair falling in rich, glossy curls about a face from which all traces of tears were removed. There was a smile on her lips and a rich blush on her cheeks as she received the flowers the gentleman presented to her, and in a few moments she was talking gaily and apparently with all the light-heartedness natural to her. Young Lewis privately pronounced her the prettiest and most fascinating girl he knew.

He did not go to the party that night, neither did Mattie. When little Sarah was sent to bed, she left them sitting together by the open window, in the shadow of the heavy drapery. But the white moonlight falling in, glanced across Mattie's snowy fingers, as they strayed over the strings of her guitar, and the voice of her companion mingled with her own, as the sweet song of "Annie Laurie" floated out upon the evening air.

The next morning little Sarah told her sister of a strange dream she had dreamed. She thought she wakened in the night, and saw Mattie standing by the bed, all the rosieness gone from her face, which was dark with passion and grief. The room was filled with the sweet fragrance of dying blossoms, for her slender fingers were busied in ruthlessly tearing apart a rich bouquet of crimson and snow-white chrysanthemums which she held. For a moment she stood thus, apparently engrossed in her employment, and then raising her head, she walked toward the window. The blossoms fell to the floor, and as she went she crushed them beneath her feet.

"And," said the child, "I was so sorry at having the beautiful flowers spoiled, that I cried out, and then you came and soothed me with kisses, and I knew nothing more until I awoke this morning, and saw you beside me sound asleep."

Mattie listened to the little girl with a forced smile, and when she had finished, bade her say nothing about her dream to any one. And Sarah, awed by the pallor of her dear sister's face and the sadness of her dark eyes, promised, without asking as usual for a reason. If she had only known that her dream was not *all* a dream—and if Alfred Lewis had known it, too, he would have been chary of his floral gifts thereafter!

Such a glorious October morning! Everything was gorgeous with rich autumn tints. The sturdy old oaks and maples of the forest wore their rich gala dresses of scarlet and gold, while the low underbrush they shaded, and in part protected from the early frosts, were still attired in their summer robes of green, with here and there a changing leaf that looked like a blood-red ruby in a golden setting.

Mattie was standing on a high hill at the back of her home, where she had paused in her morning walk. The fresh breeze tossed her clustering hair about her face, and fluttered the light silken scarf she wore about her shoulders. But she did not heed it. She was alone, and thinking sadly of Robert. She had not seen him since the sunny afternoon on which he had ridden past her window some three months since. She had grown very quiet and womanly in that short time—less frolicsome and wilful—more gentle and patient with the faults of others. In the first flush of resentment she had encouraged the attentions of Alfred Lewis, but her heart—ever true to her woman's love, let her pride lead her on as it might—soon taught her her wrong, and she told him as soon after as possible, that she had but a friend's regard for him. At her request he ceased his visits, but still treated her with marked deference and courtesy. She occasionally accepted his attendance in company, and enjoyed it, for the young man was both attentive and agreeable. But a serious thought of his ever being more to her—of his ever taking Robert's place in her heart, she never entertained for an instant. As Robert had hoped, she now saw her error, and grew sick at heart when she considered that she might never see him again; or that possibly by-and-by, when she had grown pale and gray waiting for his coming, he might return, acknowledging the claim of some one younger and fairer to his love. Married, perhaps, and happy with his young wife, and perchance, rosy children.

She was roused from her sad thoughts by the sound of her sister's voice calling her, and in a moment more she saw little Sarah come bounding up the hill to meet her.

"O, Mattie!" she cried, "there is to be a horseback ride to the pine woods to-day. Mary and William Morris, Lizzie and Frank Alwynn, the Fosters, and ever so many more are going. Alfred Lewis is here, and wants you to go with him. And he says, O, Mattie, he says that if father will trust me in his care, he will take charge of me, if I would like to go! Papa says I may have Black Becky, and we are to start in an hour."

The child was wild with delight, and ran towards the house again, calling her sister to follow. Hesitating whether or not to join the company, Mattie walked more slowly towards the house. But young Lewis's description of the proposed occasion was so fascinating, that she accepted his invitation, and an hour later stood at the garden gate with her joyous little sister, while her escort led up the handsome, spirited horse he had selected for her use.

"My beauty!" he said, playfully, as she sprang from his arms to the saddle. But the sincere admiration in his dark eyes brought a rich flush to her cheeks, and she bent her head and shook her glossy curls about her face, as he mounted and took his place beside her. Little Sarah, looking almost fairy-like in her close-fitting habit and tiny plumed hat, rode with them, and together they joined the remainder of the party upon the village green. After a few moments' confusion they started, riding at pleasure in little parties of two and three. Suddenly Mattie grew strangely pale, and her horse chafed beneath the convulsive guidance of her hand. Foremost in the cavalcade rode Robert Graves. As she looked at him, he glanced up and caught her eye, and immediately a bow gave token of the recognition. But that was all. She did not see him look at her again during the remainder of the ride.

After some half an hour's brisk canter, they reached the grove, and while some of the party dismounted for a stroll, others prepared for a trial of speed of the horses. For a slight dispute had arisen among some of them on the road. Alfred Lewis declared his horse, in a race of one mile, superior to any there—a challenge which the rest of the party who were ready for a smart trot, accepted.

"To a race! to a race!" was the cry, as the whole number of riders present, some ten or twelve, formed in a line, ready for a start.

"Ready!"

Almost at the same instant, the horses sprang forward. Mattie and Robert were of the company. Both rode fine animals. The slender, jet-black Arabian which bore Robert so easily, was the handsomest horse present, but his speed was hardly equal to his looks, Mattie thought, as several of the company rode swiftly by him, herself included. Gradually she found herself at the head of the party, while Lewis, urging his horse to the utmost, rode a few feet behind her.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" broke from the lips of the excited riders.

Mattie glanced merrily at Alfred Lewis. His face was flushed, and his lips tightly compressed.

He was evidently very much in earnest. A few more yards. Mattie was still on the gain, her horse going over the ground with tremendous bounds, while she maintained her seat composedly, her fearless eyes fixed on the goal. The laughter of the triumphant party seemed to grate harshly on the ear of Lewis. He glanced back to see who rode nearest to him.

"Miss Forrest," he cried, "what will you give the gentleman who catches you?"

Mattie turned her head and gave one swift glance at her pursuers. To her surprise, she saw that Robert was next to Lewis. A sudden bound of her heart made her face flush high.

"My heart, hand and fortune!" was her bold reply.

A shout rose from the company at this daring assertion.

"We accept your terms," they cried.

Mattie turned her head again, and waved her hand. As she did so, she looked straight into the blue eyes of Robert Graves. How much he read in the darkening depths of her own!

Faster, faster—like lightning the three horses sped onward, ever foremost. Mattie's heart with its boundings seemed almost to suffocate her. A hand made a clutch at her rein. With a sudden leap, her horse, almost wild with excitement, and fast becoming unmanageable, evaded it. Again the hand with its buff-colored glove touched her horse's neck. Again the attempt of the owner to detain her was unsuccessful! Her horse gave a frenzied leap to the right!

"Robert, Robert, for Heaven's sake!" The cry broke from her white lips, as she swayed in the saddle.

There was a shock, a pause, and then a blank silence. She opened her eyes. She was not upon the horse, but resting upon the ground beside a stream of water, her head lying upon the bosom of her lover. He was bathing her brow with the water, and pressing passionate kisses upon her cheeks and mouth. An instant more and she realized that they were alone. She put her feeble arms about his neck:

"Forgive me, Robert!"

Her pale, penitent face pleaded for her more than the words. And Robert answered the double prayer of voice and glance, by drawing the dear head closer to his breast, and pressing on the tremulous little mouth a long, sweet, passionate kiss of reconciliation.

DUTIES AND CHARITIES

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

[ORIGINAL.]

WINTER MOONLIGHT.

BY M. LEWIS.

Evening, calm, serene and tender,
From the blue heavens smiling down,
Throws her robe of quiet beauty
Over mountain, vale and town.

Snow-clad, earth is pure and spotless,
Sending upward radiant light;
Stars on high are dimly shining,
Paled by the bright queen of night.

Soft and dreamlike rest the shadows
By the moonbeams earthward cast;
Brilliant, yet subdued, reflections
With the softened shades contrast.

Yet more deeply on the spirit
May the sweet impression rest,
Shadowing, though but dim and faintly,
Harmonies forever blest.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MINISTER'S COAT.

BY J. C. MERRIAM.

It was a cold afternoon in February, and not only cold, but extremely disagreeable; for the wind came in fierce gusts, and made one's teeth to chatter in spite of the extra amount of clothing with which all sensible people were provided. Slowly and wearily a stage-coach crawled up the hill, and having attained the summit, was about descending at a faster rate, when there was a sudden jerk, the horses were brought to a standstill, and the twelve cold, hungry and sleepy passengers looked out with a show of interest, to discover the cause of the delay.

"What's the row now?" muttered a stout, red-faced man, who, buried in a great-coat, an enormous red comforter and a fur cap, was endeavoring to get a nap.

The question was speedily answered, by the opening of the coach-door and the entrance of another passenger, at sight of whom the twelve sat petrified. It was an old but time-honored rule that the interior of the coach should accommodate but twelve, and never was this rule violated, but that there were murmurs deep if not loud. Upon this occasion, the unlucky thirteenth was greeted with a fearful shower of ill-natured murmurs, among which could be detected a few feminine "O dears!"

There he stood in the middle of the coach, stooping over in a most uncomfortable position, to avoid coming in contact with the roof, and

there he might have stood during the remainder of the journey, if a lady, whose features no one could see—for she wore a thick brown veil—had not made room for him, with the words:

"I think there is a seat for you here, sir."

As number thirteen took his seat and thanked the lady, the murmurs grew a little louder, and became perfectly audible to the young man's ear.

"It does seem strange to me, that people should be willing to discommode others; it's a mark of a selfish mind."

"Anybody and everybody, that's the trouble of travelling in public conveyances."

"I wish I had waited for the next coach—I hate to be crowded," interposed a third.

"Small pox! Yes, I shouldn't wonder. We risk a great deal travelling in this way."

On hearing this last remark, an ancient maiden lady, who sat at the right hand of the last comer, suddenly drew her dress from contact with her neighbor, as if the dreaded disease were actually in the vehicle, and as if there were the possibility of her catching it. A giggling from two young ladies upon the opposite side of the coach, attracted everybody's attention.

"I'm sure it came out of the ark," said the elder of the two. "I never saw anything yet to equal its beautiful gloss. How much nicer they made broadcloth in those days."

"It's a beautiful fit, Arabella, isn't it? what a comfort that must be!"

"To be sure," said Arabella. "What a pity we cannot have a bit of it to keep as a venerable and venerated relic."

There was no mistaking the subject of this witty conversation, and not a few eyes were speedily turned to inspect the coat of the new-comer. It was rather antiquated in style, but nevertheless well-preserved and even glossy. The beautiful stitching about the cuffs showed that it had been carefully made, and there were also evidences of its having been carefully mended. It was the only coat the stranger wore, though the thermometer, if it had been consulted, would have recorded two above zero only; it was consequently a most unpardonable piece of carelessness for the stranger to leave his great coat at home.

It is not to be supposed that the young man bore this scrutiny from so many eyes with perfect calmness. At the first allusion to his coat, his face, though but a moment before it was very pale, flushed crimson, and when he observed that all eyes were upon him, he was upon the point of resenting the insult. But just at this critical moment, the lady with the brown veil uttered the word "Shame!" in such an indignant tone, that

everybody hastily turned away, and a conversation upon indifferent subjects speedily commenced. It was not long before the stage arrived at the village of S—, where most of the passengers alighted. Among them was a tall, conceited-looking, elegantly-dressed young man, who had amused himself very much during the latter part of the journey with various witty remarks to the young ladies before-mentioned. As he helped them from the coach, his words fell upon the ears of two people who had not yet alighted.

"By the way, I have come to the conclusion, the old gentleman must have mortgaged his farm to pay for that coat, and no one knows how many days the old lady was in making it."

This speech was greeted with bursts of laughter, and the three walked gaily on.

There was a kindness in the manner of the mysterious lady, as she accepted the aid of her companion, which the young man felt very grateful for. There were a few formal words spoken, and then they had parted forever—perhaps. So thought the young man, as he lingered a moment to gaze after her.

The next day was Saturday, and Arabella and Clara Temple were seated in their somewhat gaudily furnished parlor, when a visitor was announced in the person of Miss Pry.

"O, girls, such a piece of news!" was her exclamation, as she tripped into the room. "You know our dear, good minister, Mr. Loring, talked of taking two young gentlemen to study for the ministry. Well, they've come, for I had it from good authority, as my brother John's wife's sister's adopted daughter is cutting dresses for Mrs Loring. And she says one of them dresses beautifully, and has such a deep voice, and she expects he is very talented. But we shall know to-morrow, for they are to supply Mr. Loring's pulpit, as that dear good man has got such a cold he can't speak above a whisper. One of them will preach in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, so you can make up your minds to set your caps for them; and as there are two of them you needn't quarrel."

"Well, but, Miss Pry—" now commenced Arabella.

"O, I can't stop to say a word more, girls, I am in such a hurry. Put on your prettiest dresses to-morrow, that's all." And then Miss Pry was off in an instant.

Never had a larger congregation assembled in the village church, than appeared there the next morning. Many a fair young face looked eagerly round for the first glimpse of the young preachers, and not the least curious of the congregation were the sisters Arabella and Clara Temple. At

length the preacher for the morning arrived, and accompanied Mr. Loring into the pulpit. There was no mistaking that tall, elegant, daintily-dressed gentleman, who gave out and read the hymn with such a sweet voice. Arabella and Clara exchanged glances, for their acquaintance with the preacher had commenced two days before, and they had already enjoyed the privilege of hearing from him some very witty remarks. The hymn being sung, there was a hush, in the midst of which the young preacher arose, folded his hands and laid them gracefully upon the desk, shut his eyes, and leaning over, breathed a long prayer in his softest and most melodious tone of voice. The prayer was elaborate and finely-phrased, but nevertheless it struck coldly upon the ears of many of the elderly people, who had been used to a less elegant but more earnest form of prayer. It seemed to them like lip-service.

There was great delight expressed among a portion of the young people, for any change was refreshing. The fact was, as they told each other in confidence, Mr. Loring was getting old and prosy, and consequently rather tiresome; here was something delightfully new.

The text was given out, and then, as a matter of course, came the sermon. It was beautiful to see the ease and coolness with which this dainty gentleman settled those knotty doctrinal points which had been disputed from time immemorial, and which even Mr. Loring hardly thought himself worthy of arguing.

Although plentifully garnished with figures of speech and abounding in high-sounding words, the sermon was declared decidedly shallow by more than one person whose judgment was not to be disputed. One young lady with a pretty, sparkling face, was observed to exhibit some contempt when the preacher launched off into a studied, and what was intended to be an irresistible appeal to the hearts of his hearers—an appeal that they should show all possible kindness to their fellow-men, and deal gently with the erring. There was a flush upon the face of the young lady, which might have been interpreted as one of indignation, and the gleam of the clear eye boded no good to the preacher.

But the preacher had his admirers also, and among them were Arabella and Clara Temple, who by dint of some management, contrived to obtain the escort of the young gentleman as far as their dwelling. What Mr. Loring thought of the sermon, no one knew. Some of the young people asserted somewhat maliciously, that the good old man was fast asleep the whole time, and heard not a word; there were others who chose to doubt this statement.

There was no diminution of the numbers in the afternoon, for public curiosity in the village of S— was yet to be gratified by a sight of the other and younger student, who was to officiate as preacher. The young people anticipated as much pleasure as they had received in the morning, and the elders dreaded a similar sermon.

At the appointed hour came the young preacher, accompanied as before by Mr. Loring. Arabella and Clara Temple again exchanged significant glances, for if the preacher was not, the preacher's coat was at least well known to them. It was the identical coat of antiquated make, which had a day or two ago been a subject of amusement to them.

Everybody felt disappointed with the young preacher at first. His voice was low, his manner diffident, and—and—his coat was dreadfully old-fashioned. Such was the verdict pronounced upon him by the people of S—, who, like many others I could mention, had a great reverence for externals. But when the young man rose to deliver his sermon, not a few forgot his outward garb, and saw only his pale, intellectual face. Avoiding all doctrinal points, he addressed the congregation only upon those subjects which were familiar to them; his religion was brought down "to the level of every day's most common needs." Deficient in theoretical figures, the sermon was clear, earnest and sensible, and found an echo in many hearts which had been untouched by the fine words heard in the morning. At first, the preacher's voice was low and his manner hurried, but as he progressed in his sermon, his diffidence vanished, he became eloquent, and lost in the sublimity of his subject, he even forgot where he stood. Once or twice his eyes fell upon the animated face of a young lady, who, among all the congregation, seemed to have most interest for him. But the sermon was finished, and the congregation were leaving the church, and only a few lingered from curiosity.

"How long have you had that?" asked Mr. Loring, sharply, of the young preacher, who had sunk back exhausted from a fit of coughing.

"About two months," was the answer.

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Loring, as the reply reached him.

From that day there were two distinct parties in the village of S—. One party, including the majority of the elder and a portion of the younger members of the congregation, were unanimous in favor of Mr. Loring and his poorly-dressed assistant; the other party were firm adherents of the elegant and always nicely-dressed person, who, it was rumored, Mr. Loring looked upon with a very favorable eye.

It was a pleasant, but blustering day in March, and Arabella Temple was consulting with her sister as to whom they should invite to a very select party, which they intended to give.

"You know, Clara, that Mr. Loring never goes, so it is of no use to invite him. But I was thinking we had better invite—"

"Mr. Ellis, of course," said Clara, looking significantly at Arabella. "Well, I have no objection to that, but one thing I must insist upon, and that is, that that horrid old coat shall not be seen here. Mr. — I've forgotten his name, if I ever heard it, can remain at home with Mr. Loring."

"Of course," said Arabella, drawing herself up in a stately manner. "I had no idea of asking him. Miss Snow would be so disgusted, she would never come here again, and as she is so rich, her society would be a great loss to us."

"Girls," said quiet Mrs. Temple, from her corner, "hadn't you better invite the young man? It is not best to slight people if you can help it."

"Invite him!" said Clara, contemptuously; "why, mother, neither in his dress nor his manners, is he fitted to appear in genteel society. No, I should go crazy if I saw that old coat here."

Mrs. Temple dropped the subject, and left Arabella to direct her notes to whom she pleased. It was an especially dainty document, which she despatched to Mr. Ellis, whom she had determined to fascinate, and for whom, in the homely language of Miss Pry, she had already "set her cap," and not without success.

If Arabella or Clara had taken the trouble to inquire, they would have discovered that the owner of the venerable coat also answered to the name of Ellis, being in fact a relative of his fellow-student. Never had the two met, until they came beneath Mr. Loring's roof, for their homes had been far apart. The elder of the two was the son of a rich merchant, and the younger the only child of a poor farmer. Both were anxious to qualify themselves for the ministry, and had consequently been received by Mr. Loring, who also claimed some distant relationship to them. But neither of them knew how closely they were watched by the keen-sighted old man, who had evidently some project in his mind concerning them.

We can imagine what Arabella's anger would have been, if she had known that her perfumed note found its way into the pocket of that "horrid old coat," for by the merest chance in the world, the missive, which was directed simply to Mr. Ellis, was handed to the younger student who bore the name.

Long did the document lay in "durance vile," and when at length Mr. Paul Ellis condescended to remember its existence, it was opened in a very careless manner, and hurriedly run through. But when he read the name of the writer, and recalled to mind under what circumstances he had seen her, he cast the note down and crushed it beneath his heel, whilst the flush of indignation mounted into his pale face. But a moment afterwards he lifted the paper and carefully smoothed it.

"What am I doing?" said he, to himself. "Am I a minister of the gospel, or am I not? If I am, I ought surely to forgive and forget all unkindness—even scornful remarks upon this dear old coat of mine, which was mother's handiwork, can be borne, I think. And besides that, I fancy my coat does not make me. When I can earn a better, I shall have a right to wear it, and not before." And he looked up with a quiet smile. "Now to punish myself, I will accept this invitation, and parade my old coat before these fine ladies. They shall find I am not ashamed of it."

Accordingly, at the appointed time, Mr. Ellis the younger very innocently wended his way to the Temple mansion and rang the bell. The new-comer was very late, even in the opinion of the fashionables of S—; "but better late than never," thought Arabella, who had been anxiously expecting Mr. Ellis the whole evening.

"O, O, O!" shrieked Arabella, as she caught a glimpse of the hateful coat, as the owner of it very coolly made his way through the crowded room towards her.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Snow, sharply. To tell the truth, this latter young lady was getting somewhat weary of Arabella's fashionable airs, and was at that very moment longing for something different.

"There, there," said Arabella, pointing angrily at our hero; "to think he should come here without an invitation, and in that detestable old coat, too."

"I'm sure I sha'n't speak to him," said Clara.

"I would," said Miss Snow, turning her clear eye upon the Temples. "I'm going to; shall I ask him if his coat came out of the ark, and suggest that you would like a bit of it as a relic?" And without waiting for an answer, away went Miss Snow, and the next moment was seen shaking hands with the person in the "detestable old coat."

"Miss Snow has the queerest notions," said Clara, looking after her, and as she did so, wondering how in the world she should know their conversation in the coach.

"Yes, Miss Snow can do just what she pleases, because she is rich and independent."

Thus thought Arabella, and so thought nearly all the young people in the village of S—, among whom Miss Snow reigned pre-eminent, though certainly by no efforts of her own.

Never had Mr. Ellis spent a pleasanter evening. To be sure, he heard more than one whispered allusion to "the minister's coat," and more than one gay laugh upon the subject, but true to his vow, he bore all this bravely. More than one came forward and greeted him as a friend, and there sat Miss Snow joining in the conversation with that bright, animated face, which he had noted so well upon a previous occasion.

"I am sorry to see that you haven't got well of that cough yet," remarked a lady, who had observed with some concern, that the young minister now and then was overtaken in a fit of coughing. "How did you get it?"

The question, simple as it was, seemed to embarrass the young man, and the answer was hurried and confused. But one person understood his confusion.

"Poor fellow!" thought Miss Snow, "that coat, or rather the want of another one, will be the death of him yet. No wonder he has that horrid cough; I wish—"

It is impossible to tell what she wished, but everybody observed that she looked very thoughtful the rest of the evening, though she acknowledged that she had had a very delightful time. It was a long time before Miss Snow heard of her friend, the young minister, again. "His coat, or rather the want of another," as Miss Snow had worded it, had very nearly proved the death of him. Immediately after the Temples' party, the obstinate cough had become more serious, and in spite of the care which Mr. and Mrs. Loring lavished upon him, it soon became evident to the medical adviser, as well as to the family, that the only chance of preserving the young man's life, was to remove him to some warmer climate. This was soon effected, and the matter, after having been a nine days' wonder, as is usual in all country places, ceased to be talked about, and was soon forgotten.

The young minister, however, was not entirely forgotten by the village inhabitants. Often were inquiries concerning him addressed to Mr. Loring, but beyond the fact that he was better, nothing could be ascertained in regard to him.

It was a beautiful day in the fall of the year. Miss Snow was walking slowly homeward from the afternoon service, which had been conducted by Mr. Atherton Ellis. Singularly enough, this

tall, fine-looking Mr. Atherton Ellis was Miss Snow's especial aversion. She disliked him and she disliked his sermons, and never heard them without wishing she had the power to expel the preacher from the pulpit.

Upon this particular day, she heard steps behind her, and hastily turning, discovered the very object of her thoughts.

"Good afternoon, Miss Snow. I've been wishing to see you," said Mr. Atherton Ellis, blandly.

"Have you?" said Miss Snow, stiffly.

"The fact is, Miss Snow, we have known each other some time, and I—the fact is, I—"

Miss Snow walked on quite calmly, not in the least troubled by the embarrassment of her companion.

"The fact is, Miss Snow, I have a great regard for you."

"Indeed!" was the cool answer.

Miss Snow could be as freezing as her name. The gentleman lost all patience.

"Miss Snow, permit me to offer to your acceptance, myself and my humble fortune. I know you will not despise me because my fortune is humble."

"No, sir, I should not. I only despise those, who, whatever they preach in the pulpit, show a lack of Christian kindness to their fellow-men. I despise him who ridicules his neighbor because, perhaps, his coat is not of the latest make; because it has been paid for by honest labor, and made by a mother's careful hands. Such I do despise, and ever shall."

"But, Miss Snow—" began the crest-fallen Mr. Ellis.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ellis. I advise you to return to Miss Arabella Temple, who believes you the soul of honor." And with the dignity of a queen, Miss Snow walked on, and left her companion to the sad reflection that the wealth he had coveted was not to be his after all.

In the course of that week there were two pieces of news circulating in the village of S—. The first was, that Miss Arabella Temple had married Mr. Atherton Ellis and that the two had left the village forever. The second was, that Mr. Loring, being fully empowered to do so, had chosen a colleague, who would enter upon his duties on the following Sabbath. Great was the excitement caused by both these rumors, but especially the latter. Old and young assembled at church upon the next Sunday, and great was the curiosity to know who the new minister was. But greater still was the excitement, when from the pulpit looked forth that well-known intellectual but now healthy face, which looked so like

and yet so unlike a face they had seen before—that of Mr. Paul Ellis. Clad in a coat of the latest style, but as modest as ever in his manner, the new minister was no longer objectionable to any member of the congregation. In fact, as Mr. Loring's colleague, and in his new coat, he soon became decidedly popular among the young as well as the old.

In spite of her first refusal, Miss Snow being asked a second time to become Mrs. Ellis, did not say no; though, lest you should think her very inconsistent, I will state that it was not Mrs. Atherton Ellis, but Mrs. Paul Ellis that she became. She often declared that her heart had been won by that "detestable old coat," when she first saw it from behind her brown veil in the coach. And her husband laughingly declares that his heart was won by the brown veil.

OUR PET MONKEY'S TRICKS.

I remember very distinctly one bright summer's morning, when, with a house full of guests, we missed two young ladies at the breakfast-table. Thinking they had overslept themselves, we took no pains to disturb them until the meal was nearly over, when I went up stairs and tapped at their door. I was answered by a smothered cry of distress, when I opened the door, and saw the two unhappy creatures struggling under the bedclothes, with our monkey perched upon their knees, grinning and chattering in the most malignant manner, and even making now and then a most furious rush at them when a hand or a nose happened for a moment to be exposed. It was well I had gone to their rescue, for their horror was beyond description, and so long as they screamed and struggled the monkey was not likely to give them up. They said they had first heard some unusual sound upon the dressing-table, when looking out of bed, they perceived to their dismay that the monkey had entered by the open window, and was busily examining the curiosities of their toilet. Had they been quiet, he would most likely have returned as he came; but so soon as they betrayed their fear, he sprang upon the bed, threatening and defying them to the teeth and keeping them prisoners.—*Once a Week.*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies that, alas for poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can (or, at all events, should) arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from the selfish blot that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and her brother.—*Lady Blessington.*

[ORIGINAL.]

WORK.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Laggard, thou'rt sitting idly,
 With useless, folded hands,
 Unmindful of the desert spots,
 And waste of barren lands.
 Up! rouse from this dead stupor,
 And gird thine armor on!
 When once a firm resolve is made,
 Full half the battle's won.

What right hast thou to squander
 The talents God has lent?
 What right in rust to bury
 The powers he has sent?
 They're yours to battle bravely
 In strong defence of right;
 They're yours to carve your shining way
 Up to the hills of light!

The whole world calls for labor;
 There is a thirsty dearth
 Of earnest, working, Christian souls
 O'er all this wide-spread earth;
 A lack of strong-armed pioneers
 To break the ranks of sin,
 And woo, with words of heavenly peace,
 The footsore wanderer in.

Up from this dull supineness!
 Up, with a righteous trust!
 An idle life surely conducts
 To shame and carnal lust.
 Work while the day endureth,
 Work ere the night shall come—
 At evening, when the shadows fall,
 God calls his servants home.

[ORIGINAL.]

BURIED ALIVE :

—OR,—

THE GOLD DIGGER.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

JABEZ DAYTON, the hero of our narrative, was, at one period of his life, a New England farmer—honest, industrious, tolerably intelligent, and withal, in comfortable circumstances. Several years prior to the discovery of the "root of all evil" in California, he wooed and won the belle of his native village, the pretty Jenny Wayland, whose beauty, amiability and many virtues had gained her the respect and esteem of all who knew her, albeit, she was but the daughter of a poor and hard-working mechanic.

For a whole year the newly-married pair lived in perfect harmony, not a cloud having arisen in the matrimonial horizon to mar their happiness,

or lessen the confidence which existed between them. Jabez, who was now in his twenty-fifth year, continued to manage his farm with his usual skill, and, mindful of the old proverb,

"He who by the plough would thrive,
 Himself must either hold or drive,"

labored early and late himself, doing far more work than his hired man. There was now a fair prospect that if he should live to the average age of mankind, he would die a rich man.

About this time, however, one of those unaccountable manias which sometimes seize the most sensible of men, took possession of his mind. He became suddenly possessed with a desire of making money faster and easier than he had ever done before, and by brooding over this dangerous fancy in secret, increased it to a complete monomania. This morbid greed of gain could not be satisfied with the comparatively small but constant and certain receipts of the farm, and Jabez began to look around him for some shorter avenue to wealth.

While his mind was in this unhealthy state, he chanced to gain possession of an old volume which purported to give an authentic history of Captain Kidd, and other pirates of his time; and also a plausible theory in regard to the immense treasures of gold and precious stones which those freebooters were said to have concealed upon the sandy beaches of Cape Cod, and all along the coast of Massachusetts.

Jabez perused the volume with intense interest, and long before he had finished it, had become fully converted to its theory in regard to the buried treasures. That gold in immense quantities was concealed somewhere, had been proved beyond question; but where? Perhaps in that very town, perhaps on his own farm. It was very probable that it was, and by devoting time and money to a faithful search, he could, doubtless, find it. An adventurer who dared to risk something in the pursuit, would certainly reap a rich reward, and the thought was mother of the deed.

In spite of the remonstrances of his wife, and the sneers of his neighbors, the monomaniac (for such we must call him) immediately hired a competent man to take the entire charge of his farm, while he prepared to give his undivided personal attention to a systematic search for the buried treasures. Since the perusal of the volume which we have just mentioned, he had dreamed several times of finding vast quantities of gold in various parts of his farm, and these dreams had driven from his mind every lingering doubt of the propriety of his scheme.

By the assistance of clairvoyants and divining

rods, various spots were designated as the proper place to dig, and shafts were immediately sunk, without regard to labor or expense.

Of course no glittering treasures rewarded the adventurer, and it was not long before the condition of his farm and finances began to show the sad results of neglecting a legitimate business for the pursuit of a vain chimera.

The overseer whom Jabez had entrusted with the charge of his affairs, proved to be an accomplished swindler. Observing that his employer was completely absorbed in his insane pursuit, he managed matters as he pleased, and after defrauding Jabez of several thousand dollars, suddenly absconded.

The discovery of his losses, however, had no other effect upon Jabez than to increase his disgust of farming, and incite him to redoubled exertion in quest of imaginary treasures. Shaft after shaft was sunk until the influx of water prevented further operations, and then abandoned. At length a new locality was marked out by a swindling clairvoyant as the "right spot this time and no mistake," and Jabez commenced sinking a large pit, intending, should water again put a stop to his downward progress, to bore tunnels, which should radiate horizontally in every direction, from the central shaft.

This pit had scarcely been commenced, when the failure of a banking institution in a neighboring town, in which Jabez had invested all his funds, brought him to comparative poverty. Nothing was now left him but his farm, which had been sadly exhausted by the mismanagement of his runaway overseer.

This catastrophe quite disheartened the poor treasure hunter; but instead of looking his situation fully in the face, and seeking, by well-directed labor upon his farm, to retrieve his fallen fortunes, he discharged his single laborer, mortgaged his estate, and continued his labors in the bowels of the earth. And worst of all, while following the treacherous Will-o'-the-wisp which had already led him into the bog, he resorted to the stimulus of ardent spirits to drive away care.

From this time matters grew rapidly worse, and when the next autumn came, the family of Jabez Dayton, once so happy and prosperous, were in absolute want, for the neglected farm had produced no harvest. Jabez had become a confirmed inebriate, but still labored at intervals in his pit, and had excavated tunnels in every direction. His suffering but ever-gentle and patient wife did not reproach him, but rather strove, by appealing to his affection for herself and their children, to draw him back from the precipice which yawned before him.

It was in vain. The drunken, fanatical treasure hunter had lost all honorable ambition, and was now content to burrow, like a mole, in the ground, consoling himself with the illusive picture of future wealth and ease, or drowning regrets in the drunkard's bowl. A second mortgage on the farm provided means for the sustenance of the family through the coming winter, and enabled Jabez to continue his excavations. It had now become his invariable custom to leave his bed at daybreak, and labor for an hour or more in his pit before breakfast. The forenoon was then spent in alternate tipping and digging, and by afternoon the unfortunate monomaniac would be usually too far intoxicated to pursue his labor.

One morning, as usual, he left his bed at dawn of day and hastened to his pit. An hour later, his wife arose, and having prepared their humble breakfast, sat down by the cradle of her child to await her husband's return. Half an hour passed, and he did not come; still his wife patiently rocked the cradle, and waited, supposing that he had become so deeply absorbed in his labor as to be unmindful of the lapse of time; but when a whole hour had passed, and he had not yet appeared, she began to fear that some accident had befallen him. She was about to leave the house for the purpose of seeking him, when a little boy, the son of a neighbor, passed by, and calling him to the door, she bade him go to the pit and tell Mr. Dayton that breakfast was ready.

The boy promptly obeyed, but had been absent scarcely five minutes when he returned, breathless with excitement, and rushing into the house, exclaimed:

"O, Mrs. Dayton, the dirt has all tumbled into the hole and filled it up!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when Mrs. Dayton cried in an agony of despair:

"My husband, O, my husband!" and fell fainting upon the floor.

The boy was now terribly alarmed, for he thought she was dead, and ran home at the top of his speed. As soon as his parents were able to comprehend his incoherent story, the mother hastened to the assistance of Mrs. Dayton, while the father, with several other neighbors, ran to the pit. The sides had caved in, filling the pit nearly to the top, and if Jabez had been in at the time of the catastrophe, of which there was little doubt, he must have been instantly crushed to death.

For a few moments the horror-stricken neighbors looked upon the ruins of the excavation in silence, then followed exclamations of sorrow for

the sad fate of the unfortunate man, for notwithstanding his faults, he had yet many friends who had not forgotten his former virtues. The news of the accident spread like wildfire through the village, and in a few minutes a crowd of people had collected about the pit, among whom were several persons whom Jabez had always regarded as his best friends.

"Poor fellow," said one, "he has been suddenly cut down in the prime of life."

"Small loss to his family, or the community, I reckon," replied the tavern-keeper, who had first tempted Jabez to drown his sorrows in the "flaming bowl."

"You should not say it, if it were true, for you have helped to make him what he was," replied another, disgusted at this unfeeling remark.

"Does his wife know of this?" asked one who had just arrived at the spot.

"Yes," replied another, "I have just been in to see her."

"How does she appear?" asked several.

"Well, I don't think she will die of grief at the loss of such a good-for-nothing fellow," was the sarcastic reply.

"Then she does not take it very hard, eh?"

"Not at all; she is perfectly calm, and it is my opinion that she will be easily consoled." And the speaker, who had been one of Jenny's rejected suitors, laughed in a scornful manner.

"Do you think it best to dig him up, now that he is so comfortably buried?" asked one of Jabez's friends.

"I, for one, think that would be a useless expense," replied another.

"I should wish that the body might be recovered, if possible, that we might give it Christian burial," replied the village physician; "but it would require many days' labor to remove the earth from the pit, and before we could reach the body, it would doubtless be too far decomposed to admit of removal."

This view of the matter appeared so reasonable that it was soon decided not to attempt exhuming the body, unless the relations of the unfortunate man should insist upon it; but that the usual burial services should be performed over the mouth of the pit, which should then be levelled off, and marked with an appropriate grave-stone.

The village minister assumed the task of gaining the widow's consent to this proposal; but upon entering the house he found her still insensible. She was at length restored to animation, but not to a consciousness of her situation, for the sudden shock had induced a brain fever, and caused a delirium of many days' duration. The

other relatives made no objection to the plan which had been proposed, and accordingly the pit was covered with earth, while a plain tablet of marble, bearing a suitable inscription, was erected to mark the last resting-place of the unfortunate treasure-seeker.

The circumstances attending his death proved a nine-days' wonder in the village, and formed the chief subject of conversation for many weeks; but, as some one has said, "You might as well stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for a hole, as to think that, whatever the station you may occupy, the world will long miss you after your death," and in time even the name of Jabez Dayton was almost forgotten.

After a severe and dangerous illness of several weeks, the widow of Jabez Dayton awoke to a painful realization of her situation. Before she had fully recovered, the village store-keeper, the man of whom we have heretofore spoken as a rejected suitor, foreclosed the mortgages which he held upon the farm, and seized the estate.

No resource was now left her but to return to her father's house, and this she was compelled to do, accompanied by her two children, one a boy scarcely two years old, and the other an infant. She received a cordial welcome, notwithstanding the straitened circumstances of the family; but the thought of becoming a dependant upon her father, who was already compelled to labor early and late for the support of his family, caused her an additional grief.

It was obvious that she must do something for the support of herself and children, and the necessity for earnest action had a good effect in deadening the violence of her grief. After mature deliberation, she decided that the best plan for her to pursue would be to open a private school for small children. Such a school was greatly needed in that neighborhood, and she was eminently qualified, both by nature and education, for a teacher.

This plan was no sooner proposed than put in practice, and the beautiful young widow was soon engaged in teaching some twenty young ideas, of both sexes, how to shoot. For a year, the school was very successful, and the fair instructress gained the affection of her pupils as well as the unqualified respect of their parents.

She had become deeply interested in her occupation, and might have been, if not joyous and happy as before her marriage, at least cheerful and contented with her lot, had it not been for one person, who caused her no little annoyance. This was the village store-keeper, who, now that

the first year of her widowhood had expired, had renewed his attentions to her.

Her father's business had been for some time past greatly depressed, and he had become indebted to Mr. Moreton the store-keeper, for a large amount, which there was no prospect of his being able to pay at present; and from this cause she dared not reject his suit with scorn, as she gladly would have done, lest he should revenge himself upon her father, who was now so completely in his power.

Moreton appreciated his advantage, and resolved to win the hand of the fair widow by any means in his power, no matter how dishonorable. He continued to persecute her with his hateful attentions for months without, however, presuming to ask in so many words, the honor of her hand in marriage. His time had not yet come, but as difficulties thickened around her father, and misfortune followed misfortune, he grew bolder in proposition as he felt that his grasp upon his victim was more and more secure. At length the house, which constituted the entire property of Mr. Wayland, was mortgaged for its full value to Mr. Moreton.

As the time at which this mortgage must be redeemed or foreclosed approached, Moreton grew more marked in his attentions to Jenny, and at length made her a proposal of marriage, hinting at the same time that in case of a refusal he should not scruple to use his power to ruin her father. This implied threat was more than Jenny could bear, and regardless of the consequences, she answered him with just indignation, rejecting his suit with scorn, and spurning him as she would a loathsome reptile.

The result of her refusal was that the mortgage was immediately foreclosed, and her parents left houseless and penniless in their old age. Mr. Wayland was, however, offered the privilege of remaining in the house as a tenant, an offer which he gladly accepted, hoping that he should be able to pay the rent promptly, and thus retain the home in which he had spent so many happy years. For a brief space of time he was enabled to do this by the assistance of his widowed daughter, whose school now afforded the chief income of the family; but suddenly, and without any apparent cause, the number of her pupils began to decrease. At length only four or five remained, and when Jenny asked an explanation from the parents of those who had been taken from her school, she received only cold and evasive answers.

And now she began to observe that her former friends and acquaintances seemed to shun and avoid her; or, if they chanced to meet her in the

street, cast glances of scorn and suspicion upon her which brought a flush of indignation to her cheek. At length the cause of all this became apparent. Various slanders tending greatly to injure her reputation, had been whispered in the village, and were universally believed, although no one could tell whence they originated. Jenny at once decided in her own mind that Moreton was the author of these lying reports, for she well remembered his parting words: "You shall live to repent this conduct, madam."

There was no proof of his agency in the matter, however, and the innocent victim of slander could obtain no redress. Her few remaining pupils soon left her, and thus the principal support of the family was lost.

To add to the grief of the unfortunate family, Mr. Wayland was one day severely injured by an accident in his workshop, and brought home in a state of insensibility. At first it was feared that his injuries were mortal; but after several days of terrible suffering, he began slowly to recover. He would, however, be a cripple for life, and unable to labor as formerly at his trade. Of course the family were now in a destitute condition, unable to pay the rent, and scarcely able to procure the necessities of life.

Their extremity was Moreton's opportunity for which he had been long and patiently waiting; but he had grown wise by experience, and did not again attempt to gain the widow's hand by threats. Instead of this he proffered his assistance to the family, gave them a receipt for the unpaid rent, provided everything which could add to the comfort of the sick man; and, in brief, assumed the role of a disinterested benefactor.

Jenny was both surprised and pleased at this change in his manner, and naturally of an unsuspicious disposition, reproached herself for the manner in which she had formerly treated him. In her zeal to atone for this she once more admitted him to her friendship, and it was not long before he had again assumed the attitude of a suitor. Although she shrank with horror from the bare idea of becoming his wife, she did not again repulse him with contempt; but passively suffered his attentions, cherishing a hope that some means of escape might be opened for her.

In the meantime, Moreton, confident of gaining the coveted prize, commenced building a magnificent dwelling-house nearly opposite the farmhouse once owned and occupied by Jabez Dayton. To make a long story short, he pursued his purpose with untiring energy until, between duty to her parents, whom she could thus relieve from want, and gratitude to Moreton, poor

Jenny yielded to his importunities and consented to become his wife.

The new and splendid mansion of Philip Moreton was brilliantly illuminated, and a large number of invited guests had assembled to witness the marriage of their host and the still lovely Jenny Dayton. Every face was radiant with happiness save that of the bride. Even her mother, and her father, who had recovered sufficiently to be present at the wedding, could not conceal the pleasure which they felt at the thought of the brilliant future which awaited their daughter, as the wife of a rich and influential man.

The very persons who had recently regarded Jenny with scorn and suspicion, were now the most anxious to offer her their congratulations, and to do her honor; for she was about to become the wife of the richest man in town, and even if the stories which had been circulated were true, it mattered not now, for her husband's wealth would cover all her sins.

The hour appointed for the wedding arrived all too soon for the self-sacrificing woman who was about to immolate all her hopes of future happiness upon the altar of filial duty. The officiating clergyman prepared to commence the ceremony; the sorrowful bride and the happy bridegroom placed themselves before him, and the voices of the guests were instantly hushed.

At this moment the door-bell rang violently, then followed the sound of an angry dispute with the servants in the lower hall, and immediately after hasty footsteps were heard approaching the room in which the wedding party had assembled. Then the door was flung violently open, and a roughly-dressed man, whose face was nearly concealed by a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache, rushed in.

"What means this intrusion?" demanded Moreton, angrily.

But without deigning to reply to the question, the stranger rapidly advanced to the bride, and exclaimed:

"Jenny, you are not yet the wife of that man? O, say you are not yet married!"

As that well-remembered voice fell upon her ears, Jenny tottered toward the stranger, and fervently murmuring, "Not yet, thank God!" fell fainting in her husband's arms!

By this time the assembled company had recognized the stranger, who was no other than Jabez Dayton the treasure-hunter, who had been dead and was alive again.

The scene which ensued is beyond our power of description. When Jenny again opened her

eyes, she was still clasped in the embrace of her husband, to whom she murmured:

"Let us leave this place at once."

"Not yet, Jenny," replied Jabez. And placing his wife upon a sofa, he advanced toward Philip Moreton. "Not until I have branded this miscreant as a liar and a scoundrel!"

Then seizing the merchant by the collar he held him with a vice-like grasp until he had exposed the villany of which he had been guilty, calling in witnesses who had been waiting outside the door, to prove the truth of his assertions.

It appeared that Moreton had not only originated the slanderous reports which had so injured the reputation of the widow, but that he had known for a long time Jabez Dayton was still alive. He had intercepted all the letters which Jabez had mailed to his wife from California, many of them containing remittances of large amount, thus becoming a felon, and rendering himself liable to several legal penalties. Before Jabez had finished the recital, Moreton fell upon his knees, crying:

"I confess it all—I have done all this and more—but spare me for the love of God, and you shall never see me again. Take all my property, but let me escape the penalties of the law."

"Not so," replied Jabez, "I would not take a penny from you; but I have no desire to give you up to the officers of justice. I will purchase your property this moment at a fair price, and then you may go in peace."

Moreton joyfully accepted this generous proposal, and stated the sum of money which he would consider a fair equivalent for the estate which he must leave behind him. A lawyer who chanced to be among the guests, immediately drew up the proper documents; the transfer was made, and Moreton having received a bag of gold in payment for his houses and lands, hastened from the room. Before daybreak he was beyond the reach of pursuit, and the next European steamer bore him away from the shores of his native land, never to return. After Moreton had left the house, the lawyer advanced to Jabez, and said:

"This is now your house, Mr. Dayton, and we are your guests. In the name of the company present, I congratulate you upon your good fortune; and now, if the request is not unreasonable, will you gratify our curiosity in regard to your unprecedented escape from death, and your subsequent adventures?"

"Willingly," replied Jabez. And seating himself by the side of his Jenny, he related his adventures as follows:

"At the moment when the pit, which my folly had led me to dig, caved in, I was at the further end of one of the tunnels. I heard the crash of the falling earth, and at the same instant found myself in total darkness. I soon comprehended the true state of the case, and realized that I was buried alive! Words cannot describe my sufferings for the few minutes (which seemed like interminable ages) following the catastrophe.

"I then for the first time became conscious of the folly of my conduct. I saw then how foolishly, yes, criminally, I had wasted time and money in an insane pursuit, thereby bringing sorrow and want upon my family. And then I reflected upon the ruinous vice of intoxication which I had acquired. Presently I experienced a feeling of suffocation, for I had exhausted the limited supply of air contained in the small space in which I stood. I felt that I was dying, and I knelt and prayed, first for my injured wife, and then that I might escape from the horrible death which threatened me. I made a solemn vow, that if I should ever again be permitted to behold the light of day, I would forever abstain from intoxicating drinks, and devote my energies henceforth to some legitimate occupation.

"As I rose to my feet, I staggered from weakness, and clutched at the earth for support. Instead of the crumbling sand which formed the end of my prison cell, I grasped the fibrous root of a shrub which had found its way into my cave. It yielded to the tension, and as I drew it toward me, a portion of earth came with it, leaving an opening of a foot or more diameter into the glorious, blessed, heavenly light of day. Although I had excavated my tunnel horizontally, I had bored through the brow of a hill, until another foot or two would have brought me out once more into the open air upon the hillside. In a moment more I had enlarged the hole with my hands sufficiently to allow me to pass out.

"I hastened back to the mouth of my pit to view the ruins, and then, as it was already past my usual breakfast hour, I felt a sudden impulse to conceal myself behind a clump of bushes near at hand, to hear what my friends would say when they should discover the accident.

"I had scarcely crouched behind the bushes, when a boy came to the mouth of the pit, and ran away again in great alarm. In a few minutes more a crowd had collected about the spot, and I was able to overhear everything that was said. But when I heard Moreton say that Jenny did not appear grieved at my death, but rather to rejoice over it, I swore to leave her forever. As soon as possible, I left my place of concealment, carefully closed the opening through which I had

obtained egress from my cave, and left my native village, as I then thought, never to return.

"I wandered on, in an agony of mind bordering on madness, until I reached the seashore. A ship was lying at one of the wharves, and the crew were just casting off the hawser, preparatory to getting underway. I sprang aboard, and begged the captain to take me with him. I told him that I was a sailor, but would do what I could, and would try to learn seamanship as fast as possible. At length he consented to take me, without wages.

"The ship was bound to California, and after a tedious passage we arrived there to find everybody in great excitement in consequence of the recent discovery of gold. The entire crew, including myself, immediately deserted and hastened to the mines. For six months I labored indefatigably, merely to drive away sorrow, for I had no object in amassing wealth, until the arrival in the mines of an old friend and fellow-townsmen, who informed me that my wife had truly and deeply mourned my death, inspired me with new energy.

"I immediately wrote home, enclosing a large remittance to Jenny. Receiving no answer, I wrote again and again, but still no answer came, and I began to fear that she was dead. As I had already collected many thousand dollars' worth of gold, I resolved to return home at the first opportunity. Before the sailing of the next ship for the New England States, I made a lucky 'hit,' and in three days had quadrupled my store of the precious metal.

"I arrived at Boston three weeks ago, and immediately despatched a trusty messenger to this village, to bring me intelligence of my wife. He soon returned, and informed me that she was about to be married, and also that she still supposed me dead. It is not necessary that I should inform you of the course which I have since pursued, and which has resulted in the detection of that scoundrel Moreton. And now I have regained my darling wife, whom I prize more highly than all the gold of California.

"The ways of Providence are past finding out. As you well know, I was once a drunkard, and a poor, fanatical treasure-hunter; I am now a reformed and wealthy man, and this change is due to the circumstance of my being buried alive."

After bestowing the most hearty congratulations upon the returned Californian and his wife, the company dispersed, leaving the happy pair to the enjoyment of each other's society in their new and luxurious home.

Many institutions are properly called seminaries, for they do not half teach anything.

[ORIGINAL.]

DESPAIR.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

How vague and like a wilderness
That heart becomes with care oppressed;
With fearful storms of mental woe
It sadly rocks, like ships that go,
In hope, far from the smiling shore,
Alas, to greet its scenes no more!
Such, swaying wildly mid the storm,
Upheaves its breast—then, then is gone;
The noble life that bore a charm
Through many a former tempest's strife,
At last, when Fate uplifts her arm
With powers of sad destruction rife,
Sinks walling, shivering, 'neath the wave,
No more the storms of earth to brave.

[ORIGINAL.]

A COUNTRY VISIT.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"DEAR UNCLE:—May Carry come and stay with you from May to August? The doctor recommends her to go into the country, for a few months; and as urgent duties make it imperative for us to stay in town, I can think of no better protector for Carry than you. She will not, I am sure, disturb you in the least. She is very orderly in her habits, and does not require much company, etc., etc."

Wallace Hastings dropped the paper as if it had been hot lead. Perhaps it is too much for me to say that he was a woman hater, but certainly he was very near becoming one. He had been "hazed about," as he expressed it, all his youth by an energetic, well-meaning, but unsympathizing step-mother; he had been jilted, when scarcely over his boyhood, by a little pink-and-white-faced girl, and since then, he had vowed something like eternal enmity against all woman-kind. Consequently he took time to attend fully to his own affairs, and at the age of thirty-six was a comfortably rich man, living in his own house with an oddity of a housekeeper and a still greater oddity of a hired man. He was a particular young-old bachelor. All his habits were fixed and nailed. He carried a little, round pin-cushion with him, in which were always exactly twenty-six pins; and if one had been missing when he lay down at night, it would surely have pricked his conscience so that he could not sleep. He had, moreover, a wee little box in which upon the most delicate of reels was wound silk and cotton and thread, and in which he kept his needles and scissors and shirt buttons, and whatever else goes to make up that tidy

receptacle, a bachelor's work-box. Every chair had its place, and knew it too. There were little balls of twine tucked away in particular little places, and, in fact, everything about looked quite too prim and nice for common mortals to touch. You may imagine what an annoyance to a quiet, particular person, such a note as this must have been.

Again and again he said to himself that it was impossible, and he couldn't think of it. What! have a chit of a girl rummaging about his precise premises, laughing when he didn't want to laugh, squalling—yes, that's what he called it!—squalling out opera-airs and thumping his elegant rosewood piano, till it screamed in agony—inviting young men and young women to call, turning his parlors topsy turvy, and giving him no rest or peace from morning till night! Gigantic accumulation of evils, Pelion upon Ossa of woman troubles! What could he do to avoid it? His niece had been too kind to him to deny her—she had nursed him in a severe illness, her attention had saved his life, and he felt grateful; but it takes something more than feeling to testify one's gratitude.

"Perhaps," thought he, "I can board at Badger's (a hotel), and leave her the house for her to ransack. Then she might talk, come, go, act as she pleased, and he would not be there to groan in spirit. But would not this look too cynical? would it be treating his guest or his aunt with respect? He came to the conclusion that it would not. Girls! how he detested them! Vain, giggling, flirting, nervous things, all the time expecting presents and ice creams, talking without sense, wise without experience—he most devoutly wished for a world minus the feminize gender, in which he might reflect at his ease, have no nieces to send him perplexing notes and more perplexing girls to turn his ideas and his household into confusion."

After this sort of reflection, it is hardly to be wondered at that his hand trembled with vexation when he replied that his niece was welcome (?) to send her niece—or rather her husband's—and that he should be happy (?) to receive her. O, the polite lies that are told every day, and every hour in the day!

It was on one of the balmiest and most beautiful of bright spring mornings. Our bachelor—but hold! we have not yet described him for the benefit of our thousands of readers. Have you on a table, devoted especially to that purpose, some scores of daguerreotypes? And among them is there one in particular—a Cousin Ned, or Mr. Somebody, a particular friend of the family, who visits not often, but always finds it diffi-

cult to tear himself away—whom you always select to show to visitors, from whom you may be sure to hear the most enthusiastic praises? And does not your own cheek tingle a little, when some rapturous voice exclaims—"what noble breadth of forehead! what splendid hair! such magnificent eyes! has he so sweet a dimple in his chin? O, isn't he a beauty!"

Well, that particular picture resembles—in a measure—the hero of our sketch. He was not only exceedingly fine looking, but he was handsome—a man to be proud of, as far as appearances went—and really, in all but his dreadful indifference to the pretty young girls who walked the streets of Sudbury, a noble fellow every way. Nobody could say a word against his morals. He went to church three times on the Sabbath, gave liberally, had the minister to tea once a month, and was highly thought of in the community—except by the women, who voted him down because he would not take to himself a wife.

As I began to say, our bachelor sat at his breakfast table, leisurely eating, sipping and reading, when he saw at some distance the coach turning a particular angle that it never turned except when it was coming towards his house.

"There's that girl!"

It is of course impossible to express by pen, the intense and withering disgust conveyed from his lips to the current of air blowing towards the coming coach. He sprang from the table, upsetting his coffee-cup over one of the whitest and finest of linen cloths, and by some strange instinct caught his hat and cane, and made for an opposite door to that one at which the coach was now standing, when he was arrested by the house-keeper, who said, rather pertinently:

"I guess there's somebody waiting for you to help her out."

This carried him to the front door, upon the steps of which stood already three detestable bandboxes and a formidable trunk, and he caught a glimpse of a face looking directly towards him.

"Thank Heaven, she's homely!" was his first mental ejaculation. And he then went forward to assist her to alight.

It was not a beautiful face that sat in his sunny home not a half an hour afterwards, to be sure, but it was a lovable face, there was no denying that. The fair, well-proportioned brow, with its soft ringlets of glossy brown falling around it—the clear, dark eyes, the deep, deep dimples that showed every time she spoke, and even the tiny, white, projecting teeth—yes, the teeth were ever visible—made an impression upon all who saw her. Wallace Hastings had deliberately decided to be off early, but somehow he

lingered longer than he intended, to hear the news from the family of his young niece.

In spite of his prejudices, he admired her calm, quiet manner; even her plain, gray-cloth dress, with its modest collar of white, pleased his eye, though he still persisted in being intensely thankful she was not beautiful. The next morning at breakfast she had a bloom on her cheek.

"Let me pour the coffee," she said, suiting the action to the word, and gracefully doing the duties of a hostess. "What a charming place this is," she continued. "I never saw a more beautiful prospect than from the top of the hill yonder."

"That hill! why, it is nearly two miles from here," said Wallace.

"So I supposed," she replied. "I started very early, so as to have the benefit of the sunrise. It was a most delightful walk."

"You rise early then?" he said, blushing as he thought of his own laziness.

"Always," was her reply. "My duties as a teacher would leave me no time otherwise. One can get through a great deal of reading and study by devoting two early hours to them, the mind is so fresh in the morning."

"You keep school then."

"O yes. My mother and father have been dead for many years."

There was an unconsciously mournful cadence in this reply, like a sad wail through a summer's wind. This young and graceful girl toiled hard for a living. He had not known this before. It made him more hospitably inclined. As he went away, he said:

"My pianoforte and music are at your command, Miss May," (Carry May—that was her name.)

"Thank you," she replied gently.

"I,"—he hesitated—"I am not much given to visiting, Miss May, but if I can be of service to you, command me. There are a great many fine young ladies in our vicinity."

He could not look her in the face as he repeated these choking words.

"Thank you very much, I am sure," she said, with her face all dimples—"but I am so little accustomed to visiting myself, that I fear I should not be good company. Besides, I am advised not to be given to night rambles, by my physician, and I believe while my health is not quite good, home is the best place for me."

"Admirable conclusion!" said Wallace in his heart. "Most certainly this is an extraordinary young woman!" And with much emphasis, he repeated these words to the minister that same day, inviting the latter to stop and take tea. The minister, be it known, was also a bachelor, and

was not as old by five years as Wallace Hastings.

He was a pleasing, gentlemanly man, not at all superior in talent, mild and amiable in manners and deportment, refined, courteous and good-looking. He came soon after Carry May had installed herself in this pleasant country house, and appeared so much delighted with her, that Wallace rubbed his hands gleefully for the first time in his life over such a thing, and said :

"There's a match—and he needs a wife."

So it continued that Carry May took long rambles in the mornings, often joined by Wallace Hastings, sometimes by the minister, and the good people of the village were noways backward in forming their conclusions, though they were a little puzzled to know which suitor was the most favored by the pleasant-faced young girl.

For a long time, Carry May had not been prevailed upon to sing. Brave in everything else, she was always timid when her vocal powers were concerned. One day Wallace Hastings came home much earlier than was his wont. He entered the house and was astonished to hear a clear, sweet, bird-like voice, trilling and warbling in perfect abandonment of melodious sound. He paused astonished, chained, captivated. If he had a weakness, it was a passionate love of music, and he himself was no mean amateur. Going towards the door of the music-room, he found his housekeeper and hired man both listening intently. They started and essayed to move when they saw him.

"Hush!" he said, in a low whisper, "who is it?"

"The young lady," replied his housekeeper. "That's the way she sings every day, like an angel, and Mike and I stand and listen."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Wallace. And musingly he entered the parlor.

Presently Miss May came in, quite astonished to see him there, and blushing so, that for once he thought her beautiful.

"So it seems you do sing, Miss May?" he said, a little pique in his voice, as he thought how often he had urged her to favor him.

"O, yes, for my own pleasure; it is a relaxation from severe duties."

"Must I think you are selfish, Miss May?"

"I hope I am not; I do not think it is selfishness so much as great timidity, which, so far, I have found it impossible to conquer. I wish I could. I have taken every pains to do so."

Why was it that at that moment the perverse heart of this bachelor, who had resisted all the beauties he had seen for so many years, went from him forever? Her modest, earnest manner, glowing cheeks and beautiful eyes completed his

enslavement. When the minister told him on the evening of that same day that he never saw a young lady so well calculated to make a pastor's wife, he fell almost tempted to commit some act of personal violence upon him; and when further, the minister with his pleasant, smiling face appeared at his supper-table twice where before he came but once, he was inclined almost to outrage politeness and tell him his room was better than his company.

It happened one day that the poor minister, in strictest confidence, told him that he intended to propose to Miss May. If an earthquake had struck him, or a ball of lightning transfixed him, he could not have been more astounded. In fact he almost turned his back upon the poor man.

For nearly a week following, poor Wallace Hastings spent his evenings from home. He was sure he had seen her eye light up with pleasure when the reverend gentleman called, she always spoke of him in admiring terms, therefore he concluded that it was all over, the two loved each other, so he would leave them to themselves. Consequently, for the sake of his own peace of mind, though it certainly made him wretched, he avoided Miss Carry May, while she, strange to say, seemed to lose her genial flow of spirits, and to look somewhat depressed and unhappy.

One day she sat in her room, writing to her aunt and uncle in the city. Suddenly she gathered the paper in her hands, and crushed it, saying :

"This will not do. Instead of writing, I must go home. I will not be a love-sick, desponding creature. There are claims upon my time, and even upon my heart, that I may call upon to aid me in overcoming my first wild dream. I will go home."

When she announced her intention to Wallace, he said, almost coldly :

"Ah, I am sorry you are going, but I suppose we shall be having a wedding soon, then I shall see you sometimes."

Having uttered these words in a very constrained manner, he went out, leaving the astonished girl surprised, indignant and wondering.

It was some two months after Carry May had returned. Wallace Hastings had been on a brief journey. It was not so much to finish the important business which called him away, as to forget the image that had been too indelibly stamped upon his heart. The minister took tea with him in the old-fashioned way, and he, too, came with a purpose, he was determined to know what had altered the manners of his old friend toward himself.

"Well, I suppose you are nearly ready for

that interesting ceremony?" said Wallace, attempting a ghastly smile.

"I really do not know to what you refer," replied the young pastor.

• "Why, to your engagement with Miss May," replied the other, speaking the name with an effort.

"My engagement to Miss May?" replied the minister, with equal effort. "I am sorry to say," he continued, in a lower and sadder tone, "I am not and never was engaged to Miss May."

"What, did you not tell me—"

"I told you that I should propose to her, and so I did," replied the other. "She, however, did not love me," he added, frankly.

"What a fool I have been!" exclaimed Wallace Hastings, striking his forehead.

"She would have made so sweet a pastor's wife," said the minister, entirely pre-occupied with his own thoughts. "By the way, I wonder you could have seen her so much without loving her."

Wallace finished his supper almost in silence, the minister meantime expatiating on the beauty and the many virtues of Miss May.

The next day our bachelor wrote a note to his niece in the city, and on the following morning he walked into the hall of her residence, just as Carry May was walking out. The blush, the start, the quick, earnest welcome with which she met him, were worth everything to him. Even the slight pressure of her hand—he could not have counted its value by any sum in arithmetic. His niece's welcomes were more demonstrative.

"I never expected to see you in my house," she cried. "You have almost made Carry a confirmed anchorite. She was bad enough before, but she has been a perfect recluse since she returned. I think so much study will kill her. Isn't she a sweet girl? Since nothing has come of it, I'll tell you frankly that I did secretly hope in my own heart that she would charm you out of your celibacy. But, O, dear, nothing short of an angel would move you, I believe."

"I have an idea that Miss May is only little short of an angel," said Wallace, gravely.

"Dear me, have you? Well, I declare, I didn't think it was in you to speak so highly of any woman. She is a dear, charming girl, that is a fact, the most engaging creature I ever knew—altogether a treasure. And it passes my comprehension why she isn't engaged, or hasn't been, long before this time."

"Perhaps she is," suggested Wallace Hastings.

"O, no, it isn't so, I'm very sure," replied his niece, "because, although there are plenty would be glad to come, yet no young gentleman waits

upon her; and I'm sure unless she could get one of the very best of husbands, I shouldn't want her to get any, for she has splendid talents and can well support herself."

"What kind of a husband do you think I should make?" queried Wallace Hastings.

After a moment of extreme surprise, the pretty woman clapped her hands as she exclaimed:

"O, I wish it might be! I know she likes you better—" She paused, quite confused.

Wallace had been walking the floor—he turned hastily, gave his niece one searching glance, and walked from the room, smiling to himself.

"I know she likes you better—" he soliloquized, "that's what I want; I want to be liked better—better than most men are liked."

"I declare!" exclaimed his niece, "I do believe Wallace likes our Carry. Well, to be sure if it isn't just the match for them both! He's as particular as any old bachelor, and she's as careful as any old maid. There will be a wedding as sure as the world!"

That evening the great question of his life was proposed by Wallace Hastings, and answered according to his heart's desire. Wallace had the cruelty to engage his friend and companion the pastor, who had enjoyed so many social evenings with his bride elect, to perform the ceremony. But he knew his disappointment was not as keen as some men's would have been. So that's what came of a COUNTRY VISIT.

SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is, that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these: 1. Those that think most, who do most brain-work, require most sleep. 2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. 3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—*Dr. Spicer.*

[ORIGINAL.]

"THIS LIFE'S A DREAM."

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

O, tell me not that life's a dream; .
That all are doomed to know
The hopes we cherish, joys we seek,
Must end in sorrow, woe!

O, tell me not there's nought on earth
Can bring us peace of mind;
That no pure joys can emanate
From any earthly shrine!

O, tell me not 'tis a dreary void,
A sea of toil and strife,
Where we meet and part with those we love,
And hate the cares of life!

O, life is not a vale of tears,
Without a smile to cheer;
Where nought is heard but a funeral dirge,
And all is dark and drear.

Go wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
And ease the sufferer's pain;
Or soothe the lonely orphan's moan:
Then, hast thou lived in vain?

Seek ye the prisoner in his cell,
Where, fettered and confined,
Hopeless, alone, he meets his fate:
Go soothe and calm his mind.

Seek the poor slave in distant climes,
Whose dearest hope is death;
Bartered and sold in cruel sport,
E'en from his earliest breath.

Tell him of God, of love and truth,
And of that better land;
Seek to illumine his darkened mind,
And break the heavy band.

Each has a mission to fulfil,
Seek out some work of love;
'Twill lead to happiness on earth,
To higher bliss above.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MIDNIGHT EPISODE.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

THE beautiful home of Philip Montague, but a short distance from Hayre de Grace, in Maryland, lies upon the sloping banks of the lovely Susquehanna. No description of ours could do justice to the antique-looking cottage nestling amidst the shade of those waving lindens at the end of the beautiful green lane; the fine orchard at its side, rich with its ruddy, blushing fruit; and the wealth of all flowers which grew in the spacious gardens, exhaling their heavy perfumes into the opened casements as each breeze kissed their velvet cheeks; the old porch whose staunch

columns were smothered in rose blossoms, the creeping honeysuckle clinging tenderly to its projecting roof, before the doors its plat of grass snowed over with daisies, and standing in its midst the old carved fountain, now dried up and broken, but still with the peacocks who strut around the gravel walks, adding to the picture and its quaint beauty; behind, the rows of stately poplars darkly rising, around whose tops and the old-fashioned vanes the white pigeons are constantly flitting. Yes, it was a beautiful, home-like spot, and although no architect with curious skill had erected a majestic pile of carved marble, rare wood or porphyry, with stately columns and sumptuous chimney-pieces of shining stone, there was the picturesque gables, substantial frames, rough porticos, and high, old-fashioned, hospitable fire-places, and from the genial warmth afforded in winter by the latter, a stranger or wanderer never had been turned.

Paul Montague, his sweet wife, and an orphaned nephew, lived together at Meadowvale, the name of this pretty spot, and so quietly glided their lives, so many joys were centred in each other, that they felt the world had no pleasures to bestow, save what sprang from the little circle of home, which with them all was but another word for happiness.

A serpent once entered Eden, then why should Meadowvale remain unvisited? The arch-tempter sought our mother's bower, and a temptress entered this elysium and assailed its master with a power which nature could not triumph over. We shall see how this came about.

A pleasant evening in June, Paul Montague arrived home from Baltimore; he had scarcely dismounted from his horse, and thrown the bridle to his boy, before he was folded in the arms of his fond wife, who met him upon the steps of the porch with a greeting as warm as ten years before, when she became his blushing, happy wife.

"Dear Paul, I am so glad you have returned," she said.

"How do you do, dear wife?" And he kissed her tenderly.

"Come in, come in," she continued, merrily, "I have a pleasant surprise for you. You recollect Leonora Raymond? O, yes, I know you do, for gossips said she was fond of my dear husband before we married. Well, I have such a sweet letter from her, I have not heard from her, you know, for over five years; her father lost all his property before he died, and at last Nora has taken a situation at the Marlborough Seminary, near here, and she wishes to know if she can procure board with us."

"What a fall for proud Nora Raymond," interrupted Paul. "But, dear Annie, we cannot have our little circle broken into by a stranger."

"O, now, husband, you are selfish, you do not think how much company she will be for me when you are away; but I will go and get you her letter." And she bounded from the room, soon returning with the letter, which Montague read, then he laid it down, and said:

"Do as you please, Annie. I do not like to have a stranger with us; but here comes Perry, he shall decide." And as a tall, pale youth entered the room, Montague addressed him, "How do you do, Perry, my boy? Paler than ever—you study too hard; but let us submit a question to you: shall Miss Nora Raymond be admitted to our home?"

"Is she poor and friendless?" was the question, in a grave voice.

"So she says," replied his uncle.

"Then I should say let her come, uncle, if—"

"No ifs, dear Perry." And the lady jumped towards him, laughing, and placed her plump white hand upon his mouth. "Yes, dear husband, she shall come. I must have my way in this; but recollect, you must not make love to her as of yore."

"Faugh, I expect she is yellow and withered," was the laughing reply. "As for me, I shall take care to be as much out of her company as possible."

"O, I am so glad, I shall write immediately." And clapping her hands in delight, Mrs. Montague ran up stairs to indite the promised letter, for there is no errand executed by woman with such alacrity as one of sympathy and love.

Paul soon followed his wife, to refresh himself after his long ride, previous to the evening meal, and Perry Miller wandered abstractedly to his study.

Paul Montague was a fine-looking man of about thirty-seven years of age, with brown, curling hair falling in a heavy mass from his white temples, and shading his ruddy cheeks, and his deep blue eyes were the index of a warm, generous heart. He had a poetic soul, and was keenly alive to beauties, both in nature and art. He had, besides, an impressible heart; his 'fine attainments' had advanced him to high positions in the political world, and like many men in his condition, he was possessed of considerable vanity and self-love; but he was a devoted husband, and his greatest pride and joy was in his blooming wife, who returned his affection with all the warmth and strength of her beautiful nature.

But the singular being in this household was

Perry Miller—he was about twenty-two years of age. Soon after the marriage of Annie to Paul Montague, her sister died in the East Indies, and her husband returned to this country with their only son, then about twelve years old. The father soon after died, leaving the boy to the care of his aunt. She had received him to her heart, and he soon was beloved for his good qualities very dearly by Paul—he had been a son to them.

He was a strange youth: he never had play-mates like other boys, and amid the eternal hum of the world, he grew into a shy and solitary youth, with strange joys and sorrows. He knew not why, yet he was moved often to tears when he stood amongst the lengthened evening shadows, and felt the night gather gloom around him, and the bright stars fix themselves in the great vault above. His chief friends were books, he read in them of those great spirits who went down like suns and left upon the mountain tops of death a light that made them lovely. His own heart made him a poet, and imagination like a subtle alchemist turned all his thoughts to gold, and opened on his life all the treasures of her richest vaults; but when from his grave studies he unbent, and joined his aunt and uncle in their evening pleasures, he had ever a pleasing anecdote or rare jest to enliven them, so no face was missed more than Perry's from the drawing-room.

One day there was a great bustle at Meadowvale, a tall lady had alighted from a carriage, so veiled that Paul and Perry could not see her face except just for the instant when the veil was raised to kiss Annie Montague, and then a large pair of dark eyes were disclosed, and before they shone upon the gentlemen the veil was dropped.

"Why, Nora, I am glad to see you! Come in, come in! Welcome, Miss Raymond, to Meadowvale."

"Thank you, O, thank you!" And amidst these hurried expressions Lenora Raymond entered the house.

They formed an agreeable party at tea that night—the sprightly and happy wife, the glowing, handsome husband, the pale student, and the magnificent Nora Raymond. Yes, she was really beautiful, for her lips and cheeks, her wonderfully lustrous eyes, her shape and features seemed to be drawn by Love's own hand, and when she gazed, as she did often upon Perry, he thought of the deep midnight stars whose light is at once so darkly beautiful, so deeply bright, and whole veins of diamonds which could furnish crowns for all the queens of earth.

She seemed to be about thirty years of age (if

the reader will pardon us for judging it), her figure was full and luxuriant, she was easy and graceful in conversation, and would have been brilliant if there had not appeared a certain subdued air, which seemed to tell of many troubles, and which of itself was interesting. She had one of those beautifully chiselled mouths which at once seem to invite love or wreath words of scorn.

The conversation was sustained mainly by Mrs. Montague, Perry, and Nora Raymond, Paul seeming abstracted, careless or pre-occupied, in truth he was bewildered. He had expected to see the Nora of other days appear as the faded, weary woman; he was not prepared to have her burst into his view matured in fascinations, in all the warm, ripe luxuriance of her charms, and as he listened to the conversation, the gay, sweet warble of his wife's words, the deep and finely modulated tones as Perry spoke, then the rich, full tones of Nora's voice, like the master's touch upon the sweet keys of a powerful organ, all these made him gaze from one to the other, and at last his looks rested upon his own dear wife, and if she could have seen his beaming smile, she would have known that she did not suffer from the comparison. Old days were conjured up, old joys were discussed, old friends remembered, as they sat around the board, and when they separated, after spending the evening in singing and playing, in both of which accomplishments Nora excelled, it was felt that she, instead of breaking in upon their social, home pleasures, was a great acquisition. When Paul and his wife were alone together, she threw her arms about her husband, and said:

"Dear Paul, was I not right in bringing Nora here? is she not beautiful? Now answer me, I won't be jealous."

"Yes, beautiful indeed, dearest wife." And he folded his arms around her shoulders. "But my own little dove is far sweeter than all the glossy ravens in the world."

"Hush, you shall not say so. But do you think our Perry will fall in love with her? Did you not see how softly his eyes beamed, how tender his voice became as he spoke to her?"

"No, no," was Paul's answer, I do not think our young eaglet will find an eyrie sufficient in Nora's love to perch his hopes upon. His books are his best mistress, I think, at present."

But Paul Montague did not examine his own heart properly when he spoke these words, for somehow the idea of Perry's marrying Leonora was disagreeable to him. He did not question why; better if he had.

The month of July flew by, attended by the

sultry noons, the fragrant, breezy evenings, the rich sunsets, the smiling verdure, and heavy beds of flowers; all at Meadowvale was beautiful as ever, and much more happy. The advent of Nora Raymond had inaugurated gayer changes in the household; in the mornings she walked to Marlborough, which was only a short distance, then when she came back, there were rides, and drives, sailing upon the broad Susquehanna, visits to be paid, or visitors received; all were pleased with the stranger at Meadowvale, and many gentlemen, attracted by her charms, had become quite constant visitors; but none received so much encouragement as Perry, the student, the grave youth who was beginning to love Nora as only a poet can love, with the love that can thrive upon such dainty food as sweet words showering from a dainty lip, and he was but too happy when she dowered him with rich looks, her arch head half aside, and her liquid eyes called all the wild blood up to his pale cheeks in pleasant tumults, as they drooped softly upon his passion-lit orbs from beneath their silken-fringed lids. O, she bewitched him then, did Nora Raymond!

One evening, 'twas in the latter part of August, the day had been very sultry, and after Leonora had returned from the seminary, she had at Perry's invitation taken a sail with him down towards the bay; she was in the best possible spirits, and she looked lovelier than ever, her face wreathed in smiles and beaming out all aglow from her night of hair, which the evening breezes toyed with wantonly, throwing her tiny curls over her cheeks in careless beauty.

Perry was sad and silent—it seemed as though he was content only to drink in love from her voice, learn its lessons from her soul-lit eyes, and felt as though he was almost in some strange and pleasing enchantment, from which a sound would rescue him.

It was getting quite dark when they returned, and he fastened his little sail boat to the stakes upon the shore, and they strolled on towards the house, she leaning heavily upon his willing arm, and her mass of curls almost brushing his own locks—he was happy almost to delirium.

"Perry," said she, "do not let us return so quickly to the house; we will stroll to the left, behind the old poplars, there are seats, you know, and we can sit awhile watching the beautiful moonrise."

"I would have suggested the same, Miss Raymond," replied Perry, "but I feared to fatigue you."

"You must not call me Miss Raymond any more," said she, looking up at him smilingly.

"Its coldness rebukes me for addressing you familiarly, Perry." And she laughed merrily.

"I will not," said he, "so here I recant, my dear friend, Leonora."

They seated themselves upon a bench beneath the tall poplar trees.

"Ah, friendship," sighed Nora, "how often have I heard it sworn to me, and often thus as we are, Perry, beneath the glances of the same pale prophetess, the moon, and before she had walked in lonely triumph through the heavens, those friends were false and forsworn."

"I will swear friendship to you, dear Nora—shall I call you so?—and such a vow may my God deny me if I ever break it!" he cried, passionately.

"No, no, you shall not!" She rose up hastily. "You are young, dear Perry; 'twere a hard and thankless task to be the friend of Nora Raymond." She had sank down to the seat again, and was sad and trembling.

"Yes, Nora, more than friendship, more than mortal's usual love, will I pledge to you." And he continued impetuously, "Nora, dear Nora, I must, I will speak to you, now; I have sought you in dim, sweet dreams, on the restless sea, when the breathless midnight beat to the same lovetune as my heart, and when the brown autumn had shed its leaves over the great oak-roots, and winters moaned through the lindens drearily, and my soul was an empty, lorn and hungry space, a wide and hollow fane; when you appeared at Meadowvale, you seemed to leap into it like a new-born star, and my heart at once overflowed with melody and bliss—I have declared to you my passion a thousand times as our glances have met—say, Nora, is this sweet dream to pass?" And he knelt down upon the damp grass before her.

He had taken her unresisting hands in his, and she leaned over towards him in the moonlight, the old poplars rustling above them, and whispered to his eager ears:

"Dear Perry, I love you!" And with her eyes beaming into his, and while the melting heart softened every feature, *she kissed him!*

At that moment Perry could have scattered kingdoms like halfpence, he was drunk with joy, it was the royal hour, and as the midnight of her tresses floated around his face, the freed ringlets almost reeling down to the dewy grass, and her white arms imprisoning his neck, their cheeks close together, and their breath mixing like their souls, it was indeed Love's banquet spread. A strange incident indeed—a poet's love requited. All was embraced in that sentence, "Dear Perry, I love you!"

Since the arrival of Leonora Raymond at Meadowvale, a strange change had come over Paul Montague; instead of his fresh, hearty laugh echoing over the lawns, and his full voice sounding in song, as he wandered over his estate, he had been abstracted and silent, and had taken greater pleasure in rambling through the old woods, sailing upon the broad river, and taking long, lonely rides; it seemed as if he wished to work off feelings which were oppressive, and it was so.

When Nora had first arrived she had surprised him into admiration for her, and that feeling had been gradually growing ever since, and it was only when he beheld the loving attentions of Perry to her, and her pleased acceptance of them, that it dawned upon his mind that he was actually feeling jealous of the youth, and when he had clearly defined his thoughts, he was angry from his soul that such feelings could find a place in his heart; he therefore tried by every means in his power to avoid the being who was the cause of this unhappy tumult in his breast. It was in vain he thought of the injury he was doing his wife, in vain all the feelings of honor were marshalled; no power it seemed was able to overcome that of his daily growing and dishonest love; but there is no doubt this conflict in his mind would have resulted in his complete victory over himself, but for feelings which were sharply wounded—self-love and vanity.

He thought of by-gone days, when he believed Nora Raymond had loved him; he beheld her now cold and calm as a statue to him—she heeded him no more than politeness exacted from her—she seemed entirely to ignore the past, and cast all her bewildering glances towards Perry, as if throwing defiance in Paul's very teeth. Yes, he was piqued, his vanity suffered terribly, and with the natural selfishness of man he determined to conquer this impregnable citadel. His passion had entirely got the reins of duty, honor and reason, his heart was in a glow like heated steel, and his weakness taught him imperatively to follow his own mad will; he would not think of coming griefs, or what sorrow his course might entail upon many suffering hearts. No, he banished all thoughts save those which fed his guilty passion.

Nora Raymond saw a great change in Paul Montague; he who had been the courteous host, coldly polite, kindly indifferent, now bent over her tenderly as she played upon the piano in the evening, his voice was modulated by the passion which was raging in his heart, his eyes grew darker, softer, as they gazed on her; it was his care that now enveloped her form in warm

coverings when she ventured out into the chill air of the August nights, while his wife would thank him so much in her heart for his attentions to her lovely friend, and stand by, a busy, laughing spirit of joy, uttering playful remarks. O, how Paul Montague was insulting her by his admiration of Nora!

She had thawed considerably towards her host, and often would they ride and stroll together. Perry engaged still in his hard studies, but often snatching an hour from these for Nora and happiness, and upon these occasions the vows were exchanged as warmly and sealed as sweetly as upon that first evening beneath the dark poplars. Perry Miller would have staked his life upon the truth of Leonora Raymond, as he remembered the kiss which trembled on his cheek that night, with touch lighter than a roseleaf, and her joyful tears and blushes were buried in his heart, while the sound of her silver voice rippled towards him, "I love you." O, yes, he had sweet faith.

Perry was seated in his study on a pleasant evening in September, the casement thrown open, with the moon's slant beams silvering the old statues in the corners, and the zephyrs wafting in the sweetest garden odors; he looked out at the great sailing clouds, which now and then obscured pale Cynthia's light, and as her glory again burst forth unobscured, he conjured up dusk figures starting from the shades, and fantastic shapes dancing in the gloom; he was indulging in one of those pleasant reveries, feeling as though the sweetest pleasure on earth was to think, at least when one could think such happy thoughts.

He heard voices in the garden, he looked out and beheld his Uncle Paul coming down to the little recess almost beneath his window, and Nora was hanging on his arm. He smiled, and his thoughts again ranged to futurity, and this time a loved home sprang up, painted in all the beauties of vine-clad doors, jessamine covered casements, and she its mistress; but he heard the voice of Paul addressing Nora, and he was about to put his head from the window and speak to them, when words were uttered which caused the blood to rush back from his heart, and kept him rooted there stiff and cold like a being of flesh and blood transformed to granite.

"No, Nora, it is not so," spoke Paul, "these long, long years I have never forgotten you. I thought of you, it is true, as one dead—at least to me. I thought time had conquered, but when you appeared here, all the memories rushed back to my heart, I knew then the fire had never died."

"I say again, I cannot trust to Paul Montague; every pretty face impresses him, every bright eye bewilders him, and brings him a slave to the feet of thousands."

"By Heaven I swear, Leonora, that I have never loved but you. I was mad when I thought so." And his voice was full of emotion.

"You were fickle to me, Paul," and her voice was more tender than when she spoke before, "and now you are false to her, how should I trust you?"

"More than ever," he answered, passionately. "O, Nora, if you could only have known the feelings which flashed like fire through my heart the first night you came, when I expiated by those quick pangs all the fickleness of those former years. I knew not that it was love even then, until I saw your eyes flashing upon Perry, and wooing the boy, drawing his soul to yours by your glance of magnetism—"

"Stop, you must not speak more of this, Paul. I am weak; God knows how weak!" And her voice trembled, and was as low as the cooing of a wounded dove. "You know Perry has declared his love to me, I will not be false to him. I will not leave the gash across his heart which for years has been bleeding in mine. We two have again met like ships upon the sea; yours sails into port, I am content that mine may speed away on lonely paths, through mists and cloud, and foam. I will not marry Perry. I will not allow you to become a guilty wretch for my sake. I loved you always, I will tell you this now that we must part forever; I would to God that you had never known this secret, or else had known it years before. I bear a heavy doom; my rich heart has been like a palace shattered, but I shall stand up amidst its ruins calmly, when I think I have not dragged you down with me."

While she had been speaking, Paul was moved to the soul, and when Nora in that hour of trial proved herself the strongest, he felt as though he could not, would not, give her up. He interrupted her with burning words which came tripping from his tongue, as his thoughts were stirred by his love.

The statue still stood on the window above them, immovable, stupefied, and as the moon struck upon Perry's pale, rigid features, he looked almost petrified. There was the evidence, however, of a struggling smile, when he saw Nora so much the stronger, nobler being.

Paul still urged. Nora was becoming less firm; her words were mingled freely with her tears. Ah, mortals are ever weak when love is a prompter. She made an attempt to go to the

house. Paul urged her to hear him but a moment. She gave him that moment. Ah, that fatal indecision! His insidious, gilded arguments glided like delicious music into her soul, her head drooped upon his shoulder, their words were lower and more tender, their breaths mingled with their sighs, and in the intoxication of the moment the words were uttered which the night breezes wafted up to the casement:

"Dearest, I yield—I am yours—I consent to fly with you."

These words smote upon the statue's ears. No longer granite, nor immovable, was that form, but a shudder ran through the whole frame like a strong electric shock, a feeling of intense pain convulsed the features, a faint groan escaped from the bloodless lips, and the form staggered, then fell to the floor like a corpse.

Who shall attempt to describe the feelings of the student? Let all the anguish which hearts have experienced in years of misery be condensed into one brief instant, and that to make a millionth part of the sorrow of that bitter stroke, and we can nearly understand it.

The next day Perry did not appear amongst the family, he pleaded illness. How ill he was none guessed. None ever knew what a conflict he had with love, reason and duty, but his was one of those strong, conscientious natures that to learn the right was but to practise it.

Another beautiful night at Meadowvale; no winds to stir the trees, and leaves, and bowers; the pale moon again riding in the heavens, and her lambent beams searching lovers out to soften eyes, to play upon sweet features, and with her slant beams often interposing between kisses, sharing half their sweetness. Nine, ten o'clock had passed, the quiet and regular household had settled down to that stillness which speaks of the general reign of Morpheus. Eleven o'clock, and a stealthy figure emerged from the bushes behind the arbor near the poplars, and crept silently towards the house, a window was quietly opened and a head was thrust cautiously forth; perhaps it was the moon, but O, the face was deadly pale. A light still glimmered in the room of Annie Montague the wife, at the other wing.

The figure comes from out the bushes, he treads lightly, but the gravel still creaks loudly under his feet; but the household slumbers on. He bears a light ladder to the opened window, puts one end down, then another, then carefully rests it against the house, crushing all the honey-suckles beneath it. What cares he? He would crush hearts as well.

The lady steps out upon the topmost round, a murmur, then she slowly descends, each round seeming to creak warningly, till she reaches the bottom and is folded in the figure's arms. Now back to the bushes, lightly towards the old poplars, cross through the wood to the old road, they are now in the lane leading to the gate, the entrance to the shore, where a carriage is awaiting them, and the impatient horses are pawing holes in the sand. Still advancing to the gate, the man's strong arms around the woman's almost fainting form, he was about to open the gate and pass through, onward to their fate. A figure started out from the shades of the lindens, and the tall form of Perry Miller stood before Paul Montague and Nora Raymond. Had an apparition darted out before them they would have been startled no more; a faint shriek from Nora, as she fell almost fainting back upon Paul, who confronted Perry, as he said:

"Ha, you here—"

"Yes, Paul Montague, I am here; here to stop one of the most terrible crimes ever contemplated. I overheard all in the garden last night. I do not seek to save Nora Raymond for myself, that is all over, I know; but I will save Nora by saving your wife, for 'tis she who now claims my pity. I will repay her all the gratitude I owe her for her kindness to the orphan, by saving her from such shame and misery as this, and then I leave your house forever."

His glance was scorching, and Nora almost felt the lightning from his eyes blast her where she stood. Montague at first was surprised almost out of speech, he felt Nora shiver in his arms, he still was determined to go on, in spite of all.

"Out of my path," he cried, striding forward. "I will go on. I have chosen my road, 'tis not in the power of a boy to drive me back."

"For shame, Paul Montague!" replied Perry, but he did not stir. "Will not the thought of her, who for years has been your faithful wife, drive you back? Will you forfeit at one instant your years of toil for fame—your honor and your good name—and drag down that weak woman to perdition with you beside? Will you crush forever the happiness of her who now watches for your coming, and all for a few hours of guilty joy? O, Paul Montague! Uncle, for heaven's sake, go back, go back! 'tis yet time! Retrieve all your crimes by that one act of mercy!" And he leaned forward, clasping his hands, towards Paul, supplicating him to return.

Nora stepped from the side of Paul, and said, while her tears and sobs would let her speak:

"He is right, Paul. I will go back. I can save all. I never saw the horror of my crime till now—"

"By all my hopes, I swear you shall not go back! Out of my way, boy, or I will strike you to the earth!" And he stepped forward to open the gate.

Perry grasped the fainting woman by the arm, and drew her quickly behind him; then, quick as thought, he pulled two heavy pistols from his bosom, and as Paul stepped towards him, the two ominous muzzles pointed at his head, and the stern eyes of that pale man gave guarantee that he would not hesitate to pull the triggers which his fingers pressed upon.

"Since you scoff at moral laws, I will try this persuasion; and I will shoot you dead at my feet, rather than your infamous plan should be carried out."

But now Nora was in front of him, and grasped his uplifted arm.

"Spare him! spare him, Perry, if you ever loved me!" she almost shrieked.

His arms dropped; through his stern purpose those words came as oil into smarting wounds.

Montague's head had fallen upon his breast—the arms of Perry encircled and supported Nora. What a picture in the moonlight!

Perry walked with his charge unmolested towards the house; the humble, guilty man followed. He had in that brief, awful moment seen, as in a panorama before him, the dreadful horror of his crime, souls perishing in the maelstrom of his dishonor. He could have wept at the feet of Nora, and would have given his life to have wiped out the record of his insults to his faithful wife; and in his deep humiliation, he could have embraced Perry as his saviour.

The next day, Nora Raymond left Meadowvale in haste; the sorrowful Annie Montague had taken her plausible letters and fair excuses as the cause, and when the carriage rattled away, Paul's and Perry's glances met, dreadful, sad meaning in the first, awful lifetime sorrow in the last.

Years, many years, had passed over Meadowvale. None, save the actors, knew of *The Midnight Episode*; but Perry Miller travelled, a lonely, famous man known to the world as a poet and scholar, over nearly all the earth. He had come back, from over the seas, to greet Paul Montague and his wife again at the old home. He passed through New York, from Boston, on his way to Maryland, when he stopped in the former city and visited a certain famous hospital. As he passed through one of the wards, a sister of charity raised up from the bedside of one of

the patients, and when she gazed on Miller, the crimson flush mounted clear up to the snowy white band which confined her hair. Heavens! he recognized the features, still fresh, pure and fair, of her whom he had known as Leonora Raymond!

ORIGIN OF SILK HATS.

The "Nouvelliste" of Rouen, narrates the following curious anecdote: "M. Botta, son of one of the professors at the Academy of Caen, an intrepid traveller and confirmed archaeologist, one of the discoverers of the ruins of Nineveh, undertook a journey to China, and lived some time at Canton. This was prior to 1830. He used to wear there a beaver hat in the European fashion, which suited him so well that he was unwilling to change it. However, when it was worn out, he applied to a Chinese hatter, and giving him all sorts of directions, told him to make another like it. The man went to work, and in a few days brought a hat of the required shape, not of beaver, but of some stuff very soft and glossy. M. Botta on his return to France, preserved this curious specimen of Chinese workmanship, and wishing to have it repaired, entrusted it to a hatter, who examined it carefully, and was much struck with its mode of fabrication, which was altogether new to him. He examined the article with the greatest attention, and a short time after the present fashion of silk hats came in. The inventor patented his discovery and made a fortune, but held his tongue about his debt to the Chinese tradesman, who, seeking a substitute for the beaver, which he could not procure, devised the plan of replacing it by the light tissue of silk, which, at present almost universally constitutes the outward covering of the modern hat. We beg to restore to the Chinaman, although somewhat late, the honor due to him."

FABLE.

A gourd had wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer.

"About a hundred years!"

"About a hundred years, and no taller! Only look; I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years!"

"I know that well," replied the palm. "Every year of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."—*The Modern Esop.*

THE FIGHTING TAILORS.

In the time of George the Second, when a British army was on the Continent of Europe fighting the French, a regiment of light cavalry was ordered to be raised in a hurry, and a strike among the London tailors occurring at the time, the said regiment was immediately filled up with journey-men tailors, and, when thought fit for the battlefield, they were sent to Germany, and under the famous Marquis of Granby these tailors fought on all occasions with such gallantry as not only to draw forth eulogiums from their general, but to become a positive terror to the enemy.—*Sat. Post.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE.

BY FANNIE DENNETT HALL.

WE lived in the suburbs of the city; in fact, our neighborhood had more of the city than the country element in it, being a prim, dignified plain, whose inhabitants were little given to gossiping or to similar sins. In spite of some disadvantages, it was altogether the loveliest spot, in the summer time, that we had ever seen. By we, I mean Harry and myself, who were, with the exception of our little maid-of-all-work, the only inhabitants of Hawthorn Cottage, a delightful little mushroom of a house, springing up in the midst of hawthorns and barberry-bushes and all sorts of untamed vegetation.

The cottage had the advantage over some dwellings of being deliciously cool in summer, and in winter—well, that was a slight drawback, to be sure—it was damp and disagreeably cold. Harry did not seem to mind this, however, and neither did I, except when I was attacked with a fever and ague, which lasted till summer time. However, that's neither here nor there.

Directly opposite us was a stately mansion, with a sloping lawn and flower-beds in the shape of hearts and rounds; in these latter grew all kinds of tame flowers, which arrogantly wafted their fragrance into our humble nook.

Never ending were the speculations in which Harry and I indulged, when, in the cool of the evening, seated upon our piazza, we gazed at the mansion opposite. Numerous were the romances we composed, Harry and I; and if all these had been written down and sent to some appreciating publisher, we might have been rich by this time.

At this time, the house was vacant; indeed, it had not been occupied since we had been in the neighborhood. We had heard, though, through one channel and another, curious stories about the mansion. One rumor ran that it was haunted; another was, that no family had ever inhabited it, but that it had lost while there one or more of its members by death. Another story, and very absurd, both Harry and I voted it, was, that no one could enter this wonderful house without being chilled through and through, in such a manner that it required weeks to remove the disagreeable feeling.

It was the second summer of our residence at Hawthorn Cottage. One morning, just after Harry had started for town, I took my sewing and seated myself at a window which commanded a view of the mysterious house, as we had got into the habit of calling it. The noise

of wheels attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw that a carriage was drawn up at the opposite entrance, and that a gentleman and two ladies were descending from it. I am not much in the habit of watching people, but so many had been our conversations about the haunted mansion, that I was really curious to know what was about to happen.

The gentleman, an elderly man, with long white hair, which was singularly inconsistent with his active movements, led the way; the two ladies, one elderly, the other young, followed, and in a moment more the door of the mysterious house had closed upon all three. Half an hour afterwards, they came out, and I had a good view of the faces of the strangers. Never shall I forget the face of the younger lady, as I first saw it that summer morning. We read of such, but seldom, if ever, do we meet with them in real life. Fair and saintlike, it seemed to have caught its expression from the contemplation of diviner objects than mortals usually behold.

As she stood waiting to enter the carriage, I fancied I saw her shudder; and immediately after she drew her light shawl more closely about her. The story of the fatal chill came into my mind, and from that moment I was a believer in it. Not even was I to be laughed out of this belief by Harry, to whom I broached the subject at our evening meal. He laughed, also, at my enthusiastic description of the younger lady, refused to believe her a creature less earthly than ordinary mortals, and ended the matter by hinting at the impropriety of Mrs. Harry Dole's watching people from the window. This put an end for the present, to all talk on the subject.

Two days after, several loads of elegant furniture came to the house opposite, I could not resist the temptation—although I was the wife of Mr. Harry Dole, merchant—of casting a look now and then across the way. As long as Harry did not know it, it did not matter much.

A week after I had first seen them, our neighbors were settled in their new dwelling, and everything went on as quietly, seemingly, as if there was no such thing in the world as a mysterious house. Once or twice I saw the young lady in the garden, but as a general thing, we seldom saw our neighbors from one week's end to another. After a while, I began to think it was our duty to call upon them; but as often as I made the proposal, Harry was sure to have a headache, or there was some other excuse, and as I myself have a horror of making calls, the matter was indefinitely postponed.

The summer passed, and autumn came on

unusually chilly. I remember it well, for, early as it was, we began to have a little fire of an evening; and to draw the curtains to make it look cosy. Sometimes the wind whistled about the house, and sometimes it came in low, wailing sounds, like some person in distress. Never shall I forget that autumn; every circumstance that happened then, is impressed upon my mind too deeply ever to be effaced.

It was the saddest and the dreariest season I had ever known; and it was only when I had drawn the curtains to shut out the desolate world outside, and we were gathered about the bright, coal fire, that I was really happy.

It was nine o'clock in the evening; we had gradually dropped into silence and were listening, or at least I was, to the wind outside. Suddenly there came upon the blast a shriek so inexpressibly mournful and startling, that both Harry and I started to our feet and stood looking at each other in consternation. Once again, even while we stood spell-bound, it came mingling with the wind, and gradually dying out in such low, melancholy wailings, that our very blood seemed frozen.

Harry ran to the front door, and opening it, peered into the darkness; with the exception of the wind, all was quiet. There were a few stray lights in the house of our opposite neighbors, but nothing that betokened confusion or commotion; and yet the sound seemed to have come from that direction, and must have been more audible to them than to us.

We stood at the door for five minutes, waiting for a repetition of the sound. For the third time we heard it, now more like a howl than a shriek; more frightful than ever from its intensity, and dying out, as before, by degrees. There was no mistaking the direction this time; the shriek or howl proceeded from the mysterious mansion opposite, now, indeed, doubly mysterious.

I shivered and drew back. Harry closed the door, and with a thoughtful face, seated himself by the fire in our cosy little parlor.

The silence of fifteen minutes was at length broken by Harry.

"You are right; there is something strange about our neighbors opposite. I wonder who and what they are!"

"Do you think," I ventured to suggest, "that a murder has been committed?"

Harry looked grave. "We ought not childishly to imagine all sorts of terrible things; if there is any mystery about the matter, be sure that time will reveal it. I really hope there will be no further disturbance."

The next morning I saw the young lady in

the garden, gathering a few of the fall flowers. It was impossible to connect the idea of crime with such a sweet, Madonna-like face, but still I was firm in the belief that some mystery hung over the house and its inhabitants.

It might have been a week after the above occurrence, that Harry and I were sitting up unusually late; singularly enough, our conversation had been very doleful upon this particular evening. We had gone back to the deaths of our parents, to the melancholy fate of Harry's only sister, a subject to which he very seldom referred. With a strange pertinacity, he spoke of it again and again, recapitulated the train of horrors that preceded the catastrophe, and lingered upon the frightful details in a manner that made me unusually nervous.

The fire had died out, and the room was getting chilly; both of us had now relapsed into a gloomy silence, which ill prepared us for what was to follow. With awful distinctness there came again that well remembered shriek, still ever new in its horror. That night there was no wind, and every stage of the sound, from its first fullness to the last dying wail, smote upon our ears in a manner that is never to be forgotten while I live.

"This is frightful!" said Harry, starting up and dashing across the room.

As for me, I sank back upon the sofa, and closing my eyes, awaited with nervous shudders, which I could not prevent, whatever fresh horrors were in store for us.

Perhaps the groans that followed were more frightful than the shrieks. Groans that I should have thought possible to have been wrung only from the lips of those who die amidst exquisite tortures; fell upon our ears without cessation.

Harry seized his hat and rushed to the door, and I followed him. Just then, the side door of the mansion closed with a bang, and a moment after, a carriage with side lights passed out of the gateway and went at a furious pace down the road.

The groans had ceased; all was now as still as the grave, and not even a light could be seen in the mysterious house. We had nothing else left us to do but to close our own door, and, retreating to the parlor, to stare at each other in horror and perplexity.

"If this disturbance ever happens again," said Harry, solemnly, "I shall feel it my duty to investigate the mystery, at whatever cost. It is very strange."

I was in no humor for making any answer; my old enemy, the ague, had fast hold of me, for such had been the effect of the sudden shock,

that it had brought back what, as I thought, I had long ago got rid of.

An hour after, during which time I had not moved from the sofa, I heard—indeed, we both heard—the sound of returning wheels, and once again the side lights flashed, as the carriage re-entered the gateway; then all was quiet again. That was truly a night of horrors; how we lived through it, I cannot tell.

The next day I had some callers, people that lived in our neighborhood. They had, as I supposed likely, heard the sounds that had so disturbed us the night before.

"It's clear to my mind that the house is haunted," said Mrs. Ball, a very genteel and prim, middle-aged lady. "Such groans and shrieks no mortal ever could have uttered. I really don't know what to do in the matter."

"They do say," chimed in number two, "that that beautiful young lady is dying by inches. Every day she grows thinner and thinner, for do all she may, she cannot escape the doom that hangs over her."

"Nonsense!" was the polite rejoinder of number three; "I don't believe a word about the house being haunted. It's my opinion that some crime has been, or is being committed in the house, and that the young lady is an unwilling accomplice to it; no wonder, poor thing, she is dying. Well, it's none of my business."

That night, when Harry came home, he informed me that he had made all possible inquiries concerning our opposite neighbors, but no one seemed to know anything about them. As the matter still continued as mysterious as ever, and we could gain no new light upon the subject, we ceased to speak about it; but every night we dreaded a repetition of the sound.

It was the last Sunday in October; I remember it well, for Harry and I took a longer stroll than usual after the afternoon service. We lost our way, and were obliged to come through a long lane, which in summer was just the greenest and the loveliest country road that I ever saw. Now, everywhere it was strewn with bright-colored leaves, through which we trampled with the keenest sense of enjoyment of what might be considered very childish by some.

We met only one person; we very seldom meet any one in such roads. I don't think Harry took much notice of this man—and I didn't, at first; but when I saw him glare at me as if he wished to annihilate me, I walked on a little faster—though I laughed at myself, a minute after, for being such a coward.

When we came to Hawthorn Cottage, there seemed to be a great commotion in and about

the house opposite. The hired man was saddling a horse in the stable, and the elderly gentleman whom we supposed the head of the family, was running from one place to another with great activity. The young lady whom I have so often spoken of, was standing at the gateway, looking down the road and wringing her hands. There was upon her face an expression of anguish which at once awakened my sympathy, and I was upon the point of running to her and speaking, when she turned away, without perceiving us, and walked slowly up the carriage road. Something had happened to alarm and distress our neighbors, but what it was, we could not even guess; and circumstances forbade our offering them sympathy and aid. All through that peaceful Sunday afternoon, even till night, strangers were coming and going, with faces upon which was clearly expressed anxiety.

I confess that Harry and I were somewhat curious to know what was going on in that mansion of mystery; but we were not destined to be gratified. As before, we heard about midnight the noise of returning wheels, and then the sound of many voices; then all was quiet again.

On Monday morning the haunted house, which had figured in my dreams the night previously, wore, externally at least, as peaceful a look as ever. I half fancied that I had dreamed the events of the afternoon before; but that idea vanished, when Harry spoke of the matter at the breakfast table.

We came to the conclusion, Harry and I, that the house opposite contained some dreadful mystery which it behooved us to know, if we expected to enjoy any more peace and quietness. But the question was—how were we to know?

Harry insisted upon it, and nearly convinced me of the same thing, that the matter was so suspicious in its aspects, that he or any other person was justified in informing the proper authorities of the circumstances, and requiring them to give an explanation of the mystery.

For a long time I objected to such a summary mode of proceeding; but I was not proof against Harry's argument, and in the end was obliged to confess that such a course was no more than justice to the whole neighborhood.

It is singular how events turn out sometimes; just before Harry went down town, that morning, we had a letter come, by which I learned that my sister and her husband had just arrived from India, and wished us to meet them in the city. That circumstance drove our previous conversation from my mind, and I think from Harry's mind also, for he made no allusion to it during that day or the next.

We remained two days in the city, and during that time Hawthorn Cottage was shut up. The meeting with my sister after an interval of several years, the sense of relief from the knowledge that in our temporary abode we should not be subjected to the terrors of the haunted house, made an entirely different person of me; and when, towards night, we arrived at Hawthorn Cottage, I was in the gayest of spirits. I had many pleasant things to think of, not the least of which was that, in a few days, my sister was coming to make our little mansion a long visit.

It was near ten, that same evening, and I had put my work away and was meditating the propriety of retiring for the night, when suddenly, as ever, there came to our ears a succession of those shrieks which had chilled us with horror twice before.

Harry sprang to his feet with the determination of discovering the origin of those frightful sounds, if such a thing were possible; for the repetition of them was almost beyond endurance. At the piazza of our cottage, he came to a full stop; there was something singular about the appearance of the house opposite. From the side windows flashed a long, lurid gleam of light, which lit up all objects on that side of the house. The shrieks still continued, but in contemplating the mansion, we almost forgot them.

"Good heavens! the house is on fire!" was Harry's vehement exclamation, as he dashed down the steps, leaving me spell-bound at his announcement.

The next moment I rushed into the hall, seized a woolen shawl, and then sped after Harry, who had by this time gained the side door of the mansion. As I passed up the carriage road, tongues of fire leaped from the upper windows, and a hideous "ha, ha, ha!" uttered from above, rang in my ears. Harry opened the door and passed in without ceremony, I following him.

There was no one in the room into which we entered but the elderly lady whom we had once or twice seen. She was running from one place to another, gathering up stray articles, but evidently without much idea of what she was doing. Leaving her in my charge, Harry rushed up stairs to the immediate scene of the fire.

It was piteous to see the old lady moving fruitlessly about the room, every now and then stopping to wring her hands. It was no time for ceremony, so I tried to make her understand that if she had valuables to save, she had better secure them at once. Acting upon my suggestion, she went to work actively, and by the time a half a score of the other neighbors had arrived, we had contrived to save many things.

Then followed a scene of confusion that it is almost impossible to describe. Harry was here, there and everywhere; sometimes directing those who were attempting to extinguish the fire, sometimes handing up the buckets of water, and again helping to remove the furniture. Above all the noise and confusion, I, and all of us who were down stairs, heard those awful groans and shrieks, doubly awful from the circumstances, and proceeding apparently from the very room where the fire had originated.

It soon became evident that no effort could save the house, and the attention of all was now turned to the furniture. I looked round for Harry, but he was no where to be found. The greater part of us had retreated to the garden, driven thither by the intense heat, and it was while standing there, that I saw Harry re-appear at the door, bearing in his arms the inanimate form of the young lady, whom until that moment, strange to say, I had forgotten. I ran forward and received her, and with a little help, I had soon conveyed her across the street to Hawthorn Cottage. The moment she was somewhat recovered, I hurried back to the scene of the fire, although my aid was no longer needed.

It was a grand but awful sight. I had never had such a near view of a fire before, and I pray that I may never have another. The flames leaped up and roared as if they had human voices, and we stood breathless, almost overpowered by the grandeur of the scene.

Fortunately Hawthorn Cottage was not endangered, for the wind bore the flames in an entirely opposite direction. I was thinking how I should have felt if our home had gone too, enveloped in those awful tongues of flame, when a movement of the crowd about me attracted my attention. The crowd nearest the building parted, and two men, whom I recognized as Harry and our neighbor with the venerable white hair, came slowly along, bearing between them the dead body of a man; I knew he was dead by the peculiarly listless manner in which his arms hung down.

They came nearer, and impelled by a fascination which I could not resist, I retained my place while the others fell back. O, shocking sight! disfigured and begrimed with smoke as it was, I nevertheless recognized that peculiar face that had glared upon me in the country road not many Sundays ago. They passed on mournfully with their burden of senseless clay, and I never saw it again.

The next morning, when we looked out, we saw only a smouldering heap of ruins where once stood the haunted house. I heard a physi-

cian once say that it would be a lucky thing, if all such consumption-breeding houses could be destroyed by fire; and as he spoke, he shrugged his shoulders and glanced at Hawthorn Cottage. I suppose he meant that the situation was rather damp—and indeed we found it so, after living there a couple of years. Fever and ague isn't the pleasantest disease that ever was, and I found that Hawthorn Cottage was peculiarly favorable to such diseases. I never wholly recovered until we moved to a home of our own, located in a particularly healthy spot.

The homeless family, father, mother and daughter, remained with us a few days, at our urgent invitation, and when they went away, we had formed an acquaintance with them which will last through life. We count them now among our best friends.

A week after the fire, I said to Harry :

"There is one thing that troubles me, Harry. I am certain you know, and yet you have never told me the mystery of that house opposite."

"Haven't I?" said Harry. "Well, it is a sad subject; let that be my excuse for not telling you."

"What was it?" I persisted; and one more question—"who was it that you bore from the house that awful night?"

"The only son of our neighbor, a raving maniac; he was the author of the fire, and perished in it. That is the whole mystery of the house opposite, and I am thankful that was the only mystery. I hope we shall never be troubled by it any more." I hoped so too.

AROTIC PALATES.

Bills of fare vary very much, even in Greenland. I have inquired of Petersen, and he tells me that the Greenland Esquimaux (there are many Greenlanders of Danish origin) are not agreed as to which of their animals affords the most delicious food; some of them prefer reindeer venison, others think more favorably of the young dog, the flesh of which he asserts, is "just like the beef of sheep." He says a Danish captain who had acquired the taste, provided some for his guests, and they praised his mutton. After dinner he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than a large red dog. This occurred in Greenland, where his Danish guests had resided for many years, far removed from European mutton. Baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia. At the Sandwich Islands I was once invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could, when told that puppy was so extremely scarce it could not be procured in time, and therefore sucking-pig was substituted.—*Mr. Clintock's Voyage of the Fox.*

IDLERS.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands, As useless if it goes as when it stands.—*COWPER.*

[ORIGINAL.]

SOUP, ETC.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Mrs. PUTNAM, John Martin's portly, bustling housekeeper, made delicious soups. Not black, greasy compounds, which look as if manufactured out of stale dish-water and burnt crusts, and taste just as they look; not weak, frothy mixtures, genteelly diluted, peppered and salted reminders of the time of Noah and the ark, when water was, according to historical accounts, quite plenty, and beef-shanks couldn't have been had for love or money; not thick porridges of stewed vegetables, enough to make one's head ache just to think of, for pitying the poor potatoes and cabbages and turnips at losing their individuality in such a melange. Not any of these, but rich, sweet, savory messes, such as would make an epicure's mouth water—the liquid part like amber jelly, and the different vegetables floating about in distinct but harmonious companies—the crimson and white and yellow slices of beet and carrot and potato, to say nothing of parsnips and onions, mingling like rubies and gold and pearls. That may be a little extravagant—but never mind! Why, it actually used to seem to me as though some good old cow (Mr. Martin never ate mutton or pork), I mean, rather, some good young cow, had made it the direct aim of her life to see what a nice specimen of a marrow-bone she could manufacture for Mrs. Putnam's especial benefit in soup making; and as though, moreover, she must have been proud of giving up the ghost if she could but have foreseen the good lady's success. The cow that could have tasted or even smelled of Mrs. Putnam's soups, and then begrudged her a shank, would deserve to be put to the rack.

But I am spending too much time with my preface. If anybody thinks me a gormandizer, from the above eulogy, I just wish they were obliged to sit down before a brimming tureen of soup such as I have described, and then get up and go away without so much as a taste. That is all.

You see it was in this way that I happened to know anything about it. Father's house in the city was undergoing repairs, and we, that is, mother and I, (for are not the women-people the "we" of every establishment?) had decided that it would be quite impossible to inhabit it while they were going on. To be sure, the library, back parlor and sleeping rooms were to be kept safe from the despoiling hands of the carpenters, painters and paperers; but then, what

with the noise and rubbish and general confusion and disarrangement of affairs, we solemnly declared in the face of all papa's remonstrances that we never could stand it in the world—our nerves could never endure the shock. Now mother might not have been whimsical or foolish in her opinion, for she was in reality a delicate, sickly woman, subject to all manner of neuralgias and nervous headaches, and the dear knows what all—bless her heart! But as for me, a miss of seventeen, talking about her nerves! I ought to have had my ears boxed.

Now anything like a hubbub and uproar was my especial delight, and it is a wonder that I ever thought of evacuating the premises at any rate. Indeed, I don't think the idea would ever have grown to a wish if it hadn't been for the curiosity of knowing where we should go to if we did. If it had been a little earlier in the year we could have retreated to Newport or Saratoga, but in the early autumn as it was, there was no such thing possible. Father had a perfect horror of hotel lodgings, and the idea of hiring a tenement seemed so extremely funny that I determined at once, as recorded above, that my nervous system would never pass unshattered through so much din as the workmen would make. I had heard and read so many absurd house-hunting adventures, that my mirth-loving spirit caught the cue at once. I determined, if papa would not listen to my mother's importunities, I would make the house uninhabitable to him with my teasings.

Alas for human expectations! I succeeded in so far that the house was to be deserted as soon as we could find a suitable tenement to remove to, and the repairs were to be postponed until then. I had volunteered for the house-hunting business, and with my head full of anticipated curious adventures, was smilingly tying on my bonnet one sunny morning, preparatory to sallying out for my first trial, when papa came in, looking pleased and flurried, and announced that my services could be dispensed with, as John Martin, his junior partner, had offered him rooms in his house for the short time we were to be homeless.

Be it known that this same Mr. Martin was a nice young bachelor, handsome, intelligent, and while I am about it I may as well add mighty proud and dignified in his ways. He was a frequent visitor at our house, and I should have been charmed with him, only that proper people were my abomination, and he was always so grave and quiet that I soon learned to stand in a very wholesome but not very agreeable awe of him. I was forever afraid of shocking him by

my reckless gayety, though to be sure he never gave me any reason to entertain such a fear. His manner towards me was rather that of a staid elder brother to a spoiled and wilful child.

But I was quite enraged at him (innocent as he was of any intention to displease me) for spoiling my fun. The idea of spending one, and possibly two months, under the same roof with him, was perfectly horrifying to me. What with my laughing (I had a voice like a young savage's for clearness), romping, singing, dancing, piano playing and guitar thrumming, I should quite shock him out of his senses I felt sure. Not, of course, that I cared particularly for that—only, you see, didn't I tell you he was young and handsome, and a bachelor? Well, then.

Papa's look of blank wonder at the indignant way in which I snatched my bonnet from my head and marched from the parlor at his announcement, made me laugh in spite of myself, though I was careful not to indulge the propensity until I was out of sight.

Of course it was of no use opposing this new arrangement; I knew that to begin with, and that my best way was to submit as graciously as possible. If there wasn't a malicious intention away down in the bottom of my wicked little heart to have my revenge on Mr. John Martin before our stay was over, why then my name never was Bessie Wheatly.

We changed habitations immediately. Our new residence was a large, elegant mansion, in the suburbs of the city. The grounds about it were magnificent, and under any other circumstances I should have gone into most extravagant rhapsodies of delight and admiration. As it was, I had a decided objection to being gratified or pleased with anything, so I very haughtily turned up my capacious nose to the whole concern, house, garden and all. As for my behaviour, if my heroine wasn't in the first person, which would render the declaration excessively impolite, you see, I should say it was abominable. I overheard Mrs. Putnam telling Mr. Martin, the second evening after our arrival, that I made "noise enough for a regiment of Hottentots." Where the good lady ever saw or heard a regiment of Hottentots is beyond my guessing.

"Well, well, she's nothing but a child yet," was the answer, for which I was breathlessly listening. "You mustn't fret at her. Let her make as much noise as she pleases, so long as she leaves the roof on over our heads."

Leave the roof on indeed! I would have performed the feat of lifting it that blessed minute, if there had been strength in chagrin and mortification.

Though Mr. Martin was the most courteous and attentive of landlords, and quite won upon the hearts of both my parents, he and I made no headway whatever in the way of becoming friends. If the fault had not been altogether mine, I should have been sorry. Sometimes he brought me his favorite books to read, marking passages for my particular notice. They would invariably get mislaid or forgotten—did he understand that it was not always by chance? If he did, he never signified so much; for when he would question me about them, and I would tell him I had not read them, he would smile in his peculiar, quiet way, say "Ah, indeed," and bring me another straightway. Presuming, wasn't he? He offered me flowers, too, sometimes (for though we had the range of the garden, we never felt at liberty to make free with his floral treasures). Most commonly his bouquets would get thrown down carelessly, a moment after presentation (at which he never looked annoyed or resentful in the least)—sometimes torn up or mutilated before his very eyes, or twisted into pellets to pelt my canary with; though I believe I was once (only once, I assure you) guilty of carrying one to my room, preserving it in a vase of water for nearly a week, and then putting it away carefully to dry between the leaves of my Bible. It spoiled the book, and of course it was that I cried about for nearly three hours one evening a week afterward. It wasn't because Mr. Martin had invited me to accompany him to a concert, and I had refused him in a rude, unladylike way. O, no indeed!

When we had been in the house a month, I arrived at the wonderful conclusion that I hated Mr. John Martin most vigorously. I was helped to this understanding by a report that he was engaged to a beautiful young lady in a neighboring city. Mrs. Putnam told me it in confidence. I hated him so much that I couldn't endure the thought of there being any such happiness in store for him—really I couldn't!

But about the soup. After Mr. Martin's injunction not to "fret at me," the good housekeeper had taken a decided and almost childish liking to my noisy self; in fact, she took me under her especial guardianship, and petted and humored me as if I had been her own daughter. This was how I became acquainted with the most delicate, sedulously-guarded secret of her life—to wit, namely—that she always made Mr. Martin's soups herself.

"There wasn't a woman in the world—she didn't care if it was the Queen of Bungay (her historical and geographical knowledge wasn't of the highest order), who could hold a candle to

her in making soup," she used to tell me, with a glow of satisfaction and pride on her comely face. "Though there didn't anybody mistrust," she invariably added, with an alarmed look; "and she wouldn't have me tell for the world, that she ever meddled with the cooking. She was Mr. Martin's housekeeper, and she hoped she knew her place."

Not knowing any one who would be over and above interested in this revelation, I was not particularly tempted to betray her secret, and so kept it—a circumstance which ought to go a little way certainly toward refuting the hateful calumnies about women, to the effect that none of us *can* keep a secret. I could and did. One day, after romping through the garden until I was as wild with exercise as an untamed hawk, I went into the house most particularly and voraciously hungry. I never was one of those delicate damsels who have a romantic faculty of living on air and moonshine—that my plump waist and red cheeks would have testified. But still I think and always shall think, that my appetite that day was somehow an unnatural one.

It lacked an hour of our dinner-time, but Mr. Martin always dined earlier, and as I ran into the back hall, my olfactories were greeted with the savory smell that, floating from the half-open door of the large dining-room, betrayed Mrs. Putnam to have been engaged outside of her own legitimate sphere again. I repeat it, I was hungry. I thought of the lunch I should get at home—nothing more than cake and cheese and cold coffee, for a whole hour, and my mouth watered for a taste of the warm, delicious soup. I had half a mind to run in and ask Mrs. Putnam for some, but that would seem so much like the action of a greedy child, I was ashamed to do it. So I crossed the hall with lingering, reluctant steps. I knew that Mr. Martin had not yet arrived, and as I passed the dining-room door I saw that the apartment was empty. Mrs. Putnam was probably in the kitchen.

For a moment I wrestled with a most unromantic temptation. There, before my eyes, on the elegantly laid table, smoked the tureen of soup, by some forgetfulness of the housekeeper's, left uncovered. Couldn't I just run in, snatch a taste, and run out again? I suppose I ought to be ashamed of acknowledging such a very disgraceful and shockingly unlady-like yielding to the tempter. I record it for your benefit, reader.

I tiptoed swiftly and silently into the room, and up to the table. Never since the fall of Adam was there anything so tantalizing to a hungry person's appetite as that first spoonful of soup. It was followed by another and another and another, until I had quite forgotten to keep

count of them. The dish which contained the liquid temptation was a dainty, exquisite little china affair, scarcely capable of holding a quart, and all at once I discovered, to my unexpected dismay, that I had made a most suspicious lowering of its contents. Alas, who can tell how far the first wrong step may lead one into difficulty. What was to be done? There wasn't a cat or a dog on the premises to shoulder the mischief. I should certainly be found out, and O, that that dignified, grave John Martin (whom I hated so that I couldn't endure to have him engaged, you know!) should ever hear of me as a soup-stealer! Dear, dear, and he *would* hear of it!

As this distracting thought flew through my mind, and while my face was still hot with the shame of anticipated discovery, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of some one besides myself in the room. I dared not look up—I hoped it was only Mrs. Putnam—but I felt that it was Mr. Martin! My head swam—I turned sick and giddy with the quick thrill of anger and humiliation, and then with the insane idea of escaping from the consequences of my disgraceful action, and taking the evidence of my guilt with me, I snatched the tureen (what could I have been thinking of?) and started forward into the back hall, (that invisible presence had made its entrance at another door), pausing there an instant, with my heart throbbing so fast and loud with fear, that its swift beats were audible, and then rushing headlong out of doors into the garden—never stopping again in my precipitate flight, till I had crouched down half hidden in the vines of a summer-house at the very farthest extremity of the extensive grounds.

I set the soup dish on the low arbor seat, and looked at it. Yes, I think I *did* look at it! Eve, after eating her apple, might have looked at the innocent core much in the same way. Heavens! how I loathed soup just then! I believe to have swallowed the tenth part of a teaspoonful would have strangled me.

"Quite fond of soup, are you not, Miss Bessie? I hope you found it nice!"

My heart sprang to my throat. Paralyzed with horror, I could scarcely turn my eyes toward the speaker. There in the door of the summer-house, handsome and proud-looking as ever, only that there was a wicked light in his dark eyes, stood Mr. Martin.

"If you have completed your meal, as you seem to have done, I would respectfully remind you that I haven't been to dinner yet."

He reached out his hand in a way so wonderfully suggestive, that I never shall forget it till I die. What could I do but hand him the half-

emptied dish. Did he see the tears of mortification in my eyes, and the fire that burned in scarlet flashes over my face, as I did so? O, what a cruel John he was!

"Do not let me rob you. Are you sure you have had quite enough?"

"Yes—yes, sir,—a great plenty," I managed to gasp out in reply, making a movement to go past him.

He anticipated me. His tall, stalwart figure blocked up the doorway so completely, that I might as well have contemplated escaping through a key-hole. I did not comprehend the whole of the punishment and torture he intended me to suffer, however, until he deliberately commenced eating—alternating the very leisurely employment of lifting the spoon to his mouth by glancing at me!

"Mrs. Putnam has outdone herself to-day," he said, at last. "This is really delicious! Don't you think so?"

I didn't answer him. How could I?

"You are sure you had a plenty?"

I bowed mechanically. It was the only way in which to rid myself for a single instant of the quizzical glance of his saucy eyes.

"And so have I—a plenty." (Here the spoon, rattling against the bottom of the dish, announced to me that it was empty.) "Mrs. Putnam never takes soup herself, and as she usually cooks more than enough for one dinner, what do you say to eating soup with me always in the future?"

There was a strange emphasis on the *always*. Would he show no mercy?

"Please, please let me go, Mr. Martin. I am ashamed, and very sorry. Forgive me, dear, dear Mr. Martin."

I spoke through gushing tears. My distress had risen to its climax, I was hardly aware what I said, but I was very earnest to escape.

"Tell me, first, Bessie, what you think of my proposal?"

"Don't—don't tease me any longer," I cried, imploringly. "You are not a generous victor. You have punished me enough."

He hesitated a moment, and then stepped back a pace or two. Like a caged bird, suddenly let loose, I sprang eagerly forward, but as I was flying past him, with a laugh and a rapid movement, he circled my waist with his arm, and—

Mrs. Putnam says I am the flightiest little minx, for a married woman, that she ever saw.

We had soup for dinner. It is the anniversary of our wedding. John says it is *almost* as nice as that we had in the arbor, for he insists upon it to this day that I helped him eat it. I didn't, though.

[ORIGINAL.]
TO MARTIE.

BY H. L. ALLEN.

Come home to me!
I've watched for thee,
And my heart is weary with waiting long;
The moonlight falls
On our cottage walls,
But I hear not, as erst, thy familiar song.

Have I watched in vain?
Shall I never again
Hear thy light, quick step on our cottage floor?
Will thy soft, low voice
Make our hearts rejoice,
And thy presence cheer us, nevermore?

Will thy footsteps free
Never stray with me,
To gather bright flowers to wreath thy brow?
Loop up thy hair,
With its ringlets fair,
For thou art a wife and a mother now.

Let thy baby rest
As now on thy breast,
Thou mayst look on her with a mother's pride;
And thy fond eyes gaze
On the loved one's face,
Who now walks proudly by thy side.

He is good and true,
O, joy to you!
Though you have left us, our sister-band:
We may never tell,
For we loved thee well,
How we miss at home thy busy hand.

Let the little bird,
Who thy glad voice heard,
And flew from heaven to cheer our home:
Let her leave a place,
For each loved one's face,
In thy heart when the olden memories come.

Let no care-cloud now
Hover over thy brow
(For care makes wrinkles, so people say),
But sunshine shed
Around Joshua's head,
For thy smiles will brighten the darkest day.

[ORIGINAL.]

TRUTH WITH CHILDREN.

BY S. P. BRIGHAM.

LITTLE Willie Atkins had been suffering intensely with the toothache all day. His mother had done all in her power to alleviate the pain. She had put creosote, camphor and other applications on the tooth, poulticed and bathed his cheek, but all to no purpose.

"O, mother!" said Willie, "it does ache so. I cannot bear it," and he held his face in his

hands, with such a low moan, and looked so imploringly into his mother's face for relief. "It aches so hard." He sat down on his little stool beside her, and laid his head in her lap. She soothed and pitied, but could not help him. She knew of but one way of relief, and that was to have the tooth extracted immediately. How could it be accomplished? was the thought that occupied her mind.

"Willie," said his mother, "I think we had better go down and let Doctor Loomis look at it; he may give you something that will cure it."

"I'm afraid he will pull it," said Willie.

Now the tooth had troubled him many times, but had never pained him so long and so severely before, and his mother knew that decayed as it was, the only permanent remedy lay in its extraction, yet she answered:

"O, no he wont, I know. I don't believe he will even think it necessary. It wont do any harm to have him look at it, you know, and he may do something to help it at once."

Still Willie demurred; he had a great horror of the doctor. Moreover, he had an instinctive feeling that something more was meant than the mere looking at his tooth. Just then a sharp pain shot through his face and he wavered no longer. He put on his cap and tippet, took his mother's hand, and went to the doctor's office.

"Doctor," whispered Mrs. Atkins, aside, "Willie is such a timid little fellow, can't you contrive to pull his tooth without his knowing it?"

"Trust me," said the doctor, "I know just how to manage such cases," and he nodded significantly to Mrs. Atkins.

Willie, as he heard the whispering, again doubted. He imagined his mother and the doctor somehow were leagued together against him, and he shut his mouth, compressed his little lips and resolutely prepared himself for resistance.

"And this is the little boy who has suffered so severely with the toothache," said the doctor, coaxingly, as he laid his hand on Willie's head. "That needn't be. I'll try and see what I can do to help it. Which tooth is it?"

Still Willie's mouth remained firmly shut as ever, and no promise of relief which the doctor could make, would induce him to open it.

"Willie has such beautiful teeth, doctor—such as you don't often see in a boy of his age," said his mother. "Why wont you show them to the doctor, Willie?"

"Has he?" said the doctor. "I should like to see them."

Willie, flattered by their words, opened his mouth and displayed two rows of little white teeth

for the doctor's inspection. Yet feeling a little suspicious, he kept a guard on his lips.

"Upon my word," said the doctor, "those are fine teeth. I wonder if the back ones look as well as the front?"

Stimulated by praise, Willie quite forgot his suspicions, and opened his mouth widely.

"And this is the naughty tooth, is it?" he said, as Willie, reassured by the doctor's manner, pointed out the offending tooth. "I've something here in my handkerchief which I'll put on, and it will be cured forever."

Willie looked suspiciously at the handkerchief, and seeing what he supposed to be the doctor's finger, covered with one end of the handkerchief, all ready to make the promised application, offered no further objections and allowed the doctor to hold his head. In a second the tooth was out and in the doctor's hand, almost before he knew it! He *had* put on something that would prevent that tooth from ever aching again—something which would cure, when nothing else would. He had put on the instrument concealed in the treacherous handkerchief, and the tooth was out and before him!

But what was it that made Willie spring upon his feet, clench his little fists and grow red in the face, while he stamped his feet upon the floor? It was not pain. No, Willie was a courageous little fellow, and had he known it, he would have made up his mind to bear it like a man. Besides, there hadn't been much pain; it was a hard tooth to ache, but easy enough to pull. Children's first teeth always come easily. What was it, then, that made him seize his cap and rush madly into the street? He was not mad with pain but *anger*. He felt that gross injustice had been done him. His suspicions had been lulled by the soft words of the doctor, his vanity had been flattered by praises, and lured on by promises of immediate relief, he had pointed out, with his own finger, the aching tooth. He had been cheated, in fact fooled, and angry with himself, above all with others, he departed without ceremony. A little time sufficed to restore his equanimity, the pain was entirely gone, his toothache was cured forever, and on the whole, he was glad, though he never forgot the way it was done.

A few days after, Mrs. Atkins was sewing at the table in her parlor. Her husband was going away on the morrow, and it was necessary that the garment she was making should be finished as speedily as possible. She had scarcely raised her eyes the last half hour, so engrossed was she in her work, and had not noticed that Willie, who had been playing with his blocks and marbles at her feet all the afternoon, had disappeared from

the room. Suddenly missing him, she looked up just in time to see him retracing his steps from the store-room, casting shy glances from right to left, to see if he had been discovered. Now in this store-room was a box of remarkably fine oranges, which Mrs. Atkins's brother had sent from New Orleans. They had rapidly disappeared of late, and seeing Willie's frightened and guilty looks, her suspicions naturally fell on him. She was right; he had been in the store-room and had eaten two large, fine oranges.

"Willie," said she, angrily, "you've been stealing my oranges. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Indeed I haven't, mother. I haven't seen an orange this week. I have been down in the garden playing with Juno."

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "you know you are telling a lie; you haven't been in the garden; you've been eating my oranges."

"Indeed, mother, I haven't."

"But I saw you. I looked in at the keyhole and saw you eating them."

Now this was proof positive. Willie, finding he had been seen, acknowledged his fault, and his mother punished him for the falsehood he told; while she had told two herself to make him confess one! She had not seen him eat the oranges, neither had she looked through the keyhole. She had not even arisen from her seat!

The next day they were all in the garden, and Willie, who had been watching his opportunity, thought it a capital chance to get another taste of the oranges. He quickly repaired to the store-room, but he had grown wiser from yesterday's experience, and was determined that the tell-tale keyhole should reveal no more secrets, so he shut the door and quickly filled it with paper on the inside. He commenced eating as composedly and with as keen a relish as if eating his dinner.

Is there no still voice to speak to him and tell him what a wicked act he is committing? Hasn't his mother ever taught him how wrong it is to lie and steal? Yes, she has told him often. Why is it, then, that her words have made no impression on the boy, and he acts deliberately and in direct violation of her instruction? Ah, her own example is wanting to seal them.

After he had finished his feast, he pulled the paper from the keyhole and ventured boldly forth, for *this* time he knew nobody had seen him. He had gone only as far as the hall, when, unfortunately, he met his mother, who just coming in from the garden.

"Willie," said she, sternly, "you've been again at my oranges."

"What makes you always accuse me of doing a thing, when you don't know whether I've done

it or not?" asked Willie, when a new thought occurred to him.

"I don't," said his mother; "I do know."

"Did you see me?"

"Yes, I saw you."

"How? Did you look through the keyhole again to-day?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I looked through the keyhole and saw you."

"No, you didn't," said Willie, triumphantly; "you didn't, I stopped it up on the inside!" And he laughed loud and long, and capered about the room in perfect joy.

He had been upon the point of denying the charge, but seeing his mother was going to get caught in her own trap, he willingly confessed, for the sake of having the satisfaction of detecting her in a falsehood.

"Wasn't that capitally done?" thought he. "She couldn't come it over me that time, not she. I've got learned!"

What had he learned? He had learned not to trust his mother; he had learned that she would deceive him whenever it suited her purpose. She had lost a few oranges, it is true, but she had lost what was infinitely greater—her son's confidence in her word. Poor, weak, misguided woman! Are these the principles you instill into his young, susceptible mind? Is this the way you train that immortal soul God has given you to fit for heaven? If your son grows up undutiful and rebellious; if your hair turns white with anxiety and sorrow; if he meets with a miserable end, you cannot absolve yourself. God forbid there should be many such mothers!

But let us present the opposite picture, and see if a more truthful mode of managing children is not more efficacious.

Willie Atkins had not been gone from the doctor's office an hour, when Harry Gordon and his mother came in. He, too, had come to have a tooth extracted, not an aching one, but a strong, sound, well tooth, which was growing directly inside another, what the doctors call a "tusk." It was necessary that it should be immediately extracted, to allow the other to grow in its proper place. Harry's mother had explained all this to him before he came. She had shown him how his mouth would be disfigured if the tooth were allowed to grow; that although the pain would be considerable, yet it would not last long; and if he resolutely made up his mind he could bear it. Harry came fully prepared to stand the trying ordeal like a man.

Determined as he was to be courageous, his heart did flutter so it could almost be seen to beat under his jacket as he saw the doctor with the

dreaded instrument in his hand. In a tremulous voice he asked the doctor: "Will it hurt much?"

"O, no, not in the least! I never hurt good little boys like you, do I, Mrs. Gordon?" he replied, appealing to that lady.

"I did not know teeth could ever be extracted without pain. Yes, Harry, I should think it must hurt you, perhaps a good deal; but I think you can bear pain, can't you?" said his mother.

The doctor looked surprised; it was n't the way he was in the habit of managing children. He had had many difficult cases, but had always practised deception of this kind. Harry shut his eyes, kept tightly hold of his mother's hand, and moved not or groaned, as the tooth, with a jerk which nearly took his head with it, came out of his mouth. It was a bad tooth to pull, and had two long prongs.

"Did I stand it well, mother?" said Harry.

"Nobly, bravely, my son!" And Mrs. Gordon kissed him tenderly, and stroked his curly hair with all a mother's fondness.

Harry stepped high and proudly as he walked home, and felt that he had undergone a difficult surgical operation. The pleasure he experienced far more than counterbalanced the pain he had suffered.

"Did it hurt you much?" said his father, as he listened to an account of the morning's transactions when he came home to dinner.

"Yes, it did a great deal; but mother told me it would before I went, and I made up my mind to bear it well."

"Harry," said his mother, in the evening, "was it my ball of red yarn you were playing with yesterday in the garden?"

"O, no, mother, it was a red leather ball Eddie Pratt lent me."

His mother believed him. Harry had never told her a lie, and why should he? his mother had never told or acted a falsehood to him.

Dear little Harry Gordon; you'll never go far astray with such a mother as you have to guide you! You dwell in the sunshine of love and truth. Mothers, if you wish to be honored and respected by your children, deal honestly with them by word and act.

THE EUTHANASIA OF NATURE.

Said a distinguished foreigner from continental Europe, when shown a sketch of our autumnal scenery, before he had seen it in nature, "This is a caricature;" but when he had witnessed it, "The drawing," said he, "does not come up to nature." "What a strange country must America be," once said the simple minded Nestorians of Persia, when looking at the same drawing, "what a strange country must America be, where the people live in wooden houses and the trees are painted."—*Dr. Hitchcock.*

A LOYAL HUNGARIAN LADY.

On the death of King Albert, of Hungary, a powerful party desired to offer the throne to the King of Poland, while Queen Elizabeth (the widow of King Albert) naturally wished to retain it for the son whose birth she confidently anticipated, and as one step towards this end she resolved to get possession of the mysterious "golden round," from which a consecrating influence was supposed to emanate. Helena Kottanner, a lady-in-waiting, and a kind of instructor to the young princess, her daughter, consented to assist her in this undertaking, though fully aware that she thereby incurred deadly peril. It would take too much space to recount the various difficulties that occurred, and the patience and courage by which they were surmounted, until the final moment when the three locked doors, by which the crown was guarded, had all been broken through, and Helena sat alone in the middle of the night listening, while her accomplice in the innocent theft fastened on the other locks prepared for the purpose, that the loss might not be immediately discovered. The sacred crown was then sewn up in a crimson velvet cushion, but it had still various adventures to pass through before it got to Komorn and was delivered to the queen. One of these was the narrowly escaping being sunk along with its guardians, and a party of noble ladies, in the Danube.

"When we got to the place where we were to dine," writes Helena, "my trusty companion took the cushion containing the crown, and carried it into the chamber and laid it on a table opposite me, so that it remained all the time under my eyes; and when we had dined he took it and laid it on the sledge as before, and we drove on till it was quite dark at night when we got to the Danube. This was still covered with ice, but the ice was thin in some places, and when we got to the middle of the river the carriage that held the young ladies broke in and upset, and they could not see one another, and raised a great screaming. I was very much frightened, too, for I thought nothing but that we and the sacred crown were going to the bottom of the river. But God was our helper, so that no one got under the ice, but some of the things that were in the carriage fell in and were lost. And I took the Duchess of Silesia, and the first of the young ladies, with me on the sledge, and so with God's help we got across, and so did the others."

The sacred crown arrived at Komorn almost in the same hour in which the head on which it was to be placed made its appearance in the world, but Helena's cares were not yet over. It is, or was, considered indispensable to a Hungarian sovereign, not only that he should wear this particular *corona regni*, but that he should be crowned by the Archbishop of Grau, and at Weissenburg; and as, three months after his birth, it was deemed fitting that the young Ladislaus should go through this ceremony, another perilous journey had to be undertaken, through a country mostly indisposed to the royal party. The crown, wrapped carefully in cloths, was placed in the straw at the bottom of the young king's cradle, "for his grace did not yet lie upon feeders, and we put by the side of it a long spoon, such as is used to make pap, so that if anybody put his hand into the cradle he would think there

were only the things for making the noble king's pap."

The cradle was carried by four men in armor—Helena and the nurse riding by the side of it, but sometimes it rained, so that the "noble king" got wet, and Helena had to take off her own mantle to cover him; sometimes the dust blew into his grace's eyes so that he could not see, and sometimes his grace roared so lustily that Helena was obliged to dismount and take him out of his cradle and carry him on foot through the marshes. In this manner they made their entrance into Weissenburg, the knights having also alighted, and formed in a circle, with drawn swords, round the tiny monarch and the crown, which appears the most important personality of the two.

Here we must leave the faithful Helena, who, we are glad to find, had the honor of holding the "noble king" at his coronation at St. Stephen's altar, and, moreover, of receiving on her arm the blow of the sword given when his grace was dubbed a knight, and subsequently holding him up in a cloth of gold to the admiration of all beholders. His grace himself, as she naively remarks, "had little joy in his coronation, for he wept with a loud voice, so that he could be heard through the whole church;" but, at least, his subjects could loyally remark, "that they should have taken it for the voice of a child a year old."—*Lady's Newspaper*.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A certain cattle dealer in Irvine is frequently in the habit, when visiting Ayr market on Tuesdays, of leaving his dog behind him. On these occasions, upon missing his master, the animal has been frequently known to take the next train to Ayr, visit the cattle market, and, not finding the object of his search, return again to Irvine. His conduct has often attracted the notice of the guards on the line, and his movements have been watched. But we have not heard by what class he is accustomed to travel, and at what rate he is charged.—A gentleman's dog having been convicted of sheep stealing, he told a man to shoot him the following morning. The dog was lying in the room at the time, and apparently listening to the conversation. Whether he understood it or not, I will not pretend to determine; but the very first time the door was open he bolted out, and never again came within reach of his old master.—*Morris*.

WINE IN SPAIN.

In the "Blue Book," just published, on wine-producing countries and the vine disease, we read that a "proprietor of vineyards on the Huesca, in Arragon, assured Mr. Lumley that the drought of the preceding summer was so great and the vintage so plentiful, that it would have been easier for him to irrigate his vineyards with wine than with water. Again, unable to find room for his new stock of wine, or to get rid of it at even one real per cantaro (about a half-cent per gallon), and there being a scarcity of earth, jars or vats, he was obliged to throw away the whole of that year's vintage. Many of the districts of Old Castile are equally prolific. Wine, in fact, is cheaper than water, and it is not unusual for bricklayers to mix their mortar with wine instead of water."—*Traveller*.

The Florist.

Without is neither gold nor green;
Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing;
Yet, summer-like, we sit beneath
The autumn and the spring.—J. G. WHITTIER.

Moisture in Plant-Houses.

It is a great mistake, which even gardeners make, in keeping their greenhouses far too dry in the winter. A little reflection will easily show this. From the time the plants are housed till the time they go out, there is almost always a very great difference in the outside and inside temperature. So long as this is the case, the glass being much colder than the inside, condensation is perpetually going on; besides the heated air and moisture are constantly passing out through every nook and cranny, taking away an immense volume of moisture. Whenever your fires are strong, or a great difference exists between the external and internal temperature, see that there is no lack of moisture. If the house is low and small, by well damping the floor all over whenever dry, no harm will come; but if the houses are large and lofty, then evaporating pans should be placed on the fires and pipes, in addition to wetting the floor. One great benefit of shutters to houses consists in their preventing excessive condensation taking place during cold clear nights.

A Hint to Lovers of Flowers.

A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily ensured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

Begonia Incarnata.

This is another plant which should be mentioned here, it now being the season when calls are constantly made for bouquets and cut flowers. The begonia produces through the winter months a profusion of flowers, the color of which is good by artificial light. Its real color, as its name implies, is a beautiful flesh, inclining to pink; while it is sometimes found nearly white. It is very easily struck from cuttings at any season of the year, but is best done in February or March. When struck, pot off into small pots, and stop any growth likely to take the lead.

Petunia Imperialis.

This novelty first became known here in 1854, being sent from the Royal Nursery, Slough, England. It has now become a great favorite, though not at all common. It is as double as a fine carnation; and as it is disposed to bloom abundantly, with a short, stout, vigorous habit, it will become a great favorite for "pot culture." The specimen we saw was white, very double and sweet-scented. Its fragrance partakes something of the ten-week stock. They are very suitable for parlor plants, and if properly shaded, will bloom abundantly all winter.

Sinieruba.

The false quassa. Stove plants with showy flowers, natives of the West Indies, nearly allied to quassa.

The Polyanthus.

As a greenhouse plant, to arrange and give variety with Chinese primulas, pansies, daisies, etc., the beautiful polyanthus is well adapted. There are several double kinds, with white, yellow, copper, salmon, lilac, purple and variegated flowers, all of which would do well, besides many single kinds with exquisite markings. This plant, it is well known, forms one of the number of plants usually termed by Europeans, "Florists' Flowers," all of which are single, and somewhat too tender for general cultivation. The only difficulty lies in summer, and which nearly vanishes, if the old roots are parted in the spring. For soil, use good turfy loam, slightly sandy; if destitute of vegetable matter, add a little well rotted leaf mould or rotten manure. In this the plant will grow to perfection, and afford an abundance of flowers.

Common flowering Plants.

There is nothing too common, or betokening stinginess, want of taste or poverty, in having the oldest and simplest plant well grown and bloomed in a pot; everybody loves to see them. Look in almost any extensive greenhouse, and you will see a fair proportion of the plants are those common to almost any garden. Not one of them but the poorest man in the next village might have at his window, and yet everybody admires them. Fashion, as in all other things, devotes most care to costly plants; but will anybody say that a window filled with verbenas, violets, mignonettes, convolvuli and asters does not look as bright and pleasant as one in which we see Japan lilies, Cape jasmines, isopogon, hibbertia, and other rare and expensive flowers?

Roses.

We will give here the names of a few roses, which have been thoroughly tested:—Chipetowalkoff, a large deep crimson blossom; Jules Margottin, one of the hardiest roses under cultivation, bearing a bright crimson flower; Rosini Margottini, a very fragrant blossom, deep carmine, which opens best in showery weather; Madame Rigeaux, dark pink tinged with white, a moderate grower, but should find a place in every garden or greenhouse; Lord Raglan, this is one of the darkest crimson roses known, as in some parts it approaches a black—it is a hardy and vigorous grower.

Ximinea.

Annual and perennial flowers, natives of Mexico, with brilliant yellow flowers, which will grow in any common garden soil. They are coarse growing but very showy. There are two biennial species, which should be kept in a frame during winter, and transplanted to the open border in the spring.

Volkameria.

Nearly all the plants formerly included in this genus have been removed to clatodendrum, and it now contains only two species—one stove-shrub, with white flower from the West Indies, and the other a half-hardy tree, with beautiful purple flowers, from Nepal.

Eucalyptus.

Australian trees of enormous size, some species of which are grown in England as greenhouse shrubs. They should be grown in loam and peat, and are propagated by cuttings which are very difficult to strike.

Symphoricarpos.

Mitcham's name for the common snowberry—a name very slightly known and rarely used.

Curious Matters.

Singular Suffering.

Theodore Rougeot recently died in Bangor, Maine, after a life of singular suffering. When thirteen years of age he was taken with inflammatory rheumatism, and was almost helpless for two years; he then recovered, but in two years thereafter was attacked again, and continued entirely helpless and confined to his bed for eighteen years! There was but one joint (that of one thumb) that he could move. He was obliged to be bolstered up in bed in one position, partly in a sitting posture, for the eighteen years; he could talk and read well, but could not otherwise stir or move; his food was made very fine, and sucked up or mumbled over in his mouth, as his jaws were immovable; he was nothing but skin and bone, yet his appetite and general health were good. His mind was clear, his memory good, and he was a person of considerable intelligence and quite a reader. He lived with his parents a couple of miles from Bangor, and was kindly cared for by a patient and attentive mother and other relatives during his long and tedious illness.

Wonderful.

The Charleston Courier publishes an account of a remarkable African boy, living in Savannah, blind, and in feature resembling an idiot. His only wonderful gift is the power of musical composition and execution, and this is entirely natural. He plays upon the piano forte, and has only to hear a piece once to re-produce it, not only accurately, but with the same shades of expression which the performer gave to it. His touch is said to be wonderfully delicate, while at the same time it has great force. That the boy's talent is not alone a development of the faculty of memory and the power of imitation, is shown by his improvisations, which the paper alluded to commends as of exceeding beauty. The countenance of the child when he is not under the influence of music is said to be almost repulsive, vacant and ugly. But the moment his fingers call the sound from his instrument, his face lights up with inspiration, and becomes absolutely beautiful.

Kitten reared by a Ferret.

A laborer some years since having a female ferret, with four young ones about a week old, and requiring food for them, robbed a cat of a kitten of about the same age, and threw it into the hutch, expecting it to be immediately killed. To his surprise, as soon as it began to cry the ferret placed it with its young, suckled it, and it thrived, and became a fine cat. After it grew up it was always partial to the ferrets, and they were often seen at play together. Another laborer informed us that he had a cat which, being deprived of its kittens, suckled a young rabbit that he had brought it about a fortnight old, and that the rabbit and its foster mother gambolled together, to the great amusement of his children and others.

The Robin.

In one of Mary Russell Mitford's fairylike notes, written within three weeks of her death, she says:—"I am sometimes wheeled from my bedside to the window; and about a month ago a redbreast came to that window and tapped. Of course we answered the appeal by fixing a little tray outside the window-sill, and keeping it well supplied with bread and crumbs; and now he not only comes himself, but has introduced his kinsfolk and friends. Think how great a pleasure!"

Fickleness of Fortune.

The Albany Standard relates the following instance of vicissitude of fortune:—"A few years ago one of the most active and successful business men in the city of Hudson was Leonard Wells. Everything he touched turned into money. He once made \$10,000 in an hour by a purchase and sale of a piece of real estate. Fifteen years ago Mr. Wells was worth \$70,000. Shortly after luck turned against him. He lost \$81,000 by buying stock in the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad. This was followed by other losses caused by endorsements. In less than eighteen months Mr. Wells passed from affluence to extreme poverty—from being worth \$70,000, to being worth not one cent. Mr. Wells is now a resident of Albany, and earns a living for himself and family by peddling candies, apples and doughnuts. We are happy to say that he bears the decrees of fate with becoming philosophy. He is as cheerful to-day as he was when he was known as a 'man of fortune.' He earns an honest living, and is determined to enjoy it."

Curious Casualty.

A singular and truly afflicting casualty occurred in Oimstead, Cuyahoga county, New York, lately. A bright little lad of three or four years of age, son of Mr. Briggs, wishing to see the men dress hogs, his mother put on his cloak, and the father placed him in the branches of an apple tree, where he could look on and be out of the way. The child was perched near by his father, and directly over where persons frequently passed to bring hot water, etc. Nothing unusual was observed, but when, after some time, the father lifted down his little son, to his horror he found him dead! The cloak had caught on a limb and strangled the child.

Effects of Chicory upon the Eyes.

It has been observed in Vienna, that those employed in chicory-grinding are much troubled with affections of the eyes; and J. W. Slater, in a lecture delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, Sheffield, England, has stated that a young man of that town, by trade a coffee-roaster, was in the habit of reading for two hours at night, after concluding his work. Whenever he has been roasting chicory he finds himself unable to read—not from an outward irritation of the eye, but, as he phrases it, from a feeling of "deadness" in that organ. All this serves to prove that chicory has a specifically injurious effect upon the optic nerve.

A malicious Will.

A very odd case of petty malice in will-making was that of a man who, not having a penny in the world, left a will, in which he bequeathed to his friends and acquaintances large estates in various parts of England, money in the funds, rings, jewels and plate. His inducement was the prospect of the delight of his friends at first learning about the rich possessions which were to be theirs, and then the bitter disappointment at finding how they had been hoaxed.

Geological Fact.

An artesian well in Savannah was bored to the depth of 980 feet, a year since, when an obstruction was met it was impossible to penetrate or remove by pressure. Several hundred tons weight were placed on the tubing, and there they rested for nearly a year without any effect. On the day before the shock of earthquake felt in South Carolina and Georgia Dec. 20, however, the weights triumphed, and the tubing sunk thirty feet below the ground.

Curious Discovery.

The Bulletin de l'Institut Egyptian states that Mr. Mariette lately found near a mummy discovered at Thebes various curious articles, amongst which were these:—Ten gold bracelets for the legs, two other bracelets formed of pearls put on gold threads, another of gold, well executed, bearing mythological symbols; a gold diadem ornamented with mosaics and surmounted by two sphynxes, a mirror with gold ornaments, a figure of a king standing in a boat with two divinities pouring water on his head and two birds flying above him; a figure of a boat in gold, containing ten silver figures of sailors rowing and one of a person singing at the prow; a poniard with a gold scabbard, the blade being the finest specimen of Egyptian workmanship yet discovered, and containing encrusted in it a piece of bronze, on which are various ornaments and hieroglyphs; and a hatchet, the blade of which is in gold, and the handle ornamented with gold.

A French Belle a Hundred Years ago.

Madame de Genlis, in her Memoirs, describes the training she underwent to fit her for Parisian society in the last century:—"I had two teeth pulled out; I had whale-bone stays that pinched me terribly; my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes, with which it was impossible for me to walk; I had three or four thousand curl-papers put on my head, and I wore, for the first time in my life, a hoop. In order to get rid of my country attitudes, I had an iron collar put on my neck; and, as I aquinted a little at times, I was obliged to put on goggles as soon as I awoke in the morning, and these I wore for hours. I was, moreover, not a little surprised when they talked of giving me a master to teach me what I thought I knew well enough already—to walk. Besides all this, I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask questions."

Romantic Marriage.

A marriage, which has been brought about in a very romantic manner, was celebrated at St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Greenock, Scotland, lately. Mr. Thomas Pendred, of Dublin, a member of the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, was on board the royal mail steamer-*Perzia* last summer on a voyage from New York, when a lady passenger, Miss Marie Kohl, of Berne, Switzerland, fell overboard, the ship then being under full steam. Mr. Pendred leaped after her, and was the means of saving her life, and this gallant action led to the happy event which has taken place.

Lightning and Fish.

Throughout the West Indies, on mornings after a display of sheet-lightning, immense quantities of needle-shaped fish are found congregated at the mouths of rivers. The first day after the lightning they are caught and sold in the markets, and are then a delicate food. The second day they are still found, but more developed, having become larger, coarser, and having black heads. They are then but little eaten. The fact is undeniable that these creatures appear after sheet-lightning, and at no other times.

Strange Custom.

A peculiar custom prevails at Norham, Durham, that if the banns of marriage be thrice published, and the marriage does not take place, the refusing party, whether male or female, pays forty shillings to the vicar, as a penalty for "scorning the Church."

Sagacity of the Bear.

That wild beasts of all kinds are scared away by fire is a well known fact; but the hungry bear is of so cunning a nature, that it even sets at defiance the flaming circle, which would at other times afford a secure protection to the sleeping traveller. It is true that the bear does not venture to cross the fiery barrier, but it contrives to avoid the difficulty in a most ingenious manner. Going to the nearest stream, it immerses itself in the water so as to saturate its fur with moisture, and then returning to the spot where the intended prey lies asleep, the animal rolls over the flaming embers, quenches the fire, and then makes its attack upon the sleeper. This curious fact is well known among the natives of Siberia, so that they have good grounds for the respect in which they hold the bear's intellectual powers.

The Bird of the Tolling Bell.

Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church-bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the arawonda. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air, and seeming to follow wherever you go. The arawonda is white, with a circle of red round its eyes; its size is about that of a small pigeon.

Somnambulism.

The majority of mankind are inclined to believe that a sleep-walker is guided by a providential instinct, which leads him safely across parapets, along the edges of precipices, and through fordable streams, landing him unhurt on the safe side. Many surprising feats of this kind have, indeed, been accomplished, but they must be regarded as exceptional. Recently, an American editor of high repute took a fatal leap from a precipice whilst in a state of somnambulism; and a young man in London, whilst sleep-walking, raised the window of his room, and leaped into the street, fatally fracturing his skull. Those who behold a sleep-walker should not refrain, either from motives of tenderness or curiosity, from waking the sleeper. It is wrong to do so abruptly; but the unfortunate person should be carefully and gently roused.

A Dog with a wooden Leg.

Mr. Robert Howard, landlord of the Railway Inn, near the Droyloden Railway station, England, has in his possession a Scotch terrier with a wooden leg, which runs about with a scarcely perceptible limp. The dog had its right fore foot amputated by an express train several months ago, and a veterinary surgeon from Manchester being informed that it was a favourite pet, not only dressed its wounds, but shortly afterwards supplied it with an artificial limb, of which it appears somewhat proud.

Remarkable.

Miss Phoebe Newbegin, who died in Nantucket, lately, at the advanced age of 93 years 8 months, leaves a sister nearly 90 years of age, with whom she has slept every night for eighty-eight years, with the exception of three weeks during childhood, when Mary, the surviving sister, went to Newburyport with her mother. The deceased never left the island.

The Housewife.

Clinkers in Stoves.

Persons troubled with clinkers adhering to the lining of their stoves or furnaces, may be interested in knowing, says the *Scientific American*, that by placing a few oyster shells in the grate, while the fire is ignited, the clinkers will soon become loosened so as to be readily removed without the danger of breaking the lining. We have tried this remedy; and while the chemical action is involved in mystery, it accomplished the result to our satisfaction.

Vermicelli Pudding.

Soak four ounces of vermicelli in cold water for one hour; pour the water off, put on the fire with a quart of sweet milk, shake it till it boils, draw it aside until the milk is all soaked in. Beat up four eggs with two ounces of sugar; mince two ounces of lemon-peel. Mix all together, and bake in a pudding-dish. If boiled, it will require six eggs instead of four. Put in a buttered shape, and boil two hours.

Gingerade.

Take Jamaica ginger-root, two and a half ounces; boiling water, one pint; lump sugar, two and a half pounds; citric acid, two drachms; bruise the ginger-root, infuse it four hours in the water, and to the strained liquor add the sugar, and dissolve it with the aid of heat; remove the scum, and lastly add the citric acid.

A plain Oustard.

Boil a pint of new milk, keeping a little back to mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Thicken the milk with the flour, let it cool a little, and then add one egg well beaten. Sweeten to taste. Set it on the fire again and stir until the egg burns, but do not let it boil. A little lemon or almond may be added.

How to preserve Ladies' Furs.

Fine furs should be kept in a cold place. An experienced dealer will tell, the moment he puts his hand on a piece of fur, if it has been lying in a warm, dry atmosphere; it renders the fur harsh, dry and shabby; entirely destroying the rich, smooth softness which it will have if kept in a cold room.

Hel Broth.

Clean half a pound of small eels, and set them on with three pints of water, some parsley, one slice of onion, a few peppercorns; let them simmer till the eels are broken, and the broth good, or reduced to a pint and a half. Add salt, and strain it off. It is very nutritious.

Beef Tea.

Out one pound of fleshy beef in thin slices; simmer with a quart of water an hour and a half after it has once boiled and been skimmed. Season, if approved; but it wants generally only a little salt.

Essence of Ginger.

Bruise four ounces of Jamaica ginger, and put it into a pint of rectified spirits of wine. Let it remain a fortnight, then press and filter it. A little essence of sage may be added, if wished.

Eggs.

An egg broken into a cup of tea, or beaten and mixed with a basin of milk, makes a breakfast more supporting than tea alone.

To keep Beds well aired.

Nothing more is necessary than to fill a large stone bottle with boiling water, and to put it into the bed, which, with the bolster and pillows, should be pressed round it in a head. It is astonishing the number of hours it will be found warm. By this simple contrivance no one need fear giving a friend a damp bed, even if it is only done once a fortnight. Care must be taken to have the bottle well corked, and, to prevent accidents, it would be as well to tie it down.

Arrowroot.

It is very necessary to be careful not to get the counterfeited sort; if genuine, it is very nourishing, especially for persons with weak bowels. Put into a saucepan half a pint of water, a glass of sherry, or a spoonful of brandy, grated nutmeg, and fine sugar; boil up once, then mix it by degrees into a dessert spoonful of arrowroot, previously rubbed smooth with two spoonful of cold water.

Hair Wash.

Get one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, powder them finely, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water. When cold the solution will be ready for use. Damp the hair with this frequently. It not only cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness.

Bread Cheesecakes.

Slice a small loaf as thin as possible; pour on it a pint of boiling cream; when well soaked beat it very fine; add eight eggs, half a pound of butter, a grated nutmeg, half a pound of currants, a spoonful of brandy or white wine; beat them up well together, and bake in raised crusts or patty-pans.

To clean Alabaster.

For cleaning alabaster, there is nothing better than soap and water. Stains may be removed by washing with soap and water, then whitewashing the stained part, letting it stand some hours, then rinsing off the whitewash and rubbing the part stained.

Bread Omelet.

Put in a large teaspoon of bread crumbs, a teaspoon of cream, a spoonful of butter, with salt, pepper and nutmeg; when the bread has absorbed the cream, break in the eggs, beat them a little with the mixture, and fry like omelet.

Rhubarb Jam.

To seven pounds of rhubarb add four sweet oranges and five pounds of sugar. Peel and cut up the rhubarb. Put in the thin peel of the oranges and the pulp, after taking out the seeds and all the whites. Boil all together for one hour and a half.

Bluing for Clothes.

Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it, and put it into a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid powdered. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

To clean Gold Lace.

Gold lace is easily cleaned and restored to its original brightness by rubbing it with a soft brush dipped in roche alum burnt, sifted to a very fine powder.

Seed Cake.

Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seeds.

Ginger Cordial.

This is made with the essence of ginger. It is preferred colored, and therefore may be well prepared by simple digestion. One drachm will be found to be enough for two gallons of spirit. The addition of two or three drops each of essence of lemon and orange-peel, with a spoonful of essence of cardamoms to each gallon, will improve it. If wanted dark, it may be colored with burnt sugar. The quantity of sugar is one a half pounds to the gallon.

For a Cough.

Procure a small quantity of Peruvian bark at a chemist's where you have reason to believe a genuine article may be obtained, and, on the very first symptoms of irritation of the throat, and disposition towards what is termed "hacking," chew a piece about the size of a bean. This will at once relieve; and, on recurrence of the symptoms, apply the same remedy. Two or three doses will cure.

Queen Cake.

Mix one pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar and washed currants; wash one pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, tinscaps, or saucers, filling them only half full; sift a little fine sugar just as you put them into the oven.

Cranberry Pudding.

Boil one pint and a half of cranberries cleared of the stalks in four ounces of sugar and water, until they are broken, and form a kind of jam; make up a large ball of it; cover it well with rice washed clean and dry; then round each side a floured piece of cloth, which tie as for dumplings. Boil them one hour; sift sugar over when served, and butter in a boat.

Peppermint Cordial.

Take thirteen gallons of rectified spirit, one in five under hydrometer proof, twelve pounds of loaf sugar, one pint of spirit of wine that will fire gunpowder, fifteen pennyweights of oil of peppermint, and as much water as will fill up the cask, which should be set on end after the whole has been well roused. Enough for twenty gallons.

A rich Christmas Pudding.

One pound of raisins stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef-suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, a cup of sweetmeats, and a wineglass of brandy. Mix well, and boil in a mould eight hours.

Parisian Mode of roasting Apples.

Select the largest apples, scoop out the core without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve up with the syrup.

Ginger Pudding.

To half a pound of flour add a quarter of a pound of suet shred very fine, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and two large teaspoonfuls of grated ginger; mix together, turn dry into a basin either buttered or dipped into cold water; tie the cloth over very tight, and boil three hours. This is a pudding within everybody's reach.

German Puffs.

A quarter of a pound of almonds beaten very fine in a mortar with rose-water, six eggs well beaten, leaving out two of the whites, two spoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, a little nutmeg, and six ounces of sugar all well mixed with a pint of cream, baked in buttered patty-pans, served with wine sauce.

Antidote against Poison.

Hundreds of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt:—A large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible. It acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

To make Isinglass Size.

This may also be prepared in the manner above directed for the glue, by increasing the proportion of the water for dissolving it, and the same holds good of parchment size. A better sort of the common size may be likewise made by treating cuttings of gloves' leather in the same manner.

Worth Knowing.

Boil three or four onions in a pint of water. Then with a gliding brush do over your glasses and frames, and rest assured that the flies will not light on the articles washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

Raspberry Vinegar.

To every quart of raspberries put one pint of best vinegar. Stir them twice a day for three days, then strain off the liquor. To each pint put one pound of loaf sugar. Boil it half an hour, and skim it well; then bottle and cork it close.

To season new Earthenware.

Before using, place it in a boiler with cold water, and then heat it gradually, and let it remain in till the water is cool. This will render it less liable to crack, especially if used for baking in.

Lotion for a Sprain.

Take of camphorated spirit, common vinegar, spirits of turpentine, of each one ounce. Or else take compound soap liniment, one ounce and a half; laudanum, half an ounce; mix.

Ising for a Plum Cake.

Take the white of an egg, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a teaspoonful of gum dragon, melted. Mix them into a paste, and lay it on the cake.

Red Ink from woollen Table-Covers.

Dissolve in three ounces of hot water one drachm of oxalic acid; apply it warm to the ink spots, and they will quickly disappear.

Bleeding at the Nose.

A piece of brown paper folded and placed between the upper lip and the gum will stop bleeding at the nose.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WRESTLING WITH AN ELEPHANT.

A rather curious scene has occurred in Blackburn, England, during a performance in a menagerie. A young man, who had for some time been carefully observing the monster elephant, determined, like a fighting gladiator of old to try the strength of the huge bulk of flesh with his own. There is at the end of the elephant's tusks, which are of large size, an iron rod, binding one tusk to the other. Our hero seized hold of this, and began to lean with his whole weight upon it. The elephant, not altogether liking this sort of treatment, determined for his part to punish his audacious antagonist. He raised his great head aloft, and the young fellow was swang from the ground until he almost touched the canvass covering, and was no doubt much higher than his most wild ambition ever carried him. The animal repeated this, and a second time he descended to the ground, when the elephant, perhaps, thinking it best to temper justice with mercy, wrapped his trunk round the hapless and now thoroughly humbled youth, and very unceremoniously laid him in the mud that overspread the floor. The wrestle was ended, the elephant coming off the victor, while his combatant picked himself up and, amidst the hearty laughter of the spectators, vanished. Of course the Englishman was worsted; but our Dr. Windship would have slung that critter into the middle of next week.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—The largest and best literary weekly paper in America is *The Welcome Guest*. Four cents per copy, everywhere. This paper is particularly calculated for the family, and will grace any parlor in the land, and gladden any fireside with its delightful tales, sketches, adventures, poems, and selections from all the new books of the day. *It is not a sensation paper*, yet you will be loth to lay it down until you have read every line!

PATENTED.—A Yankee's invention for extracting the lies from quack advertisements has been patented.

THEY OUGHT.—The assayers at the mint ought to be good boatmen, owing to their experience in handling the ores.

RIDING WITH A LADY.

The author of "Habits of Good Society" says that when you are riding on horseback in company with a lady you ought always to ride on the right of her, "lest you risk crushing her feet." An American writer says this settles a long-vexed question. But he is mistaken. In England, it is the custom to turn out to the left of the road in passing vehicles; here, to the right. If, in this country, you are on the right side of the lady, she runs the risk of being splattered, or having her skirt caught in the wheels. But if you ride on her left you protect her in these cases, and, moreover, have your right, or strongest hand at liberty to assist her in case of any difficulty with her horse. As to the danger of your crowding her feet, if you are not horseman enough to keep your proper distance, you should never undertake to ride with a lady. We consider that we have settled the question.

SPRING WEATHER.—With the coming spring weather, hundreds of delicate persons in New England will contract the seeds of consumption, a fact that is annually impressed upon all observing people. Is it not a duty to be on our guard against this terrible enemy? On the first symptoms of cough or cold, let that *specific*, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, be at once resorted to, and relief will as promptly follow. No family in our peculiar climate should be without the Balsam always at hand in their houses.

VERY PLEASANT.—It must be very pleasant for a young gentleman soft enough to ask a young lady what she thinks of his moustache, to have her reply, "O, it's nice! Just like the down on the wings of a butterfly!"

PRODIGIOUS.—A Cincinnati editor says that he has many a time seen a man on skates jump twenty-four feet. Lucky he didn't say yards, for then we might not have believed him!

JUST SO.—It is very well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

COPPER MINE.—A new copper mine has been discovered in Bristol, Connecticut.

PROPAGATION OF OYSTERS.

For the last two years, the emperor, Louis Napoleon, has been causing artificial oyster beds to be made in the Bay of Saint Brieuc, and already the results have surpassed the dreams of the most ambitious hope. The parent oysters, the old shells with which the bottom of the bay is paved, everything, in short, which the drag brings up, is laden with young oyster-fry—the shingle of the beach itself is covered with it. The fascines bear, on every branch and on their smallest twigs, bunches of oysters in such extreme profusion that they resemble the apple and pear tree in an orchard, whose boughs are hidden, in spring, beneath the exuberance of their blossoms. You might take them to be petrifications of some exuberant fossil seeds or buds. As such a marvel obtains easier credence by sight than by hearsay, specimens have been sent to Paris to bear irrefutable testimony to the fact. The young oysters hanging to the twigs are already from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter in breadth. They are therefore fruits which have only to ripen to give in eighteen months a most abundant return. It appears from this that oysters grow much quicker than is imagined. There are as many as twenty thousand oyster-lings on a single facine, which takes up no more room in the water than a sheaf of wheat does in a cornfield. Now, twenty thousand oysters, when they have reached the edible state, represents the value of four hundred francs, their price current being twenty francs the thousand, sold on the spot. The returns from this industry are consequently inexhaustible, because collecting apparatus can be submerged to any extent, and every adult oyster belonging to a bed is the parent of from one to three millions of fry. Speaking of oysters, Louis Napoleon is very fond of them. He likes them on the shell with a drop of vinegar and salt, a little cayenne pepper, and a squeeze of lemon. The Empress Eugenie prefers them stewed. We like them both ways.

A MISTAKE.—It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victims, this is a grave error; her real victim is the man she accepts.

LIBERAL.—The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Society have resolved to offer a premium list of \$20,000 for their next fair.

GOOD PAY.—Tom Taylor received \$250 an act for his last dramatization.

A TRUTH.—Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, but is much more insolent.

AGRICULTURE AT YALE COLLEGE.

To see Yale College stepping out from among the mists of antiquity and the graves of dead languages, and "taking up the shovel and the hoe," is certainly one of the signs of the times. She made her debut on this new stage on the 1st day of February, having secured the services of twenty-five leading agriculturists to sustain her in this first effort. These gentlemen are to take up all possible subjects connected with agriculture for the benefit of farmers and gardeners, young and old, and for their own material enlightenment. There are to be three lectures a day for the space of a month, each lecture to be followed by questions and a discussion. The list of names, in which we find Marshall P. Wilder, late President of the National Agricultural Society, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, Lewis F. Allen, Esq., of New York, and other eminent men, besides Professors Silliman, Porter and Johnson, of Yale College, give the highest character to the undertaking. The advantages of this course are offered so cheaply (\$10 for a course ticket), that it will draw together large numbers. The idea involved in this enterprise, namely, getting together educational capital by small contributions of knowledge from large numbers, is an important discovery. We do not see why it is not susceptible of very extensive and varied application.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Late English papers say the Prince of Wales will sail for Canada at the latter end of May or early in June, in the line-of-battle ship *Renown*, 91 guns. The suite that will attend his royal highness has not yet been arranged, but everything connected with this visit, it is stated, will be conducted on a scale worthy of the mother country, and calculated to do honor to the American colonies.

NEWSPAPER NOVELTY.—It is mentioned, as the latest novelty in newspapers, that in addition to "births, marriages and deaths," some of the English country papers now add the "divorces."

VIRGINIA IRON.—The iron manufactured at Wheeling, Va., in 1859, sold for upwards of two millions of dollars. Old Virginia is fast becoming a rival with Pennsylvania in producing iron.

REMOVAL.—We have removed our publishing office up one flight of stairs in the same building, No. 22 Winter Street.

NEW WORD.—A new word has been coined for the lady amateurs of skating—they are called *skateresses*.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Nothing more forcibly strikes the American traveller in Europe, when he goes abroad for the first time, and traverses the streets of the continental cities, than the time-worn character of nearly all the buildings, public and private, that meet his eye. In the old Dutch, in the old Italian, in the old German, Spanish and French towns and cities, he beholds everywhere the traces of venerable age: moss-grown roofs, crumbling house-fronts, with the date of some former century on their gables—"stones themselves to ruin grown." Hardly is there an exception to this. Paris alone, of all the great continental cities, exhibits what we Americans call go-ahead-iteness. And he learns, on inquiry, that this peculiar steadfastness permeates all society. He will find the same family exercising the same trade for generation after generation, just as the same family occupies a throne for centuries. Even in England he will find certain official costumes, absurd enough at the time of their introduction, surviving all the changes of fashion, the most unstable of human things—chancellors and judges invested with big wigs, and beef-eaters wearing the puffed trunk-hose, and carrying the halberds of the days of bluff King Harry of wife-killing memory. You may revisit the old places of which we speak after an absence of years, and you will find nothing changed.

But in this country an entirely different state of things is noticeable. There conservatism; here, change. There the struggle is to maintain the old; here the constant strife is to introduce the new. With us, there seems to be an almost morbid craving for novelty—in architecture, in dress, in literature, in domestic economy, in everything. How few relics of the revolutionary past, the heroic days of our history, remain! Scarcely, in each of our great cities, are there two or three of those buildings left which were silent witnesses of the struggles of our strife for independence; and of these but very few that the public generally do not regard as eyesores. Are there any lines of circumvallation or of breastwork left in some rural locality, the rude defences thrown up by our yeoman ancestry when they "bared their foreheads to the God of battles," the ploughshare must fill up or level them, not because they are annoyances, but because they are old. This fever for novelty has torn down many a substantial old house of worship that might have stood for a century longer, to give room for some new edifice divested of all the hallowed and hallowing associations that clung round the old. Old trees are hated because they are old. Even old men are only

permitted to live on sufferance. They are not treated with the respect formerly accorded to age on account of its wisdom, and its experience of suffering and joy. Old America feels this keenly, and disguises its age as far and as long as possible. We have seen octogenarians in tight French boots and dyed moustaches, and it is very common for old men of seventy to cultivate gymnastics and learn the Schottische and German. The revival of the Minuet de la Cour, with its slow and stately movements, must be a blessing to these old covies, for gout and rheumatism are sad drawbacks in the whirlings of the waltz and the vigorous stampings of the polka, danced as it ought to be. We may smile at these endeavors of superannuated beaux to keep pace with the rapid boiling current of juvenility, but it is unjust to do so, for they are only obeying the law of inexorable necessity. Longevity in the eyes of Young America is unjustifiable. It is true that there is no statute against it, but the canons of society condemn it mercilessly.

The disciples of the new school, it is true, meet the old fogies with pitiless logic. They assert that all the great achievements of the world have been accomplished by young men, and prate to you about Napoleon the First, and a host of other brilliant boys. They go so far as to say that the men who fought our Revolutionary battles were by no means old, in spite of their three-cornered hats and knee breeches. And it must be confessed that there is some reason on their side.

Yet we must beware of a blind enthusiasm for the new. All that is new is not true, and all that is true is not new. Along the path of the centuries there rise, from space to space, immortal monuments of greatness that can never be surpassed—the pyramids of Egypt, the marbles of Greece, the pictures of Italy, the poems of Homer and Milton, and Shakspeare, the modern world can never hope to surpass or even equal these. And it is well, for the sake of association, to preserve, here and there, links which bind the present to the past. Let us not break down all the bridges behind us, bridges that have carried us safely over.

NEW YORK AGAINST FRANCE!—The whole of France—a nation of thirty-six millions of inhabitants—only appropriates as much money to common schools as does the city of New York alone—something like six millions of francs!

DENSE POPULATION.—The little island of Barbadoes is the most densely populated country in the world. With an area of 166 square miles, it contains 125,864 inhabitants.

ANÆSTHESIA.

The new method of producing anesthesia by hypnotism, was recently tried in the Mauritian Hospital at Turin, by Dr. Pertusio, with perfect success, upon a young woman aged 18. The brilliant object held before her eyes was a gold seal-ring. After the lapse of twelve minutes, the patient said that she felt sleepy; she was then bid to shut her eyes, which she immediately did. After some preliminary trials, her state of insensibility being at length ascertained, the operation of extirpating a tumor, which she had, was proceeded with, the patient remaining passive, and not betraying the slightest symptom of pain. Nevertheless, she continued to reply to the questions put to her, and even commenced a conversation herself on matters quite foreign to the operation. She was awakened by blowing on her face after the wound was dressed.

Photographers and daguerreotypists used to direct their sitters to fix their eyes on some bright object, such as a spot of light on a glass globe, in order to keep the eyes steady, and this accounts for the sleepy look of the pictures taken when it was necessary, as in the infancy of the art, to sit several minutes. And speaking of hypnotism, we read lately of an experiment tried on a hen. The bird was placed on a bench painted bright green, and a line was drawn with a piece of chalk across the top of the bench, commencing with the bill of the bird. The hen, gazing fixedly on this line, soon became stupid and fell into a deep sleep, from which she was not aroused even by sticking pins into her body. Years ago, we tried this experiment on a superannuated Shanghai rooster with complete success, but did not try the experiment of sticking pins into its body, our purpose simply being amusement, and not science. But scientific men have no scruples. Dr. Mussey, some years ago, used to puncture the eyes of cats and inject the oil of tobacco, to show how deleterious tobacco was to human beings. We never saw the logic of the deduction, and remember thinking the experiment cruel—as no doubt the cat did—but as the torture was inflicted scientifically, we suppose it was all right.

STEAM FIRE-ENGINES.—The great value and importance of these machines is now so fully established that our cities generally are adopting them for use.

WATER RATES.—The Revere House, in this city, pays over \$1000 per annum to the city for the amount of Cochituate water it uses.

THE BEARD.

Americans are fast becoming a bearded nation, cultivating the mustache and beard generally all over the face. It is a fashion that has crept over the water to us, and not an unbecoming one to many. Still it requires much tact and good taste to manage the beard so that it shall be becoming to the wearer. It will serve to hide an ill-formed mouth, and of course as well as to hide a handsome one; the teeth look clearer and whiter from behind a dark mustache. The beard may be so trimmed and arranged as to do much in remedying any natural defect. A short face may be made longer, and a narrow one broader, a lack of development in the chin remedied, and other desirable objects attained. Ladies generally like the beard, not objecting to this distinction which nature has created between the sexes. We acknowledge a liking for the appendage ourselves, considering it not only comfortable, but manly and becoming.

CHARACTER IN WRITING.

There are persons who profess to judge of character by handwriting; and to judge from their advertisements, there is very little doubt that their profession pays them. Yet their judgments, after all, are mere matters of guess work. They base them, as the gipsies do, on the mere pretence of simply looking at the hand. Now, writing a good hand by no means generally implies the having a good head. Still less is it indicative of having a good heart. A man may be remarkable for the superfinest qualities, and yet may write the coarsest and most commonplace of hands. He may have the clearest brain, and yet may sign his name so puzzlingly that nobody can read it. Many a man, indeed, who cannot write his name at all, may, without untruth, be looked on as a man of mark.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.—"Women can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding never grows old." So we ought to record the "death of a young lady of one hundred," when a juvenile centenarian skips off the stage of life.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—"Pray, can you tell me, my dear Mr. Jenkins," asked with admiring eyes a very pretty young lady, "how is sugar refined?" "When a lady gives it to you, madam," was the happy reply.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The Queen of Spain's last child has been baptized. It has no fewer than sixty Christian names.

OUR NATURAL WEALTH.

Almost every year develops new resources in our country, new proofs of the lavish bounty of nature in the land it is our fortune to inhabit. As the forest disappeared before the axe of the settler, the earth began to yield her exhaustless supplies of coal. When the precious metals became scarce, the existence of abundance of gold was made manifest; and now that whales are becoming as rare as angel's visits, we behold the phenomenon of oil superior to any ever yielded by the leviathans of the deep gushing out of the earth. We allude, of course, to the last natural marvels, the discovery of the famous oil springs in Venango county, Pennsylvania. If half the tales told of this discovery be true, the "Long-Tom Coffins" of Nantucket and New Bedford may lay their harpoons and lances aside. Their vocation has surely gone!

The oil flows out of a hillside, and a large number of persons have sunk wells and inserted pumps to raise the precious fluid. One man has a pump which delivers a gallon a minute. The oil comes from coal embedded in the mountains. The oil has very little smell, burns clearly, and is said to be superior to kerosene oil.

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says: "I can assure you that the excitement is fully equal to the fever incident to the gold in California. The agitation develops itself in certain persons and temperaments in an extravagant manner. I sat on the bank of the creek below Titusville for some time, interested in the movements of two very respectable persons (of independent circumstances), wading in the deep, cold water, with stick in hand, alternately probing the mud at the bottom, and applying the end of the stick to the nose, to discover the possible presence of oil. Entertaining, indeed, to me, were the curious philosophical reflections in which they indulged, as they determined important and inevitable results from dubious contingencies, and established positive deductions from dubious premises. Oil has been discovered in large quantities along the entire length of Oil Creek, and with profitable results, by boring from one to one hundred and fifty feet. Drake's spring, about one and a half miles from Titusville, yielded about eight hundred gallons, and McClintock Spring, at the mouth of the creek, about twelve hundred gallons per day. The indications of oil along the Causewago valley are fully equal to those on Oil Creek, especially in the vicinity of the old salt works. This substance is said to be exceedingly valuable for almost all the practical uses of oil, and will undoubtedly command a widely-extended market."

ABOUT APPARITIONS.

The *New Bedford Standard*, in noticing Mr. Owen's book about this world and the other, wherein the design of the writer is to exhibit some of the proofs that the spirits of the dead still retain their interest in the affairs of this earth, that they are capable of affecting the living and even conversing with them in audible tones, and of rendering themselves perceptible to the eye, says: "When we read of the apparition of the dead, in their spiritual bodies, and yet wearing clothes similar to those they wore on earth, we think the argument proves too much. For it seems absurd to suppose that a slouched hat and a gold-headed cane have also a spiritual part which the deceased puts on his spiritual head, or carries in his spiritual hand. But if we acknowledge that this appearance is a reality, we must suppose the other to be so likewise." This idea has always struck us, in connection with ghost stories. The ghost of a pair of breeches is ludicrously incomprehensible. We remember being struck with the incongruity in a picture representing the apotheosis of the first Napoleon. There was the great emperor ascending to the seventh heaven, with a halo of glory round his head, and those famous jackboots going up too—an immortality of leather! It may be said that boots have *soles*, but the suggestion is that of an unfeeling punster. Yet probably the artist was tenacious of those boots, and refused to pull them off at the suggestion of the critics, exclaiming, with the stage hero:

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face."

DEAR OLD LADY!—Mrs. Partington desires to express her regrets that the French emperor has suppressed the Universe, and wants to know how he did it, and where he got his power.

MAKING MONEY.—Seven hundred industrious individuals gain a disreputable livelihood in the State of Ohio by manufacturing counterfeit money.

HORSEFLESH.—A writer in the *New York Spirit of the Times* estimates that there are 5,000,000 horses in the United States, and that they are worth \$400,000,000.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—A man named Brandreth shot a thief with peas the other night at Watertown, Wisconsin.

A HINT.—If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

WHAT'S IN A FLAG?

What's in a flag? Of itself it is a mere bit of bunting, white or blue or red, or it may be a few yards of silk fluttering in the breeze, and shining in the sun. But is this all? No! A national flag is a living language—a symbol that resumes within itself a history. "What is there," exclaims an enthusiastic writer, "more living than a flag? It moves, it palpitates, it breathes. Thousands of men die for it. Its rents adorn it, as wounds decorate the face of an old warrior. When it is but a lance surmounted by a rag of bunting, it becomes thrice holy and thrice sanctified. It is a shroud which has received the impress of the bleeding and scarred face of an army."

The meteor-flag of England! what memories cluster about its crimson cross! what a master-roll of heroes unfolds itself before the imagination, as the eye rests upon its folds! The tricolor of France! for how many years has it been associated with deeds the recital of which stirs the blood like the blare of a brazen trumpet, or the roll of a hundred drums! We behold it unfolded on the sands of Egypt, with the pyramids in the distance, with "centuries looking down on it," as Napoleon eloquently said, when the splendid cavalry of the Orient melted away like mist before the rolling volleys of the impregnable French squares. We see it climbing the Alps, and blazing in the sunlight on the plains of Lombardy. We behold the Austrian eagles in full flight before it. Again it rises on the view, pale, tattered, rent, fluttering in the Arctic air of Russia over the heads of frozen spectres that look like men dragged out of their graves, while hordes of Cossacks prowled like northern wolves around them, and the far distance is lighted by the lurid flashes of the enemy's artillery. We behold it again in a darker hour, when nations are banded against it. It descends with the Old Guard to the final carnage of Waterloo, and sinks with the hopes of France and liberty upon that stricken field. The white flag of the Bourbon rises in its stead; but not for long. Out of the blood and smoke of revolution, it rises again. It flutters over many a fierce struggle in Algeria, and it is again unfolded in the Italian sun, leading from victory to victory till the red day of Solferino crowns it with a fame worthy of its youthful laurels.

The black flag! what heart has not shuddered even at the pictured image of that sign of terror! The very thought of the pirate's ensign conjures up many a terrible tale of the ocean; of plundered galleons, of murdered crews, of desperate strife, of black waves closing over helpless victims.

Last, not least, nearest and dearest to our hearts is the star-spangled banner, the stainless flag of our republic, which has floated in undiminished glory from the time when it was first given to the breeze, down to the present day. New stars are yearly taking their place in its glorious constellation, and beautiful and bright, it waves in sunshine and storm—the symbol of a nation's power and a world's hope. The American traveller who in some foreign port beholds that proud and lovely ensign fluttering from the topmast of a vessel of his nation, comprehends the full significance and eloquence of a flag. His throbbing heart and tear-brimmed eyes confess all the power of symbolism and of association. He recalls the splendid story of our annals, and thanks God that he is an American. Many are the brave men who lived and toiled and died, that the star-spangled banner might be glorious. It received its baptism of blood and fire in hours of mingled glory and gloom. In terrible land battles, in fearful engagements at sea, throughout three great wars, twice with the haughtiest power in the world, it has received the laurel of victory; and it now rallies under its folds thirty millions of freemen, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great lakes to the gulf. It sheds a lustre over the white wings of commerce from the poles to the tropics, from Jeddo to San Francisco, trailing its glories round the globe. It is a flag to live for and die for. And as yet, it is but in the infancy of its career. Who shall say over what realms that starred flag shall beam in the unseen future, either in warlike or in peaceful triumph? And who will dare to say that this glorious ensign is nothing but a bit of colored bunting? It is a nation's life.

MARRIED AT LAST.—The Gloucester News says that a couple have just been married in that town, after a courtship of thirty years! They did not act on the principle of the old Scotch proverb:

"Happy's the wooing
That's not long a-doing."

SAILOR'S BETHEL.—They are about erecting a Sailor's Bethel in New Orleans. The sailor has a natural respect for religion, and sailors would be as actively religious as landmen if they had the same opportunities and advantages.

AN ATROCIOUS MURDERER.—A Cuban mulatto, named Francisco Javier Lazo, was lately garrotted at Havana, who confessed to having murdered twenty-three persons.

Foreign Miscellany.

General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, is dead.

Six autograph letters of Sir Walter Scott were lately sold in London for \$9 each.

A minister of the Church of England lately eloped with a young female who was a convict in the work-house.

A gold nugget worth £3200 was lately found in the auriferous sands of the river Arum, in Siberia, and has been sent to St. Petersburg.

The All England Eleven are prepared to make a voyage to the antipodes with a view to competing with Austrian cricketers.

Two deaths from internal ulcers, caused by smoking tobacco, are said to have recently occurred in Normandy.

It is understood to be the intention of her majesty, that the visit of his royal highness the Prince of Wales to Canada shall take place in the early part of July next.

Carlyle is busily at work on the third and fourth volumes of his *Frederick the Great*, but has no hope of sending them to press before the next year.

The Countess of Newburgh is now the oldest member of the titled British aristocracy. She has just entered her 99th year, and her sight and memory are but very slightly impaired.

The London papers report the death of Dr. Samuel Johnson's god-daughter, in whose behalf a subscription was raised, through the influence of Mr. Carlyle and other literary gentlemen.

A subscription has been opened in Paris for the great-granddaughter of Racine, who lives in great poverty. The emperor has contributed 10,000 francs, the empress 6000 francs, and the imperial prince 6000 francs.

Each of the crew of the *Fox* has been presented by Lady Franklin with an elegant silver watch, valued at £10, bearing a suitable inscription on the outer case, and surmounted by an engraving representing the *Fox* in full sail.

Edward Bevan, well known for his efforts for the perfecting of bee culture, died recently at his residence near Hereford, in the ninetieth year of his age. His work on "*The Honey Bee*" is one of the best of its kind.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Amsterdamsche Courant* states that King Leopold, as uncle of Queen Victoria, has received an official communication of the projected marriage between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Alice.

Mr. L. M. Rothschild has purchased the Sussex Hall Library, numbering about 4000 volumes, and containing valuable Hebrew books. He has presented this to the Jew's College, and it is expected that it will be made free of access to the Jewish community.

A correspondent of the *London Daily News* states that at the recent quarter sessions at St. Albans, a poor agricultural laborer out of work was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing a few sticks from a fagot stack during the inclement weather.

The *Great Eastern* requires \$150,000 to fit her out for a voyage to America.

The population of Paris, which a hundred years ago, did not exceed 600,000, is now more than 1,800,000.

Very few iron spikes are used on British railroads, "chairs" being used for each sleeper, which are fastened with wooden tree-nails.

The French government has determined to make clothes for the army every year of peace in the same quantities as if the country was at war, for "the Empire is peace."

The Dutch government has swept away the last vestige of slavery from its East India possessions. On the 20th of September last, the institution ceased to exist.

The London papers re-affirm a rumor, that has lately been denied, that Bulwer is engaged upon a new play. In spite of all its faults, the "*Lady of Lyons*" is the living play of the present century.

Through the agency of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, the gospel is preached in more than twenty languages at 3650 places in various part of Europe, India, China, Southern and Western Africa, the West Indies, Australia, Canada and British America.

Countess Hahn-Hahn, for many years a religious recluse in a convent at Mayence, returns to the world once more, at least with her works. A new novel of hers, "*Regina Maria: a Tale of the Present Day*," is in the press, and will shortly appear.

The so-called Canadian Reform Association is urgently advocating a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of two or more provinces, with local legislatures, a central authority to administer matters common to the whole country, and a written constitution.

In Vienna a duel was lately fought across a table, with one pistol bulleted, the other blank cartridge. Somehow the bullet did not speed to its intended home, but slightly skimming the shoulder of the intended victim, rose and shattered a splendid mirror to pieces—and this was the only damage done.

The Vice Chancellor of Oxford has received £50 from a non-resident member of the University, for a prize to be given to the writer of the best English poem in rhymed verse, on "*The life, the character, and the death of the heroic seaman, Sir John Franklin, with special reference to the time, place, and discovery of his death.*"

In 1854, an officer at Sebastopol was knocked down, not by a cannon ball itself, but by the wind of it, as the ball passed near him; the commotion produced was so intense that the tongue of the officer contracted instantly, and he could not articulate a word; subsequently he was relieved by electricity.

In Russia, fires are very frequent; and, according to a recent report of the Minister of the Interior in the year 1859, not fewer than 56 churches, 333 public buildings, and 10,210 private houses, the whole of the value of 26,540,370 roubles (more than \$20,000,000), were burned down in that country. In Russia, as in the United States, the buildings are principally of wood, which accounts for the prevalence of fires.

Record of the Times.

There are two hundred letter boxes in the streets of New York.

The German Sunday papers of New York publish about fifteen thousand copies weekly.

The whole number of school districts in New Hampshire is 2392; pupils, 86,706.

The mineral production of the United States amounts to a yearly average of \$12,000,000.

Twelve and a half feet of the Spanish claim in Carson Valley, Nevada Territory, Cal., sold Dec. 29th for \$120,000.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

That exemplary man, Brigham Young, says: "I believe a man can steal, and be justified in the act." This isn't a Young doctrine, but a very old one.

The franking privilege originated in England in the year 1660. Under it, members of Parliament used to frank "entire bucks and packs of hounds."

The salt springs at Grand Rapids, Michigan, which have been recently discovered, have been ascertained, by experiment, to yield twenty-five per cent. of pure salt—that is, one barrel of water will yield one bushel of salt.

North Carolina is the greatest manufacturing State, South. In 1859 about 29,000 bales of cotton were manufactured into cloth in North Carolina, while in Georgia, "the Empire State of the South," the number of bales was 26,000.

The Los Angeles Star says that place is suffering from a scarcity of lawyers. It must resemble that country where the grasshoppers sit upon the fences and weep over the nakedness of the land!

A little church in Blairsville, Pa., has lately fallen heir to a collection of paintings, nine in number, from Munich, Germany. They comprise what are called the "Stiellenger Gallery," and are valued at \$75,000.

The Eagle Screw Company, of Providence, is one of the most valuable in New England. Very rarely does one of its shares find its way into the market. Its par value is \$500, and its market value fifteen thousand dollars.

The London Journal gives a view of Messrs. Allsopp & Son's ale brewery, at Burton-upon-Trent. They occupy fifty acres of ground for their yards, brewery, etc., which is about the area of Boston Common. One of the buildings is 400 feet long, 130 feet wide, and 60 feet high.

A Frenchman has invented what is called a barotrope, a sort of human locomotive, by which a man sits on wheels and walks himself along five miles in thirty-five minutes on the Boulevard Bazaar of Paris, at noon, when the street was most crowded.

The artesian well which is now being bored at Reading, Penn., has reached a depth of seven-teen hundred feet. The water is represented to be of a decided mineral character, and to partake largely of all the mineral qualities which distinguish the springs at Saratoga.

Washington Irving's income was \$20,000 a year.

The letters of Abolard and Heloise are the most eloquent valentines of ancient times.

Britannia ware is an alloy 85 1-2 parts tin, 10 1-2 antimony, 3 zinc, and 1 copper.

The population of Kansas, according to official returns of the assessors, is 69,950.

It is estimated that there are four millions of female snuff-takers in the United States.

A South Carolina paper notices the death of a mule, whose age was known with certainty to be sixty-two years at the time of his death.

Louisiana papers are jubilant over the prospects of a great sugar crop next year. They say that the seed canes promise to yield abundantly.

By the great South-western Railroad, recently completed, passengers from New Orleans reach New York in ninety-two hours from that place.

A mammoth elk was killed in Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin, lately, whose antlers measured over five feet and had six prongs.

Somebody, at a recent donation party, at East Haddam, Ct., generously presented the minister with a \$3 counterfeit bill.

The population of Georgia, according to the census for 1859, is 1,024,000, of whom 573,716 are whites, and 443,745 slaves. The representative population is 884,597.

The present Catholic population of Philadelphia is estimated at 130,000, for the accommodation of which there are seventy-eight Catholic churches.

From recently published data, it seems that in Lima, Peru, there are forty-five shocks of earthquakes a year. Agitation is the order of the day there.

The highest spire in America is that of Trinity Church—Gothic—New York, 284 feet. The twin spires of Cologne Cathedral will each be, when completed, 500 feet high.

It would be a great advantage to some school-masters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils, and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.

The learned Baron Leibig has been appointed by the King of Bavaria, President of the Academy of Science. The baron is as busy as usual, and has just addressed a letter to M. Mechi on the subject of sewerage.

Nicholas Longworth, of Catawba wine notoriety, has now in his cellar four hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine. When it is remembered that there are two or three other large wine manufacturers in Cincinnati, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the grape is cultivated in that vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Annin, residing near the High Bridge of the New Jersey Central Railroad, are supposed to be the largest couple in this country. The gentleman's weight is 700 pounds, and the lady's weight 500. Mr. Annin's age is about 45, and Mrs. Annin's about 40. It requires six yards of cassimere for Mr. Annin's pants, and nine yards for a coat. He and his wife keep a public house at a place called Peg's Pebble.

Merry-Making.

A grocer in a neighboring city says that a lady recently applied to him for a pound of *oblong* tea.

The freedom of the city signifies, in modern terms, the right to a lodging in the station-house.

Weekly doses of wash-boards are recommended to young ladies troubled with dyspepsia.

A vicious man is *gross*, but the trafficker in butter, cheese, eggs and potatoes is a *grocer*.

What class of people bear a name meaning "I can't improve?" Mendicant (mend I can't).

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to the schoolmaster when he gave him a thrashing.

The old fogey who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

Two men out West undertook to see which would run the fastest. One was a sheriff and the other was a thief.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said, when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

Why is a clergyman about concluding an eloquent discourse like a little boy with ragged garments? Because he's tor'd his close!

A thief broke into a grocer's ware-house, and on trial excused himself on the plea that he merely went in there to *take tea*.

A young lady recently married a farmer, and on visiting the cow-house, asked the servant—"which cow is it that gives the butter-milk?"

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

A little child said to his father, with an earnest countenance: "I know how to fire the guns of earth, but who is tall enough to touch off thunder?"

A man swallowed an ounce and a half of sulphuric acid, and then complained that he didn't feel well. He should have repeated the dose for a permanent cure.

"Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a person of an adherent of Red Jacket, at the settlement near Cattaraugus. "No," said the sturdy savage, "I *whiskey* Indian."

Jenkins says his brother, who edits a paper out West, is doing first-rate. He has had two new hats within the last three years. Jenkins is inclined to put on airs.

Many persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a rich man who bought a splendid library, and signed the contract *with his mark*.

"Is Mr. Tibbs a slow man, that you never associate with him?" "Mr. Tibbs, my love, is slow as the clock in the Court of Chancery, which takes an hour and twenty minutes to strike one."

The boy at the head of the class will state what were the Dark Ages of the world? Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Jones, can you tell me what the Dark Ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented."

What is most like a horse's shoe? A mare's. Beer-brewers must be very miserable men. They are *ale-ing* continually.

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

Two of the greatest fools in society are the money borrower and the money lender.

How can an heiress be homely, if she "comes down handsome?" asks the Boston Post.

Laziness is like an old shoe—very comfortable, but of no value to its owner or anybody else.

An harangue in Parliament or Congress, in favor of declaring war, may be called a *war-rant*.

A terrible bore—the bore of the Armstrong gun.

Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it's in constant.

When you cut six inches off a walking stick how long is it? Six inches shorter.

Bow to destiny; one of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

Physicians' prescriptions are now called death warrants in Latin.

In these days of crinoline, the world of fashion is truly "a wide, wide world."

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make sunshine for yourself.

Why should lawyers be classed as members of the feminine gender? Because they are *fee-males*.

How is it proved Noah did not come first out of the ark? Because the Bible says he came *forth*.

"Done it on my own hook" is now rendered "Executed the responsibility on my own personal curve."

A pretty face and handsome dressing, often make a great *belle*; but the enraged bull sometimes makes a great *beller*.

The man who tried to steep the bark of a dog in the waters of eternal youth, is now endeavoring to invoke the muse of a cat.

When may a butler of the olden time be said to have discharged his master? When he gave him the sack.

• Oftentimes at an election a political party rolls up its sleeves to roll up a majority, and after the election simply rolls up its eyes.

A punster passing by the shop of Mr. Taswell, observed that his name would be *As-Well* without the T.

Two men out West undertook to see which would run the fastest. One was a sheriff and the other was a thief.

An editor down South apologizes for a delay in the issue of his paper, as he had an extra "male" to attend to this week.

Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is almost certain that Shakspeare was a broker, no one having furnished more stock quotations than he.

One of the candidates for a municipal office is claimed to be *personally* very popular. From the liberal manner in which he "pays out," we have no doubt he is daily gaining much popularity, *purse-onally*.

THE MILITARY CAREER OF SPLAYKINS.



Splaykins, whose figure is universally admired,



Joins the military, as he considers the uniform just calculated to adorn him;



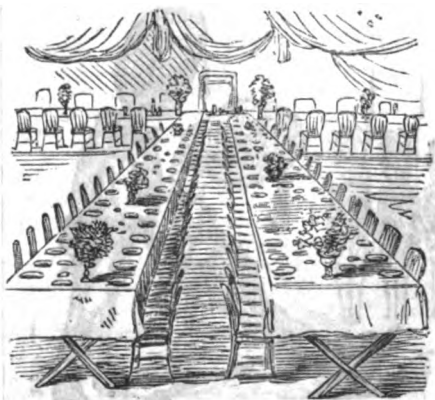
Besides which it looks well in a ball-room,



As also on parade.



And after the initiation drink and



Collation, the dues are merely nominal.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Does not, however, get along very well at drill—the musket occasionally dropping on his toes.



His file-leader's heels are always in the way in marching,



And the fire-lock kicks so hard as to knock him down when it goes off.



He makes a grand parade on the Fourth of July, and proves too much for the captain.



The Fourth proves too much for him, and he retires from active service,



Regretted by the whole company.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.—No. 6.

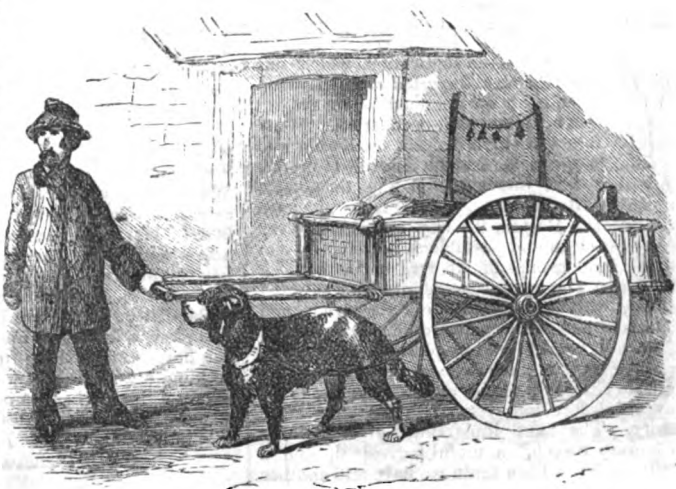
BOSTON, JUNE, 1860.

WHOLE No. 66.

NEW YORK STREET CHARACTERS.

In the illustrated department of the *Dollar Magazine* for the present month we propose to follow up a theme upon which we have more than once before engaged both pen and pencil for our pages. If we were not to write a single line in explanation of the engravings for this number, their expressive truthfulness would tell their own story. To persons familiar with street life in the great metropolis of America, we need not commend them as copies from actual scenes in the streets of New York. It is a prolific theme, that of the various itinerant masses of our city streets. This class is as strongly individualized as those of any European cities; indeed, many of these representatives are from abroad, bringing their old vagrant habits and business with them. City life gives rise to a multitudinous variety of occupations unknown to quiet inland towns; occupations that to an uninformed person would seem entirely without profit or reason, are, by persistent industry and necessity, rendered a means of support. It would appear at least a problem to our country friends as to whether an adult could pick up in the streets a sufficient weight of bits of rags and paper during twelve hours of the twenty-four to pay for the necessary food which is required to keep soul and body together. Yet it is a fact that there are many persons in every one of our Atlantic cities who make a thrifty living by this seemingly precarious means. Indeed we know of one individual, who is a daily visitor through Winter Street, by our office, who has money in the savings bank, and who has made what is to him a small

fortune, and a decent living by this sole occupation. Everything is saved by these—what the French call—*chiffonniers*, bits of rags, paper, chips, old iron, all are tumbled into their ample canvass bags together, to be assorted in their humble quarters at night, and sold to the junk dealers, and paper makers, while the chips supply all of fuel that they permit themselves to consume. Each party thus employed has his or her particular route through the streets, and they generally pass over it at least three times each day, always with keen eyes fixed upon the ground, and sometimes being rewarded by picking up lost articles of considerable value. The party above referred to, told us, not long since, that a sixpenny loaf of bread morning and night daily sufficed him through the year, with an occasional chance meal procured by performing an errand, or by some other means, and that two shillings a week supplied him with lodgings! All he procured over this amount he saved, and he had nearly three hundred dollars in the



THE DOG CART.

savings bank. Of course his clothing was the cast off garments he picked up here and there, and the gift of charitable passers-by. Scarcely without an exception these people are foreigners, and some of them have seen "better days." In New York, especially, one is surprised to see the number of Chinese who are to be met at the corners of the streets, as beggars, or venders of cigars, or other trifling articles. How came these "celestials" so far from home? What a romance in fact their individual lives would illustrate. A fact is still in our recollection of seeing in Broadway, New York, some few years since, a ragged and careworn individual, picking up bits of coal from the ashes cast out of the dwelling houses, and filling a small basket with the same, who was known to have been an officer at one time in good standing in the Polish army. The sequel to his story, however, was comprised in a single word—*rum*—for the coals he picked up after hours of laborious and humiliating labor, he would receive, perhaps, enough to procure forgetfulness in a poisonous cup of liquor. Poor fellow, he has since died at Blackwell's Island, a pauper. Some, on the contrary, are sober and industrious; here and there, sad sight, will be observed young lads, and girls, who might be made good and useful, and even "ornamental," so to speak; some dutifully contributing to home support for aged parents or invalid brothers and sisters. Ah, the unwritten stories of actual life, the heroes and heroines of which are daily before our eyes! But let us go on to describe the several scenes which our artist has depicted for the reader's satisfaction.—Our first picture represents a "picker up of unconsidered trifles," with his well-furnished hand cart and canine assistant. The dog is well trained, and is of no small assistance in propelling the load. This little "turn out" is not the least picturesque of those to be met with in this live city, where the wheels of vitality never rest, and where there is scarce one silent hour in the twenty-four. The second engraving represents the "Vender of Kindlings." The pyramid supported on the back of the sturdy youth is composed of kindling stuff, which yields a very handsome percentage of profit to the vender. The street sweeper is our next illustration—an innovation which our New York friends have imported from London and Paris—she holds out her hand for the trifling recompense of her unenviable occupation. Many a dainty white kid glove drops a small coin into the palm in gratitude for the unsoiled French boots that have just achieved the formidable passage of Broadway. We do these things a little better in Boston, the city authorities keep the streets clean and passable at all hours by employing large groups of laborers under especial direction. The next scene represents a girl and woman, who are dealers in old glass, rags, and all sorts of miscellaneous wares they ferret out of old barrels, kennels and by-places. The "Chinese Beggar" is the theme of the next engraving. He sits at the foot of a flight of steps, and a playcard before him sets forth his appeal for charity. The next illustration gives us the "Chimney Sweep," a useful individual, and a thrifty trader. Then again we have still another representative of the flowery land, vending his cigars, and true to his national pigtail. The

illustration which succeeds, the last, represents the "Omnibus Driver," a New York "institution." These various phases of life tell their own story, and furnish a complete illustration of the diversified modes of labor for obtaining the means of sustenance which the necessities of men call into play. How true is the axiom, "one half of the world know not how the other half live." This series of engravings will beautify our volume and gratify our subscribers.

THE RIGHT BIRD.

Old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practised medicine, found the fees and calls did not come fast enough to please him, so he added an apothecary shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for a while with a comical look, and then exclaimed: "Och, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine! But there's something a little bit wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ay, yes," replied the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm after thinking there's another kind of bird would be more appropriate."

"And what's that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he is one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries, 'Quack, quack, quack!'"

The last that was seen of Pat and the doctor, was Pat running for dear life and the doctor after him.—*Woburn Budget.*

THE CURATE'S COW.

Solomon Grisdale, curate of Merrington, who was very poor, and had a numerous family, lost his only cow. Mr. Surtees determined to raise a subscription for another cow, and waited on the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry (the late Earl Cornwallis) then Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes of Merrington, to ask what he would give. "Give?" said his lordship, "why a cow to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to Woodfield, my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Mr. Surtees, who had not expected above a five pound note at most, exclaimed, "My lord, I hope you'll ride to heaven upon the back of that cow!" A while afterwards he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington, with, "Surtees, what is this absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply. "When the dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of you Prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."—*New York Picayune.*

Brave deeds are no more useful in lost battles, than gold in shipwrecks.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA.**A Story of the Mountain Passes of North Wales.**

BY C. L. FENTON, M. D.

I HAD been so entranced with the majestic and romantic beauty of the scenery that a storm, which I had noticed an hour before, gathering in the horizon, overtook me before I was aware of it. I was fairly in for a drenching, if nothing worse, but if darkness should come on before I succeeded in finding a place of shelter, there was every probability that I should be compelled to pass the night among the woods which covered the mountain passes.

I must explain that I was travelling for pleasure in North Wales, and having been much delighted with the romantic aspect of the country in the vicinity of the Berwyn Mountains, I had taken up my temporary abode at an isolated farmhouse in the vale of the Upper Severn. The fine weather in the morning had tempted me to take a longer walk than usual, and I had wandered on, still climbing uphill, until I gained one of the loftiest pinnacles of Plynlimmon, where I had remained to rest myself and to admire the prospect, till my watch and the cravings of hunger warned me that it was high time to commence the descent, and plod my weary way back to the farmhouse. It was just as I had reached the base of the steep ascent, that I was overtaken by the storm, and if a stranger to this thinly populated district of North Wales chance to make a mistake and take the wrong pass—and all are much alike—he may wander for miles and see no sign of a human dwelling. Thus it chanced with me in this instance, and just as it became dark, I discovered that I had lost my way among the mountains. I was so utterly bewildered that I knew not how to act. If I stood still, I should perish with cold; if I walked onward, every step, for aught I knew, might carry me still further out of my way, and I stood the chance of being inextricably lost. Happily, after a while the storm ceased, the sky cleared, and the moon shed a faint light over the scene, though so thickly interlaced were the branches of the forest trees, that his feeble rays could scarcely penetrate them, and her light did me little service.

I had wandered about for more than an hour, and had just reluctantly made up my mind to select the most sheltered spot I could find, to wrap myself up in my cloak and lie down, and make myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, till daylight, when I fancied I heard a cracking of the underwood, and a rattling of the leaves in the thicket near by.

Now, as I had no other weapon of offence or defence with me, than a stout crab-stick, I acknowledged that I felt a faint fluttering at the heart. To be sure, I knew that there were no more formidable wild beasts to be found in Wales, than foxes and wild-cats, still I had no fancy to feel the sharp claws and sharper fangs of the latter animal fastened into my throat; and I had heard tales, how, when thinking themselves driven to bay, wild-cats were often known to fly at travellers and to inflict dangerous, and sometimes



THE VENDER OF KINDLINGS.

fatal wounds. But more than either foxes, or wildcats, or wolves, had there been any in the woods, I dreaded the sudden attack of robbers, for it was at the period when the Rebecca-ites, and other secret societies of a political character, were numerous throughout Wales, and especially in the northern counties, and it was known that bands of robbers, and men of bad character, had joined these societies in vast numbers, hoping to shield themselves from the consequences of their depredations, under the somewhat equivocal protection thus afforded them. I resolved, therefore, carefully to reconnoitre before I made my presence known, unless, indeed, I had been already seen.

I remained perfectly still, concealing myself as much as possible behind the trunk of a huge oak, for I heard the crackling, rustling sound nearer and nearer. Presently, to my great surprise, there emerged from the thicket, and stood in the open space directly before me, fully revealed by the moonlight, which was here unshrouded by the leafy canopy that in many places obscured its rays—no wild beast, no savage robber, but a young woman of three or four-and-twenty, clad in a broad-brimmed man's hat, and full, short petticoat, and other picturesque accessories of a Welsh female peasant's costume. Her form was tall and slender, but remarkably well-proportioned, her attire showing her well-rounded limbs, and neat ankles and feet to great advantage. Her light hair fell in great abundance over her shoulders, reaching down to the small of her back, and neatly braided and tied with gay ribbons, according to the custom amongst Welsh maidens. Her features were regular, and their expression decidedly prepossessing, though her complexion was of an unearthly pallor; but this might have been occasioned by the moonlight, which shone full in her face, as she gazed earnestly into the distance, as if she were anxiously watching for some person's approach.

Had I come on hersuddenly, and seen her standing statue-like, as she now stood, I might possibly have taken her for an apparition, although I am not prone to believe in the supernatural; but I had had evidence of her material substance in the rustling of the leaves and crackling of the underwood as she emerged from the thicket. Still, I could not but think, it strange to meet with a young woman at so late an hour, in so lonely a spot, so distant, as I believed, from any human habitation. While I was doubting whether to accost her or not, and thinking how I should make my presence known without alarming her, she suddenly turned aside, cast down her eyes, and exclaimed, with a deep-drawn sigh, expressive of painful and yet long-endured disappointment:

"O dear, will he never come?" Presently she added, more hopefully: "He will surely come to-morrow." And gathering her shawl about her shoulders, she moved a few steps towards the thicket where she had emerged into the clearing, when she caught a glimpse of my shadow, extending, through lack of caution on my part, beyond that cast by the trunk of the tree behind which I had concealed myself.

She uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, turned round, saw my figure, and springing forward, flung herself into my arms, exclaiming:

"Ah, Dávid! it was cruel to stay away so long, and then to surprise me thus. But I forgive you, since you have come at last."

The next moment she had fainted in my embrace, her arms twined around my neck, her hands clasped, and her head resting upon my shoulder.

Here was a pretty predicament to be caught in! With considerable difficulty I unloosed her hands, and laid her down gently on a heap of fallen leaves, which I had collected to make my bed upon for the night. Fortunately I had with me a small flask of brandy and water, and I poured a few drops of the fluid into her mouth, and not knowing what else to do, commenced to rub her hands vigorously. Happily she soon revived, and after gasping for breath once or twice, opened her eyes and gave utterance to a faint sigh.

"Do you feel better?" I asked, in as gentle a tone as possible. My voice caused her to start. She re-opened her eyes, which were gently closing again, and gazed into my face as if bewildered; then, with a faint cry of alarm, she struggled to raise herself, but finding herself too weak, she sunk back, her heart palpitating violently with affright. I spoke to her kindly, and sought to quiet her fears.

"Let me go away," she said. "Pray assist me to rise." And a deep blush suffused her pale cheeks, as she added:

"I was sadly mistaken, I thought you were David."

"No," I replied, "I am not David—but I am ready and willing to serve you to the extent of my power. Let me assist you?" And I succeeded in raising her to her feet.

"How came you here at this hour?" she continued. "Who are you? I know every neighbor for miles around, and I have never seen your face before."

"I might repeat your first question," I said, with a smile. "I am not a native of this country, but am travelling here for pleasure. I am now staying at Farmer Wynn's at Dwggyrn Hill (pronouncing the barbarous collection of consonants and semi-vowels, as well as my Saxon organs of speech would permit), and having climbed to-day to the summit of Plynlimmon, I was overtaken by the storm, and lost my way during my descent. I have wandered in the woods for hours, and at length, thinking that I was far distant from any human habitation, I had made up my mind to sleep in the woods till daylight, when at that moment you emerged from the thicket near by. I presume, however, since I have met with you, that there must be a farmhouse or perhaps a village near at hand."

This explanation appeared to satisfy the young woman. The expression of wildness which I had remarked when I looked closely into her face, gradually left it, and after passing her hand once or twice over her brow, she said, as if communing with herself:

"Yes, I should not have come abroad so late. I might have known he would not come to-night. But he will come to-morrow."

Then addressing me, she added: "Don't you think David will come to-morrow?"

I had made up my mind that the poor young woman was a monomaniac with regard to some

matter, the nature of which, alas, I readily surmised, and thinking it best to humor her fancy, I replied:

"O yes. I have no doubt you will see him to-morrow."

"But do you *really* think so?" she said, looking pitifully up into my face. "That is what they all tell me. That is what something ever whispers in my ear—but to-morrow and to-morrow comes and goes, and still *he* comes not."

I made no reply, and the poor thing continued: "Ah, you too try to deceive me, as well as the rest. Ah me! Sometimes I fancy myself that my poor wits have gone astray, and that all this

watching is for naught, and that he will never come to me, but I must go to him in the heaven above, where perhaps he is waiting as anxiously for me. But come," she added, "it will not do for us to remain here. My mother's cot is not far off. I will lead you thither, and from thence I can easily show you the way to Dwggynn Hill. It is only two miles distant. You can soon walk that."

She led the way through the thicket, and then taking my arm confidently, led me along a narrow path which skirted the wood, to her mother's cottage—a small wooden dwelling standing in a little well-kept garden, and the only habitation in sight. A neatly-clad, elderly woman was standing at the garden-gate. She was evidently anxiously awaiting her daughter's return. She started when she saw by whom she was accompanied, and looking earnestly into my face, shook her head gravely, as she asked the young woman where she stayed so long.

The maiden replied that she had been to the clearing, thinking that David might come. (I noticed that the old lady glanced at me with a beseeching, pitying look, as much as to say, "Respect my poor child's misfortune.") And the daughter explained that I was a stranger who was staying with Farmer

Wynn, and had lost my way in the mountain pass, when she encountered me.

They both directed me to a path, which led by a short cut to Dwggynn Hill, and the old woman brought me a bowl of goat's milk, which I found very refreshing. They then bade me good night, and following the directions they had given me, I was soon resting my tired limbs beneath Farmer Wynn's hospitable roof. I related my adventure while Dame Wynn was preparing supper, and asked for some information respecting the young woman, who was known to both the farmer and his wife.

"Ah, poor Mary Morgan!" said the farmer. "It's a thousand pities! There is not a better, and before her sorrow came, there was not a prettier lass on the mountain side than Mary. David Jones, sir, was her sweetheart, and as fine and manly a chap as ever stood at the plough-tail, till he joined the 'Daughters of Rebecca.' He is dead, sir, long, long ago. He was—but I cannot tell the story. I knew the lad well, and it always makes me sad to think on't. Poor Mary is sensible enough in aught else; but she is waiting for



THE STREET-SWEEPER.

David to return. Poor soul! she has waited three long years, and every day she hopes he will come to-morrow. Every day she goes to the place where they parted, expecting to see him coming up the clearing; but she may wait till the day of judgment."

"I should like to hear her history," I said.

"Master Davis the curate will tell it to you better than I can, if you ask him to-morrow," returned the farmer. "The parson know'd 'em both, and he's very good to poor Mary and her mother."

I was forced to be content and wait for the morrow myself, when I resolved to call upon the curate, with whom I had already made acquaintance, and ask him to relate to me poor Mary's sad story. The next day I met the curate while on my way to the parsonage. He was a handsome, venerable old gentleman, who, for the small stipend of thirty pounds a year, had presided for more than forty years over the spiritual welfare of the parishioners of Dwggyrn Hill and the adjoining parishes, until he had grown old and gray in his Master's service. He was almost worshipped by the simple, honest peasantry, most of whom he had known from the cradle, and christened and confirmed with his own hands. I greeted him, and strolled along by his side, and soon found an opportunity to broach the subject of my curiosity.

"Ah, poor Mary Morgan!" sighed the curate, when I had related my adventure in the clearing. "I have known her, poor thing! and I knew her sweetheart, David Jones, ever since they drew their first breath. I christened them both, and I was at Caernarvon when poor David suffered. I prayed with him at the last moment, and I hope and believe he died truly penitent. It is a long, sad story, sir. Let us sit down on this grassy mound. I begin to feel my legs totter with weakness when I have walked for a short time, though I once thought nothing of clambering over Plynlimmon and preaching at Cwdd-Gwnys on Sunday, after having already preached at Dwggyrn Hill—but old age will tell upon us all. I shall be ninety-five next birthday!"

So the venerable old man and I seated ourselves upon the grassy mound, and he told the following story:

"The parents of David Jones and Mary Morgan were both farmers, and like most of the farmers in this part of the country, they were poor, yet independent so far as the ability to supply all their simple wants were concerned, and David and Mary were both only children. I, who make it a point of duty to know intimately every individual amongst my few but widely-scattered flock, and so far as God permits me to guide them in their spiritual duties, was always pleased with my pastoral visits to these families, and as the children grew up, I was glad to perceive the growing fondness of the young people for each other. David grew up to be a handsome, manly fellow, and Mary when she had reached her seventeenth year was one of the prettiest, as well as one of the best young women in the united parishes of Dwggyrn and Cwdd-Gwnys, and I looked forward with pleasure to the day when I should perform the marriage ceremony between them. I hoped when they became man and wife, the influence of

Mary's gentle sway would curb the only tendency to wildness I had ever remarked in David. This was a partiality for field-sports, which sometimes led him to transgress the law of the land by poaching. I knew that Mary had often begged him to desist from the practice, and he had promised to do so, and kept his promise until again led astray by the ill example and persuasions of others. At length the time arrived when David and Mary were to be married, and as their parents' farms adjoined each other, it was arranged that the young folks should reside alternately with both their parents, and that the young man should assist in the cultivation of both farms on equal shares. About this time the various secret societies, of which the 'Daughters of Rebecca' was the most numerous and influential, began to be formed throughout the country. There were doubtless many honestly-disposed, but ill-advised men belonging to these societies, formed for the redress by secret force of various social and political grievances, but the majority of the members were the idle and dissolute young men of the county, who had all to gain and nothing to lose. I don't know by what means, but doubtless through the influence of old companions whom he had been associated with in his various poaching expeditions, David Jones was induced to enroll his name amongst the 'Daughters of Rebecca.'*

"Great was the distress of the old folks, but greater still that of Mary, when they and she heard that David had leagued himself with this outlawed band, and Mary at length obtained her lover's promise that as soon as they were married he would quit the order. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, the proprietor of the Jones's and Morgan's farms, though a kind and generous landlord, was especially obnoxious to the 'Daughters of Rebecca,' in consequence of his determination to uphold the right of property, and his rigid resolve to visit all those who were caught in the act of infringing those rights with the severest penalties of the law; consequently poor Mary's distress was all the greater, lest Sir Watkin should hear that David had united himself with this illegal body.

"Meanwhile turnpikes were torn down and burnt, and their keepers abused and beaten, and in more than one instance, murdered; and sometimes the country for miles around, was illuminated by the light from blazing barns and granaries, which were set on fire because their owners upheld, or, at least, refused to oppose, the action of the authorities. Troops were called to protect the magistrates in the execution of their duties; frequent collisions took place between the soldiers and the outlaws, and it was a period of terror and disaster to the well disposed throughout that section of the principality. It wanted, however, but two days of the time appointed for the wedding, and poor Mary rejoiced that the

*The secret society known as "The Daughters of Rebecca," was established to oppose by violent, though secret efforts, the heavy tax on the roads in North Wales, created by the numerous turnpikes. The members, who disguised themselves in women's clothes and blackened their faces, were sworn to destroy all turnpikes, and to burn the property of those who upheld the laws. They were also sworn to implicit obedience to the rulers of the society. After committing many depredations they were at length dispersed, and the leaders hanged or transported.

time was so near at hand when David, who she knew would be true to his promise, would leave the society forever.

"David and Mary were to be married the day before Christmas. On the night of the 23d December, Mary sat pensive and alone by the cottage fire. Restless and anxious, she glanced often from the flaming hearth to the window of the room; and a moment listening with deep anxiety, would relapse again into her musing. It was ten o'clock. The Welsh peasantry go early to bed and rise early; her parents had been asleep for nearly two hours. After long waiting, she at length arose from her seat, softly opened the door, and looked forth into the night. An air of wildness about the girl, added to the simplicity of her attire, and the strongly illuminated loneliness of the house, imparted a shade of the romantic to her situation. Fitful gusts of wind passed before her face, ruffling her hair, and chilling her slight frame with a sense of something

fearful, and whispering as they passed a melancholy language.

"He will not come to-night," muttered the maiden, as, shuddering, she cautiously closed the door and returned to her position by the fire. 'No, he will not come to-night.'

"Still she sat and watched—a dreary, anxious, uncertain time. At length a shrill, low whistle was heard amid the howling of the wind, and the girl sprang up, exclaiming, faintly:

"Ah! he *has* come at last."

"She moved swiftly to the door, lifted the latch, and stood waiting in the doorway. Presently a well known voice said, 'Mary.'

"David," returned the girl, in a quiet, gentle tone, and the next moment they were standing side by side, and the maiden's head was resting on the young man's bosom. In the delight of that moment, she forgot the long, weary hours of waiting. The glory of his presence extinguished all the darkness which had oppressed her mind.



THE STREET SCRAP-GATHERER.

"Mary," said the youth, after they had stood for some time silent, 'to-morrow I am to call you mine. I have waited long and risked much to meet you to-night, according to my promise, which I never break. After to-morrow I shall not quit your side again. I can remain now but a minute. It is late.'

"But you go only to your father's house, near by?" cried Mary, in a tone of anxiety, for she guessed his meaning, and dreaded his reply.

"Mary," he said, 'I am pledged to rejoin the society to-night. There is work on hand. They will suspect me of treachery if I flinch from my sworn duties. But it is for the last time. I have told them all, and with difficulty have obtained permission to quit the order. It proves how much they trust me,' he added, in a tone of pride.

"David," said the girl, 'I have been much troubled to-night, as I sat brooding over the fire. I have had strange forebodings. I am sure the doings of the society are very, very wicked, and I fear some evil is hovering over us. Don't go back to-night; don't, for my sake; if you love me, David! Why not leave them forever, to-night, as well as to-morrow?'

"Because they have my promise."

"David," said the girl, beseechingly, 'if you love me you will not go!'

"I do love you, Mary. God knows how dearly; but I must go. It's only for this time. I am pledged to go to-night; but I will go no more after this. There, now you have my promise, so dry your tears and let me see you smile."

"Pledged—to—go—for—the last time!" said the girl, slowly, and almost wildly, with a strange intonation of voice. 'No, no,' she added, quickly, seizing him by the arm and dragging him further into the room. 'David,' she almost shrieked, 'you shall not go to-night!'

"Mary," replied the youth, 'willingly, gladly would I stay away. I was a fool to join them. I was ignorant in a great measure of their object. I like not the work that we have to do to-night, and would avoid it; but I have with the utmost difficulty obtained permission to leave them. To-night I stand pledged to rejoin them; but in a few hours our task will be done. The place of our rendezvous is close at hand. Go sleep, dear Mary. Early on the morrow I will be with you, once more a freeman, to claim my bride.'

"The light at this moment shone on the barrel of David's gun, which he had placed near the door on entering the cottage, unseen by Mary. Now she saw it."

"David," she cried, 'you carry fire-arms. There is mischief, deadly mischief, on hand. I have heard something of vengeance being sworn against Sir Watkin's gamekeepers. It is what you are going to seek after. David, it will be murder. The men have only done their duty. O, stay, stay! For pity's sake; for my sake! For our happiness and hopes of heaven, go not abroad beyond your father's cot to-night!'

"Dearest Mary, my honor is pledged," was the young man's solemn reply.

"The lovers still stood lingering. David would, how gladly, have remained behind, and left his companions to go on their mission of destruction and vengeance alone. Mary still clung to him and earnestly begged him to stay;

when suddenly both were startled by the sound of fire-arms, followed by a wild and piercing cry, which though but faintly heard, apparently proceeded from the plantations in Sir Watkin's park, a quarter of a mile distant.

"The youth was instantly reminded of his pledge. Confused and horrified, and under the impression that something dreadful had happened, he hastily kissed the cheek of the affrighted damsel by his side, snatched his gun and darted away, crying:

"Mary, I am too late already. I go to prevent mischief, if possible. Remember to-morrow I return to leave you no more."

"Stay, David, stay!" shrieked the young girl. Stay! murder stalks abroad. I will denounce you if you do not stay."

"But he upon whom she called was already out of hearing of her voice, and flinging her arms above her head, and claspings her hands, she shrieked aloud, and in a fit of dread and anguish, fell senseless to the floor."

"The noise awoke her parents who were sleeping in an adjoining room. They sprang out of bed and came to see what had happened. They raised the unconscious girl, but their united efforts failed to restore her, and having carried her to bed, they remained through the night watching her, as she lay like one that was dead. Hour after hour passed by, and still there was no sign of returning consciousness. The closed eyes did not open, the blanched cheek recovered not its bloom, and the unnerved arm lay powerless. There was no discernible heaving of the bosom; no sensible motion of the pulse; a cold dew rested upon her forehead, and the cast and solemnity of death overshadowed her still lineaments, and save that the limbs were not rigid, nor as yet cold, there was nothing to betray the presence of life. She lay thus in a trance for several hours, and woke at last in a raging fever."

"Meanwhile David Jones, guided by a vivid conflagration, which shortly burst forth, deepening the darkness and obscurity around, hastened toward the spot where the occasional discharge of fire-arms was still heard. Striking his way through the wood, he had not proceeded far when he discovered that the conflagration was caused by the burning of the house of Sir Watkin's head farm-bailiff. The house and the adjacent barns, outhouses and stables were wrapped in flames."

"In a few minutes he reached the scene of the outrage. The conflict had apparently ceased; but he heard the murmur of gruff voices, mingled with what seemed to be the groans of a dying man. Pressing forward, he came upon a group of disguised and blackened 'Daughters of Rebecca,' who were standing or stooping around the body of one of their members who appeared to be fatally wounded, while two others of the society lay stark dead beside the farm-bailiff—also dead—a short distance off."

"The dying Rebeccait was a mere lad—a friend of David's, who like himself, had been unwillingly persuaded to join the order, nay, who had only joined it because David had done so. Poor lad; but for its black stain, his smooth face and youthful, regular features would not have ill-become the feminine habiliments he wore in compliance with the rules of the society."



THE CHINESE BEGGAR.

"Enraged, and forgetful, or rather heedless of all consequences, David's instant impulse was to avenge his friend's death, for that the lad was dying was evident. He was already clenching at the earth, and tearing up the roots of decayed grass, in his death agony.

"David forgot that in his hurry he had not resumed his woman's attire, nor re-blackened his face, which he had washed before presenting himself to Mary, and was consequently easily recognized, by the under bailiffs and constables who were hastening to the scene of riot, and were already there in concealment behind the trees.

"One of the under-bailiffs he perceived standing in the shadow of the wood, engaged in re-loading his gun; the excited youth surmised that this must have been the man who had fired the fatal shot: and acting upon such a hasty and desperate conviction, almost before he was perceived by his own party, he pointed and discharged his gun at the unguarded bailiff. He saw his victim fall, but staid to see no more. Stricken with terror at the action, he turned and fled straightway from the spot. At this moment a whole posse of constables arrived, and the Rebbeccaes fled in confusion, leaving the dead and dying on the ground,

'Friend and foe, in one red burial blent.'

"David had been seen and recognized, but before any one could seize him he was gone; escaped beyond their reach.

"Away he fled, through wood and tangled brake, with the hounds of fear following on his track; heedless of all obstacles, onward he went, he recked not whither—onward for his life!

"At daybreak he found himself in a bleak and rugged country, and he sat him down on the

skirts of a wood to rest. As he sat the sun rose red and fiery from the east; clothed, as his excited fancy pictured, with frowns, like one who came to proclaim himself the avenger of the slain, and he remembered the doom of Cain the first murderer, and how he became a vagabond and a fugitive on earth, and carried with him the sign of his guiltiness engraved on his forehead.

"How changed it was with him, he thought! But yesterday—though not guiltless, or unstained by sin, he was yet free from the curse of any deadly crime; and now, at the dawn of another day, he sat, a conscience-stricken murderer—a wretch upon whose head any man might set a price!

"In his darkness, and remorse, and fear, he looked back upon his former life, and saw, or seemed to see, how that all that was black and base in it might have been otherwise, and he a free and happy man. He thought of his early youth, from childhood upward; of his early and growing love for Mary; of her beauty, goodness and purity. Ah, her goodness and purity! By the dread act of the past night, he had interposed a barrier between himself and her forever!

"Why had he not listened to her earnest pleading? She seemed to him to have been his good angel, who would and might have saved him had he not refused to hearken to her pleadings, and now she was lost to him forever.

"He recollected how at one time in his life he had suffered from fearful dreams, and how on awakening, quaking with terror, he had rejoiced to discover that they were only dreams. O, that he could now awaken and find that the horror of the past night was but a dream! But no. Too surely it was undeniable reality. He felt on his soul the weight of a damnable, inexpiable crime; the cry of the avenger of blood was in his ears, and that cry he felt would never be hushed until vengeance was accomplished!

"Still he must arise and strive to elude the pursuing steps of the avenger. So he arose and wandered on for many miles heavily, halting, aimless. So for days he wandered on, with the remorseless curse of Cain upon his brow. His ruddy cheek grew pale and ghastly; his black hair turned gray with dread; his step lost its lightness and vigor. So he rambled on, purposeless, aimless, shunning the habitations of his fellow-men; his sole companions the demons born of his own remorse.

"Days passed. How many he knew not; he had lost all sense of time. The sun rose and set, the nights and days came and were gone, all unheeded by him. A dull apathy came over him, and at last he grew utterly reckless and careless of life; still he would not, if he could avoid it, die by the hands of the executioners. Hunger often forced him to ask charity to support the life he cared not to sustain; but he only sought it of the poorest of the people; and these, even these, pitied his wretched aspect, and gave him of their store; and men shook their heads and sighed, and women wept with compassion as they marked his premature decay, and mothers pressed their infants to their bosoms, and uttered a prayer to Heaven, that their babe might die

rather than it should ever become such as he.

"At last he came to a great city. It was Liverpool; but he cared not to know its name. He walked through the crowded streets, purposeless, aimless as before. All he saw was a confused diversity of faces, a vast multitude of human beings engaged in the pursuit of pleasure and of business; but he felt, with bitterness indescribable, that *he* had nothing in common with *them*.

"He roamed throughout the day from street to street, and at night, in rags and penniless, starving with hunger and cold, and fainting with weariness, he flung himself down on a doorstep, and all wretched as he was, sleep, which brings rest and relief to all, however wretched, came to him, and he slept heavily and—dreamless.

"It was here and thus the avenger found him. The rumor of a murder spreads quickly, and all the particulars of his case had reached the police stations some days before he arrived. He awoke suddenly, beneath the glare of a strong light. A policeman was standing over him, with the bull's-eye of his dark lantern turned full upon his face, comparing his features and garments with some printed descriptions he held in his hand.

"The desperate man sprang up and strove to run, but the stranger seized him, and summoning assistance, led him away to meet a charge which he knew there was no answering. Remorse-stricken, miserable, forsaken of God and man, there could be but one ending to this tragedy.

"In the course of one week he was identified, tried, found guilty and condemned. Then it was," interposed the curate, "that I heard of his capture and his doom, went to Liverpool, and remained with him till the day of his death, and I trust, as I have said before, that he died truly penitent, and in the full hope of a joyful resurrection.

"He asked for Mary, and prayed that she might remain in ignorance as to his fate. She was then, it was thought, dying, and he was so informed. 'She is young,' he said, 'to die. And I killed *her*, too, unwittingly. But there is hope that we may meet in heaven. Poor, dear Mary! Poor Mary!' These were his last words. He was hanged," added the narrator, "I fancied with some bitterness, for the commission of a crime perpetrated on the spur of the moment when his mind was astray with anguish as he witnessed the dying agonies of a beloved friend, and believed that he saw that friend's assassin—for the edification of society!

"A month elapsed, and Mary was restored to consciousness. Then it was that some foolish gossip told her all: of the reckless deed of violence; of her lover's flight; of his sufferings, his capture, his trial, his terrible death, and of the last words uttered by his lips.

"Again she became unconscious; a relapse occurred, and her life was again despaired of; still, she recovered, and to perfect health; but never to perfect sanity. Happily, perhaps for her, she has forgotten all save that her lover left her on that eventful night to return on the morrow. It seemed a merciful bereavement of memory, though it was painful to see her wandering for hours amongst the mountain passes, continually calling for David, and ever, as he came not at her call, going home under the delusion that he would surely come to-morrow. Her

aged father fell ill and died; but the good Sir Watkin, who had heard the sad story, gave permission to the mother and daughter to occupy the cottage and farm, rent free, for life.

"After a while, poor Mary's monomania became less violent. Now, save on certain occasions, she goes about her dairy and farm work as if she had never known trouble or care. She remembers her childhood and girlhood, and what has occurred since her illness; but the interval between is a blank, all save that David has gone and will return to-morrow."

The good curate here concluded his narrative. I thanked him, expressed my sympathy for the unhappy young woman, and bidding him good day, returned to the farm-house.

Soon afterwards I quitted North Wales, and three years elapsed ere again I visited Dwggyenn Hill or the mountain passes of Plynlimmon. The good old curate had been gathered to his fathers, and a younger man occupied his place. Farmer Wynn still lived at Dwggyenn Hill, but poor Mary Morgan's long looked for morrow had come. Her death was melancholy, though, perhaps, painless. One bitter January night she had gone forth, as was her wont, to meet her lover. Her aged mother, who was now bed-ridden, waited in vain for her return. The morning came, and still she had not made her appearance. Then the neighbors were alarmed, and went forth to search for her. She was discovered in a clearing, cold and dead; the pure white snow a fitting bridal-robe, pure as her own young, blighted existence, lying unmelted on her bosom.

She was buried in the churchyard of Dwggyenn Hill, and over her lowly resting-place yearly bloom and blossom the snow-drops and the mountain-daisies, fair emblems of her own innocence and purity. And the spot where she lies is so calm and pleasant that one can scarcely imagine that it covers the remnant of so great a sorrow.

A HEAVY PER CENTAGE.

A somewhat verdant-looking individual called upon a jeweller in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy-five dollars; that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster; and that he had concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweller selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new pedler started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days, when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweller one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold. "Well, I put on 'bout five per cent." The jeweller thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much. "Well," said the pedler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your per cent., but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I generally sell for five."

There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid man, than to dote upon riches; nor is anything more magnificent than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.



THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE AUTHORESS'S WIFE.

BY MRS. M. T. CALDOR.

"WHAT foolish creatures we are, even in our very wisdom," sighed my Aunt Letitia. "Fortunately for many of us, 'our very wishes give us not our wish.'" Saying which she wiped off a little mist from the clear disc of her spectacles, and turned again diligently to her undignified employment of renovating a basket of old stockings, just brought in from the ironing-table by Betty the housemaid.

It was a dismal, forlorn day, such as, despite the shade of Thomson, spring's "ethereal mildness" is exceedingly apt to bring. Scarcely a more deplorable scene could be imagined, than the view from the windows. Dark skeleton trees nodding forebodingly back to our discouraged gaze; dingy fences and slimy walls dripping with the raindrops, not in a generous, hearty shower, but slowly, miserably, downheartedly. Great pools of water, anything but transparent, set round with ridges of mud, and occasionally along the sheltered bank of withered, stalky, last year's grass, a patch of snow, its original purity long since among by-gone reminiscences. Over and around all wailed and moaned a complaining southeast wind.

Such was the view without; and after a shivering glance, we all—that is, my madcap sister Katy, my consequential, "almost-of-age," brother Harry, and your humble servant, dear reader, came back shivering to the grate, where Betty had heaped up the glowing anthracite into an invigorating, cheerful blaze, and sat down rather disconsolately—we girls with our work-baskets, and Harry took up for the fourth time the previous evening's Journal, to read, I suspect, the brilliant, spicy poetry, setting forth the enticing

qualities of some Dock Square clothing dealer, as well as his wonderfully fitting garments, or to scan again the diversified accomplishments of that astonishing article "Liquid Glue." At length down went the paper, and up rose Master Harry with an impatient "pshaw!"

Katy looked up to his face inquiringly.

"Why," said he, "still another new book by a woman! How I should hate a woman who was forever dabbling with pen and ink! Heaven keep me clear of such!" And away he went to stretch himself out on the sofa with the air of a savant of the most profound wisdom.

Then it was that our Aunt Letitia, the beloved maiden aunt who had no single grim or old maidish sentiment in her whole cheerful, generous heart, uttered the foregoing remark. Our spirits rose at once, and Katy and I exclaimed simultaneously:

"O, Aunt Letitia, tell us about it!"

She looked at us with the placid satisfaction that betokened consent, while she asked:

"About what, you simple creatures?"

Katy pushed her ottoman close to the basket of stockings, and replied:

"O, aunty, you know well enough what a splendid story your tone told us of. And to-day is just the time to hear it, when we are all so cross and stupid with being obliged to lose our ride. Don't waste a minute, but begin."

She gave her own mellow, cheery laugh at this sally of impatience, and said: "Well, well, Katy, you wilful creature, but I want first to ask Harry why a woman should not write a book if she has the ability, and patronize the stationer as much as she can afford."

Harry was ready to reply. "You'll find plenty better answers in a dozen places than I can give. Everybody knows, when the mistress of a house is a blue stocking or Mrs. Jellyby, far-off Africa gets very much better taken care of than her own family—witness poor little Caddy and her brothers in 'Bleak House.'"

"Ah, well," said my aunt, looking leniently at Harry's bold, triumphant face over her spectacles, "you're like many others of your sex, Harry. I won't be as merciless as time will be in trampling down your theory. Listen to my story:

"Frederic Brownell cherished just such sentiments as yours, Harry, only his talk was a thousand times more extravagant. Indeed, his horror of literary women was so intense, that I have heard he was actually grieved when he received the first note from his beautiful betrothed Helen Armstrong, to find the chirography so dainty and exquisite, and the language so refined and intellectual.

"For mercy's sake, Helen, what are you doing?" he said, one day about a month after they were married, as he came in from the store and found his young wife cosily ensconced in the luxurious corner of the tete-a-tete, her fine dark eyes all aglow with enthusiasm, and a nameless light irradiating her whole face, while the same slender hand he had placed the wedding-ring upon, clasped a sheet of paper closely scribbled with suspiciously short lines, and the other held the pretty gold pencil-case he had given her.

"She started up in alarm at his hasty words, and looked around wildly to account for the utter horror his face betrayed. I was sitting with my worsted-work in the rocking-chair opposite the tete-a-tete, and for half an hour had been quietly watching the pretty picture she made, while the inspiration of her verse drifted in light or shade across her face. How vexed I was with him for his rude interruption, and the feeling deepened into indignation as he proceeded.

"What have you there, Helen? Is it possible you are writing poetry?"

"Comprehending his meaning now, Helen blushed the deepest crimson, and stammered:

"Why, Fred, I was only stringing a few rhymes while resting from my morning's work. A few thoughts came which I wished to catch while they were fresh. But what is the matter with you?"

"He was thoroughly vexed and could not hide it, eying the inoffensive paper on the carpet, as if he would gladly have trampled it under his feet.

"I never mistrusted such a thing!" he muttered.

Something more than surprise flushed Helen's cheek now, and I saw the tear swelling up to her eye, and quiver of the lip that said meekly, "I do not understand your meaning, Frederic. You seem offended at I scarcely know what. I wish you would speak plainly."

"Well, I will, dearest. How in the world you came to think of such a thing as writing poetry, is a mystery to me! But like a dear little wife you'll promise to give up the habit, won't you?"

"She looked thoroughly distressed and grieved, and thinking it was getting to be a domestic scene, scarcely fitted for the presence of a third party, I quietly gathered up my work, and was passing out, when Fred arrested me.

"Don't go, Miss Letitia—this isn't a quarrel, by any means. It's only fair I should explain my views to both of you. You see, dear Helen, I have a few peculiar notions, and one of them, the most decided of all, is a perfect horror of any literary attempts from a lady. I cannot find words powerful enough to express my abhorrence of a strong-minded woman. Such a one is as much out of place, as your pure-leaved camellia there, Helen, would look in a lawyer's dusty, smoky office, or as that heliotrope, so deliciously sweet here in the parlor, would be amid the coarse sights and sounds and smells in my store, among the West India goods. A woman is sweet and pure and lovely, the guiding, ministering angel of our home, but any attempts on her part at science, literature, or business, are ridiculous enough. Of course, I don't want an ignorant wife. I rejoice to have you enjoy books, and be capable of entering into refined conversation, but a writer, a blue—horrible! horrible! And now my little Helen knows why it frightened me to see her attempting rhymes. True, in poetry women have won fame, but it must always be at the expense of domestic happiness. No good wife can be an authoress."

"With which profound remark, this one of many arrogant, self-sufficient lords of creation concluded his speech, and looked around as if he had silenced forever any doubt in our minds. I did not speak, but his wife said quietly, al-

though I detected the restless, troubled undercurrent beneath that calm, sweet tone:

"Thank you, Frederic; I am glad you have acquainted me with your sentiments. They are entirely new to me, but rest assured you shall never be disturbed by any further literary attempts from your wife."

"He kissed her fondly, patted her flushed cheek, and said, so patronizingly, I could have boxed his ears for indignation, 'there's my good little wife!' lit a cigar, and disappeared. As the door closed after him, Helen raised the paper from the floor, and carrying it to the grate, threw it upon the glowing bed of coals, standing to watch it crumble, then brighten into a fiery sheet, with every pencil stroke standing out vivid and distinct as if carved of ebony, finally blacken and fall away to dull, gray ashes. With a forced smile, far more melancholy to me than a burst of tears, she said:

"It was an ode to his birthday. Fortunately enough I have escaped the folly of presenting it."

"The tone betrayed how many bright hopes and joyful anticipations had fallen to ashes, as well as the luckless poem. I scarcely knew what to say, but she did not expect a reply, and was entirely absorbed with her heroic efforts at self-control and cheerfulness. She took out her work and began to sew furiously, but I saw how widely the needle sped of its mark, and how the fingers trembled that held it. Presently the work was laid aside, and her head drooped forward to the sofa-cushion, with the face averted from my gaze. But it needed no glance at the familiar features, for me to know Helen Brownell's heart. I saw how it was writhing beneath the humiliating, bitter discovery of the clay in the hero she had worshipped. I read the torturing agony of a proud heart and noble mind, compelled by the hand the best beloved, to submit to be treated like a pretty, petted child, instead of a sympathizing, noble-minded woman. And my indignation at this summary putting down of talents so superior to his own, almost made me dislike as well as despise her husband. A smothered, long-drawn sigh drew me to her side instantly. I laid my hand on her forehead, and whispered, 'It's a cruel shame, darling!'

"Ah, children, I was young then. I have since learned it will never do, no matter how great our sympathy or indignation, it will never do to hint a doubt of the kindness and tenderness of one to the other of a married couple. And this true, sweet wife resented even the implied reproach.

"No, no, Letitia, Frederic is not cruel—he does not mean to be. Never husband loved a wife better than I am loved. But he has caught the narrow-minded sentiments of some of his associates. I can soon convince him of his error."

"She lifted her head, as the rose suddenly rises up shaking off the shower that oppressed it, and smiled bravely.

"Yes, yes, I must find a way to open his eyes, without allowing him to suspect I am taking a physician's part. Not write! Why, Letitia, though I never touched a pen, how could I help thinking poetry? It is in my soul, and if it was not meant to be nourished and cultivated, why was it implanted there? Ah, I acknowledge it grieves me deeply to find my husband has no

higher standard for the wife he has chosen to walk by his side on a life-long journey. I know—I feel it within me, that we women are capable of more than needlework and household duties—more even than encouraging the drooping hearts, or tending the beds of our sick kindred. Heaven knows I would have none of these common duties neglected, but I see not why a cultivated intellect, an aspiring genius, may not enliven these homely duties, making them more surely and cheerfully fulfilled. I am confident they can all be combined in one.' She rose to her feet, her face glowing with the inspired resolve. 'What did he say? Domestic happiness must be sacrificed to fame—no good wife could be an authoress? I will prove it false. He shall yet acknowledge the wrong he has done the sex!'

"Then came a flood of tears, deluging and cooling her burning cheeks, and when they were wiped away the storm had passed, and she was tranquil and serene again.

"Come and see us very often,' called out both my friend and her husband, as I left the house that evening. And so I did, keeping a friendly and most interested watch over the course of their domestic life.

"Fred Brownell was a kind, amiable, well-meaning man, but he was thoughtless and inconsiderate, and inclined to be exacting and overbearing in regard to his pet theories, while his wife was one of those delicate, sensitive temperaments, so keenly alive to every implied reproach, or latent slight. Such opposing qualities must certainly have caused misunderstanding, alienation, and possibly open warfare and misery, but for the quick intellect and firm, self-reliant will, that rendered Helen so superior to many jealous, unhappy, irritated wives, with just such sensitiveness as hers. Yet they were very happy, even though the business panic affected Frederic's trade likewise, and rendered it necessary that the expenses of the household should be closely attended to. And what a model house it was! So neat and clean and cheerful, amid its unpretending elegance. No one could help echoing Fred's own proud declaration that there was not another such genteel and capable little housekeeper in town.

"It's all owing,' said he, laughing, to me, 'to that wee bit of a lecture I gave her so early after our marriage. Such a splendid little economist she is without any one's mistrusting it. Why, Letitia, it is perfectly wonderful how she makes a tiny sum of money hold out for a dozen wants.' A twinkle in Helen's eye made me think, just then, that perhaps the pen and inkstand locked up so carefully in the secretaire, might have a word to say about compound interest, or at least partial payments. 'Yes, yes,' he continued, 'you see I have proved right. Now just imagine how it might have been. Fancy the house littered from one end to the other, with scraps of paper, rolls of manuscript, and everything, from the table-linen to Helen's rosy fingers,

bespattered with stains of ink. And at dinner, you and I, while vainly endeavoring to swallow indigestible bread and uncooked pudding, might be regaled with scraps of original poetry or plots of new dramas. Horrible, horrible!'

"He laughed, and so did I, and so did Helen, longest and heartiest of either, and the moment he left us, she came dancing up to me holding aloft the dainty fore-finger, on whose fairness rested a tiny black stain.

"Only look, Letitia, at this guilty proof of my disobedience. All the time he was talking there was that atrocious blot of ink on my finger. I tried my best, but could not erase it, any more than Mrs. Bluebeard could cleanse the fatal key.'

"Another time, two years after this last visit, while I was with Helen, Fred came home with a new book just then exciting attention, with the favorable criticisms of which all the papers had been filled.

"There, Helen,' he said, tossing it over to her side, 'there's something worth reading, I can tell you. The man who wrote it may well be proud. And judging from the number of editions, he has a snug little sum for the bank.'

"I supposed the author was unknown,' said I. 'Why do you say a man? Perhaps it is a lady who has been so fortunate.'

"His lip curled a little. 'You don't suppose a woman wrote a book like that, do you?' and peremptorily dismissed the subject.

"I did not care myself to pursue it further, for I had caught a sudden flash shimmering through Helen's drooping lashes, and was overwhelmed with the new revelation that broke upon me.

"It was not so cheerful a scene, when next I visited the house. Helen's colorless cheeks lay against the scarcely whiter pillow, and from the coverlet, beside her, peeped up a dark, downy little head. She received my congratulations



CHINESE CIGAR-VENDER.



THE OMNIBUS DRIVER.

absently, and despatching the nurse from the chamber, turned eagerly to say:

"Dear Letitia, I am so glad to see you! You are the very friend I need. Something is amiss with Frederic. His cheek is pale, and his manner embarrassed and distressed, and every time he looks at the precious little one, his eye fills with tears. Will you go to him and find out what it is? He tries to hide it from me, but it is far more injurious to lie here, and worry, worry, all the time, surmising a state of affairs, a great deal worse, I dare say, than the truth. Go, dear Letitia, and win his confidence. If it is business trouble, as I suspect, hasten to tell me."

"It was evident the uncertainty kept her very restless and nervous, so the moment Frederic came into the house I hastened to meet him. I did not wonder his wife was anxious, when I saw his haggard face and feverish eye. I explained my errand at once. He looked distressed and annoyed."

"Poor child, why will she seek to share a man's troubles? I have tried to keep it from her, lest it should injure her in her present delicate health. The fact is, Letitia, I am ruined!"

"He jerked the word out, bitterly, wrathfully, as if injured through his own conscious innocence."

"Not even the house here, can I call my own. I am not sure the unfeeling creditors will leave a bed for that helpless darling and her babe to lie upon. God help her!"

"He stopped suddenly. The veins across his forehead knit themselves like cords. The pent emotion so long smothered down came surging up, and with a deep groan, he covered his face, and burst into a passion of tears."

"Poor Helen! sweet, delicate, helpless darling, with her little babe. It is for her sake I grieve. What will become of her!" he groaned, again.

"I saw he was sincere. The privations he dreaded for her wrung his heart more than his own loss or humiliation. At that moment of his deep distress, I forgave him all his injustice towards his noble, gifted wife, for the sake of his true and abundant love."

"I tried my best to soothe and comfort him, and at length he grew more calm."

"You must use your own judgment," he said, 'about telling her. I confess I am almost afraid. Perhaps it will be best to consult the doctor.'

"We did so, and kind Dr. W. decided when I whispered I did not imagine the announcement would cause any distress, that it was wisest to gratify her."

"I was not disappointed. A radiant smile illuminated her face, the moment she was acquainted with her husband's loss of wealth."

"Now, Letitia," she cried, 'is the hour I have waited for so long! Now is my hour of triumph!'

"Nurse," continued she, authoritatively, 'I want you to raise me up with the pillows, and bring the prettiest wrapper from the closet. There's a dressing cap, too, in the drawer, Letitia. I want you to dress me for company,' laughing a low, sweet laugh."

"The nurse remonstrated, but she was peremptory, and we saw plainly contradiction was far more injurious than indulgence. So the pale, pink wrapper was folded around the slender waist, and the dark, glossy hair put back beneath the pretty cap, a fanciful but most becoming mixture of airy lace, gossamer bows, and velvet bands."

"How surpassing lovely she looked in the becoming costume, the rich hue of her wrapper, and the soft, pink flush on her cheek, setting off so charmingly the shining dark eyes, and extreme fairness and delicacy of complexion."

"Now," said she, with a sigh of satisfaction, 'baby must have his embroidered blanket, and then call Frederic in.'

"We obeyed. The husband came in slowly and dejectedly; we saw how he dreaded the meeting. The doctor, the nurse, and I, quiet spectators of the scene, at her earnest request. As his eyes rested on the pretty picture, he smiled fondly, and a deeper gloom settled down upon his face. She took his hand tenderly in hers, and looked up, with fondness into his face."

"Frederic," said she, 'have I been a careless and negligent wife?'

"He looked up in surprise and reproach."

"What a question for you to ask me, my Helen."

"Answer me, my husband, yes, or no."

"No, my blessed wife, I have not deserved one half your goodness."

"Has your house or your clothes suffered for want of my care?"

"Pained and grieved, he replied, 'I do not understand your meaning. There has been no chance for complaint, Helen. Who has dared insinuate such a thing?'"

"Her face was gloriously beautiful, the silvery voice thrilling with tenderness and exultation."

"And yet, Frederic, I have dabbled with pen and ink. I have been so lost and misguided as to become an authoress. But since it has not been, as you predicted, at the expense of home comfort or affection, will you not forgive me? At any rate let these plead for me." And she passed the bank books, I had placed at her request upon the pillow, in his trembling hand.

"The bewildered husband opened the books mechanically, saw the name and sums written therein to his wife's account, not in hundreds, but in thousands, and ejaculated: 'Good heavens, Helen! What does this mean?'"

"Nothing, dear Fred, only you are not yet ruined in business if you are in character, by having an authoress for a wife. You remember the book you assured us was written by a man. O, Fred, to think how you praised a woman's literary efforts, then, and that woman of all others—your wife." Her clear laugh was delicious!

"Well," said Aunt Letitia, "perhaps some one will see you, Harry, just as humiliated and crest-fallen, and as delighted to be so, as was Frederic Brownell."

"What a splendid story, Aunt Letitia," cried Katy, "And such a grand denouement."

"Hush, hush," said my aunt, softly, wiping away a flood of tears that came dripping down her cheek. "We laid her back, so beautiful and happy, and bade her be quiet and sleep. While Fred, touchingly penitent and grateful, took the baby in his arms, a better and wiser man, and sat down in the rocking chair, gazing thoughtfully upon its tiny features. We remained very quiet for nearly an hour, when suddenly Helen called out, in a sharp, unnatural voice:

"What is that roaring? How dark and cold it is. Fred, Letitia, where are you?"

"We saw the white arms thrown up wildly, and sprang to the bedside. But it was too late. Helen was dead! Ah, children, too much joy is death for some."

A WELL-MADE HUNCHBACK.—They tell a story of a preacher, who, descending from the pulpit after preaching a sermon in which he had affirmed that everything God had made was well made, was apostrophised by a cripple, who maliciously asked him whether he thought his assertion would hold good, as a general rule. "By the way, Mr. Parson, do you think I am well made?" "Well, yes, my good friend, I consider you are very well made—for a hunchback," was the prompt reply of the clergyman.

LESSONS OF THE HEART.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.

COWPER.

A CEYLON JUGGLER.

As this was one of the idle seasons of the year, during which labor is suspended while waiting for the rain of the monsoon, ere recommencing the sowing of rice, the Kandyans were lounging about their villages, or gathered in groups by the roadside, engaged in listless and sedentary amusements. In one place a crowd was collected to watch the feats of a juggler, who, to our surprise, commenced his performance by jumping up on to a pole, and placing his feet upon a cross bar six feet from the ground. On this he coursed along by prodigious leaps, and returning to the audience, seated himself on his perch, and then opened his exhibition. This consisted of endless efforts of legerdemain: catching pebbles from his confederate below, which, upon opening his closed hand, flew away as birds; breaking an egg shell and allowing a small serpent to escape from it; and keeping a series of brass balls in motion by striking them with his elbows as well as his hands. Balancing on his nose a small stick with an inverted cup at top, from which twelve perforated balls were suspended by silken cords, he placed twelve ivory rods in his mouth and so guided them by his lips and tongue as to insert the end of each in a corresponding aperture in the ball, till the whole twelve were sustained by the rods, and the central support taken away.

This, and endless other tricks he performed, balancing himself all the while on the single pole on which he stood. He took a ball of granite, six or seven inches in diameter, and probably fourteen pounds weight, and standing with his arms extended in line, he rolled it from the wrist of one hand across his shoulders to the wrist of the other, backward and forward repeatedly, apparently less by raising his arms than by a vigorous effort of the muscles of the back; then seizing it in both hands he flung it repeatedly twenty feet high, and watching it in its descent till within a few inches of his skull, he bent forward his head, and caught the ball each time between his shoulders; then bounding along the road, still mounted on his pole, he closed his performance amid the smiles of the audience.—*From Sir. J. Emerson Tennent's Ceylon.*

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

The Springfield Republican talks in this wise: "Where there's a will, there's a way," says the maxim, but the maxim lies. There's a will in all men to get rich, but there is not a way for a fifth to a fiftieth part of them to do so. 'God helps those who help themselves'—sometimes. It depends a good deal upon what a man is trying to help himself to, and whether it is, on the whole, desirable that he should be helped. 'I'll try' has been doing journey-work in infant schools and Sunday schools till the poor little girls and boys have supposed that there was a magic in it which would ultimately introduce them to a glory equal to that of Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. The trouble is that it is the weakest head that takes the most encouragement from these maxims and proverbs, and is most acted upon and influenced by them. A boy with brains is never troubled by these things."



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"Hark, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the power of my art,
All the things that e'er befel you,
And the secret of your heart.

"How that you love some one,—don't you?
Love him better than you say;
Wont you hear, my maiden, wont you?
What's to be your wedding-day?"

"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories, that you know!
Where's the husband for my money
That I gave you long ago?

"Neither silver, gold, or copper
Shall you get this time from me;
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see?"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming.
With two eyes as black as sloes;
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipseey!
I wont have your barrack-beau;
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so!"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome *sailor's* name"—
"I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gipseey, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so?
Now I see the die is cast;
And the day is—Monday next." "No,
Gipseey, it was—Monday last!"

(ORIGINAL.)
 "DREAMING."

BY B. FRANKLIN HOOKER.

One night as I was sitting
 In my chamber dark:
 The fire was faintly flitting
 An uncertain light;
 Soon I fell to dreaming—
 Dreaming of the past:
 Of the many pleased
 In my childhood east.

Dreaming of my playmates,
 And the pretty dell
 On the old estates,
 Where our parents used to dwell;
 And of the pranks we played
 Upon our parents kind,
 But now they all are laid
 Beneath the grassy vale.

As I sat there dreaming
 By the smouldering fire,
 My brain with thoughts was teeming
 With memories of the past.
 And as I still kept thinking,
 I gazed into the fire;
 The embers, faint and dying,
 Spoke the word, retire!

(ORIGINAL.)

LEND ME FIVE POUNDS!

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

THE Rector of Chirley in N—shire, England, was one of those fortunate individuals who, being blessed with moderate desires and ambitions, was the happy possessor of everything that could render life agreeable. He was not past middle age; he possessed a handsome, portly person, a pleasant set of features, a beautiful and amiable wife whom he dearly loved, and by whom he was loved dearly in return, two lovely children—a son and a daughter—and a good living of fifteen hundred pounds a year in a delightfully romantic part of the country, of which no one, not even the bishop of his diocese, could deprive him, so long as his conduct did not do outrage to his sacred calling—a thing not very likely to occur with a man of the Reverend Charles Markham's character and temperament. For, though he was remembered by his classmates to have been a wild lad at "Harrow," and was spoken of by his fellow-colleagues as having been by no means remarkable for his hard reading at Baliol College, Oxford University, and as having been fonder of his dog and his gun than of the duties pertaining to the midnight lamp, he was now regarded with esteem and reverence by

his parishioners; and his only uncanonical habit and delight—if, indeed, it may truly be termed uncanonical—was, that he still adhered to his college liking for a glass of generous wine, taken in moderation, and was never happier than when, as he was in the habit of doing once or twice a week, he was enjoying his wine and his long clay pipe (he was above the snobbishness of cigars) with the lord of the manor, the squire, the village doctor, and occasionally a neighboring clergyman, together with his own curate, who—to do the worthy rector justice—was always invited on these innocent festive occasions.

I knew the Reverend Charles Markham when I was a boy, and seldom failed to spend a few days at the rectory on the occasions of my return—at periods long distant—from my sea voyages. I recollect it was always a matter of wonder with those who had known Charles Markham in youth and early manhood, by what means he, possessed of no family influence and no superabundance of money and no extraordinary talents, came to be inducted into a living which many a wealthy country gentleman, or even many a titled personage, would have been glad to have secured for a younger son.

To be sure, Charles Markham had been at Harrow—one of those great public schools at which, generally speaking, the sons of the nobility and gentry only can obtain admittance, on account of the expenses attending a boy's education there—and he had subsequently taken the degree of A. M. at Oxford; but it was known that he had been at Harrow, as it were, on suffrage, and that some time before he quitted Oxford to accept a small curacy of fifty pounds a year, he had become very poor.

The father of Charles Markham had made a moderate competency in the hosiery business, and retiring, had been seized with the mania of making his only son a gentleman. Though it cost him nearly half his income annually, he resolved to send the boy to Harrow, and to afford him such an allowance of pocket money as should place him, in that respect, on a par with the sons of the wealthiest; and though the lad's humble birth was somewhat against him in that assemblage of high-born youths, his spirit and good temper, together with his generous expenditure of money, and his readiness to oblige those of his school-fellows who, if his superiors in station, were his inferiors in wealth, had made him a favorite. The like generosity on the part of his father enabled young Markham to pass through his first three years at Oxford with *éclat*, amongst the aristocratic young men there assembled; but at the end of the third year, old

Mr. Markham lost nearly the whole of his property through some unfortunate speculation, and dying with old age and grief, left his son, with no rich uncle or aunt to look to for assistance, to fight his way through the world as best he could.

Of course the son of the bosier was cut by his aristocratic companions, as soon as it was discovered that he no longer had the means to compete with them in their extravagant expenditure; but Charles Markham, instead of foolishly taking this sad reverse of fortune to heart, united himself with the graver and, generally, humbler class of reading men, and set himself to work to fit himself for a college "fellowship," or, that failing, a humble curacy.

With what many persons called foolish precipitancy, the young man very soon rendered himself ineligible for a "fellowship" by falling in love with, and marrying the pretty daughter of a farmer in the vicinity of Oxford; and as after taking to himself a wife, it was absolutely necessary to do something to maintain her, he was very thankful, shortly after, to accept the curacy already alluded to, which was offered him by the father of a young man who had still regarded him with some degree of friendship, when the rest of his college chums had forsaken him.

To the curacy the now Reverend Charles Markham retired with his pretty young wife; and all who knew him supposed that he would remain a plain curate for the rest of his days. Consequently everybody was taken by surprise when, some five years after, the announcement was made in the clerical record that the Reverend Charles Markham, late curate of St. Mary's in Chelsea, near London, had been presented with the rich incumbency of Chirley, N——shire, the income attached to which amounted to fifteen hundred pounds per annum!

On the occasion of one of my visits, by some chance the conversation, one evening when the squire and the lord of the manor and other of the reverend gentleman's friends were present, turned upon the chances which sometimes lead to fortune, and a gentleman present remarked that oftentimes that which at one time appeared to be the very bane of a man's existence, turned out to be a stepping-stone to fortune.

Mr. Markham had listened to the conversation without taking part in it. Presently, however, he laid down his pipe, and giving a preliminary "ahem!" thus commenced:

"Gentlemen, I know that it has been a subject of wonder to many of those whom I now esteem as my friends, how I, the son of a tradesman, without family influence—and through the unfortunate failure and decease of my poor

father, in the later years of my youth left without money—came into the possession of a living which I know the Earl of M——, whose estate lies in the adjoining parish, had expressed himself desirous of securing for one of his own younger sons. I have hitherto never mentioned the circumstances which led to my advancement to any one beyond the members of my own family; I will, however, now relate them to you, and you shall judge for yourselves how much or how little I am indebted to chance or fortune for my extraordinary success—for I acknowledge that I desire no loftier position than that I now hold, nor no greater share of this world's goods. Thousands whose prospects were far superior to mine, would be glad to be as I am to-day. But before I begin, gentlemen, fill your glasses! This claret wine you will find excellent. It is a present from the earl, and is of a rare vintage."

The glasses and in some instances the pipes were re-filled, and the Reverend Charles Markham thus continued:

"At the time of my father's decease, I was on the point of marrying my present wife. My father's death caused a postponement, and, as many thought, rendered it very improbable that I should marry for years to come, since, as many of you are aware, I was left almost without a penny in the world; but Susan and I loved each other, and a kind friend having offered to procure me a curacy of fifty pounds a year, near London, I eagerly accepted the offer and married—as everybody said, foolishly. However, at the end of a year, my wife's father died, leaving her a small property which, having been invested in the three and a half per cent. consols, brought us the very comfortable addition of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. We thought ourselves rich; and, happy in each other's society, were content to pass through life without burthening ourselves with ambitious desires for that which seemed to us unattainable. But Providence always sends some trouble to vex us, in order that we may not become too much wrapped up in ourselves, to the injury of our spiritual welfare.

"When I was a boy, I recollect that an old gentleman, who was always attired in a snuff-colored coat of antique cut, knee breeches of the same color, and worsted stockings, who wore buckles on his shoes, and an old three-cornered cocked hat set upon a rusty scratch wig, was a frequent and I fancy not a very welcome visitor at my father's house. He was an odd-looking little man, with a sharp, pinched-up face, and he appeared to make the same suit of threadbare though decent clothing last him forever, for his

clothes never looked better nor worse. I have a faint recollection that he was perpetually wanting to borrow money in small sums, and that he usually succeeded, much against my father's will, in obtaining what he wanted, or at least in obtaining *some* money, for which he was particular in writing out formal acknowledgments, the which, as soon as his back was turned, my father with a smile, half of vexation, half of pity, used to tear to pieces and throw into the fire. He always patted my head, said I was a fine lad, and would be sure to get on in the world, and asked me many questions relative to my studies. Who or what he was, or how old he was, I did not know; but if I recollect right, he professed to have known my father when *he* was a boy. So he must have been pretty well advanced in years, for my father was not a young man when he married my mother.

"After I went to Oxford, I saw no more of the old gentleman, and had almost forgotten his existence, when one day, soon after my wife had received her father's legacy, our maid-of-all-work entered my study, as I sat writing and compiling the three sermons I had to preach the next day (for my rector, who enjoyed a living of seven hundred pounds per annum, made me do all the work for fifty pounds), and informed me that a gentleman wished to see me.

"Show him in, Hannah!" said I, thinking that it was the church-warden, who was accustomed to call on parish business occasionally.

"In a few moments who should enter, to my great astonishment, but the identical old gentleman of my boyhood's recollection, clad, as it appeared to me, in the self-same threadbare snuff-colored garments and three-cornered cocked hat, knee-smalls, shoe-buckles, scratch-wig and all, that he had been wont to wear, and appearing to me not a day older than he had appeared at least twelve years before! To my great astonishment, did I say? to my amazement! His appearance confounded me—shocked me! Had it been midnight, I should have thought that he had stepped forth from the grave, where I believed he had long ago been laid; but there he stood, palpably, materially, in *propria personae*, before me—a living man, with now every well-remembered wrinkle just as I had seen them in my father's house.

"I rose from my chair, but was for some moments too confused to speak. He was the first to break the silence.

"My dear sir," said he, advancing and seizing me by a button of my dressing-gown, 'this is indeed a pleasure, a happiness long eagerly sought for, until I almost despaired of its accom-

plishment; but'—and he drew back and surveyed me from head to foot with an expression of amazement—'how you *have* grown! Why, I recollect you when you was no higher than the table; ay, and I recollect your poor dear respected father, too, when he was not more than so high!' holding his hand some four feet from the floor. 'Ah,' he continued, with a sigh, 'what a wonderful thing is memory! A kind gentleman was your father—my late respected friend. He did me many kindnesses. I shall always remember him in my prayers—yes, in my prayers—and, God bless me!' holding me at arm's length, 'how much you resemble him! You are just like what he was at your age—only, perhaps, not quite so handsome a man! You will excuse me for saying that, I know. Ah, Mr. Markham, my old and respected friend, was a fine man—but people sadly degenerate—yes, sadly! Still you *do* put me in mind of your dear father.'

"By this time I had sufficiently recovered from the shock his sudden appearance had given me, to speak. Of course I expressed my pleasure at seeing him, said I perfectly recollected him, and begged him to be seated. At the same time, I intimated that I had forgotten his name. I don't know that I had ever heard it.

"Warlock!" said the old gentleman; "Joshua Warlock. Dear me! can it be possible that you have forgotten the name of your late father's best friend, who knew him when he was a boy only so—"

"I put a stop to the repetition that I foresaw was coming, by pretending that I now recollected the name perfectly well.

"Ah, I knew you would!" he said. 'I knew you couldn't have forgotten old Joshua, as your respected parent was wont jocularly to call me. Yes, he was fond of a joke—very fond—was my dear old friend Markham. You must often have heard him speak of my large property in the North and in the West Indies?'

"A sudden thought crossed my mind.

"Ah, yes!" said I. 'That accounts for your long absence. You have been in the West Indies since my father's death?'

"O, no—never was there in my life! The property I speak of belonged to my great grandfather, Warburton Warlock! It was given to him by the premier of the First George as an acknowledgment of some great political service rendered to the government. He might have been Sir Warburton Warlock, baronet; but he preferred a grant in the island of Jamaica, and a large grant of money with which he purchased the estate in N—shire.'

" 'I congratulate you, Mr. Warlock,' said I, with some surprise. 'I was not aware that you were so wealthy a man. You see me a poor curate.'

" 'Yes,' he rejoined; 'but if I have not been misinformed, your amiable wife has succeeded to a property of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. That, with the profits of your curacy, amounts to two hundred pounds per annum—quite a respectable income!'

" 'Enough,' I replied, 'to maintain us, with care and economy; but a mere nothing to a gentleman who possesses an estate in the North of England, and large West India property.'

" 'Just like your father!' said the old gentleman. 'He was very fond of a joke, as I have said. You are pleased to be facetious. Ah, a very facetious gentleman was my dear friend, Mr. Markham! He often joked me upon my West India property.'

" 'A jest, Mr. Warlock,' said I, 'that you I presume was very willing to take, though it was scarcely civil from a simple tradesman like my father.'

" 'Your father was a kind-hearted man, who had a salve for all his jests,' continued the old gentleman. 'He knew, and felt for my poverty.'

" 'Your poverty, with the property you have alluded to?' I cried, in some surprise at this remark.

" 'To tell the truth I began to think the old man was a little touched in the brain.'

" 'Can it be possible,' he resumed, 'that you have forgotten the case of Warlock vs. Burbage? My dear young man, the property has been in dispute since my great-grandfather's death. In chancery—O, that tiresome chancery! But I have hopes—yes—I have hopes. It is not, it has not been forgotten. It comes up from time to time. No less than nine lord chancellors have at various periods during the last century given their special attention to it, and I have every reason to believe that the suit will terminate shortly in my favor. Every reason! The Tomkinsons and the Boraxes, and the Ewbanks, who profess to be the descendants of the defunct Burbages, will eventually be flooded; yes, my dear young man, flooded! I say it emphatically, *flooded!*' and he struck his shrivelled fist a heavy blow upon the table, 'and I shall regain possession of my great grandfather's immense wealth.'

" 'It was half an hour past my dinner hour. Hannah had been once to inform me that dinner was ready, and twice my wife had gently opened my study door, and made me a private signal.

I had alluded to it—said that I was deeply engaged upon my sermons, and had looked repeatedly at my watch. Still the old gentleman would not take the hint, and as an old friend of my father's, and one whom I had known in boyhood, I could not avoid, at length, asking him to take dinner with us, or lose all chance of getting any myself. Still, I knew that it was Saturday, and in our economical household, we could not afford a fresh joint every day. On Saturdays, especially, we had always a makeshift dinner, made up of the cold meat of the day or two previous, hashed or stewed, and I knew that my wife would not like the presence of a stranger on such an occasion.

" 'However, I had no help for it, and the old gentleman consented with joyful alacrity. Poor old fellow, I believe he had called with that object in view.'

" 'As I suspected, my wife was ill pleased. She frowned, and spoke to me in a sharp whisper. It was the first, and almost the last time that ever we had a difference; but if I had had any idea of claiming the Dunmow flitch of bacon, certain it is that old Joshua Warlock would that day have put a bar to my obtaining it.'

" 'He lingered long after dinner, and, at length, when I was almost compelled to hint to him that it was time that he should take his departure, he called me aside, saying that he had a word for my private ear. I recollected what I had seen at my father's house, and guessed what was coming. However, I reconducted him to my study. He led me aside, behind the curtain, and stood on tiptoe as he whispered in my ear:

" 'Could you—could you—lend me a five pound note—till—till—the case is settled? I will be sure to repay it—with—with all the little sums—of which I have kept, I assure you, a most correct account—that at different times I have borrowed from your late lamented father.'

" 'Really, Mr. Warlock,' said I, 'I cannot. With my small income it is impossible.'

" 'Ah, my dear Mr. Markham,' cried he, with a comical whine, 'that is not what your respected father would have said. He would not have refused me.'

" 'My father, Mr. Warlock,' I rejoined, 'was better acquainted with you than I am; besides he, at the time you speak of, was a comparatively wealthy man.'

" 'All I could say, however, was of no use; beside, I really pitied the poor old fellow, and at last, for old acquaintance sake, I let him have the five pounds he asked of me.'

" 'He insisted upon writing an acknowledgment in an expressly legal form. I could not

help smiling, when I bethought me of the acknowledgments he used to write for my father, and the disposal he made of them. In this respect, when the old gentleman had at length taken his departure, I followed my father's example, and threw the acknowledgment into the fire, after which I returned to my studies, not a little put out at the idea of having been so foolishly wheedled out of my money.

"From that day I was continually bored with the old gentleman's presence, and as continually he asked for the loan of money, sometimes coming down in his demands to a few shillings, but always managing to obtain some trifling loan, for which he always insisted in writing his acknowledgment.

"If I told my servant to say I was busy, he would wait till I was at leisure. If out, till I returned. See me he would, if he had to wait for hours. When disappointed of seeing me in the house, he would come to the church on Sunday and seat himself right under the pulpit, often on the pulpit stairs, ready to waylay me when I came down, before the whole congregation, and seriously discomposing me while preaching or reading prayers, for I knew what was coming; besides, I began to fear that my congregation would suspect that he was a bailiff, dunning me for some debt I owed. I often saw them whispering in each others' ears when he made his appearance in the church.

"He never but once again asked for so large a sum as five pounds; but the money he obtained, in sovereigns and crowns, and half crowns, and even shillings, must have amounted to a very considerable sum. How much I knew not, for I never kept an account, nor his acknowledgments.

"He would bore me all sorts of ways, always introducing his subject with his acquaintanceship with me when a boy, and with my father, when he was so high; and then he would ask me to listen to a long rigmarole respecting the suit in chancery, leaving all manner of musty, yellow, closely-written parchments for my perusal, to amuse me in my leisure hours, forsooth!

"The second occasion on which he asked for the loan of five pounds came about as follows: He had been absent a whole month. God forgive me! I hoped I had lost sight of him forever. I thought he was dead. It was Saturday, his usual day of calling. I heard the door-bell ring, something told me it was my 'bore,' my 'Monsieur Tonson' come again, and it was he. I heard the girl hastening to announce him, but he outstripped her, and without even knocking, entered the study.

"How do you do, my dear sir? How do

you do?' he exclaimed. Evidently he was unusually excited. 'But I need not ask,' he continued, 'for you look charmingly; so like your respected father. I declare, you are growing stout. Your father was inclined to corpulency. Poor soul, he was a good creature—so generous, so free, so kind!'

"Perhaps, Mr. Warlock,' I interposed, 'he was too generous for his own good.'

"Ah, he was indeed, as you say, too generous, too liberal. Forgive this tear to his memory. Ah, my dear sir, you grow strangely like him; you do, indeed.'

"Well, well, Mr. Warlock,' said I, somewhat sharply—I knew what all this preceded.

"Just what your dear father would say, sometimes. You have just his assumed irritability—merely assumed to cover his generous actions; but I know what you mean. You are hurried, and you wish me to proceed to business?'

"Really, Mr. Warlock, I have no time—'

"Not five minutes, my good friend, I will not detain you five minutes. I'll sit here. Thank you. No nearer the fire. O, no, not a foot.'

"Mr. Warlock,' said I, out of all patience, 'you see that I am busy, and I have an appointment—'

"Pray pardon me, not a word, make no excuses. You have heard me speak of the chancery suit?'

"Heaven knows I had, too often! He continued:

"Dear me, how like your frown of impatience is to your late father's! Well, Ewbank is at it again; but at the next session he is sure to be floored—I could see it in the lord chancellor's countenance. There is a petition on the part of the infant Jowler, the third and only surviving child of Ewbank's elder brother; but he is a lunatic, and so was his father, and Nancy Higgins, who was Ewbank's nurse before old Jowler—'

"Good Heavens, Mr. Warlock,' I exclaimed, 'you will drive me mad.'

"He did not heed me, and proceeded:

"Before old Jowler cut his throat— Now if this is refused, as it assuredly will be, I shall immediately come into—'

"Mr. Warlock, I really cannot at the present moment—'

"Of course not, until you have read the petition. I have a duplicate. It covers ten sheets of parchment crossed. I will read it to you, and then the analogy will be quite clear—'

"I didn't mean—'

"Certainly not; you would not be so pre-

capitate, I know; but besides the petition, I have a letter in the handwriting of the testators dated in the third year of the reign of George the Second, which—

“‘Gracious, I shall go mad!’

“‘Rather I shall, with delight; but I know your kind sympathy. Now listen—’

“‘Mr. Warlock, I must insist, I cannot hear it now.’

“‘Well, if you think it will overcome you I will leave it, and you shall peruse it at your leisure. You will find it exceedingly interesting. When shall I call for it? Monday? No, not Monday; that will hardly give you time. Say Tuesday, at twelve o’clock? Good. On Tuesday, at twelve I will call.’

“‘Very well,’ said I, glad to get quit of him any way, and inwardly resolving that he should never be admitted into my house again.

“‘He laid the petition and the letter upon the table, and resumed his old battered hat.

“‘Good morning, Mr. Warlock. Forever,’ I muttered to myself.

“‘One moment, my dear friend. You will pardon me, I know you will; but on this pressing occasion—I hope the last time—may I venture to ask—I’ll write an acknowledgment—for the loan of five pounds?’

“‘No,’ I said, sternly.

“‘No,’ he repeated, mildly. ‘Ah, your good father would not have refused me. He was indeed a friend. I knew him when he was so high.’

“‘Mr. Warlock, I cannot, I will not—’

“‘Two pounds ten, then. Let me write two pounds ten? No! Ah, the world is not what it used to be. There is less kindness, less generosity. One pound ten? You will not refuse me, for the sake of the past? Say a sovereign. You will not? Ten shillings, then. Yes? Thank you, you are very kind. God bless you, my dear sir. How like your father—so open-hearted, so generous and liberal! Read the documents. On Tuesday at twelve o’clock, I will return for them. God bless you!’

“‘He was gone. I rang the bell. The servant appeared.

“‘Hannah,’ said I, ‘when Mr. Warlock calls for these papers, hand them to him; but on no account admit him. Shut the door in his face—slam it. Mind, if he gets into the house again, you lose your place immediately.’

“‘Hannah promised to keep him out if I said so. She always thought him a beggar, and hated the sight of him.

“‘He came on the Tuesday, punctual to his appointment. I heard the altercation at the door,

and laughed in my sleeve. Hannah was talking to him through the keyhole, afraid to open the door, and at last she handed the papers through the window. He begged very hard to see me, but Hannah was firm, and at last he went away.

“‘After that he came repeatedly; but the door was never opened to him, and I gave directions to the doorkeeper not to admit him to the church, saying that he was a lunatic, and that I feared he would create annoyance. I heard that he often came to the church door, but went away meekly on being requested so to do, expressing his regret.

“‘Once he kept me prisoner for hours by taking his seat on the steps of my house, and I was thinking of sending for a constable to carry him away; but my heart smote me, and at length he left of his own accord.

“‘It seemed now as if I had wearied him out. Two months elapsed, and he was not seen or heard of. He was, I thought, dead, or in the lunatic asylum, or had gone to some distant part of the city. I blessed my stars that, at last, I had got quit of him.

“‘Alas, I had reckoned without my host. One day business called me to the west end of the metropolis. I was walking along Bond Street, when I heard my name called in his cracked but well-known voice. Without glancing toward him, I hailed an omnibus, sprang in, and the driver drove on. Unfortunately, omnibuses make frequent stops for passengers. The driver waited a long time for some ladies, at the corner of a street, and after the ladies, in stepped my persecutor. I was near the door. He did not see me; but passed to the far end, where alone there was a seat. I observed that he wore the same old-fashioned suit; but somewhat cleaner and fresher. He had had his clothing renovated. Presently he saw me, nodded, and began to make his way toward me.

“‘Stop!’ I shouted to the driver.

“‘I got out and called a cab, into which I hastened.

“‘Where to, sir?’ asked the driver.

“‘Anywhere—as far as you can go,’ I replied.

“‘The man stared, but said nothing, and drove on. Presently I heard the sound of wheels behind, and the voice of some one shouting, ‘Stop, stop!’ I peeped out of the window, and saw a cab following at a rapid rate, the driver shouting, and the old gentleman adding his own cracked shouts, and gesticulating with his arms for my cab to stop.

“‘Driver!’ I said, in the calm tones of despair, ‘I must avoid that madman. Drive on rapidly

till you distance the other cab, then when they cannot perceive you, put me down, and I will trouble your fare."

"In ten minutes I was set down in the Hay-market. A coffee house was close by, and I slunk into it like a thief. I took a paper in my hands, but had not read a line, when to my horror, in walked Mr. Warlock. There was now no retreat; I braced myself up for the meeting.

"The old gentleman advanced, smilingly as ever. I now perceived that his clothes, though cut after the old fashion, were new!

"So glad, so very glad to see you," he commenced. "Have tried every means; was determined to do the business at last. My dear friend—how like your father you are at this moment, sitting there with the newspaper before you, just cocking your eye over the top—I owe your father and you a thousand, thousand thanks; and more, I owe you, as my dear old friend's representative, all the money I have borrowed from him on various occasions, as well as from yourself—always giving my acknowledgments. There, there it is, all right, with the interest at five per cent. added. I have had it in my pocket since the day I called for the documents I left with you. Couldn't get to see you. Sent it once in a letter, the letter was returned to me. You will see that it is all correct. I won't stay to count it now. I have gained the suit, as I told you I should, and more than that I am now Sir Joshua Warlock, of Warlock Castle, N—shire, baronet. God bless you! You will hear from me again."

"Before I recovered from the stupor his appearance and words had occasioned, he was gone. I should have thought that I was dreaming, but there lay the money—a heap of notes, gold, silver and copper, before me—palpably before me. I at length recovered my senses sufficiently to count the money. It amounted to £700, 16s., 4 1-2d.! With it was a general statement of all the moneys borrowed from my father and myself, at dates extending over thirty years, with the interest added; and I, for months had been hiding myself, and refusing to see the man who wanted to pay me all this money!

"I returned home, astonished, confounded, yet delighted. The money was a godsend. So thought I, so said my wife.

"A few weeks afterwards I received a letter; it was from Sir Joshua Warlock, and in it he informed me that he had great pleasure in presenting me with the living of Chirley—worth £1500 per annum—as a slight token of his regard for my late father and for myself! He furthermore stated that he was on the point of sailing for

Jamaica to visit his estates on that island, and that he expected to remain abroad two years; but he hoped to see me on his return to England.

"Poor old man! he never returned. He died in Jamaica a year afterward, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and the title and estates passed into the family of the Earl of —, to whom he was distantly related; but the living once presented could not be taken from me, and I have since held possession of it, and expect to hold it till the day of my death.

"Thus, gentlemen," said the reverend gentleman, in conclusion, "that which at one time was the bane of my existence, the destruction of my peace of mind, proved eventually to be the cause of my singular prosperity."

A BEAUTIFUL COAL MINE.

Dr. Buckland mentions some remarkable instances of the persistence of forms of vegetation traceable in coal: But the finest example is that of the coal mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of form and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the vigor of their primeval life—their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians.

THE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM.

The first distinct notice of the modern transportation system is to be found in 18 Car. II., c. 3, which gives the judges power, at their discretion, to execute or to transport for life the moss-troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland. The punishment was inflicted frequently in an illegal manner up to the reign of George I., when its operation was extended and legalized. During the reign of James II. transportation, or rather reduction to slavery, was a favorite, and to many parties a profitable punishment. Dr. Lingard quotes a petition, setting forth that seventy persons, who had been apprehended on account of the Salisbury rising of Penruddock and Grove, after a year's imprisonment, had been sold at Barbadoes for 1550lbs. of sugar. Among them were divines, officers, and gentlemen, who were represented as "grinding at the mills, attending at the furnaces, and digging in that scorching island, whipped at whipping-posts, and sleeping in styes worse than those of hogs in England."—*The Australian Colonies.*

(ORIGINAL.)

LOST.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Have any of you seen my child?
 Her hair was threads of gold;
 Her ways were winning, sweet and mild,
 Her gentleness untold.

She strayed in innocence away,
 To loiter on the shore;
 To watch the sunlit billows play,
 And list the breakers' roar.

Some wayward ship, I fear me now,
 With wanton grace and glistening sail,
 Hath marked my child's angelic brow,
 And lured her to the gale.

I wander restless up and down
 The desolated beach,
 And, moaning, glean each gathering frown,
 Across the ocean's reach.

I gaze upon the ships that go
 In beauty on the sea;
 And still they're gliding to and fro,
 But bear no hope to me.

(ORIGINAL.)

MY HUSBAND'S DAGUERRETYPE.

BY MRS. C. ELLIS HOWE.

I HAD been a teacher just six months in Mr. Hamilton's Young Ladies' Seminary, B—, Virginia, when I received a letter from my mother's physician, informing me that he regarded her situation as extremely precarious, although he apprehended no immediate danger, and advised me as soon as I could conveniently, to relinquish my school duties and return home.

I had been supremely happy in my present relation as teacher, the warm-hearted, pleasure-loving southern girls had found their way into all the crevices of my affections, and between them and me there existed strong bonds of sympathy and love.

I was not yet eighteen, and but a recent graduate at school, but my pupils, so far from taking advantage of my youth and inexperience, sought in every possible way to lighten my cares and promote my happiness.

It was, therefore, with feelings of the deepest regret that I thought of parting with them, and the teachers with whom I had been so happily connected; but my anxiety and love for my mother would not permit me to remain an hour longer than was absolutely necessary for me to complete the preparations for my journey.

As soon as it was known that I was about to leave, presents were showered in upon me from all sides, many of them of much beauty and value, not only from the various classes which it had been my pleasure to instruct, but from the scholars individually, and from nearly every one I received some token of affectionate remembrance. In fact my room, the morning of my departure, presented quite the appearance of a miniature museum.

I was to leave at one o'clock in the afternoon, and had been busily engaged for two hours, packing my effects into the smallest possible compass, when a slight tap was heard at my door, and upon opening it, I beheld Nellie Grahame, a sweet, gentle little girl of eight years, the youngest of my pupils, and a great favorite of mine. She was an orphan, from the far South, and had been consigned to the especial care of the teachers.

"Come in, Nellie, and sit down," I said. "I am very glad to see you."

"No, thank you, Miss Manning, I can't stop. I've only come to—"

Here the child stopped, as if at a loss how to proceed.

"Well, what did you come for?" I asked, encouragingly. "Did you want me to do anything for you?"

She looked up into my face, and with the prettiest simplicity imaginable, said:

"O, Miss Manning, you don't know how sorry I am you are going away, and I am going to give you a present, something for you to remember your little Nellie by when she is far away from you, and I have brought you a daguerreotype, just such as the other girls have been giving you, only a great deal handsomer, will you accept it?"

She spoke in a low tone, as if doubtful how her present would be received.

"Gladly," I replied, "though I do not need anything to remind me of you, Nellie, you have been such a dear, good little girl, and have given me so little trouble, that I shall always remember you, even without any keepsake."

The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure at my words, and she drew from under her shawl a daguerreotype, which she placed in my hand.

"Open it," she said, "and see if it isn't beautiful."

I did so, and found to my amazement a picture, not her own, but of a person whom I had never seen, a fine, intellectual-looking gentleman, of perhaps twenty-six or eight, and with a particularly pleasing countenance.

"Nellie," said I, as I gazed admiringly upon

it, "this isn't your picture, you've made a mistake, and given me some one's else instead of your own."

"No, I haven't, it's mine; my brother Mark gave it to me when he brought me here to school," she said quickly, eager to convince me that she was giving away only what rightfully belonged to her.

"Yes, I know," I said, "the daguerreotype is yours, because it was given you; but that isn't what I mean. It isn't your picture, a likeness of yourself; it's your brother's, he sat for it, and it was taken for him."

"No, Miss Manning, it's mine, Mark had it taken on purpose for me." And then, as if overcome by a sudden outburst of affection, she threw both her arms around my neck, exclaiming, "O, my dear, dear Miss Manning, you don't know how much I love my brother, and next to him I love you, better than any one else in the whole wide world."

I knew that were I to refuse Nellie's gift, it would be inflicting a deep wound on her feelings, and though I felt extremely unwilling to take the daguerreotype which she prized so highly, yet I accepted it in the spirit with which it was given, though to tell the truth, the moment I closed the door after her, I sat down on my trunk, and laughed immoderately for some minutes. The idea that the value of a daguerreotype consisting of a handsome picture, enclosed in a handsomer case, of no matter who, rather than of the likeness of a friend, was altogether a novel one, and I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright, even before Nellie had left the room.

That afternoon I left, and in the course of a few days found myself once more within my New England home. I never returned to Mr. Hamilton's school, for although the summer sufficed to restore my mother to her usual health, yet my own had become a good deal impaired, and I knew that my strength would be insufficient to perform again the laborious duties of a teacher; but I ever retained the pleasant remembrances of the time passed there, and of my former pupils and friends. The presents I had received from them at parting, I ever regarded with much pleasure, and there was not one that I prized more highly than I did the daguerreotype of the unknown gentleman, for the sake of the sweet little giver.

Four years passed by. I had received pressing invitations from Mr. Clark, a cousin of mine, and a planter in Georgia, to pass the winter at his house, which I at last concluded to accept.

I travelled from New York to Norfolk accompanied by a friend, but the rest of the journey I was forced to perform alone. I found no difficulty, however, for our polite and gallant countrymen are ever ready to assist a lady who by chance happens to be travelling without an escort. The cars took me no further than M——, a distance of twenty miles from my cousin's plantation, and here I was in the expectation of meeting him, for I had written to apprise him of my coming, but as I stepped from the cars and beheld not one familiar face, I could not but feel a good deal disappointed, and somewhat apprehensive as to how I should be able to reach my place of destination.

"Has Mr. Clark been here?" I inquired of the depot-master after the train moved off, and I could see nothing of him.

"No, he has not," was the reply.

"Are any of his servants here with his carriage?" I asked, a faint hope remaining that if Mr. Clark had been prevented from coming himself, he had sent some one in his stead.

"There is no one here," answered the depot-master politely, "but if you wish I will find some other mode of conveyance for you."

"I regret I have not my carriage with me," said a pleasant-looking elderly gentleman near us, "but if the lady will consent to ride in my buggy, I will take her with pleasure over to Mr. Clark's."

"Thank you," I answered, "I shall consider it a great favor, but I am afraid it will occasion you a good deal of inconvenience."

"Not in the least," was the gallant reply, "it will be an especial favor to me to have the pleasure of your company. My plantation joins Mr. Clark's, and it will be but little out of my way."

In a few moments I found myself seated by Mr. Johnson, in his buggy, whom I discovered at once to be a gentleman of much refinement and culture. We rode rapidly over a hard, smooth road, leading past gentlemen's residences of much elegance and taste, until we came into an open country, and here Mr. Johnson turned off from the main road, and took a much less frequented one, which led directly past his own and my cousin's plantations.

We had ridden about five miles, conversing pleasantly upon the various topics of the day, when a large tree, upon which two negroes had been hewing, fell with a crash by the side of the road just as we were passing it. The noise occasioned by the falling of the tree, together with the shouting of the negroes, frightened our horse, which was a high-spirited animal, and he shied out so suddenly that we came near being

precipitated down a steep embankment, then giving a sudden spring which almost threw me off my seat, he dashed furiously ahead, without Mr. Johnson's having the least power to control him. For two miles he ran a regular John Gilpin race, we were enveloped in a perfect cloud of dust, the buggy swayed to and fro like a ship in a gale, and the wheels scarcely touched the ground over which we passed. In a short time, however, the horse began to slacken his speed, and Mr. Johnson, who now spoke for the first time since the horse had commenced running, said:

"If anything happens, Miss Manning, and we are likely to be overturned, you must jump. I think you can do it without injury; but don't jump till you—"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when one of the reins broke, and the horse, frightened anew by this fresh disaster, darted on with redoubled fury. We were now rapidly approaching a corner, around which it would be impossible to pass without being overturned; a thick stone wall was upon both sides, and we should be in imminent danger of being thrown against it.

"Jump," cried Mr. Johnson, "jump quick, and I will follow you."

And seizing my arm, he assisted me as I sprang upon the seat, and from thence leaped to the ground; but in doing so, my dress for an instant got entangled, and I was hurled with violence against a large log by the roadside. Whether I was stunned by the fall, or fainted, I cannot say; but certain it was I became unconscious, and remained so for some time. When I recovered my senses I found myself lying on a sofa, in a handsomely-furnished parlor.

My bonnet and shawl had been removed, and a lady was bathing my head in cologne water, and near me stood a gentleman and a young girl, both evidently regarding me with great interest.

"Where am I?" I exclaimed, bewildered at finding myself among strangers, and in a strange place.

"With friends," said the gentleman, in a deep, melodious voice. "You were thrown upon the ground in consequence of your horse taking fright, and brought here."

"O, I remember now," I said, comprehending at once my present situation, and for an instant my gaze was riveted upon the fine, handsome face of the gentleman.

Where had I seen him before? was the thought that occupied my mind, for his features were perfectly familiar to me. At that moment a cry of joy burst from the lips of the young girl, and

springing forward she threw both her arms around my neck, bestowing upon me a shower of kisses.

"It's Miss Manning!" she cried, "my dear, dear Miss Manning. I am so glad to see you again—"

"Nellie," said the gentleman, endeavoring to draw her from me, "you are rather too demonstrative in your joy, you must remember that the lady is sick, and has not yet recovered from her fall."

But she paid no attention to his words, except to speak in lower tones.

"Is it possible," I exclaimed in surprise, "that I again behold my young friend, Nellie Grahame?"

"Yes, it is I, Nellie—your own little Nellie, as you used to call me. No wonder you did not know me; just see how I have grown." And she drew herself up to her full height, revealing a form and face of much beauty and symmetry.

She then introduced me to a lady as her aunt, and to the gentleman, whom I recognized at once, from his resemblance to the daguerreotype, and before she told me, as her brother.

"We are no strangers, I believe," said Mrs. Grahame, smiling; "although we have never before had the pleasure of a personal meeting. But Nellie has given us such glowing accounts of her school life at B——, and told us so much of you in particular, that we have long regarded you as an old friend."

"And now you are here," interrupted Nellie, "we shall not let you go till you have made us a long, long visit. Wont it be delightful, Mark?" she said, appealing to her brother, her face radiant with joy.

"It will certainly afford us great pleasure," was his quiet reply.

"But where is Mr. Johnson?" I inquired. "I hope no harm has befallen him from this accident?"

"He has just ridden over to Dr. Smith's," said Mr. Grahame. "You remained so long unconscious, that we feared you had sustained some internal injury. But here they are now," he added, as the door opened and Mr. Johnson, accompanied by the doctor, entered.

I attempted to rise, but my foot refused to bear my weight. It had been painning me for some time, but I had hitherto taken no notice of it; and upon examination, it was found to be a good deal swollen.

"It is not a bad sprain," said the doctor, "though it threatens to confine you to the house for a short time."

"O, I am so glad!" interrupted Nellie; "not

because you have sprained your ankle, but because you cannot get away." And she began eagerly telling the doctor of our former acquaintance.

"I too am greatly indebted to Miss Manning," said Mr. Grahame; "for I was suddenly obliged to go to California, and could not get off short of a six months' trip, and was forced, much against my will, to place Nellie at a boarding-school until my return. For all your attention and kind care of her," he added, addressing me, "I am deeply grateful."

"Then this is the teacher, is it, whose merits have been sounded in my ears ever since Nellie's return? Your pupil, here, has certainly a high appreciation of your kindness," said the doctor, laying his hand on her head as he spoke; "and since you have fallen in with such good friends, Miss Manning, I advise you to remain with them for a short time, at least until you are better."

"I am afraid my cousin will—"

"No, Mr. Clark is not expecting you," said Mr. Grahame, interrupting me, "for I saw him yesterday, and he told me that he should look for you in the course of a fortnight. Your letter has doubtless been miscarried."

"Then you must stay," said Nellie, decidedly. "We shall not let you go."

"I shall insist upon it," said Mrs. Grahame.

"And I shall take it quite an affront if you leave us for one week at least," re-echoed her nephew.

I could not refuse such pressing invitations, and passed with the Grahames one of the most delightful weeks of my life. No one who has ever been South, can fail to admire the hospitality and cordiality of the Southern people. True, they have not the energy and enterprise which are the leading characteristics of the Northerners; neither is education so widely diffused among all classes as with us; but in point of sociality and hospitality, we should do well to imitate them.

It was a delightful morning in the latter part of November, when the cool, invigorating autumnal breezes were bringing strength to the debilitated frame and roses to the cheek, that I bade adieu to Nellie and her aunt, and took my seat beside Mr. Graham in his handsome chaise, which was to convey us to the residence of Mr. Clark. A ride of a dozen miles over a good road, with a fleet horse, is not much; and an hour brought us within sight of a large, tastefully built cottage just peeping out from beneath the trees, and half hidden by the surrounding shrubbery, which Mr. Grahame pointed out to me as my cousin's plantation home.

"What a lovely spot!" I exclaimed, eagerly leaning forward to see if I could not catch a glimpse of some of its occupants.

"You are going to take them completely by surprise," said Mr. Grahame, "for they have not had the least intimation of your arrival, and are not expecting you for some days."

"I know it," said I, "and I can scarcely restrain my impatience to see them."

Mr. Grahame, however, seemed to take no notice of my impatience, for instead of increasing the speed of his horse, he drew him almost to a walk. Our ride, thus far, had been rather an unsocial one; Mr. Grahame was not in his usual conversational mood, and several times had fallen into a profound reverie.

"Miss Manning," said Mr. Grahame, smiling, just as we were turning up the avenue leading to the house, "Nellie has been telling me of the present she made you some four years ago, and I think a daguerreotype of a person you had never seen, and in whom you could have no possible interest, could hardly have been a very acceptable gift."

"On the contrary," I replied, "it was a most acceptable one, for the giving it away involved a good deal of sacrifice on Nellie's part, and contained a strong proof of her affection for me; and I have always valued it highly."

"And I hope," said Mr. Grahame, a rich colour mounting to his face as he spoke, "that the acquaintance, begun with the daguerreotype, will be continued with the original, and that you will value it hereafter not only on account of the giver, but for the sake of the giver's brother."

"I most certainly shall," I answered, "after having received so much kindness at your hands."

Mr. Grahame gave the reins a slightly nervous toss, and then in a voice which I never afterwards forgot, said:

"Our acquaintance has been very short, I am aware, Miss Manning; but this one week has sufficed to inspire me with feelings of the most profound respect and admiration of yourself. And now may I claim the inestimable privilege of becoming a frequent caller upon you, whilst you remain at your cousin's home?"

The words were simple enough; but there was a depth, earnestness and feeling in his tones, which I had never seen before. I bowed an assent, for I had no time to reply; our approach had been discovered, and Mrs. Clark came tripping down the steps of the piazza, followed by her husband, to meet us. And O! what a warm welcome we had! how delighted and astonished every one was to see us!

"And now, Mary Manning," said my cousin Frank Clark, after the first exclamations of surprise were over, and I had laid aside my bonnet and shawl, "I should like to know where you came from, and how you have contrived to pick up my friend Mark Grahame on the way?"

"O," said Mr. Grahame, answering for me, "it was one of the accidents of travelling that brought us together." And then turning to me, he added, with a mischievous smile: "And I trust it will prove a most providential accident, too."

Four months from that time, I was again travelling homeward; but this time I was not unattended, for my companion was Mark Grahame, with whom I had agreed not only to take a trip to the North, but also, by the holy marriage vow which we had just exchanged, to perform with him the whole of the long journey of life, and we were now on our way to pass the summer with my friends at home.

Reader, two years have passed since that eventful period; and if you will come and visit me in my happy Southern home, I will show you, enclosed in a case of purple velvet, the daguerreotype of a handsome, intellectual looking young man, which all the gold in California could not tempt me to part with. It is my husband's daguerreotype which I prize so highly, for I learned to love it long before I ever saw or loved its dear original.

MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.

Eugene de Mirecourt, in his lively little biography of Felicien David the composer, whose recent work, "*Herculeanum*," was so successful at the Paris opera, tells that when in the East, David cured a man sick with fever by his piano-forte performances. The sick man at the sound of the instrument felt his fever leave him, and when it threatened to renew its attacks, David would chase it away by a few preludes. In a week the man was well. This was not unlike the genuine original David playing before Saul. This fact is worth receiving the attention of the faculty. To treat people by music would be an excellent method of introducing harmony into the conflicting medical systems. A dyspeptic affection would probably be cured by three days of the cornet-a-piston. Nothing has yet been advanced to prove that neuralgia could withstand an hour of violoncello, and an attack of cholera, however violent, would not stand more than twenty minutes of ophicleide. Half an hour of bassoon would drive away the headache, while deafness could be effectually cured by the united efforts of these instruments in one of Verdi's finales.

As to Flattery, the current commodity of the world on which Fashion lives and thrives, it is at most, a lie in its best clothes.

MUSIC.

Of all music, that is best which comes from an articulate voice. Whether it be that man cannot make an instrument so melodious, as that which God made, living man, or because there is something in this, for the rational part as well as for the ear alone. I think he hath not a mind well tempered, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly anthem. Music is good or bad as the end to which it tendeth. Surely they did mean it excellent, that made Apollo, who was the god of wisdom, to be god of music also. It argues it of some excellency, that it is used only of the most aerial creatures; loved, and understood of man alone; the birds next have variety of notes. The beasts, fishes, and the reptiles, which are of grosser composition, have only silence, or untuned sounds. They that despise it wholly, may well be suspected of something of a savage nature. The Italians have somewhat a smart censure of those that affect it not: they say God loves not him, whom he hath not made to love music. I believe it is a helper both to good and ill; and will therefore honor it when it moves to virtue, and beware it when it would flatter into vice.—*Owen Feltham's "Resolves."*

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

In a certain town in the North of England, not long ago, lived (and died) a worthy well-known sculptor and dealer in marble monuments. A customer called one day at the works for the purpose of giving an order. Walking into the yard he saw no one but a stolid looking mason, who was busy chiselling a death's head and cross bones. "Is Mr. Boeson in?" inquired our friend. "Naw," was the monosyllable answer. "Never mind, I'll look in afterwards." A second time he made his appearance, put the interrogatory, and received the same answer. A third time he called, and found the same man still busy with mallet and chisel. "Is Mr. Boeson come in yet?" he again interrogated. "Naw." "Do you think he will be in soon?" The answer was conclusive. "Naw, aw dinna think he'll be in suin; *Mr. Boeson's died!*" and again the mallet and the chisel went on as before.—*English paper.*

THE KORAN DISGRACED.

Some time ago a number of handkerchiefs were brought, or rather smuggled, into Mogadore, having printed upon them passages from the Koran. One of them got into the hands of the emperor, who, thinking the Christians were ridiculing the sacred book, ordered instantly all the cities of the coast to be searched to discover the offender who introduced them. Happily for the merchant, he was not found out. His highness commanded that all the handkerchiefs which were collected should be destroyed. When Dr. Davidson was at Morocco, he prepared some seidlitz water for the use of the sultan, and placed on the sides of two bottles, containing the beverage, Arabic verses from the Koran. The sultan was exceedingly exasperated at this compliment to his religion, and had it privately intimated to Mr. Davidson not to desecrate the holy book in that abominable manner.—*Richardson's Morocco.*

[ORIGINAL.]

RECORDARE.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

I once had a sweetheart—O, long, long ago!—
With eyes like a dove and a brow like the snow;
Her lips were like cherries, as ripe and as red,
On her fair cheek the rose and the lily were wed;
Her hair fell in ripples of light wavy gold,
Her round shape so lovely was beauty's own mould;
O, each movement of grace, and each step blithe and free,
Made her dearest of all in the world to me!

Her words breathed a spirit of joyance and truth,
Her heart was a fountain of love and of ruth;
The tones of her dear voice, so girlish and low,
Sought the depths of my heart in a musical flow;
Quick vanished before her each shadowing care,
That angel so near me but not unaware.

In the springtide of love, in life's hallowing hour,
The winds of the churchyard sighed o'er my lost flower;
O woe of my boyhood! O grief of my prime!
Lone grief, that can never find solace in time,
Thou'lt darken this bosom till life's spark has flown
To the land where the sad tear of sorrow's unknown!

[ORIGINAL.]

NELLIE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

I ALWAYS knew, from the time when we were children together, that Nellie Herbert was a roguish, tantalizing little witch (and a pretty one, withal!); but I never guessed one half her wickedness, until lying one blessed summer afternoon in the summer-house, dozing with my eyes open (and ears too, as it happened), I overheard her as she paced up and down: one of the garden paths near by, in company with a chatty girlfriend of hers (Sue Deane, her name was), indulging in rather a confidential conversation, to which I knew, sooner than have had me for a listener, she would have pulled her little rosy tongue out by the roots, and gone speechless the remainder of her days—the saddest destiny on earth for a woman, you will allow.

Perhaps you will say I wasn't gifted with a very keen sense of honor or delicacy. Well I don't pretend to be perfection, so it can't much matter. Think of me as you please, for I am going to confess (candor is one of my faults) that, although I was conscious the pretty minx hadn't the faintest suspicion of my whereabouts, and couldn't so much as guess that my eyes took in every flutter of her white gown through the wall of shrubbery between us, at the same time my ears (quite inquisitive for the masculine article) caught every syllable of her musical talk,

somehow the fact didn't tempt me in the least to clap my hands over my organs of vision, or thrust my fingers' joint deep into my organs of hearing, or even to get up and go away like the dear honorable darling of a man that I was.

Instead of that I turned over leisurely upon my side (perhaps it was because my former position wasn't an easy one, and then perhaps—well, I rather think it was because I could see and hear still better—impertinent fellow!) and watched and listened to the best of my ability.

"How long is it since Charley Hammond proposed?"

That was Sue's voice, and I remember distinctly how, as I raised myself, for they had reached the farthest end of the walk from where I was lying, and my position had become quite intolerable (for my ears), the ashes of the half-smoked cigar which I held loosely between my fingers took a notion to sift down to the ground, but changing their mind before they got there, came waltzing up on a little puff of wind, into my face. One ash (is that grammatical?) was mean enough to hop into my eye, and I shed more tears in consequence than a hypocrite during a revival.

If I hadn't lost Nellie's answer, however, I wouldn't have minded this extravagant waste of lachrymose material, though to be sure I had been saving it up carefully to shed for my sins, when I should get old and meditative.

An indistinct murmur, and a little laugh, dainty and sweet as the tinkle of silver bells, was all I caught of the reply.

"Henry (that was my name, and I opened my mouth so wide with curiosity that it must have looked like a dilapidated water-pail, with the bail fallen out) hasn't offered himself yet, has he?"

"Henry!" What a pretty womanly affectation that soft, surprised exclamation was! "Why, no, goose, I hope you don't think Henry Burnett has any serious intentions. La, he's my cousin—didn't you know it?—and it isn't pretty or proper for cousins to marry."

Now that was a fib, and the jade knew it. If to be the adopted son of her stepmother's cousin's widow's brother, was to bear any blood relationship to her, why then we were cousins, not otherwise. And as for serious intentions, hadn't I kissed her every time I caught her in the hall after dark for the previous six weeks? And hadn't I squeezed her hand, till I dared not squeeze any harder for fear of crushing the white, beringed, tremulous bit of a thing? (It looked like a symmetrical fragment of dimpled swan's down—excuse a lover's extravagant conceit—with

pink seashells for nails.) And hadn't I shaved off half my beard to please her, and played the unconquerable hero to every other young lady in the neighborhood, that she might have no cause for jealousy? Hadn't I, in fact, done everything but get down on my knees to her? (I should have done that, let me tell you, only I had a new pair of—of—how shall I say it for blushes?—of that kind of garment which strong-minded women are supposed to monopolize after marriage, and I didn't like to wear the gloss off the knees of them!) Serious intentions indeed! In my mortification at being so poorly appreciated, I came near groaning aloud. I prudently restrained the impulse, however.

"What a pity! But, O, Nellie!" I heard a distinct clapping of hands, "I can have him, now, can't I? Strange I never thought of it before! Say, Nellie, may I?"

"You are welcome to him, for aught I care. I am very sure of that."

I wasn't so sure of it if she was. I hadn't been the victim of threescore serious flirtations, to lie there that eventful July afternoon, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-nine, minus experience in the ways of women. I hope I'm not constitutionally a vain man, yet I would have wagered my new box of Alexander kids, and not been afraid of losing them either, that that same Nelly, in spite of her pretended indifference, would have swallowed her friend (I speak figuratively, of course,) if she had thought there was any real danger of having her for a rival in my affections. She liked me, Nellie did, and I liked her—ay, loved her to distraction—the red-lipped, blue-eyed, brown-curled little flirt.

"Now aint that delightful, dear? The most relentless coquette in all Christendom yielding up the handsomest, wittiest and best-natured of her admirers voluntarily!"

If anything will make a bashful man feel peculiar, it is to hear himself praised. I modestly shut one eye and looked up at the clouds. Somehow they made me think of Nellie's hair, they were so soft, so lustrous, so tenderly, goldenly brown!

There was no reply to Miss Sue's exclamations. I was glad of that, for while I was too modest—I was really, now—to believe that her admiration was all the genuine article, I knew that if Nellie had entirely sympathized with her friend's mood, she would have expressed as much in words. For that reason her silence gratified me.

"I shall set my cap immediately. And, O, sha'n't I be proud of my handsome beau, when I've caught him? Mind you don't come poking that saucy little nose of yours in the way, to

spoil my fun. But what's your notion of giving him up so readily? He's a deal more agreeable than Charley, and besides, you've rejected him already."

"You speak as if there were only those two men in the world—the conceited creatures! I'd die an old maid for all either of them."

O, how my ears tingled! I came near swearing that she should die an old maid in good earnest, before any interference of mine should prevent her. Conscious, however, that, to use a vulgar, but expressive comparison, I should "only be biting my own nose off" in that case, I prudently restrained the incipient vow. There had been considerable uncalled-for pique and irritation in Nelly's voice, which betrayed—What? Well, as I said before, I hope I am not a vain man, but thinking of that, I chuckled so audibly with inward satisfaction, that I feared for a moment I had betrayed my whereabouts.

But no. The girls took two or three more turns round the shaded path, which they wouldn't have done had they heard me, and then arm in arm sauntered slowly to the house. I had formed a resolution, in the meantime, a resolution of which revenge was the father, and love the mother. The child of an ill-assorted couple, maybe.

I rose up, threw away my cigar, whistled a bar of "Hail Columbia," by way of rousing my courage, and then followed them into the house. Going directly to my room, I brushed my hair and whiskers, till I came near falling in love with myself, they were so glossy; put on a clean dickey, tied a stunning bow to my cravat, made myself generally fascinating (I am not a vain man, remember), and then marched straight down to the parlor, and seated myself on the sofa beside Sue Deane.

She looked a little flustered at so unusual a proceeding, for I had never paid her much attention; but when I took a flower from the button-hole of my vest (it was a beautiful wild flower that Nellie had gathered the day before, and placed on my table in one of her delicate Sevres vases), and begged leave to arrange it in her hair, telling her with my most winning smile how beautifully the white, waxen blossom contrasted with the purplish blackness of her magnificent braids, she looked absolutely bewildered, and glanced toward Nellie in the most puzzled air imaginable.

As for Nellie herself, the only reward I got from her for my premeditated hatefulness, was one surprised, indignant, wide-open flash of her superb eyes. It shot through and transfixed me like an arrow.

All that afternoon I was devoted to Sue. I threw admiration into my eyes, passion into my gestures, tenderness and devotion into the tones of my voice. If I played a deceptive and consequently wicked part, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I played it gloriously and with complete success.

Nellie was completely thrown off her guard, though I think Sue, who was less interested, partly understood me all the while. Through my lashes I watched her face (Nellie's) assiduously—detecting every change that passed over it. It was rare sport to see the angry crimson rise and waver and die away, only to rise again in her cheek; to detect the knitting of the soft white brows, as if half in scorn and half in pain; to watch the toss of the small, proud head, the convulsive locking together of the dainty hands, the quivering of the grieved mouth, like a rose-leaf stirred by the wind. Rare sport, I say! It might have been, had I not loved her. As it was, I came near breaking through the cruel farce a dozen times, for I knew her pride would never, never let her forgive me, if she once detected me watching her, and knew that I understood the cause of her agitation.

That night, after I had escorted Sue home, I walked back and forth in the street for an hour, to make little Miss Indifference think something that wasn't exactly true—i. e., that I had been spending my time in said Sue's company. When I re-entered the parlor, it was dark and apparently deserted; but as I turned to leave the room, a little disappointed at not finding Nellie there, the sound of a stifled sob smote my ear. I was back again in an instant, pushing the muslin drapery from one of the low windows, only to find Nellie crouching down, with her face hidden in her folded arms, and to hear the audible weeping that even my coming could not check or soothe.

My first impulse was to take her to my breast, tell her how dear, how very dear she was to me, and kiss her back into smiles again. But there were a few dregs of malice in my heart even then—sweet angels, forgive me!—and so I only said, gently enough, but not tenderly:

"Why, what ails my little cousin?" (I had never acknowledged the title as legitimate before.) "Charley hasn't proved faithless, has he? I should be tempted to cowhide him, if I thought he had anything to do with those tears."

"Charley!"

If a rosebud could snarl, I should say that Nellie's mouth snarled then. She lifted her head and dashed the long, moistened hair away from her forehead with a proud gesture, the effect of

which was counteracted the next moment by a little sob that *would* come, in spite of her.

I said nothing more, just then—only lifted one of her white hands, and commenced idly slipping the rings back and forth across the dimpled fingers. She let it lie passively in my clasp, and with triumph—it was a reverent and happy triumph, dear Nellie!—I felt the tremulous thrill that ran through it at the half-carressing way in which I held it.

"Charley! I *hate* Charley!" she broke out at last, passionately, seeing I had let the matter drop.

"Why I thought him one of the best of fellows, and he is certainly very fond of you!" I answered, gravely, dropping her hand as carelessly as I had taken it up. "By the way, what a sweet girl that little friend of yours is—Sue. I never realized it completely until to-day. I have nearly lost my heart to her. What a soft voice she has—and what glorious eyes! Don't you think so?"

"They are well enough, I dare say," she replied, a little curtly, pulling at the lace edge of her handkerchief. "I never thought them remarkable."

"O, of course you wouldn't be expected to admire her so much as myself! I always had a fancy for black eyes and soft voices, you know."

She nodded a silent affirmative to my remark:

"If I am any judge of character, she is more than commonly amiable in disposition, too. I can hardly imagine such a thing as a frown on her forehead, or an angry or rude word slipping from such a mouth."

"There you are mightily mistaken, at any rate! You ought to see her in a passion once, as I have done. You might change your views."

"But don't you like her? I am surprised—and sorry, too; for I was about to ask you how she would please you as a cousin, supposing I could have the good fortune to make an impression."

"Well, then, I *don't* like her!" she exclaimed, with a suddenly darkening face; "the artful—"

She checked herself, as though suddenly struck dumb with repentance.

"But I thought her your dearest friend, and a perfect little jewel of a woman?"

"And so she is, and I ought to be ashamed to have spoken so of her!" she said eagerly, as if to atone for her former words, and bursting into a paroxysm of passionate tears, as she spoke. "She is a dear, sweet, affectionate darling, and it would break her heart to know what I have said."

My brave, true hearted, womanly Nellie! How I loved her for her penitent words and tears!

"Then you *would* like her for a cousin, wouldn't you, after all?"

She looked up at me quickly, and I hated myself for the moment for the look of pitiful anguish that dilated her eyes and whitened her compressed lips.

"Yes—no—O, please don't talk about it any more to-night! I am ill and tired. Sometime—to-morrow, maybe, I shall be glad and happy to hear you."

"What a fib, Nellie!"

"But—"

"O, please—please, don't! You can't guess how my head aches! Let me go!"

She rose and tried to pass me. Did I let her? Instead, I drew her down into my arms and whispered softly: "But I *must* talk of something, Nellie, and if you won't hear that, why—"

Pshaw! What's the use of finishing that sentence on paper? It must be enough for you to know, reader, as it was for me that happy night, that the poor words I said (all words are poor that try to express love) stirred Nellie's pure heart to its sweetest depths, and that in her surprise and delight she put her white arms about my neck, and— Well, did she? or didn't she? Yes, she kissed me. But that wasn't all she did. When she found out that I had listened to her conversation in the garden, she actually boxed my ears, the minx! And that wasn't all she did, either. Six months after, she married me.

O, she is the sweetest little wife—my Nellie!

ELBRIDGE GERRY'S MONUMENT.

Elbridge Gerry, one of the Massachusetts delegates to the provincial congress in 1776, minister to France in 1797, and vice president in 1813, died suddenly at Washington, while on his way to the capitol. His monument occupies a conspicuous position in the congressional burying ground, by the side of one erected to the memory of another deceased vice president, George Clinton, who died in 1811. Mr. Gerry died September 23, 1814. Upon his monument these words of his are inscribed: "It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country."—*Washington Union*.

ENVY.

The lion craved the fox's art;
The fox the lion's force and heart;
The cock implored the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong and light;
The pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the cock's matchless valor prized.
The fishes wished to graze the plain;
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blamed the partial hand of fate.—GAY.

A DANGEROUS INK.

A ingenious Parisian stationer, who for some years past has taken up his abode at Shanghai, has returned to Paris, bringing with him a curious Chinese invention. This extraordinary discovery consists in the composition of a paper which can be made to last as long as one wishes, by the use of a water or *eau magique*. The paper must be beforehand prepared, by some means known only to the buyer and seller, and is then saturated with the water, which is colorless, tasteless, and scentless. The length of time that one desires the paper to last is regulated by the introduction of pure water to weaken the effect. For instance, if the paper is to be decomposed within six days, the *eau magique* is put on without adulteration; if a month, a certain quantity of pure water is to be used. With this paper, then, the wily Chinese write their *billets doux*, taking care, however, that the corrosive water and their passion shall be of the same weight. The water is called "Divine Ink," and the paper "Exquisite Prudence." If Divine Ink and Exquisite Prudence take up their permanent abode in civilized countries, what a death blow it will be to all breaches of promise suits, which, for the most part at least, are founded on love-letters, written promises, etc. And then, again, how many dishonest persons would sign promissory notes, knowing that, thanks to the *encre divine*, their signature would soon disappear; in fact, such an invention is a most dangerous one, reversing the present order of things, and opening a wide field for rascality.—*Liverpool Times*.

THE ARABS.

The following story is related of Count La Borde: "When among the Arabs, he saw a very fine mare, which he wished to purchase. While the bargain was going on, hearing a talk, the Arabs thronged round, and jostled against him rather rudely. He drew his sword; but as quick as his ready steel flashed, came forward the rummah and cobba of the Arabs, and he was borne back by numbers. Burning with rage, he plucked off his head-dress, when his wig came off too, and he cast it amidst the crowd. They fell back in terror from this wondrous man. "Ya wallah! the Kaffir has plucked his head off! God help us! God pardon us!" This gave time to appease all anger; the count replaced his wig, which has proved to him a better defence than the triple shield of Ajax, or the petrifying head of Medusa. *Backshish, Backshish*, and all was forgotten.—*Colonial Recorder*.

SEWING BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Persons whose vision is somewhat defective can sew white cloth by candle light, but they are unable to perform the same operation with black cloth. The following plan, however, affords a partial remedy: Pin or baste a strip of white paper on the seam of the black cloth to be operated upon, and sew through the paper and cloth, and when the seam is completed the paper may be torn off. The black thread will be distinctly seen on the white paper, and by drawing the stitches a little tighter than usual, good work will be produced. This method is well adapted for sewing by machinery as well as by hand.—*Scientific American*.

(ORIGINAL.)

SPEAK KINDLY.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Speak kindly!—'tis a simple thing,
 Yet bears a wondrous power;
 'Twill shed the bloom of summer time
 O'er every darkened hour.
 'Twill calm the jarring chords of life,
 By grief or passion stirred;
 Like oil upon the troubled waves,
 Is a kindly spoken word.

And they who fought, but, yielding, fell,
 Were wrecked by passion's blindness,
 Though fallen, may be won by love
 And blessed words of kindness.
 Then let no cold, self-righteous spirit
 Place love and pity under ban;
 Con vail this lesson's holy teachings,
 "Deal gently with thy fellow-man!"

Speak kindly!—many a bitter word,
 In thoughtless moments rashly spoken,
 Through weary years of vain regret
 Its galling chains remain unbroken.
 The sweetest glimpses of paradise,
 The truest types of heaven above,
 Are beaming smiles, and kindly deeds,
 And gentle words of love!

(ORIGINAL.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

BY EMMA M. A. KIMBALL.

MARION GEORGE was a coquette, and played her cards with consummate skill and adroitness, as many a pierced heart among her large circle of male acquaintances can testify. The cunning hand of nature had moulded her face and form in accordance with her highest ideas of beauty and grace, and tinted the former with the freshest and purest color. Marion had a pretty, demure way of casting her eyes to the ground, perhaps in the consciousness that her long black lashes looked well curving upon her delicate-hued cheek, or of the fact that she had a more bewildering surprise in store for the beholder, when slowly lifting them she brought the splendor of two of the richest and darkest violet eyes to flash upon him it was seldom the lot of mortal to see.

These were the traps which were sprung upon Odin Moore, making him, without hope of escape, a prisoner of love, in the power of the most merciless and speculating of all flirts. He placed her in his heart upon a pedestal, high above all others, and worshipped her as the realization of his ideal. Every word that parted those cherry lips was to him heavy with wisdom

and polished with wit. He loved her reverentially. How his impatient fingers would gladly have rested on the low, broad forehead, and twined in the heavy, silken bands of her hair, or thrilled to hold the perfect little hand (Marion meanwhile wondering why he was so stupid as not to do it), had he not thought it almost desecration. Woman to him was the embodiment of everything pure and angel-like. He remembered a sainted mother, the memory of whose soft hand, trembling with its weight of love upon his boyish head, brought the best and holiest thoughts to cluster in his soul, and he had grown to manhood with one of those rare and noble hearts which partake more of the divine than human. An intense love of the beautiful characterized him, and in whatever created thing it was met there his humble reverence became due.

Marion George had awakened in him this emotion, which by her arts she so quickly caused to be followed by love, that the veil was over his eyes which would admit nothing but perfection through its meshes. A glance over his shoulder at his journal reveals where he stood.

"One hour ago with Marion. Would that the blessed joy of saying my Marion were mine! I trembled lest my new-born earthly love should alienate me from Him who should have my first and best thoughts. But Marion, guileless and pure and beautiful as she is, would be the dearest gift my heart ever craved. My Father, make me worthy of her, if thou canst see fit to give me this precious boon."

Then a lingering spirit might have seen him bowed in prayer, thanking God for the pure being he had given him to love.

Another one at the same hour, looking into Marion's heart, or upon the sheet of paper over which she bent with a mischievous face, could have read words cruel enough to coil about the noble heart of poor Odin and sting it with all a serpent's venom. The address ran thus, after the style of devoted friends—"My darling Nellie," and then followed information concerning her last new lover.

"He is very good looking, pale and interesting, you know, but has a wide, open face and heart, and 'whoever runs may read' what is there. O, but he is stupid. He gazes at me with his great, thoughtful eyes, and sits in silence most of the time, and has never so much as given me a single kiss! He writes beautiful notes, and tells me that he loves me next to his Heavenly Father; and that brings me to the funniest part of it. To-night when he was here, I was feeling as mischievous and wicked as possible (which is an unusual thing for me), and had just quoted

something that I thought extremely witty, when he, looking most vacantly, said, 'I don't understand you!' Was not that cold-waterish? He continued grave as a deacon, and very soon after asked me what my hopes of heaven were! I can't think of telling you what I answered him, but I was as considerate as possible to his feelings, and before he went he knelt and prayed for me. It was as much as I could do to keep from touching him with my foot and sending him over backwards; but as it was, I laughed so behind my handkerchief that he thought I was sobbing, and called them blessed tears. I wish you were only here, Nell, to help me have a good time with this honest son of Adam, for I am nearly tired with him alone, and mean to 'ship' him the first good chance that offers."

Odin Moore had no thought of all this, as he walked with her a few evenings after upon the beach. He drank in like wine the beauty of the sky and earth around him, and but one sound had more music to him than the low, melodious murmur of the stranding billows. He talked to Marion to awaken that sound; but she was wisely silent, for she had no appreciation in common with his. He seated her upon a broad rock and himself where he could look in her face, alternately with the scene around him—the gigantic, throbbing ocean tossing restlessly before them, the rival sea above, where angels sail their golden barks, and his whole soul was filled with reverence, adoration, awe and love.

Marion was impatient. It was not enough for her to know that she was loved by Odin Moore as few women are loved, but her selfish heart coveted words that would bring it to her ears in glowing and passionate reiterations. She was therefore disappointed when, turning towards her, he said:

"The name of God seems written upon every leaf of nature, Marion. It is wreathed in golden letters upon the blue scroll of the evening sky, and the skill of his hand is seen in the purple and gold of the sunset and silver and rose of the dawn. The wild-leaping sea hymns sonorously of him who holds its waters, and the deep-mouthed thunder interprets with awful voice the tracing of the vanishing lightnings."

He paused, as if awaiting a reply, but Marion had thrown into her face an expression of great thoughtfulness, and leaned her cheek upon her dimpled hand, knowing that the pensive air became her remarkably well, and her hand never looked whiter than when in that position. Moore thought—"She has an appreciative soul, and trusts not her emotions to words."

He glanced at her head, with its massive, shin-

ing crown of braids, the delicate ear, the well-turned and snowy throat, and then at the wondrous waves of rich, soft crimson upon her cheeks, the dangerous eyes, the sweet-pouting lips, the cunning chin, where nestled the most bewitching dimple that was ever impressed upon flesh. What milk-white marble was ever moulded and polished into such perfect arms, and hands, thought he, and then that beautiful gauze drape of colour de rose, sweeping over the rock in such graceful and flowing outlines, allowing just the tiniest bit of a slipper to peep out coyly from its hiding-place.

She had changed her position, and leaning with pure grace against a side rock, was looking far out upon the foam-capped waters, as if entranced by the holy beauty of the place and hour. Just the slightest motion of the bow-like lips, and how innocently twin dimples in either cheek flashed and darted out, putting the finishing stroke upon Odin's fascinated heart. Away down in its depths he whispered, "Beautiful as an angel," and aloud, with tones burdened with earnestness:

"Marion! Marion, I love you better than life itself! Will you be my wife?"

"Why, how you frightened me, Odin Moore!" said she, starting from her position with a well-dissembled nervous flutter and quick breathing. "Pray, what was it you said?"

Alas for Odin! His tongue threatened to refuse him utterance, and his face grew paler yet from the shock. "She could not have understood me," thought he; and bowing his head upon the hand he had dared to take, he said, with a more subdued tone:

"Will you be mine, Marion—my wife?"

"Why, really, Mr. Moore, you have been very sudden and precipitate, and the truth is, I have looked upon you as—a friend, and I am—an engaged."

She met no words in return, but a face so deadly white that her own paled with alarm. She took the arm that was proffered in silence, and carrying her wide-brimmed hat in her hand, endeavored to assume a very self-possessioned air as they walked to her home. Not a word as they parted at the garden gate, for Odin's heart was too full of bitterness and disappointment to frame an adieu, and Marion too proud of spirit to solicit one. She passed up the walk soliloquizing:

"This is a queer piece of business, at any rate, and performed mighty quick. He went overboard sooner than I imagined; but the stupid thing is well got rid of. This makes four this very summer. I must write about it to Nell." And the heartless girl soon grew very merry and facetious

over a narration of that evening's pastime, as she coolly called it, to her friend.

But Odin had one to love him, and that with as much devotion and earnestness as he hoped from the false-hearted Marion. A singular, and wilful madcap of a girl was his only sister, and one who had tried his deep, pious heart most severely by her odd pranks, nevertheless she was his dearly loved sister, and he knew that in her nature were deep seated throbs of tender feeling that would respond to his own bleeding heart, and give him consolation and sympathy. He knew where her favorite resort was in the evening's glooming, and thither he went. She looked up with a smile, and prepared to welcome him to a lounge upon an ottoman, with his head in her lap, but noticing his white face said, with emphasis :

"Why, Odin! you must be very ill. What is the matter? Let me get you something."

"No, no, Marcia," waving her back with his hand, and trying to smile. "My case does not need medicine. I trust to Time as a successful physician. But if you will let me have my old place, I will tell you all."

He gave her a brother's confidence, and she listened with all her soul's indignation to a wrong done a trusting heart like his. He ended with "but call her more fickle than false, Marcia."

"More false than fickle, Odin. I know her well by reputation, and it says of her that she is as destitute of principle or a single iota of a good heart as a marble representation of her would be. O, she is a heartless flirt—a vain, capricious, wicked—"

"Hush, hush, sister! You must not speak thus of her. She may have had no kind mother's teachings to make her better. Let us forgive her, and leave her in peace. It is well, perhaps, that my foolish trust in human nature should be destroyed in this way."

"It is *not* well, in such a manner as this," Marcia said, silently, in her heart, and as she looked at her brother's pale features, high, thoughtful brow, and slender, consumptive form, she could not repress the rising tears. After the good-night had passed between them, she went to her chamber to meditate in anger on what he had told her, while his voice floated to her ears, with Marion's name borne upward on the wings of prayer. No one but herself knew of what she thought as she viewed with satisfaction her tall, well-developed figure in her mirror, and thanked fortune for substantial hands and feet, and the sickness which brought her black, curling locks under the clip of the barber's scissors. Some words escaped her lips audibly:

"Her measure shall be meted back to her, pressed down and running over. My brother, with his generous soul, will forgive and forget it if he can. His conscience is tender, while mine is as elastic as hers upon some matters, and this is one of them. He shall be avenged."

It was scarcely a week after Marion's dispensing with the love of Odin Moore, and she was beginning to feel ennuied, and impatient to return to her city home, in search of some new subject for experiment. It mattered not to her whether they were scented and milky-mouthed gallants, that babbled to her of never-dying attachment and adoring love, or men who poured the saved up love of a lifetime into her treacherous ears, as had Odin; a conquest was a conquest, even if the victim, forgetting the kind blue eyes of a confiding wife, should swear to be hers forever and none other's. Then the scorn with which she treated the poor dupe was magnificent, and the dilating violet eyes were full of shivers of flame for the trembling wretch who would have thought her an immaculate goddess were it not for vivid recollections of covert encouragement once read on the now triumphant face.

She sat gazing out of the window towards the beach, yawning, and wishing for some adventure, when the thought possessed her to call Neptune, her splendid great Newfoundland, and start for a roam on the shore. Away they went together, in high glee, the huge fellow racing and tumbling against her in his doggyish good spirits.

"I wonder if I can row that boat," said she, aloud, glancing at her damask palms, and then at the sailboat dancing most temptingly upon the water at the end of a long rope. "Nep, here, take hold with your teeth and help me pull it in." And the dog, seeming to understand her, did as his young mistress commanded.

"Perhaps if you are to have a sail this beautiful evening, you would not object to a stranger hand taking the guidance of the boat."

A most graceful start betrayed her surprise, as she turned in the direction of the voice, and saw a young gentleman after her most approved model standing, hat in hand, to hear her reply. She could find no objection to the well-trimmed whiskers and forked moustache so glossy and black, nor the soft, wavy hair, contrasting so well with them, nor the eyes, so very pleasant, even grave, as their owner was trying to make them look, nor the lips, nor the white teeth; and his dress, it was a la mode, and therefore he must be a gentleman born and bred. Be sure there was a dash of impudence in his presuming to address her, a perfect stranger, but then she could see no trace of it in his manner and face, so she thought,

as she concluded her hasty glance of survey, that an adventure was before her (such things being doted upon with supreme delight by all such young ladies as Marion), and an Adonis for its hero. A charming blush rippled over her cheeks, and demurring a little, she said with a smile that brought a sparkle of admiration to the young stranger's eyes, as she interpreted it :

"With your word that you did not rise from the sea in quest of a hapless body to take back with you, and will bring me safely to the shore again, I will thankfully accept your services."

It was a slight but pleasant laugh that came from the young stranger's lips, as he bowed his thanks and said :

"I assure you that your fears are groundless. I address, I have no doubt, Miss George, for whom to exist is to be known ; but as I am an obscure individual I can claim no such distinction," handing her a card, upon which was written, "Shirley Horton."

They were soon seated in the boat, moving gaily over the water, for Marion's companion proved sufficiently entertaining, choosing, with great aptness, the very topics most interesting to her. He administered delicate compliments, in doses moderate enough to cause her to feel assured that they were not intended as mere words of flattery, and was so kind and solicitous in regard to her personal comfort that she really held him in esteem. Neptune, like a discreet dog, sat far apart, and bayed at the rising moon. He was obedient as well as discreet, and a single word from his mistress would have silenced him, but of course she did not care for that, as his noise made it convenient, proper, and very agreeable for the dark, handsome stranger to incline his head a trifle nearer hers in order to insure a more distinct hearing.

Neptune, if he heard, was not a good linguist, so no one could have their curiosity appeased by him, while the waves kept up their chant, deaf to all else, and the roguish stars only winked the marrier if now and then they caught a syllable. But the hour declared that it was time for them to be returning. Accordingly they obeyed, and headed their boat in the direction of the land, which was reached in due time, without Marion losing her balance and catching a bath in the briny element, or anything like a squall appearing to disturb the tenor of her spirits, which were remarkably even and placid. Before taking the walk to the house, her escort, with her upon his arm, turned to the sea and called her attention to that and the serene beauty of the night, discoursing eloquently of the former, as it lay glittering and shaking at the feet of the moon, as if in joy

at the shower of shimmering light she threw lavishly down upon him, while the "rocking, white-capped waves" careered over his monstrous back in choruses of ringing glee.

"This is a very beautiful world, Miss George, especially in pleasant weather," remarked Horton, as they walked slowly away.

"It is, Mr. Horton, but I never thought so much of it as I have this summer, the only one indeed ever passed by me in the quiet country."

"Have you not enjoyed very much communion with nature in this lovely place?"

It was too bad that Marion was obliged to fib, but she was determined to make a good impression.

"I have intensely. Such splendid sunsets I never saw, and such glorious evenings."

She might have gone on and told him how once she went into raptures over a pink cloud, and would not be contented until she had searched every dry goods store in the city to obtain a fancied match.

"But the dawn, Miss George—you have certainly missed no opportunity to see the gates of day opened, and its god appear in all his regal glory?"

"Nep, keep off my dress, you dirty dog! See, he has put his paw right through this delicate tissue!" exclaimed she, as in great trepidation she held up the edge of her skirt, to discover the rent to be only a naughty footprint. She was enabled to regain her placidity by means of Horton's sympathy, and all calm again, her tormentor commenced :

"Let me see, what were we talking about just before? O, the sunrise, aurora—did you say you enjoyed the prospect?"

"Confound aurora! No, I don't like the prospect of being plagued like this all the time, by a bunch of conceit," was what she wanted to utter aloud, and what she thought, but with great sweetness she said, instead :

"Of course, one would be the possessor of a very dull mind not to enjoy it. The morning air is very bracing, and seems so elastic that one feels like being enervated from the ground by it."

"An elevation would not be safe so near the water, and if there is danger of it, I shall see that some one prohibits your taking morning walks."

His lip did not bleed as he bit it under his moustache, and Marion was too much engrossed by her own distress of mind to notice it if it had. She answered with a light, affected laugh, but said nothing.

"You must have an imaginative brain, Miss George. Do not the exquisite panoramas spread

above you cause an expansion of soul and fledging of innate, though perhaps until this summer latent, poetical ideas? Or perhaps you are not inclined to a romantic or sentimental turn."

"O, romance!" said she, catching enthusiastically at the word. "I delight in it. If there is a being who has a passion for romance it is I. Sometimes my soul has been so full of it that I have thought I could if I chose write poetry."

Horton glanced at her face, and saw it turned to the sky with an ecstatic expression.

"But have you never written verse?"

"None of any importance—but I adore to read it."

"What kind has your preference, sentimental, didactic, epic, or epigrammatic?"

"I like all equally well. But which should you recommend me to read?"

"Sentimental for the present, and should you tire of that, by all means didactic would be the most suited to your mind and mood."

"Thank you. But will you not come in?"

"Thanks; but not this evening. Miss George, a repetition of the enjoyment of your society would be valued by me as a rare treat."

"Then I have not the heart to deprive you of it, sir. Good-night."

She laid her head upon her pillow that night a little piqued, very much pleased, but determined to see the end of what promised so pleasing a triumph. "Ay, he is smart, handsome, and I know by his jewelled repeater that he is rich. What will Nell say?"

Summer passed from sight, garlanded with withered flowers, and autumn, in her gorgeous robes and golden sandalled feet, reigned successor. Marcia Moore had watched her brother with an anxious eye, and saw with pain his tender, mournful eyes grow larger and more brilliant, his once firm step slow and feeble, and the white temples sunken. The hand of that flattering, insidious destroyer, consumption, was upon him; but as if in pity for the sensitive heart that had so suffered, was leading him gently down towards the gloomy valley. Marcia saw all this, and knew that when the soft-falling snow should enwrap the earth he would be lying in his last, dreamless sleep beneath it. She laid the burden at the door of Marion George, and from the deepest hatred of her heart cursed her for it.

Meanwhile, Shirley Horton continued his attentions to Marion. He shared her amusements and recreations, and his manner since the first evening had been studiously free from everything that could make her feel ill at ease. She discovered that his mind was richly cultivated, and the pearls of genius, talent, and wit shone in his

brain. He had travelled, and could bring to her stores of information, and his ready language, always choice and elegant, with the low, pleasant tones that fell with such strange music upon her ear, succeeding in weaving securely the chains of fascination about her. Her first intention of adding him to the list of conquered lovers passed from her mind, and she now aimed to secure him for life. She loved for the first time, and with all the tender, thrilling, passionate devotion of such a love. Horton saw and knew it by her manner towards him, for she strove in vain to conceal it, and his only care was to rivet the chains tighter and make them more secure. Not a word of love had he spoken to her, with the exception of sentences which she knew were in jest, but had not every kind attention spoken it, every glance of the dark, deep eyes, so full of mysterious light? She knew that he loved her, and why did he not give words to it? She sat with him in the twilight, and playfully said:

"I was thinking to-day that you always chose the evening for visiting me. Why do you not allow the sun to light your footsteps here?"

"I promised my companionship to a sick friend during the day, and I must not be too selfish, you know."

"Who is this friend?"

"Odin Moore."

She could not repress a start, and an anxious look, as she inquired:

"Is he your friend? how long has he been so?"

"Since our days of youth. He seems in the grasp of consumption, and probably will never be better. Do you know him?"

"A slight acquaintance, that is all."

"It is said that a disappointment in love was the cause of his declining so rapidly. His sister told me this, but he has never mentioned it."

"Do you know the lady's name?" said Marion, with discomposure visible upon her features.

"I never inquired, and Miss Moore, probably in consideration of her brother, kept it from me. I have the impression that she is dead (to all things lofty and good, said he, mentally), and that was the nature of the disappointment."

"O, sir, you relieve me much by saying this. My first impression was that some heartless flirt had been practising her arts. I consider it a solemn thing to trifle with the affections."

"Most surely, Miss George, and one that brings its own reward. If any crime is punished upon earth, I think this is the first to be visited."

"It ought to be. They should be made to suffer in like manner."

"I am glad to find your feelings so in accordance with mine. It is like finding a pure dis-

mond to make the acquaintance of a woman with a good and noble heart. It has been my determination to make such a heart mine when I should find it. Do you think such a woman would trust me with it?"

He looked very earnestly into her eyes, and she, trembling with joy at his words, laid her head upon his shoulder, and sighed:

"O, I am very happy! I have loved you long, dear Shirley!"

"Such words are very dear to me, Marion. Have I the permission to call you mine?"

"Yours, forever! You have all my love." She wept glad tears, as he folded her closer, and for a long time nothing was said.

"I must return now, Marion, and to-morrow leave the place on business, which will keep me a fortnight or more. You may think of me in the meantime as much as you please; and when I see you again, we will talk of—something else."

Marion's friend received far less of the particulars of this case, as she did of Odin's—for Marion this time, in her love, was chary of her confidence. However, she wrote to her that she was a bride elect, and should *probably* be married within a month, and begged her to come up and assist her in some preparations. Horton returned at the time specified, and Marion sent him a note, asking him if he had any objections to their marriage taking place on a day which she named, as she had a dear friend who wished to witness it before she returned, as she was obliged to do so soon. She received in reply:

"Consult your own convenience in regard to your marriage; it can have no possible relation to mine. I have never told you that I loved you, nor asked you to marry me. I shall never marry any woman—but have won your love, that you may know how cruelly my poor brother has suffered from your hands. You see it all now, my precious piece of artlessness, and remember, perhaps, that by your own words you condemned a coquette, yourself the chief among them! Take your punishment—and I care not if it humiliate you in the dust. I hope that you will find didactic poetry pleasant reading now. My brother is on his dying bed, and prays for you, the one who brought him there. Remember that, and recognize justice."

It was signed "Marcia Moore, alias Shirley Horton."

She read it with a blanched face and trembling lips, and with a moan sank to the floor, saying:

"My punishment is harder than I can bear!"

A fever followed, and for weeks she tossed upon waves of delirium. Consciousness returned one gloomy day, when a heavy cloud-hung sky

lowered over earth. The wind rose and sank in sobbing breaths, and the cold rain struck aslant on the pane, and drove through the air in sheets. Marcia Moore stood at her brother's bedside with an agony in her heart never felt before. She knew by the cold moisture of the brow, that the death-angel had baptized it with the dew from the dark river, and that his feet were already descending into the cold clasp of its waters.

Down he went in holy confidence, leaning upon the arm of an invisible Friend; and as his weeping sister watched him, a strange light passed over his features, like the reflection of an angel's wing, and told that he was at rest.

Marion's experience seemed to transform her whole character. She was pale and spirit-like, and one evening was seen upon her bended knees before God, acknowledging the justness of her punishment, thanking him for her life, with the solemnly spoken vow to never again be guilty of a like transgression.

Marcia saw her changed manner and life, and actually humbled herself before her as a suppliant for forgiveness.

"Ask God, as I did, Marcia Moore. The lesson you taught me was the best of my life. I thank you for it; for in that hour's crucifixion, I felt the thorns my own hands had placed upon the heads of others, and from my remorse was lifted to a better life."

NON-INFLAMMABLE DRESS FABRICS.

The ladies will be glad to learn that a method has been discovered by which any dress fabric may be rendered *non-inflammable*. By direction of Queen Victoria, two distinguished English chemists undertook a series of experiments which have resulted in determining that a solution containing seven per cent. of the crystals or sixty-two per cent. of anhydrous salt is perfectly anti-flammable. They remark: "Tungstate of soda ranges among the salts which are manufactured on a large scale, and at a cheap rate. A solution containing twenty per cent. renders the muslin perfectly non-inflammable. It acts, apparently, by firmly enveloping the fibre, and thereby excluding the contact with the air. It is very smooth and of a fatty appearance, like talc, and this property facilitates the ironing process, which all other salts resist." The following formula is given as having proved efficacious, and will simplify the application: "A concentrated neutral solution of tungstate of soda is diluted with water to 28° Twaddle (an alkalimeter, so called), and then mixed with three per cent. of phosphate of soda. This solution was found to keep and to answer well. It has been introduced into her majesty's laundry, where it is constantly used." The solution can be applied to any fabric. It is only necessary to dip the cleansed article in the prepared fluid, then drain and dry it, after which it may be ironed; or, if preferred, the solution may be incorporated with the starch to be used in the stiffening.

[ORIGINAL.]

"IN MEMORIAM."

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Sweet roaming in the balmy breeze beneath the purple tide,
I first beheld, one golden eve, my beautiful, my bride;
Her fastooned locks of silken curls were flung around her face,
Whose joyous smile bespoke no care, nor sorrow's dimming trace.

Her lips with tints of ruby pearl, and eyes of azure blue,
Fixed my bewildered gaze on her, yet why, I scarcely knew;
The silver cadence of her tones fell softer on the ear
Than sighing zephyrs in the plain, or Thetis' sea-born tear.

The warbling streams that ripple by in Maia's flowery hours,
Or nymph-like brooks in Cnidus thrown, from Crete's
refulgent bowers,
Chant not so sweetly on their course, nor beam so soft
and bright,
As does the music of her voice, and beams her eye with light.

She was the image of my hopes, my passions, and my fears,
The angel form, of whom I dreamed through long-forgotten years;

But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's, but her's.

[ORIGINAL.]

GOLDEN HILL.

A STAFFORDSHIRE STORY.

BY LIEUT. T. SMITH REED.

ABOUT half a century ago there was a famous battle fought in Belgium, and a great many good soldiers were killed there, and although it is almost forgotten now, and there remains little of the victory but the name of the thing, it was thought much of in those times; wise men said that it had settled Europe, had driven Bonaparte and all his family out of France forever, and had firmly fixed the Bourbons on the French throne. We do not see many remains of all these fine effects now-a-days; but the memory of the battle may serve as an introduction to a little story about one of the soldiers who fought then.

Jean Gerrard, a captain in H. M. 12th, or as it was disrespectfully called, in the service—the dirty dozen—had put himself right in the way of a Polish lancer, who put his lance through Jean's body, just as a boy would put a pin through a fly. Jean, who had served in the "die-hard," would not readily give up the ghost; he was

tumbled over by the lancers as they rode forward, and he was tumbled over by them again, as followed by the English heavy dragoons, they rode back again. But Jean held fast to his life, and some six months after the battle, was in full enjoyment of half pay at a place he had down in Staffordshire.

And a queer old place was Gerrard Cross. Somehow or other the estate kept growing smaller and smaller, as it grew older. Jean's grandfather had given a great dinner to George II., and a great slice of the best land about Gerrard Cross, somehow or other, was used for the dinner. Jean's father, among roystering gentlemen, experimenting adventurers, and unsuccessful attempts to find a coal mine, used up another great piece of the family estate, so that there remained for Jean Gerrard very little besides the old house, a couple of hundred acres of black-looking, stony land, and the abandoned shafts of an unproductive coal mine. Jean, however, was received and welcomed as quite a hero by the landed gentry in the neighborhood, and was an especial favorite with Sir Edward Melburn, of Melburn Grange, who one fine morning in October rode under the windows of Gerrard Cross, and hailed the half-pay officer.

"Come along, Jean, the hounds throw off at 10 at Copley Corner; we drag the scrub—sure of a find—lovely morning! Come along!"

"My mare's lame, Sir Edward," Jean Gerrard answered, as he stood at an open window.

"Why did you not send word? Here's Davis, however, with Trumpeter, jump on. Davis, let Captain Gerrard have Trumpeter, you can go back and bring out Squirt or one of the others. Come, get into your scarlet and come along."

Jean Gerrard put his head outside the window frame, and as he did so he changed color at perceiving a young lady on horseback, in conversation with a handsome young man, who was very impassioned in his manner. Sir Edward Melburn noticed Jean Gerrard's disturbed look, and unaware that the lord and the captain knew each other, attributed them to a touchy dislike of new acquaintance, as he knew Jean was rather haughty in that matter, so he said, carelessly:

"It's only Lord Stanmore and Flora."

Sir Edward Melburn thought that this piece of information ought to be quite satisfactory to Jean Gerrard, who, however, was not of the same opinion, and the baronet added:

"Flora is to marry him. Come along!"

Gentlemen don't swear now—they sometimes swore pretty roundly, when "our men were in Flanders," forty years ago, and Jean Gerrard had not left off his habit of swearing, when he

put off his uniform. He rapped out a round oath as he mounted Trumpeter, and said, half aloud: "Ha, ha, my Lord Stanmore, we shall have a gallop to-day!"

"Come, Gerrard, we're late," Sir Edward called out, as he turned half round in his saddle, and looked back.

Sir Edward did not for an instant suppose that a half-pay captain, even with a Waterloo medal on his breast, would be in love with Flora, and if he had thought that Jean Gerrard could be afflicted with such insanity, he would have regarded him with the pity one bestows upon a harmless lunatic.

There was hard riding that day. The two young men, although scarcely civil to each other, rode together in competitive emulation, aware that Flora Melburn was the spectator of their daring horsemanship. Jean Gerrard fancied that Flora endeavored to draw him aside from the rest of the hunt, but with jealous ill-temper, he avoided a *tete-a-tete*, until late in the afternoon on their way homeward, he found himself in a lane, with Flora alone at his side.

Flora's red lips pouted a little, a flush of pale pink added to the beauty of her fair complexion, her golden hair was a little ruffled by the wind, and her bright forehead drooped upon her arched eyebrows as she said: "Captain Gerrard, you treated me unkindly to-day."

Jean Gerrard's heart bounded, and with one great throb every sentiment of jealous anger was displaced by gratified and grateful affection for the confiding tone of the woman he loved. He desired to hear those kindly-spoken words again drop softly from those red, restless lips, that quivered a little in unison with the tear that trembled but did not fall, and Flora repeated:

"You treated me unkindly to-day."

"It was unintentionally, then, and unknowingly. Tell me how?"

"You should not have left me so much alone with Lord Stanmore."

Jean Gerrard's heart gave two or three big bumps that threatened the button-holes of his waistcoat. The words rang in his ears, the tone thrilled to his marrow, and the look that flashed under the long lashes of Flora's dark blue eyes, disturbed his equanimity and philosophy more than they had been affected by the French batteries, or the lancers' charge at Waterloo. But Jean, although a young man, was an old soldier, and he had not the most remote idea of surrendering himself, body and soul, to a woman, or admitting the enemy into the citadel of his heart, at the first summons. In fact he suspected treachery, or at least an ambushade. He knew

his exact position in society; he was fully aware of the great littleness that separated him from the heiress of the rich baronet, whose estates spread far and wide over the hills and valleys, and embraced coal and iron mines in their wealth, and he had very cautiously determined that he wouldn't risk an action with the beautiful and wealthy young lady, until he was pretty certain of success. So saying to himself, "We'll throw out our skirmishers before we advance in line," he replied to Miss Flora:

"Really, and was I not right in declining to play gooseberry to you?"

"What do you mean by gooseberry?"

"Monsieur de Trop! Mr. Onetoomany?"

"Captain Gerrard, are you not my friend?"

"Yes, very much your friend, Flora; but you know Lord Stanmore is your accepted lover."

"No, Jean Gerrard, there you are misinformed. I have not accepted him. But what can I do? Advise me."

Jean winced. Those large blue eyes, shining like violets wet with morning dew, made the old lance wound twinge again—they looked right into his heart—and as he could not think what to say, he whistled, and tickled Trumpeter's ears with the lash of his hunting whip. Flora rode close to his side, leaned towards him, and laid her hand upon his wrist.

"Now, Flora, don't touch me, I'm a barrel of gunpowder, and if you put the match to me, I shall go off with a bang. Don't touch me!"

Flora's red lips parted with a smile, and the two friends rode on in silence, which Jean Gerrard was the first to break. He said:

"Lord Stanmore swears he'll shoot any fellow that makes love to you."

"Does he, though?"

"Yes, he does. He showed me his pistols the other day, and explained exactly how he intended to use them."

"That was very kind of him," said Flora, smiling and flashing her eye.

"There's a good many fellows that would not mind being shot, if they were sure of going to heaven afterwards, Flora."

Flora's smile left her lip, and Jean Gerrard continued:

"People say 'A dark man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye. Don't you like Stanmore, he's very dark!'"

Flora answered with a peremptory "no!" and she looked at the sunburnt face of Jean Gerrard with a glance that said, "You are the darkest man I ever knew," as plainly as if she had spoken the words.

"Why don't you send him about his business?"

"I have refused him seven times, Jean Gerrard."

"And you mean to have him at last?"

"Advise me, Jean Gerrard. My father wishes it, and although he will not control me, he endeavors to persuade me. He has taken a great interest in the match, which seems very desirable to everybody except poor Flora Melburn."

Jean Gerrard was bothered. He had finished his education under the Iron Duke, who always prepared for a retreat before he made an advance, and Jean, who looked upon love much in the same way as Wellington watched Massena, knew that he had no lines of Torres Vedras to retire to if he should propose to Flora and be refused.

"There are lots of fellows in love with you,"

"Are there? Who are they?"

"There's Charley Pritchard."

"Don't like him well enough, Jean."

"Fred Hardinge."

"Wont do, Jean."

"Jack Airy."

"No. Is there nobody else, Jean?"

Jean gazed straight between Trumpeter's ears, and rode on in silence for half a minute. Then pulling Trumpeter across, so as to bring Flora's horse to a standstill, he looked full into the anxious eye of the beautiful girl, and said abruptly:

"Who's that fellow that you are always laughing at, because, as you say, his face is all snuff and butter?"

Flora's face suffused, and then turned very pale. Jean Gerrard rode on again, and said:

"A man who loves a woman, does not like to be laughed at, and ridiculed by her, Flora."

"How is a woman to know that a man loves her, if he does not tell her?" Flora inquired.

"By ever so many ways, ever so many things."

"Tell me some of them."

"First of all, a man that really loves a woman, thinks of her happiness more than he cares about his own; he remonstrates with her, when he thinks she is doing wrong, or acting foolishly; he watches over her, as a miser watches over his hoarded gold; he is always trying to do something to please her, and if he fancies that his attentions are troublesome or unwelcome, he keeps out of her way."

Flora smiled wickedly as she replied, "Lor, Jean, why that's just what you do."

"Me! O, I'm old snuff and butter, you know."

"Forgive me for that, Jean?"

"On one condition."

"What is it?"

"Tell me, honestly, can you ever love old snuff and butter?"

Flora did not speak, but somehow or other Jean Gerrard's arm got round her waist, and—No, I'll not tell what happened, something must be left to the reader's imagination.

"And now, Flora, you must speak to your father," said Jean.

"Me! That's excellent."

"Of course, if we are to help each other up the rough hill of life, the sooner we begin the better."

"Well, you must speak to papa."

"No, you, Flora."

"No, no, you, Jean!"

"No, no, I shall have to settle with the lord; you must talk to the baronet."

"My dear Jean, I dare not tell my father, so that's a fact."

"Well, Flora, if I am to tell him you must take care that all the doors and windows are left open, for he will certainly pitch me out of one of them, and I would rather not be forced through the glass or the pannels."

The tete-a-tete was abruptly terminated by the appearance of Sir Edward Melburn and Lord Stanmore, and the lovers separated. That evening, as Jean Gerrard was pacing backward and forward in the old hall at Gerrard Cross, his servant announced Major Goldie.

This gentleman, an officer exceedingly well made up, and attached to the cavalry department at Stafford, in consequence of the unusual magnitude to which his breast was padded, was called the "pewter pigeon."

"Ma deere feller," the major commenced, "this is a deuced unpleasant affair, aw! The fact is, Lord Stanmore is deucedly annoyed at your attentions to Miss Melburn, aw!"

Jean Gerrard was not so impressed by the major's importance as the major desired, and replied carelessly: "Is he, indeed?"

"Yaas, and of coorse you know, as his lordship is the young lady's accepted lover, it is highly improper that you should pay her particular attention."

"But supposing, major," said Jean, with a good-natured laugh, "supposing his lordship is a discarded lover, what then?"

"Really, aw, I cannot, really I cannot, suppose anything so ridiculous."

"It is the fact, nevertheless. I think that I had better see Stanmore, and explain the affair."

"O, aw, impossible, altogether contrary to usage. I act for my principal, and will receive any explanation."

"Major, you'll get no explanation from me."

"And you will persist in your attentions to Miss Melburn?"

"Most assuredly. There, now, don't be in a hurry, don't let us make a mull of the affair. Don't call me out, because I sha'n't go."

"Really, aw," gasped the major, almost petrified with astonishment, "really, this is most extraordinary."

Jean Gerrard laughed gaily, and the major looked angry as he said:

"I hope, Captain Gerrard, you are not laughing at me."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all, I assure you. There, I see Stanmore himself; excuse me for five minutes, I'll be back directly."

Jean Gerrard bounded out at the French window that opened on to the lawn, and ran down to the bottom of the avenue, where Lord Stanmore was impatiently waiting the return of his messenger.

"Goldie has just been with me, Stanmore, and I thought it better that you and I should talk the matter over by ourselves, as I have a high opinion of your judgment, and am sure that you would not unnecessarily make Miss Melburn a subject for the scandal of all the country."

"Certainly, I would not, sir."

"Well, then, I'll tell you a secret that is known only to Flora and myself. We are going to be married."

"Impossible, sir!"

"Nevertheless, quite true. You know there is no accounting for a woman's taste, and it is a fact that if you should be in the church, and your wedding ring half upon Flora's finger, if I should whistle to her, she would come to me. Now just fancy what a pretty life you would lead with that woman for your wife. Think over the matter seriously, and with that excellent common sense for which you are well-known. Flora likes you very much as a friend, so do I; and when we are married, we shall be delighted to see you at all times."

"Captain Gerrard, I am accepted by Sir Edward Melburn as his son-in-law."

"My dear Lord Stanmore, I am accepted by Miss Melburn as her husband. There is no use in the world for us to quarrel about her. If you shoot me, she cannot marry you afterwards, because I am really her husband."

"What, married?"

"No, no, but we are engaged as man and wife, as far as man's and woman's truth can bind us. I would not tell this to Goldie, because I want to make a friend of you. Everything has been fair and above board. Flora told me everything this morning, and I as a man of honor, tell you, confiding in your honor. If we should fight about the matter, we should certainly be laughed at, and

I—whatever you may think I don't know—I hate to be laughed at."

"It is not pleasant," Lord Stanmore replied, a little testily.

"Don't take my word for what I tell you, just ask Flora, she will receive you as her friend, as our friend; tell her just what I have said, and if she does not confirm and repeat what I have told you, why then you shall fire at me as long as you like. I hope, however, that that excellent sense for which you are so generally admired, will lead you to the conclusion that your happiness will be best consulted by your continuing to be Flora's friend."

At this part of the dialogue, Major Goldie came down from the house and said, pompously:

"Really, Captain Gerrard, this is a very irregular proceeding, you must be aware that in these affairs, the principals should have no personal communication."

"Such an affair as the present, major," replied Jean Gerrard, "is unusual, and you shall excuse me, if I arrange it according to my own notions. Good evening!"

The next morning early, Jean Gerrard was in Sir Edward Melburn's library.

"What is it now, Jean?" said Sir Edward.

Jean was restless, fidgetty and undecided as to what he should say.

"I want to speak to you, Sir Edward."

"Speak? well, speak."

"I have something particular to say to you, Sir Edward."

"Say it now."

"It must be said, and the sooner it is said the better. Sir Edward—I—" And Jean blurted out, "I love your daughter!"

Sir Edward Melburn whistled.

"And, Sir Edward, Flora loves me."

"The deuce she does!"

Jean could not mistake—Jean saw that the old gentleman was in a towering passion; but Jean had expected a much more violent outbreak, and he continued:

"And so, Sir Edward, I have come to ask your consent to our marriage."

"Ugh, and if I don't give my consent you intend to marry without it, perhaps?"

"No, sir, it is a bad beginning to a husband's happiness, if her wife's first step is made in opposition to her father."

"Hang your aphorisms, sir! Now, Captain Gerrard, you expect Flora will bring you a fortune?"

"I did not think much about it; but I suppose she will."

"Captain Gerrard, you know that I have had

a very high opinion of you ; if I had not thought very much of your honor, I should not have permitted you to say half what you have said upon this subject. But, Jean Gerrard, I will not consent that you shall marry Flora."

"Very well, sir. Flora will not consent to marry any one else."

"That's all very fine. You both are excellent calculators, no doubt ; but you are like young bears—all your troubles are before you."

"Sir Edward, they are so far ahead that we never shall overtake them."

"A very fine resolution, Captain Gerrard. Meanwhile, as there is not much more for you and I to say upon this subject, and as we need not express our differing opinions any further, suppose you leave me to talk the matter over with Flora ?"

That morning Jean received a short note from Flora, telling him she was locked into a suite of rooms, consisting of bedroom, sitting-room and library, and that the servants had most absolute orders to prevent his entrance on the premises of Melburn Grange.

Every one who has witnessed a fire in a remote country district, at a distance from every large town, will know that the devastating element is seldom arrested under such circumstances as long as there remains anything that can be consumed, and the reader will not be surprised that when a fire broke out at Gerrard Cross, the thatched roofs, wooden barns, sheds, pig-sties, corn-stacks, and hay-ricks, were consumed with the old mansion of the Gerrards.

Jean Gerrard's premises were uninsured. He looked at the ruins of his lost property as at the destruction of his last chance of obtaining Sir Edward Melburn's consent to his union with Flora, and when one of the many persons from the neighboring village and mining district who had been attracted to the scene, congratulated Jean upon his good fortune, he grimly thanked the facetious gentleman for his ill-timed pleasantry. But when the visitor, a well-known and experienced iron master, persisted in his opinion that the Gerrard Cross would make Jean Gerrard one of the richest men in the country, Jean not only listened to him, but accompanied him to examine the ashes of a stone wall that had been burnt. No great surprise had been expressed when the stone wall caught fire, because the people about knew that it had been built of a sort of bituminous shale that had encouraged the unfortunate mining adventure of Jean's father, but were not sufficiently ignitable for sale. But the astonishment was great when the residue of the wall was declared to consist of nearly

pure iron, and every one wondered that a mere accident should have discovered a metallic substance so mingled with inflammable matter, that, without additional fuel, it would fuse itself by the action of fire. The people immediately named the place Golden Hill—and a golden hill it proved to Jean Gerrard. The mere mention of the name unlocked the door of Flora's prison, and Jean and Flora met under the trees in Melburn Grange. A few days afterward Sir Edward Melburn met Jean, and said :

"Have you given up your pretensions to my daughter, Captain Gerrard ?"

"No sir !"

"Look here, Jean Gerrard ! I have heard of your meeting under the trees, and I have heard of your good fortune, so give me your hand ! Now ride over to the Grange to dinner, and settle with Flora about the wedding day."

If the reader should travel in Staffordshire, and should visit Golden Hill, he will see there on the spot where the old mansion of Gerrard Cross once stood, steam engines, furnaces, and all the varied apparatus of extensive iron works ; and if he should receive an invitation to Melburn Grange, Captain Gerrard, now an old man, will give him a reception to his happy home circle.

AN OLD "SALT'S" OPINION.

"You see," Buzzy would say to Fred, "it's not altogether that her figure-head is cut after a perfect pattern, by no means, for I've seen pictures and statues that was better ; but she carries her head a little down d'ye see, Master Fred, and there's where it is ; that's the way I gauges the worth of young women, just accordin' as they carry their chins up or down. If their brows come well forward, and they seems to be lookin' at the ground they walk on, I knows their brains is firm stuff, and in good workin' order ; but when I sees them carryin' their noses high out o' the water, as if they was afraid o' catchin' sight o' their own feet, and their chins elevated, so that a little boy standin' in front of them couldn't see their faces no how, I make pretty sure that t'other end is filled with a sort o' *musch* that's fit only to think o' dress and dancing."—*Day Book*.

SMALL THINGS.

The simplest flowers with honeyed sweets are stored,
The smallest thing may happiness afford,
A kindly word may give a mind repose,
Which hardly spoken might have led to blows ;
The smallest crust may save a human life,
The smallest act may lead to human strife,
The slightest touch may cause the body pain,
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain,
The simplest act may tell the truly brave,
The smallest skill may serve a life to save,
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve,
The slightest look may cause the heart to grieve,
The slightest sound may give the mind alarm,
The smallest thing may do the greatest harm ;
Naught is so small but it may good contain,
Afford us pleasure, or award us pain.—EDMUND HILL.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PARTING.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

We parted when the merry Spring
 Went dancing through her world of flowers;
 The love-birds, that so sweetly sing,
 Were building in the budding bowers,
 And the south wind softly blowing,
 And the streamlets gently flowing,
 Made sweet music down the hills,
 Mid the golden daffodils.

We parted when the morn awoke
 And lightly chased night's shades of sadness;
 Beside the way these words you spoke,
 "In God's good time we'll meet in gladness."
 And we saw the glory quiver
 O'er the laughing, bubbling river;
 Down on rock and hill it fell,
 As we breathed a long farewell.

We parted, and I stood alone,
 Thy words of love and faith repeating;
 The light from out my heart had flown,
 As thus I watched thy form retreating.
 Woodland anthemings beguiling,
 Nature all around me smiling,
 Mocked the grief that o'er me swept
 As, beloved, for thee I wept.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE YOUNG PRIVATEER.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the period of the famous tea-party in Boston harbor, when a whole ship's cargo was emptied into the bay by the determined citizens, and when the mother country received a startling and unmistakable hint of what sort of material the Bay Provinces was composed, the opening scene in our story commences. The northern portion of Boston, that region now known as North Street, was then the court end of the town, peopled with the wealthiest and most refined of the inhabitants.

At that period fine residences, with pleasant surroundings, and large, well-cultivated gardens sloping down to the shore, graced what has since become the resort and abode of vice and misery. Where the vile dance-cellars and gin-shops now are, refinement and beauty graced the scene; stone walls and thickly clustering tenements had not entirely excluded vegetation, for here and there noble old trees bent gracefully over pleasant house fronts, and even fruit trees bore grateful fruits, and garden flowers flavored the atmosphere with dainty fragrance.

In the rear of those dwellings lay the beautiful harbor, the islands dotting the bay with fairy-like grace and beauty, covered with thrifty foliage, now entirely gone; but few sails were seen here and there, where forests of masts now lie, for Boston was in its infancy, and gave little promise of the thrifty and rich metropolis of the present day. The people, though restive under the arbitrary rule of the mother country, yet offered no open resistance to the royal sway, but the seeds of revolution were already sown, and would soon burst forth, to grow and strengthen into open revolt.

The residence of Lionel Bancroft, a wealthy merchant, was located in the immediate neighborhood we have described, his vessels anchored within long pistol shot of his garden walls, and a happy family sat around his plentiful board. Adjoining the residence of the Bancrofts was that of Colonel Hugh Browness, a civil and political agent of the home government, who was a strong royalist, while Lionel Bancroft was as ardent a champion of the patriot stamp, and save upon this one topic the two men and their families were the warmest friends. Especially were Herbert Bancroft, an only son, and Lydia Browness, the only daughter of the colonel, dear and intimate friends.

Herbert and Lydia had grown up together, constant playmates in childhood, and still constant companions at the ages of sixteen and twenty, Herbert being just four years the senior of his gentle companion. The intimacy of their children seemed to coincide perfectly with the wishes of the parents, and there appeared to be no turbid waters in their pleasant stream of life and love. They were seldom separated, except by an occasional voyage which Herbert made in his father's vessels, at first as supercargo, but afterwards as second, and then as first officer, until indeed he had been raised to the post of captain at the age of twenty. Self-reliant and manly in every respect, he had proved himself fully equal to the trust, and was indeed a good sailor.

Herbert and Lydia were already formally betrothed, and their young and loving hearts were looking forward to the tender consummation of their happiness, when the bitterness arising between the home government and the colonists began to assume an earnestness that foreshadowed the coming contest. Colonel Browness, as an agent of the throne, was bitterly sarcastic on the matter of politics, while Lionel Bancroft was firm in the support of his principles. The hitherto warm friends gradually became separated in interests and feelings, until all intercourse be-

tween the families ceased. Herbert was absent on his last voyage which was to transpire previous to his proposed marriage, at the time when this state of affairs had opened the aspect of which we have spoken.

Soon a British army occupied Boston, the property of the patriotic citizens was seized and confiscated. Rich merchants became beggars, or equivalent to beggars in point of possessions, and Lionel Bancroft, among the rest, lost all. Herbert, fully sympathizing with his father, and the patriot cause, formed a compact with a few daring spirits, and fitting out a schooner of convenient size, rendered himself a constant thorn to the government authorities, by capturing and destroying every small craft that ventured to sea, or was inward bound from Europe. The daring of himself and crew became proverbial, and scarcely a week passed that he did not send arms and ammunition, captured from the enemy, to the patriot army encamped without the city.

Thoroughly acquainted with every bay and inlet upon the coast, his adroitness enabled him to evade the English cruisers, and yet to take advantage of every circumstance that offered in the way of prizes. At length General Washington broke ground on Dorchester Heights, and when he threatened to open fire upon the invading army, it was with some of the very guns and powder which Herbert Bancroft had captured and furnished for his country's cause. Success rendered him too daring, and after months of singular luckiness, and after rendering vast aid to his suffering country, both by crippling the enemy, and by the valuable munitions he captured, young Bancroft was captured by an English cruiser, and himself and companions sent in a convict ship to England, to be treated as criminals of the deepest dye.

His father, Lionel, fell at Breed's Hill; the only sister and mother sank under deprivation and sorrow, and the once rich and happy family was thus dispersed, and save the prisoner, Herbert, had gone to their long rest, where wars, and rumors of wars, are heard no more.

CHAPTER II.

Peace had just been declared in England between Great Britain and the United States, the long and bloody war of our national independence had at length been brought to a close. Commerce, which had been completely stagnated between the two countries, was again about to open, merchants on either side of the Atlantic were eager to exchange their wares, and a fleet of sails were preparing at Liverpool for an

American voyage. Seamen were in demand, and good ones very scarce and hard to find. The good ship *Sea Nymph* was lying at a single anchor, only waiting to complete her crew in order to spread her broad wings for the transatlantic voyage, when a shore boat pulled alongside, and a poorly dressed young man, with a rough, heavy beard, hailed the deck, and asked if a hand was wanted on board the *Sea Nymph*?

"We want just one more man before the mast, can you ship as a good seaman?" was the query of the officer.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Where are your traps?"

"I have nothing but what is about me."

"Hey, that don't look just right, but we are in haste now," continued the captain, for such he evidently was, "so tumble aboard, you look as though you might do duty."

In a moment more the new-comer was on the deck, and after a few words with the captain was sent forward to his duty. The anchor was hove up, and sail after sail sent in rapid succession, until the *Sea Nymph* carried a little mound of foam caused by her speed, under her fore-foot. Before night came on the watches were set, the decks cleared up, and the voyage might be said to be fairly commenced. Jack Foster, as the last comer had given his name, bore a ready hand, and showed that he was no stranger to the deck of a ship, whatever fortune or roguery might have sent him aboard.

The *Sea Nymph* had a valuable freight of miscellaneous goods, and in the cabin a couple of passengers, who were evidently father and daughter. During the pleasant days of the early part of the voyage, the lady, who was a young and beautiful being, passed much of her time on the quarter-deck, where the captain had a spare topsail rigged as an awning, and under which she sat with her father, and read or chatted pleasantly of the various themes suggested by the wide expanse of ocean, and the trifling variations of the voyage. But this pleasant beginning of the voyage was destined to be of brief duration, and Captain Gore, the commander, found his hands full, in meeting the emergencies of hard weather and contrary winds. In the haste to get to sea, and in the dearth of good sailors, he had been compelled to ship a couple of men as mates, who soon proved themselves notoriously inefficient as officers, and consequently the captain did not dare to leave the deck for a moment in severe weather.

It had been a very threatening afternoon, but the wind had not been heavy; there only seemed to be a storm gathering, but no actual violence

had yet been manifested by the brewing storm. The two passengers were standing quietly on the quarter-deck near the captain, who was watching the signs of the weather, when there came a sudden lull, and immediately after a heavy flow of wind struck the ship and careened her so far over that her main yard dipped in the sea, and every one was thrown from their feet. As each one upon deck recovered his position, it became instantly evident, first that Captain Gore had been struck a blow by some substance in his fall, which had completely stunned him, and also terrible to behold, that that fair and beautiful being who had been the light of all eyes a moment before, was now tossed far over the ship's side into the sea!

Consternation seemed to have seized upon every one. There stood the father at the ship's side, with frenzied eyes and outstretched hands towards his child, the two mates stood confounded and silent, the crew looked on in amazement, while the captain lay senseless, if not dead! At that moment a light but manly form was seen to spring into the mizzen chains, at the same time throwing off his coat and hat, as he shouted to the man at the wheel:

"Down with your helm, hard down!"

"Ay, ay, sir," exclaimed the obedient helmsman, instinctively.

"Look alive, men!" continued he who had thus spoken. "Do you sleep? Back the main yard, lively, with a will now. Lay aft here, some of you, and lower the quarter boat, and pick me up!"

These words were uttered in a deep, cheerful voice, but every syllable breathed of authority, and the men sprang to obey, while the form of Jack Foster, for it was he who had come forward at that critical moment, was seen to leap fearlessly into the sea!

The steady stroke of the brave seaman soon brought him by the now half-lifeless body of the fair girl, who had not yet entirely sunk from sight at any moment, the sustaining power of her clothes being sufficient to float her for some moments, but her head was under the wave, and life was fast ebbing away. The arm of Jack Foster, however, was soon about her, supporting her head above the water, and there sustaining it, he slowly but steadily exerted himself to keep the surface of the treacherous element until the boat should reach them.

The ship had drifted some distance before the boat could be launched, but the men bent their ashen oars half double with every stroke, and at length, but not one moment too soon, the almost exhausted seaman and his precious burthen were

safely hauled into the boat. Notwithstanding the cheer of gladness which those hearty, whole-souled men poured out at the rescue, yet a thrill of horror passed over their faces, as all beheld the significant sight of a shark's dorsal fin above the surface of the water, just where the two human beings had been but a single moment before!

Father and daughter were soon again in each other's arms. In the meantime, Captain Gore was borne to his cabin, and the passengers and steward made every intelligent effort to revive him. He was not dead, but fearfully stunned and wounded.

CHAPTER III.

THE *Sea Nymph* had made but indifferent speed, and had been driven at times much out of her course; at the present moment, she was in the vicinity of the Western Islands. Scarcely had the boat been once more hoisted to the davits and secured, after the events described in our last chapter, before ~~she~~ *a* gale came down upon the ship in earnest, and owing to the circumstances already described, the craft was in a most unfortunate condition to withstand its power. The first squall struck the ship flat aback, and with a crack and snapping of stays, her main to'gallant masts broke off short at the topmast head and came thundering down upon deck. The mizzen to'gallant mast, deprived of its head stays, and strained by the shock, now followed—crashing down upon the poop-deck.

A scene of wild confusion followed. The ship was almost upon her beams' end, and unless speedily relieved, destruction was inevitable. Some of the men, in their desire to do *something*, and in the absence of all authority, had let go the to'gallant halyards and sheets, and the top-sail halyards, but the yards were pressed so closely to the masts, that they could not be clewed down. Twenty voices were raised, with as many different propositions, when Foster, still dripping with water, sprang upon the quarter deck.

"Silence, fore and aft!" he shouted, sternly. "Lay aft here and shiver the maintopsail, all of ye! Cheerily, men—cheerily! Have ye never seen a squall at sea before?"

These tones thrilled through the crew, and even the mates sprang with the rest to obey the order by clapping on to the main braces. Order after order followed, given in true seaman-like tones and spirit. The ship having been boxed round, the yards were squared, and she ran before the wind until the canvass had been properly re-

duced, when she was once more laid as near to her proper course as possible.

"Who took the ship out of that squall?" asked the captain of one of the mates who came to him in his berth at this time.

"The fellow rated as Jack Foster."

"Well, sir, do you hear? that man commands this ship until I come on deck again. I heard his orders. He's a true seaman. Send him to me, for I cannot stir from here. I've got a heavy hurt, certainly."

Jack Foster came below to Captain Gore, as he ordered, and after a few words of intelligent and seamanlike conversation, the captain sent for the mates and told them his wishes, and gave them orders to obey *Mister Foster*. He emphasized the prefix, and look ye, it is *Mister Foster*, from this time. The heroic sailor was at once transferred from the forecabin to the cabin, and stepped as quietly and unostentatiously into his new position as though he had shipped in that capacity at the commencement of the voyage. Scarcely had this arrangement taken place, and ere Mr. Foster had time to procure dry clothing, even had he been supplied with the necessary change, when duty called him again to the deck.

That startling cry on shipboard of "breakers ahead!" rang through the ship, and as soon as the new officer reached the deck, he saw that the first mate had at once attempted to tack ship, but she would not go in stays under so short sail. The wind was blowing a gale, there was no room to wear, and on—the vessel drove towards the breakers. One quick, intelligent glance sufficed to inform the new commander of the position of everything, and the full extent of the danger.

"Lay aloft, some of you for'ard, and loose the foresail!" he cried, with startling energy.

And in a moment, a dozen brave fellows sprang up the rigging to obey the order.

"Man the fore sheet! Stand by to slack away handsomely on the lee clew garnet and buntlines, three or four of you. Hold fast your bunt gasket till we are ready. Have a care, now!"

"All ready, for'ard, sir," cried out the mate.

"Very well, let fall the bunt. Haul home the sheet. So—belay! Board the fore tack. Take it to the capstan!"

And as the capstan turned rapidly round, the weather clew of the huge sail came slowly down to its place.

"Belay every inch of that. Set the mainsail."

In a most incredibly short space of time the mainsail was loosed and safely set. Then came the prompt order:

"Station for stays. Down with your helm. Hard a lee!"

"Hard a lee!" echoed the men, as each one ran to his station.

The ship's head came slowly to the wind, and in a moment more the head sails were aback.

"Tacks and sheets. Mainsail haul!" was the next order.

The men gathered in the braces hand over hand, as the after yards swung round; and intelligent glances were exchanged among them, as they saw that the ship was successfully going about under the power of a prompt will and good discipline.

"Belay all. Head yards. Fore bowline. Let go and haul!"

In a moment more the head sails had filled on the opposite tack, and the *Sea Nymph* began to gather headway. Slowly she was brought up to the wind with the helm, until the weather-leach of the topsails trembled, and then many an anxious eye was turned towards the outer point of the reef, which now bore almost directly ahead. It seemed scarcely possible that the ship would pass to windward of it, unless she could lay still nearer to the wind. The quick eye of the new commander saw this.

"We must have the fore to-gallant sail, or go ashore," he said to himself, aloud. "Lay aloft a couple of smart hands, and cast off the gaskets."

The crew watched the expression of his features and sprang to obey his orders. The fore to-gallant sail was started home, and the ship came up still nearer, until the reef bore down under her lee bow.

"She springs her luff," said Mr. Foster, to one of the mates by his side, indicating that the ship had come a point nearer the wind. "Now send me a man that I can depend upon at the helm. Stay, I will trust no one." And walking aft, he took the wheel from the helmsman, and firmly grasping the spokes, fixed his eye upon the extreme point of the reef.

It was an intensely exciting moment. Every one was on deck save the captain—every one seemed to hold even his breath in the intensity of excitement. The ship bounded forward like a race-horse, under the heavy press of canvass and the power of the gale. She is close upon the reef, the spray from the foaming breakers flies high above her main-yard and descends in showers upon the deck, the roar of the elements is deafening, the men cling instinctively to the rigging in anticipation of the impending shock and certain death!

The new officer is the only cool and collected man on board. His eyes change from the reef to

the sails, which he has thus far kept a good full, as seamen say. But now, when the ship was actually in the very jaws of death, he on whom all eyes were turned, suddenly whirled the wheel down and luffed the ship sharp up, causing the sails to flap with a most ominous sound, just abreast of the extreme edge of the outermost of the breakers. A breathless moment followed. Then the helm was reversed with lightning-like rapidity, furling the sails just as they were on the point of catching aback! Ere the crew could realize the fact of their safety, the *Sea Nymph* was rapidly leaving the reef astern!

Days of calm, beautiful weather succeeded the boisterous ones we have described, and the whole duty of command was sustained by the new officer. His intelligence and gentlemanly bearing, notwithstanding the impoverished character of his personal appearance, soon won him the confidence of the lady passenger and her father, and the grateful girl (she was scarcely more than a girl), seemed more than pleased with his delicate though not pressing attentions. Captain Gore gradually recovered from his severe injury, until at last he once more appeared upon deck, but not before the head lines of Cape Cod were in sight.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a pleasant and gay company that were assembled at the house of a worthy citizen a couple of weeks after the safe arrival of the *Sea Nymph* at Boston. Among the beauty of the scene, floated a light and graceful form, which might have been recognized as the lady passenger who had been so providentially saved from a watery grave, as has been described. The favorite of all that fair company, she engaged all eyes and attentions.

Near one of the doors of entrance there stands the person of a young man, plainly but very neatly dressed, his smoothly shaved face being the very personification of manly beauty, while his lithe and well developed figure gave token of great strength. He was regarding the belle of the evening with fixed attention, and now for the first time had just caught her eye, as it rested inquiringly upon him. He bowed low and respectfully and both drew nearer to each other, while the lady spoke:

"I beg pardon, but I cannot recall your name, sir, though the features are strangely haunting my brain."

"You do not remember me then?" he asked.

"The voice? yes, but the face; here I am puzzled."

"Jack Foster was the name under which shipped in the *Sea Nymph*."

"Is it possible? I see your beard has entirely disappeared."

"Yes."

"Strange," she continued, "but other memories haunt me now."

"Lydia Browness!" he said, with peculiar emphasis.

She started and looked about her in amazement. She turned her eyes first upon the speaker, then about the room, as though in a dream. At last she placed her hand upon his arm and said:

"Is this possible? Are you—"

"Herbert Bancroft!" was his quiet reply.

She did not faint, though she trembled in every limb. But she placed both of her hands in his, and together they sought a retired nook in the hall.

It would be folly for us to describe their conversation. Years of absence and separation were discussed, and sad experiences of both were related. Two fond hearts were again united. Col Browness was no less surprised than delighted at the discovery, for he had long known that his daughter's heart was buried in her faithful affection for this long lost but now regained companion of her youth, nor did he hesitate, ere many months were past, to bless their union.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

The late Marshal Bugeaud, when only a captain, during the Spanish campaign under Napoleon the First, once read in a manuscript which by chance fell into his hands, that from observations made in England and Florence during a period of fifty years, the following law respecting the weather, had been proved to hold true: "Eleven times out of twelve the weather remains the same during the whole moon as it is on the fifth day, if it continues unchanged over the sixth day, and nine times out of twelve like the fourth, if the sixth day resembles the fourth." From 1815 to 1830, M. Bugeaud devoted his attention to agriculture, and, guided by the law just mentioned, avoided the losses in hay-times and vintage which many of his neighbors experienced. When Governor of Algiers, he never entered a campaign till after the sixth day of the moon. His neighbors at Excideuill and his lieutenants in Algiers would often exclaim—"How lucky he is in the weather!" What they regarded as mere chance, was the result of observation. In counting the fourth and sixth days, he was particular in beginning from the exact time of the new moon, and adding three-quarters of an hour for each day for the greater length of the lunar as compared with the solar day.—*French paper.*

There is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of; none so wicked as to merit all condemnation.

[ORIGINAL.]

HELP!

BY S. L. TURNER.

Help me, my God, to see thy way,
My own blind path I would no longer keep;
From thee my fainting heart would, day by day,
Glean precious antidotes to deathly sleep!

Too long this puny war of flesh
Hath vainly racked the 'wildered, throbbing soul:
Thy grace alone can comfort or refresh—
O Saviour, on thy hand my name enroll!

Help now the heart one simple word to learn,
By which thy perfect love may spring within,
And living ever there, in brightness burn—
O, let "abandonment" the treasure bring!

[ORIGINAL.]

MY FATHER'S STORY.

BY GEORGIE C. LYMAN.

"Mr. Harry is in the parlor, and would like to see you, Miss Lizzie."

"Tell Mr. Harry that I am engaged and cannot see him."

The girl stood looking at me in mute wonder. I felt my face flush, but I did not add to my words, and after a moment's embarrassed silence, she withdrew. Then when she had descended the stairs, I opened the door of my room and listened breathlessly, while she delivered my message.

"Engaged—to me?"

"Yes, sir, that is all she said."

I leaned forward, listening eagerly to the sound of his footsteps as he walked slowly along the hall to the door. He seemed to stand there a moment in puzzled silence, and then he said:

"She is quite well, Mary?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so."

An instant more and the heavy hall door clanged to, and then I ran to the window and watched him as he walked silently down the street, a look of perplexity and disappointment clouding his handsome face.

"There!" I said, when at last he had disappeared from my view. "Perhaps some one else is uneasy now, Mr. Harry Lynn! A very satisfactory feeling this paying off one's debts."

I returned to my seat and taking my pencil bent over my drawing, but my hand was very unsteady, and there was a strange, uncomfortable choking in my throat. I could not see plainly what I was doing, and at last a great tear splashed upon the paper. I gave up, and

had a good cry—sobbing as heartily as a child. When I had grown calmer, I threw myself upon the lounge before the fire, and tried to sleep, that I might forget my trouble. But I was still too much excited to admit of that, and so I lay quiet, thinking sadly of my quarrel with Harry. No, not a quarrel, but what I considered good cause for one. Let me explain.

A few days before, the great tragedienne, Madame R., had arrived in town. I was very desirous of seeing her, and had set my heart upon attending the theatre on the very first night of her appearance. I had expressed this wish to Harry on the day before the entertainment, and had been much disappointed by his reply. He said that there was not a desirable box unengaged, on account of the number of persons who knowing how great the rush would be upon this night, had secured their seats beforehand.

"Besides," he added, "I have engaged to meet my brother and his family at the depot this evening, when the nine o'clock train arrives. They are strangers in the city, and will depend upon seeing me. Now don't feel badly," he said, bending to kiss my clouded face. "You shall certainly go the next time."

I tried to bear my disappointment bravely, but my eyes filled with rebellious tears, and after he had gone I covered my face and had a good cry, which relieved me wonderfully.

But the next night when I rose from the tea-table, my father bade me dress myself to accompany him to the theatre. "I knew how much you wanted to go, Lizzie," he said; "and so I engaged a box for this evening the first of the week."

I was very much surprised and delighted, and should probably have enjoyed the entertainment as well as I had anticipated; but an incident occurred which entirely destroyed my pleasure. As I sat quietly looking around the house upon my entrance, my father bent forward and said:

"Do you know who that very pretty girl is in the second box before us? I had a sister who much resembled her and died when about her age."

I glanced in the direction indicated, and shook my head in answer to my father's question. At the same instant the curtain rose and he did not notice the involuntary start I gave, or my change of color. By the side of the young beauty, with his arm resting carelessly on the back of her seat, and almost embracing her, sat Harry. There was no mistaking him; I should have known those glossy, brown curls with their golden tinge and rich abundance among a million uncovered heads. Only occasionally could I see

his face, and that was when he turned towards his companion. How radiantly beautiful she was! She could be hardly more than fifteen, I thought, and possessing one of the most perfect faces and forms I ever saw. The features were regular and expressive, and the complexion so beautifully tinted as to look hardly natural. Her coal black hair was short and curling, and clustered in silken masses about her ivory white brow, and danced in glossy rings against her crimsoned cheeks.

All the evening my eyes scarcely strayed from them. I noted every glance, every whispered word; not a motion of his or a look of hers escaped me. I hardly raised my eyes to the stage, and could not have told at the close of the evening's entertainment whether Madame R. was tall or short, light or dark, a good or an indifferent actress. My father marvelled at my abstraction as we rode home, but I hurried from him when we reached the house, and looked myself in my chamber. I could not conceal from myself that I was jealous of the beautiful stranger, mere child though she was, distrustful of Harry's truth, surprised, grieved, angered and confounded.

I passed a sleepless night, and arose unrefreshed in mind and body. My heart was still sore, and my thoughts full of anger and revenge. So that on the following morning when Harry called I refused to see him, supposing that his own conscience would give him the clue to my displeasure.

What a long forenoon that was! I did not dare to leave my room lest my swollen eyelids and sad face should excite remark. I eyed a severe headache as the cause of my non-attendance at breakfast, and it was a truthful excuse, for my crying, and the restless night I had spent, almost made me sick. But at noon my kind aunt, who had taken care of me from my infancy, sought me out and gained my confidence. Her gentle expostulations and sensible counsel did a great deal towards calming me, and showing me the matter in its true light, as not being so bad as my excited fancy had induced me to believe it. And so after half an hour's cool reflection, I bathed my flushed face and went down stairs, with the humbling conviction that I had been very foolish to make myself so miserable about an act which, because I could not comprehend it, I had taken for granted as being quite dreadful.

When my father came home from the counting-room, weary and harassed in mind, I took my guitar and sitting at his feet sang to him all his favorite songs. Gradually the careworn look faded from his face, and after a while he bent

forward and drew me into his arms. There, seated upon his knee, with my cheek laid against his, I told him of what had occurred, and how unhappy I had been. I was sure of his sympathy, as I had always been, but I was not prepared for the look of inexpressible sadness that stole over his face.

"Avoid being rash, Lissie," he said, very earnestly. "This may be, and probably is, a mere misunderstanding."

"But, father," I said, "does it not look like a wilful deception?"

"Not any more than certain incidents once appeared in my own lifetime, Lissie, and they proved to be mere circumstantial evidence."

He paused a moment and then said:

"Put your arms about my neck, darling, that I may know how much you love me, while I tell you a story that may be useful to you."

"You have never heard me speak of Aline Grant. Her name has not been uttered aloud by my lips for more than twenty years. She was my first love; can I confess it to you when you look at me so sadly with the violet eyes of your dead mother? My only love! Your mother was a gentle, childish creature, but seventeen when she died. Aline was a woman ever since I can remember her—quiet, noble-looking, deep-hearted. We were situated precisely as Harry and you are—she an only daughter, I, the confidential clerk of her father. We had known each other since we were children of a dozen years, and were neither of us hardly of age, when with her father's permission we plighted our troth. I cannot tell you how I loved her—but through her I worshipped the God that gave her being. Her nature was not so passionate as mine, but when she put her white hand in mine and said, 'Guy, I love you,' with her clear eyes looking straight into my own, I was satisfied."

"It was while on a visit to some relations in an adjoining town that she became acquainted with a young man named Harry Hunter. He was a very handsome, bright, intelligent sort of fellow, possessing a good reputation, yet with all this I found cause to dislike him. He returned to New York with Aline, and there seemed to exist an intimacy between them that I did not like. She had a playful way of addressing him, and seemed strangely free and easy in his society, I thought, for one of her reserved habits."

"My uneasiness I could not conceal, neither could she help noticing it, but nothing more than an occasional grave look, or an unusually tender caress when I was particularly gloomy, betrayed her knowledge of its existence. Sometimes when her head was resting on my breast, and

her dark eyes raised to mine, as we sat alone together of an evening, I would look steadily and searchingly into their clear depths. But their brightness was never shadowed—they never shrank from my questioning gaze. But the subject was never mentioned between us. She never broached it, and I was too proud to do so, knowing that she understood me and kept silent from choice.

"Gradually I came to hate Hunter. He seemed always in my way, and as Aline's house continually. Once I saw them in a store together as I passed by on the street, and often bowed to her as she rode by in her father's carriage, he ever by her side. Between us, his name was never mentioned, and Hunter himself seemed entirely oblivious of my antipathy. His manner to me was always courteous, respectful, and completely free from embarrassment.

"One morning I called at Aline's house, intending to make arrangements to have her attend a concert to be given that evening. I stepped into the house, as I had been in the habit of doing, without ringing, and quietly entered the front parlor, expecting to find her there as usual. But I was mistaken; there was no one there. Hesitating a moment, I heard voices in the adjoining room and listened, wishing to know if Aline was there. Distinctly I heard Harry Hunter say:

"We must be married at ten o'clock, so as to be ready to start for the falls directly after dinner. The train goes out at one. Be sure and look your loveliest, Albie. By the way, don't fail me this afternoon about going to Fay's. I couldn't do a thing without you. I should send home bright blue carpets and yellow window drapery! *Au revoir.*"

"I heard him laugh gaily and Aline answered in a low voice; then a door shut and my betrothed, with a smile on her lips, came forward from the room which was only separated from the one in which I stood, by folding doors. She started on seeing me, and held out her hand with a pleasant, 'Good morning, Guy.'

Almost with an oath I pushed her from me, and burst into a storm of frenzied words. Heaven only knows what I said. I never knew. I have a vague remembrance of accusing her of perfidy, deception and treachery, of reproaching her in the bitterest terms. She did not attempt a reply, did not utter one syllable, and I accepted this as conclusive proof of her guilt.

"At length I rushed from the house, leaving her standing white and still in the attitude she had involuntarily assumed upon my first outburst. I paced my room all that night alternately

ly cursing her and myself—half crazed with my sorrow.

"But when morning came, with its cold, gray light, I grew calmer. But my life that had been so bright with my hopes but a few weeks before, was now as dark and cheerless as the coming day. The dreary rain plashed against the windows and the wind wailed about the house, till I thought its incessant moaning would drive me mad. It was the darkest day of my life.

"That evening just at twilight Mr. Grant requested me to go to his house and bring him a package of papers that he kept locked in his private desk. For a moment I was about to refuse, but suddenly remembering that Aline seldom sat in the library and I should not be likely to see her, I went.

"When I had reached the house I passed directly up the stairs to the room I was seeking. Swinging open the door noiselessly I entered, but my heart sprang to my throat! Seated upon a low ottoman by the window was Aline. The graceful folds of her dark, wine-colored dress rested upon the carpet, upon which, at her feet, crouched her favorite dog—an immense Newfoundland. The shaggy head of the animal rested upon her knee, and his great, brown eyes were fixed steadily upon her face. One slender hand supported her cheek as her arm rested on the window ledge, the other lay listlessly in her lap. But her face! I could hardly recognize her. The features were calm and colorless as marble, and to the deep sadness of her eyes my passionate grief was mockery. For an instant her whole appearance was that of a beautiful wax figure shown off to advantage by the dark, rich background of purple window drapery. The next, she was on her feet, her splendid head thrown back, her eyes flashing, the white, jewelled hand pressed against her bosom, the other employed in shaking the dog from her robes. For a moment there was perfect silence, and then guided by, Heaven only knows what impulse, I sprang forward.

"Aline, Aline,' I cried; 'how could you deceive me so? How could you deliberately work all this misery? Nay, do not speak. Hear me first. In my blind idolatry, my trust in your truth, my perfect faith in your sincerity, I have borne in silence acts which, had I been less deluded, I should have known were the preliminaries to this—your shame. And now, Aline Grant, how can you stand there, in that attitude of insulted womanly dignity, knowing that I know what I do. What respect, think you, can I have for a woman who has proved herself so utterly base? Who has disgraced and degraded

herself below the lowest standard of womanhood? You have not forgotten to blush yet, I see; and I marvel at it. Strange that this token of womanly shame should be left, where so little womanly truth and purity remain?

"Blush! Heavens, how the rich crimson flamed up into her face while I spoke! Her beautiful lips quivered as if she struggled for breath, and she staggered as if my insult had been given by a blow. Then she raised her eyes to my face, and what she saw there—for in my scornful wrath I must have looked like a very fiend—seemed to give her strength.

"Guy Wilmonth, God forgive you for the words you have uttered. Sometime, perhaps he will show you your error; I never shall attempt it. I utter no reproaches, attempt no explanation. And now farewell! May your way never be so dark as you have made mine."

"She swept from the room, and I stood as if spell-bound, and made no effort to detain her. I have never seen her since.

"I do not remember of leaving the house or going to the hotel where I boarded, but I was lying upon the bed in my room when some one tapped lightly at the door. Then it was pushed open and Henry Hunter entered.

"Wilmonth," he said, gaily, sitting upon the foot of my bed; "I've come to be congratulated. I'm to be married to-morrow to one of the most charming girls in Christendom! Hasn't Aline told you about it? How queerly you look!"

"I could have strangled him as he sat there in his gay triumph, but I schooled myself to say as naturally as possible, 'I wish you all happiness.'

"Thank you," he replied. "Aline has promised to attend the wedding and you must not fail to accompany her. Promise," he cried, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"I shivered beneath his touch, but did not speak.

"You are cold, and no wonder, with this window open."

"He arose, closed the window, and came back to his seat.

"What a dear, sensible girl Aline is," he went on, in a lighthearted, boyish way. "I really don't know what I should have done without her these last three weeks. She has excellent taste."

"Rather puzzled by his words, I made no reply.

"Mellie is a mere child about such matters, and has left all the purchasing and fitting up of our little establishment to Aline and me. And I flatter myself that we have managed the matter to a charm. Our parlor is a perfect miracle

of beauty and cosiness. But promise me to come to the wedding. Aline and myself are going to C—— in the first train, and you must be ready to accompany us. That is my little lady's home, where Aline has been visiting this summer, you know, and we are to be married in church there, and then ho for Niagara!"

"He ran on in this gay manner for some half an hour, and then suddenly remembering an engagement, took himself off. The light his last words let in upon my bewildered brain almost blinded me. I raved like a maniac, striking my forehead with my clenched hands, cursing and loathing myself. I never closed my eyes all that long, wretched night, and when morning came I was raving in the delirium of brain fever.

"It was six weeks before I left my room again, and then I learned that Aline and her father had left the city and were on the continent. They were travelling in the south of France for the improvement of Aline's health. Henry Hunter and his young wife, Mellie Grant, were married, and just returned from their wedding tour.

"I felt too keenly my shame and disgrace ever to attempt a communication with Aline, and crushing back the yearnings of my heart, tried to accept uncomplainingly the lot my own rashness had forced upon me.

"I left New York, and for years toiled persistently in the West—a quiet, disappointed man. I never mentioned the past, and no one knew my history. Then I met your mother—a lonely orphan, and my heart grew tender as I gazed upon her innocent beauty. We were thrown into each other's society much, and she grew to love me with a passionate ardor I had not believed her gentle nature capable of. In time I married her. She was happy with me for one short year, and then at your birth she died. Since, you have been the dearest thing on earth to me. Kiss me, Lizzie—my child, my darling."

I was weeping with him, and pressed passionate kisses upon his brow.

"And you shall always have me, father. I will never leave you."

"I do not wish this of you, Lizzie. All I wish is to see you happy."

We sat together in the great chair, I nestled in his arms, with my cheek laid against his. Only the firelight shed a mellow glow throughout the room: the gas was not lighted all the evening. At length the clock struck ten, and then he kissed me gently and sent me away to my chamber. And when I came down into the room the next morning, rather earlier than usual, he was sitting in the same chair and in the same

place, with his eyes fixed on the dying embers.—During the day, I concluded what it was best for me to do, and when Harry called in the evening, I went down to meet him. He saluted me as usual, and we sat down together. Then before I had an opportunity to broach the subject (for I had determined to tell him of what I had seen, and ask an explanation), he observed that he had attended the theatre the evening before, for the purpose of accompanying his niece—his elder brother's only daughter.

"The child was bewitched to go, had already a box engaged, and her father could not accompany her, so I was sent off, and had the pleasure of listening to the little witch's extacies all the evening. These bachelor uncles are mighty convenient in large families. By the way, Julie will make a fine woman if she isn't spoiled by flattery. She has a beautiful complexion, and the handsomest eyes I ever saw."

A hot flush of shame and pleasure crept up to my forehead while he was speaking. I made him no reply, but bent forward to arrange the fire, that he might not see my confusion.

"Don't," he cried, suddenly drawing me back to my seat. "You are making a fire that will soon roast us alive. Sit still; I want to talk to you. Haven't you a confession to make?"

"What do you mean, Hal?"

He put his hand beneath my chin and held my face up so that I could not avoid his gaze.

"What if I should tell you that somebody else had gone to the theatre Wednesday night, and had then and there seen something that had made her very miserable ever since?"

There was a moment of blank silence. Then a quick retort rose to my lips, but the clear dark eyes with their look of grave inquiry were still fixed on my face, and after an instant's quivering of the lips, I broke down.

"You were too bad, Harry!"

"My foolish child—my dear little Lizzie," he said, laughingly, yet drawing me soothingly within his arms.

But I had my cry out, and then felt better, and as willing to laugh as he was. But when I raised my head, I caught sight of a suspicious brightness in his own mocking eyes.

The next October we were married, but I did not leave my father. We all lived together in the old house, and my father became almost as proud of his son as he is of his daughter and her son—my little Guy.

My father was still a handsome man. I thought so for the hundredth time while I watched him one morning as he sat in the sunlight by the parlor window, reading some letters

which he had just received by mail. The dark eyes were still keen and clear; the mouth yet proud and firm, and the beauty of the curling chestnut hair not marred by the silver threads that twined among it. My boy crept to him and picked up one of the letters that had fallen to the floor. Fearing that he would tear it, I took it from him. As I did so, my attention was attracted by the extreme beauty of the chirography.

"Father, father!" I cried; "I have discovered a secret. What lady correspondent have you?"

He looked up in surprise, took the letter, and turned strangely pale while he read it. When he had finished he tossed it to me, saying, as he rose from his seat:

"Do not stay to read it now, Lizzie, but assist me to leave town in the noon train."

He was so much excited that I forbore annoying him with questions; but when he had gone, I eagerly perused the letter, or rather note. It read as follows:

"Guy, they say that I am dying. Will you come to me? There is much that should be said between us.
ALINE GRANT."

It was eight weeks before my father returned, and during that time we often heard from him. His letters were short, and evidently hurriedly written; but I gradually learned from them as time passed by that Aline Grant was not to die, and a new sweet hope sprang up in my heart. And the last letter we received before he came, contained the following words:

"Lizzie, do you remember that I told you that Aline Grant was my first and only love? She will return with me. We are to be married tomorrow. Be ready to receive us."

I was wild with joy, and committed so many extravagances that Harry threatened a straight jacket. At the time appointed they arrived, and when she, so pale, and calm, and fair, put out her arms to me, I sank sobbing upon her bosom, like an over-excited child, instead of welcoming her with the dignified ease of a matron as I had planned. And we are so happy together! My father grows blither every day in his happiness, and Aline, with her noble, pure face and gentle eyes is more like a dear, elder sister than a mother, though she often calls me her "dear daughter."

A PICTURE.

And there the fisherman his sail unfurled,
The goatherd drove his kids to steep Ben Gholl;
Before the hut the dame her spindle turned;
Counting the sunbeam as she plied her toll;
For, wake where'er he may, man wakes to care and toil.
SCOTT

[ORIGINAL.]

A CHAT ABOUT EYES.

BY ANNIE LINDA RAY.

So you wish me to tell you a few of my thoughts
On the subject—we both can agree
That it's better, far better for us to decide,
Since we surely hope always to see.

Yes, I'm talking of eyes—of the blue and serene,
With a tint that might vie with the skies:
So earnest and loving, they thrill with a glance—
True, the blue are oft beautiful eyes!

Now, don't look so sly, though I know you will say
That I truly am thinking of Bill;
Such a killer of hearts seldom comes to my mind:
Don't tease me!—I pray you, be still!

Then the dark eyes so large, and with mischief replete,
I am sure you will own it is true
That the eyes that are bright with a flashing of fun,
Can surpass e'en the handsomest blue.

What care I for Bob? Yes, I know very well
That his eyes are magnificent, too;
But he knows it, and has such a share of conceit—
You may stare, but the glass knows it true.

Then the gray, with the lashes so drooping and dark:
Ah, there you are lost for a name!
Yet I prize the dear owner far more than the rest—
Than riches, or titles, or fame.

What matter the shade of the beautiful orbs,
If the soul through the pure depths can shine?
So look not so earnest, you sunny young truce,
And heed not the color of mine!

[ORIGINAL.]

A TANGLED WEB.

BY ESTELLE GRAY.

"You see, girls,"—and my aunt composed herself into a story-telling attitude—"you see, my mother died when I was but fourteen, and as I was the oldest, I was left in charge of the four younger children, and a strict injunction from my dying mother to be to them what she had been, as far as lay in my power. Now this would have been a very difficult duty for me to perform, if it had not been that the children were very good and obedient, and helped themselves to a great degree.

"My father was a quiet, melancholy man, who never took much notice of us, and who, when he was in the house, sat gazing with great, dreaming eyes into the fire, and out upon the landscape. Somebody had told me that my father was a disappointed man, though in what the disappointment had consisted, I did not know until

long afterwards. At any rate, he never attempted to govern us, and in time I came to regard him in much the same light as I did the children, and to care for him much in the same way.

"My brother Richard was next to me in age, and him I had the most difficulty in managing. He was very wilful sometimes, and often when he looked at me with those great, flashing, passionate eyes of his, a thrill of some unknown but mysterious power ran through me. But I was gentle with him, and I think he loved me better than any one upon the earth.

"Hetty, the next in age, was the beauty of the family; she had the fairest of complexions, deep blue eyes, and hair of that rare golden shade that we read of in novels, but seldom see. She had besides, the sweetest of dispositions, and a great taste for domestic matters, and already she took half of the household burden from my shoulders. The two youngest, Mattie and Esther, were very good little girls, with nothing remarkable about them.

"Time passed on, and I had reached my nineteenth year, and it was just at this period that troubles began to arise in the family. We were very poor, for my father had no faculty for earning money and times were very hard. Sometimes the money brought into the house was barely sufficient to cover the expenses of half a week, and yet we knew that it must answer for the whole seven days. On such occasions I used to take counsel with Hetty, and my little house-keeper, as I called her, generally suggested some way by which the few and hardly-earned dollars were made to hold out most amazingly, till a new supply came in. As for Richard, who was now quite old enough to work, he was obliged to remain idle, for times were very hard, as I said before.

"In this state of affairs, I held many a serious conference with myself, and in the end my resolution was taken. I must go away and seek employment, and naturally enough, in connection with this subject, I thought of Lowell and its factories, for there was much talk about them at that time. I talked with Hetty about the matter, and though she cried at the idea of my going away, yet she promised to assume my place in the household, and to take good care of our little sisters. Richard broke out into the most passionate language when he heard of the project. He declared many times that if I went away it would be the ruin of him; and though I sought to know what he meant, he only shook his head and repeated the remark. My father wrung my hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "God bless you, Anne, you are a good girl."

"Sufficient money to pay my expenses to Lowell had been set aside from the weekly earnings, and this money I secretly put upon Hetty's table; for I would not spend one cent of it upon myself. So one bright morning I set out with the intention of walking to Lowell, a distance of twenty miles from us. I walked along, carrying my little baggage upon my arm and trying to feel as cheerful as possible, though I was very far from being happy, when I heard the sound of wheels behind me, and in a moment more the heavy wagon stopped and a rough, but not unkind voice said:

"If you are willing to ride in my wagon, miss, perhaps I can give you a lift a part of your way."

"I looked up and hesitated, but only for a moment; the stranger was a rough, farmer-looking person, neither very young nor very old, but with such an honest face that I felt that he was one to be trusted. He helped me very kindly into the wagon, and spread his overcoat over the seat to make it more comfortable for me; although I objected to this proceeding, he was obstinate, and as it was rather a warm spring day, I had no great fears about his taking cold.

"We rode on several miles, carrying on a conversation by fits and starts, until—I never knew, girls, exactly how it happened—but I had told the stranger my story, and where I was going. Then we went on in silence for a long time, I, ready to bite my tongue out for being so imprudent, and the stranger evidently in a deep study. At length we came within a mile of Lowell, and there the wagon was to turn off. So I descended from it, and having obtained the needful directions and thanked my companion, I was about to resume my journey, when what do you think the stranger said?"

"Good-by, perhaps," said some one of our circle.

"No," said my aunt, "he made me an offer of marriage, and that in so honest and sincere a manner that I could not be offended, nor did I feel any inclination to laugh. I never knew exactly what my answer was, but I suppose I refused him, for he merely answered 'very well,' and drove off."

"And did you never see him again?" asked the youngest listener.

"That remains to be seen," said my aunt, with an arch look. "Well, I arrived at Lowell, discovered with some difficulty the person to whom I was to apply for work, and then I stood with beating heart to hear my fate pronounced.

"Have you ever done such work?" asked the gentleman, looking towards me with an exceedingly pleasant smile.

"No," said I.

"What makes you think you can do it then?" said he.

"Because I generally accomplish a thing that I set out to do."

"Very well," said he, "you can try."

"By night I was settled in a boarding-house, and in a few days I had learned to do my work almost as well as the other girls. I was homesick enough at first, but I soon got used to the people and the place, and should have been quite happy if I could have heard from home regularly; but that was a somewhat difficult matter in those days. One day I was working away at my loom very busily, when happening to glance up, I saw with amazement that the eyes of all the girls were directed towards me, and turning a little to one side, I discovered the very gentleman to whom I had applied for work. He stood about two feet from me, and held in his hand a letter, which he presently laid down upon my loom.

"From Hetty," I said with delight. And I was about to open it, when I remembered the gentleman, who was still standing by the loom pretending to examine my work, though I believe in reality he was studying my face.

"So you want to read it, do you?" said he, "well, then I won't stay any longer this time." And he turned and went away. Then, for the first time I remembered that I hadn't thanked him.

"You're a lucky girl to make such a conquest, Anne," said Jennie Butler, to me that evening.

"What do you mean, Jennie?" said I, for I hadn't the slightest idea what conquest I had made.

"What do you suppose Mr. Bennett came to your loom this morning for?" said Jennie.

"To bring me a letter," answered I, simply.

"A letter indeed," said Jennie, with a laugh; "you wouldn't catch Mr. Bennett coming to our looms, if we had a cart-load of letters. No, no, he came to see you, and mark my word, Anne, he'll contrive to see you again before long."

"I laughed at the idea, and then tried to dismiss it from my mind, but the more I tried to forget it the more I thought of it. Sure enough, in a few days I met Mr. Bennett again, very unexpectedly, upon my part, at least. Well, affairs went on until it was no uncommon thing for me to meet Mr. Bennett every day, and—well, girls, it's the same old story, he had fallen in love with me, and I went right to work and fell in love with him."

"But you didn't marry him, aunt," said I.

"No," said my aunt, "and I'm going to tell you why. One day, as I sat at my loom, as usual, one of the girls passed by, and said she, glancing at my work:

"'Why, Anne, what a curious mixture of colors you've got there.'

"'Mixture!' said I, 'why, I thought it was all one color.'

"She stared at me in wonder. 'Well,' said she, 'if my eyes don't deceive me, there are three colors there for certain, if not more.'

"I sat quite still for several minutes after she had passed, and then I looked slowly around the room, and you don't know how curious everything looked. It was as if a shadow had fallen right down between me and the objects I gazed at, and consequently everything looked dim. Well, I imagined that I had looked too steadily at my work, and a little rest would cure my eyes, so I gave up work for that afternoon and walked out. But the next day I couldn't see a bit better, nor indeed quite so well; and so it kept going on, until at the end of a week I couldn't see to sew or read. One day I called at the house of a somewhat famous optician in Lowell, and what do you think he told me? That I had a cataract growing over each eye, and that in a short time I should be entirely blind.

"You never could imagine the agony that I experienced when I heard the doom pronounced. I raved—I was very nearly frantic when I thought of the family at home, and when I thought of Mr. Bennett; for of course I saw at once that that beautiful dream was forever dispelled. After a while I grew calm, and then I sat down and slowly and painfully, so painfully that I remember every word now, I wrote a farewell letter to Mr. Bennett, telling him of my misfortune, and begging him never to try to see me again. Then I packed up my things, took leave of the girls, who all pitied and sympathized with me, and that very afternoon I walked into our kitchen at home, to the complete astonishment of Hetty, who at first imagined me to be an apparition. When she was satisfied, however, that I was real flesh and blood, there was no end to her transports of joy.

"Indeed the whole family exhibited so much delight at seeing me, that part of my old cheerfulness returned, and I began to look upon my misfortune with a braver spirit. I said the whole family, but one of its members I had not yet seen since my return, nor had any allusion been made to Richard. That night when the rest of the family had retired, I told Hetty all I knew myself about my blindness, and spoke, though somewhat reluctantly, of Mr. Bennett. Ah, hers

was a sunny nature, for though what I had told her made a deep impression upon her, yet gently and skilfully she led me to view the bright side of the matter. In the midst of our conversation there was the sound of an opening door below, and a heavy step resounded through the house. Hetty's face turned deadly pale, and her eyes assumed a look of terror. I asked no questions, but slowly descending the stairs, I passed into the kitchen, and there I saw my brother Richard sitting with his head buried in his hands. I touched his shoulder, and then started back, as those great flashing eyes were turned towards me.

"'What do you want? Let me alone, I say!'

"It needed not these words to tell me that he had been drinking deeply. Already I saw the youthful bloom of his face had departed and he had the manner and air of an habitual drunkard. But I saw it wouldn't do to leave him where he was, so I touched his shoulder again, and again he raised himself in a fierce, desperate way.

"'Do let me alone, will you?'

"'No, Richard, I shall not let you alone. Go up stairs to your room.'

"Though it was clear that he did not recognize me, yet from habit he obeyed the sound of my voice, and rising, he staggered from the room, and we heard him crawling up stairs in a miserably drunken fashion. The next day I had a long talk with Richard, in which I vainly endeavored to make him promise never to drink again. But in vain did I entreat, he declared that it was his fate and he could not escape it.

"In the meantime, a night of utter darkness was slowly but surely settling down upon me. I had taken my last look of all beautiful things of the earth, and even Hetty's face grew dim and faded from my sight. It might have been about a week after I had ceased to see anything, that one day as I sat knitting—for I could knit as well in the dark as in the light—we heard a knock at the door. Hetty ran to the door and opened it, and then I heard Mr. Bennett's voice asking for me. Never in my life had I felt as happy as I did at that moment, though I had forbidden Mr. Bennett ever to see me again.

"I hardly knew what I did or said during that interview, or which was the happiest, Mr. Bennett, Hetty, or I. Mr. Bennett had been absent upon a long journey, and had only just heard of my misfortune, and upon hearing it, had hastened immediately to me.

"One thing he besought me to do, and that was to have my eyes examined, so that we might know whether the blindness was curable or not. I did not give him any definite answer to this, but promised to think of it.

"Hetty was delighted, and she was never tired of praising Mr. Bennett to me. She was also so anxious that I should have my eyes examined that she gave me no peace upon the subject. So one day I found myself in the office of Dr. C—, then one of the most celebrated opticians in the city of Boston. My eyes were examined, and then I waited with outward calmness to hear the decision of Dr. C—. It came at last.

"'Yours is a very peculiar case; I cannot give you a decided answer, because it would be cruel in me to raise hopes that might be dashed to the ground. But I think if the experiment were tried, there would be more chance of your seeing again, than that you would not. Still, the operation would be a very hazardous and delicate one, and would require a great deal of courage, and the result after all might be unfavorable; but, as I said before, I should strongly believe in a favorable result.'

"I thought over the doctor's words very often, and at last I had determined upon my course. It was better, I thought, even with the small hopes held out to me, to undergo the operation, than to sit down contentedly in the darkness. And if the result were unfavorable, yet I could be no worse off than I was now. Mr. Bennett came very often, and was always most cordially received by Hetty and me. I would not hear one word about the renewal of our engagement, until it should have been decided whether I was to see again.

"The winter passed away much more cheerfully than we had anticipated at its commencement, and the first raw, wet days of spring had come. Upon one of these days it had commenced raining in the morning, and had rained violently all day, and the snow that had lain upon the ground had melted and had swollen the streams frightfully. It had been a gloomy day in the house, for somehow I could not help thinking of Richard, who had not been at home since morning. I thought of his brilliant talents of which I had been so proud in his younger days; of his early beauty, which no one would have guessed now, so bloated and disfigured was his face. It was evening, and we had drawn the curtains to shut out all that was disagreeable in the weather. Somehow my thoughts of Richard had made me nervous and anxious, and I was impatient for his return. I was continually listening for his step, and when the clock struck eight, and then nine, and he did not make his appearance, I arose and paced the room, whilst a thrill of mysterious fear, which I vainly tried to check, crept over me. The clock struck ten, and urged by one of those impulses which every one recog-

nizes at times, but which no one pretends to explain, I arose, took down my bonnet and shawl, and prepared for a walk in the rain.

"'Where are you going?' asked Hetty.

"'To find Richard,' was my answer, as I busied myself tying the strings of my bonnet.

"'You don't mean, Anne, that you are going out at this late hour of the night, and in such a storm. Why not wait till Richard comes, he will be here soon.'

"Hetty's argument seemed reasonable enough, but I had a foreboding that would not allow me to keep quiet. So I made no answer to Hetty, but went on with my preparations. I soon found, however, that she was getting ready to accompany me, and then I had positively to forbid her going. In vain she entreated, I was deaf to all entreaties. My father, who had been sitting by the fire, now rose and took down his coat, lit his lantern, and without saying a word to me, or any one, passed out of the door behind me. We went on in silence in the rain, which fairly drenched us, blown hither and thither by the wind, which came every now and then in wild gusts, and going much over shoes in the melted snow and mud. Though I was blind, yet I was so familiar with the neighborhood, that I could find my way at any time about it. So I led the way directly to a deep gully, which I knew to be in the path Richard would take coming home. In ordinary weather, this gully was far from being a dangerous place, for the banks were not very high, and the ground was soft. But I feared that owing to the thaw that had taken place, the gully might be half full of water.

"As I said before, I do not pretend to explain why I went to this place rather than to any other, only that I was impelled to do so. Followed by my father, I walked cautiously along the edge of the gully, pausing every now and then to listen; but the wind blew so wildly that listening was almost impossible. I had reached the extreme edge of the gully and was pausing a moment before I retraced my steps, when amid the storm and the wind I thought I heard a feeble groan; my sense of hearing was very acute, as is usual with the blind, but nevertheless I was not sure but what I had heard was the wind. Again, however, I heard the sound, feebler than before, and coming evidently from the depths of the gully. Without taking further thought, down I slid, preserving myself in some miraculous manner from falling head foremost. I stretched out my hand and it encountered the icy water, but how deep it was I could not learn. Cautiously I crept along, holding by the shrubs and weeds

that grew here and there. At length my feet struck against something that impeded my progress, and reaching forward, I placed my hand on what seemed to be a human face, as icy cold as the water about it. I shouted loudly for my father, and while he was creeping along slowly by the aid of the lantern, I had lifted the head in my arms, and was endeavoring to ascertain by the torch, whether life was yet extinct.

"Never before had I appreciated the resolution of my father's character; that night he was a hero in my eyes, and he afterwards told me that I was the only heroine he had ever known. With almost superhuman strength, we dragged the dead body, as we thought it, up the bank, and managed together to convey it home. As we bore our sad burden over the threshold we met Hetty, and never shall I forget her first agonized question:

"Is he dead?"

"He was not dead, but mercifully preserved for a better life than he had led. Wonderfully preserved, too, for if it had not been for his strong constitution, he could never have borne what he did upon that memorable night. Long afterwards he told me the story. He had set out for home the middle of that stormy afternoon, and being in a state of intoxication he had fallen into the gully, which at that time had not much water in it. In vain he tried to extricate himself; in his inebriated state it was impossible. So, sinking back upon the soft ground, he fell into a drunken slumber. But the water rose and recalled him to his senses, and again he made an attempt to escape; he managed only, and that with great difficulty, to keep himself from the reach of the water. Perhaps upon the full recovery of his senses, he might have managed to crawl up the bank, had not a portion of the earth above, worn by the water, fallen down, bearing with it an enormous stone, which fell upon poor Richard's foot. Then, in that hour of agony, the whole of his worthless life passed before him, and he made a vow to himself to lead a better life if he were preserved. Many months passed by before he rose from his sick bed, and then he was lame for life. But never again did intoxicating drinks pass his lips, and now, as you well know, girls, he fills one of the most important offices in the gift of his native State, and has the esteem of all that know him.

"And now I suppose you want to hear about myself. The shock that Richard's danger and sickness gave me, so affected my nervous system, that the operation upon my eyes was deferred till the autumn of that year. In spite of my secret fears, it was successful, as you see, and

I saw again the beautiful earth which I supposed I had looked upon for the last time.

"And, indeed, from this time all seemed to prosper. My father, aroused from his indifference by the events of that memorable night, entered into business with renewed energy, and his family no longer wanted for the necessaries and even the luxuries of life. Richard's talent began to be noticed, and Hetty shortly after married Mr. Bennett, and—"

"Why, aunt," interrupted we, indignantly, "I thought you were going to marry Mr. Bennett?"

"So I was, children," said my aunt; "but I discovered that if I did so, I should destroy Hetty's happiness forever—though she never would have complained if I had done so. But she was handsome, much younger than I, and I saw that Mr. Bennett's eyes often rested upon her; and so, children, I thought it my duty to give up all claim to Mr. Bennett, though what it cost me, I shall not tell even to you."

My aunt, who was "fair, fat and forty," here suspended her story, but I had still another question to ask.

"What became of the farmer-looking man who asked you to marry him, aunt?"

My aunt laughed, and then rose and walked to the window. I gazed at her, thinking her the most beautiful woman of her age I had ever seen.

"Come here, girls, and you shall see the farmer-looking man."

We ran to the window, and there, just dismounting from his buggy, was our father's friend, Mr. George Hayward. We were not at all surprised when, shortly after, our aunt became Mrs. Hayward.

DREAMS.

Sir Wm. Johnson possessed great influence and popularity among the Indian tribes. Without adopting the Indian habits, he gratified the savages by accommodating his manners to theirs. He even descended to imitate and retort their tricks and knavish manoeuvres; and the Indians were better pleased to have their ingenuity foiled in this manner, than to be addressed with the insolence of a grave rebuke. A sachem who came to pay Johnson a visit, announced one morning, that he had dreamed, the previous night, that his host presented him a rich suit of military apparel. Johnson, according to the Indian custom on such occasions, fulfilled the dream; but next morning related, as a dream of his own, that his guest had presented him with a valuable tract of land. The Indian, regarding him with a sly look, replied, "The land is yours, but let us dream no more."—*Dwight's Travels*.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude is sometimes best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.—MILTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

SPRINGTIME.

BY WILLIS E. FADOR.

Now "the voice of the doves in the land"
Shows that springtime gladdeneth earth;
And the fairies that kiss her soft hand,
Have christened the violet's birth.

How sweet through the sunshine to pass,
And mase on the goodness that sends
Us the blossom, the flower, and the grass,
And perfume that springtime attends.

Though the "winter, now over and gone,"
Carries with it a little white shroud,
We have comforting thoughts while we mourn:
We rejoice while in grief we are bowed.

For the angels that wait at the door
When our darling wee Willie went in,
Said that there he would suffer no more,
That then he was free from all sin.

And though springtime with sunshine and flowers
Finds us childless, sweet memories rise;
And the wings of the swift-speeding hours
Bear our thoughts and our hopes to the skies.

[ORIGINAL.]

FORTUNE-SEEKING AND FORTUNE-HATING.

BY MRS. M. T. CALDER.

"AND so, Maurice, you think to convince me that this forthcoming visit of Miss Egerton's is of no unusual interest to you. Pshaw, man, for once be candid, and confess the plans for besieging the fair lady, and fairer fortune, are already matured in that cool head of yours."

The speaker, a little slender, young man, pushed away a mass of short, auburn curls from a forehead fair almost as a girl's, and bent his gay, blue eyes curiously upon his companion.

He whom he addressed raised himself from his stooping posture above a workbench, littered with tiny wheels and bands, and screws, and the other appearance of a mimic machine, and shaking off the steel filings from his hand, which seemed like that of a giant beside the effeminate one of the first speaker, answered in a ringing tenor voice by no means belieing the appearance of him whose massive frame was so unusually suggestive of strength and vigor.

"There'll be no convincing you about the affair, Allerton; I'll not take the trouble to argue with you. At present my thoughts are too much engrossed by this new machine of mine to dwell a moment upon Miss Egerton, or her money bags

either." And as he finished the sentence Maurice Shelton resumed his work, and began arranging the little wheels and bands as earnestly as if no one had spoken, or was present.

Harry Allerton twisted a delicate curl of steel shaving round and round his finger in nervous embarrassment, casting uneasy glances at the busy workman, gazing, too, at the manly, vigorous form with a sort of envious consciousness of its superiority over his own delicate frame, and then coming closer to the bench, said again:

"You're a queer fellow, Maurice, I'd give considerable for a look inside that scheming brain of yours. I really believe you do care more about that trashy machine than about this wonderful chance of obtaining a beautiful girl and splendid fortune, all at once. Come, tell me all about it. Leave off a minute, do, and tell me about it."

Once more the workman raised himself and turned a flashing black eye upon the speaker.

"Keep in latitudes you're acquainted with, Harry, and not talk to me about trashy machines. What are you driving at, man? Speak out plainly."

"Well, so I will," replied the other, with a light laugh which could not hide the anxious eagerness of his words. "What I want to know is this; if you are going to enter the lists against me, when Miss Egerton arrives, because if you are, I shall give it up, being by this time well made aware of your faculty for succeeding in everything you undertake."

"Be quite at ease, then. You may rest secure from any attempts of mine to win the golden prize. My ambition, at present, lies rather with iron and steel."

"But why," persisted Harry, "you don't mean you are foolhardy enough to despise wealth, and the advantages it confers?"

"Faith, not I," laughed Maurice. "What do you suppose I fire both my brains and fingers at the wheels yonder for, but that I hope my inventive genius may bring me a snug little pile of the glittering ore? I'm a little too much like a church mouse to indulge dielike for wealth."

"Yes, that's a fact, you're poor enough. Worse off by far than I, who am slenderly enough portioned, and that's why I can't understand your indifference. For my part, I frankly admit I am all alert to use every stratagem to win this charming girl, and a magnificent fortune both at once, and shall never cease to thank my aunt for this glorious opportunity. Only think how exceedingly comfortable it will be, to rest secure from the wearisome toil otherwise before us both."

Maurice looked at the glowing, excited face with a bright, self-reliant smile.

"Well, Harry, if it suits you, try for it by all means, and success attend you. But as for me, I'd rather crush this right hand of mine in the vice yonder, than take into it, for life, the hand of a girl to whom I should owe even the purse of Croesus. I want no money with a wife. I want a fortune my own hard labors have won me, and, please God, some time I'll have it."

How strong and powerful he looked, his tall form erect, his head thrown proudly back, and his eye piercing and brilliant as an eagle's! Harry Allerton sighed again as he looked at him, and slowly and thoughtfully turned away from the little workshop.

Maurice Shelton and Harry Allerton were half brothers, and both orphans, residing with their wealthy aunt, Mrs. Carew. Maurice, the elder, was the image of his father, who had been suddenly stricken down, in the midst of health and strength, by a fearful railroad disaster. The youthful widow was soon married a second time, and her younger son inherited her own fragile and graceful beauty, as well as a small competency at the death of his parents. Although widely different in character as well as appearance, the brothers were much attached, and had never been separated, passing through college at the same time, from which they had now been graduated a year or more. Neither had fully decided his future course, although Harry had applied to a lawyer friend of his father's for a chance in his office, and Maurice's passion for machinery threatened, as his worldly, fashionable aunt declared, to throw away entirely the advantages of his college education.

The great event of interest, just then, at the Carews' elegant country seat was the expected arrival of the charming Miss Eagerton, a distant relative of Mr. Carew's, whom, however, he had never seen, since she had been educated in Paris, where her father died, leaving her the sole heiress of a fortune almost fabulous for American merchants to attain. On hearing of the young lady's arrival in her native city, Mrs. Carew, with the shrewd calculation of immediately securing the prize for one of her nephews, partly from affection for them, and partly from an innate love of manoeuvring, had written a warm, motherly letter, urging the lonely girl to make a long visit to their country seat. A grateful reply had been received, accepting the invitation, and adding that she should bring with her her cousin, Flora Eagerton, a namesake of hers, who had hitherto been supported by her father, and still continued with her.

Anabel Carew, the pretty and only daughter of Mrs. Carew, was nearly wild with excitement

upon the day of the expected arrival, and although he strove to conceal it, Harry Allerton was scarcely less so, and both marvelled exceedingly at the coolness and carelessness of Maurice, who wandered around in his workman's jacket, while the others, glossy and fine in their extra adornments, waited stiffly beneath the verandah, watching the appearance of the long expected coach.

It came at the very moment when Maurice, still in the odious jacket (it was not so very unbecoming, after all), was nailing up a stray climber of the vine wreathing about the pillared verandah. What perturbed, anxious glances were cast upon the coach door, as the driver slowly opened it. A tall, queenly form, robed in a richly-wrought travelling dress, descended languidly, an elegant lace veil was thrown aside, revealing a fine, rather haughty face, brilliantly lighted by a pair of Italian eyes, and shaded by heavy raven braids.

"The very ideal of my dreams," thought Harry Allerton, as the soft, white hand, sparkling with costly diamond circlets, rested a moment in his, sending a thrill of happiness to his heart.

"A thousand welcomes, my sweet Miss Eagerton," cried the enthusiastic Mrs. Carew. "Nay, but I shall take you to my heart at once, and call you Florence"

"Thank you, pray do, at once. My friends all call me Florence, and my cousin we call Flora, to distinguish her from me. O, I had forgotten her, where is she?"

So had all the others forgotten her, excepting Maurice. He had not yet addressed Miss Eagerton, but when he perceived a little slight thing, in sober gray dress, with a bag and bundle of books in her arms, standing, still hesitating within the coach, his generous heart was at once moved to avert uncomfortable feelings, and advancing at once to the coach door, hammer still in hand, he said, courteously:

"Can I be of any assistance to you? Pray let me take these books for you, and come into the house at once," glancing up at the doorway where the other ladies were disappearing. "My aunt and cousin are so much excited by the honor of this visit that they have lost their usual self-possession. But you may be certain of a cordial welcome."

A tiny snowflake of a hand, with only a plain mourning ring upon it, brushed away a shower of chestnut curls, and a pair of wondrously soft brown eyes looked up gratefully into his face, and then glanced from the coarse jacket to the hammer, inquiringly. He smiled at the look, laid

down the hammer, and held out his hand for the books, saying :

"I see I must introduce myself; I am Mrs. Carew's nephew, Maurice Shelton. And you—"

Her smile in return, Maurice compared afterward to a glimmer of mingled moonbeam and starlight, and she answered, simply :

"Miss Egerton has gone into the house. I am only Flora."

"'Only Flora' must permit me to exhibit her subjects in the garden to that queen, by-and-by."

Another smile from the downcast face, and she had skimmed lightly over the lawn and disappeared within the house.

Maurice carried the hammer to the workshop, loitered around a short time, and then, despite his assurance to Annabel in the morning, that she need not look to see him there till evening, exchanged his jacket for a coat, and entered the drawing-room.

Miss Egerton, richly dressed, was there, brilliant, witty and condescending; but as Maurice decided, after a few moments' quiet observation, too showy, and conscious of her own attractions to please him. But she was surrounded by a delighted, admiring trio—Harry, Annabel and Mrs. Carew, who nearly overwhelmed her with attentions and caresses. She was very handsome certainly. But though Venus herself, Maurice Shelton would not allow her beauty to entice him, from the very fact that added such lustre to her charms in the opinion of the world, the golden treasures that sparkling hand could bestow.

So he turned away, looking for the little brown figure of Flora. There she was, half-hidden by a festooning window curtain, the chestnut curls bent down over a portfolio of engravings, unnoticed and uncared for. She gave a nervous start as the deep-toned voice asked pleasantly :

"Have you found 'the Huguenots' yet? I think it the finest there."

"I was just admiring it," returned she timidly, lifting the brown eyes slyly to his, and holding up the engraving, "it is very fine."

"Pictures are always like day dreams to me. I don't choose to indulge myself in the society of either very frequently."

She looked up so wonderingly that the shy eyelids forgot their duty, and he met the full liquid brightness of eyes, that, why or wherefore he knew not, sent a sudden thrill to the stout heart which had never quailed under such artillery before. Yet he recovered his self-possession in a moment and continued :

"Why, your eye asks, so I'll answer candidly? Because I am too poor to afford myself such lux-

uries. I have to deal with plain matter-of-fact, every day work, and do not think it wise to cultivate enervating tastes beyond my means."

Again she gave a swift, questioning glance more eloquent than words.

"Yes, I dare say, such an honest confession amazes you, used as you are, to the gay society surrounding your brilliant cousin, yonder. It's only now and then you'll come across a frank fellow like me, not ashamed to own his poverty," and he laughed gaily in her face.

"It is refreshing, at least," she answered, smiling back, "to know there is such an anomaly existing. But I don't exactly comprehend," she paused, hesitated and glanced around the luxuriously furnished room.

"Comprehend what?" inquired he. "How any one can acknowledge poverty's grim companionship, and still be gay and cheerful? If you cannot comprehend that, then you have not yet been taught how much more precious are heart and mind and soul, than riches which take to themselves wings."

His tone was grave and earnest, and swinging open a French window looking out upon a flight of steps that descended into the garden, he added gently: "Will you not come out with me and look at the pictures a Divine hand paints every-day for the poor man's eye?"

She glanced at the busy group around the piano, at the farther end of the long rooms, and quietly followed him. He led her some distance from the house, past the blooming flower beds, and gorgeous conservatory, to a rustic arbor, built on a ledge of rocks, from the crevices of which the scarlet heads of a few late columbines peeped out. The rising ground where they stood commanded a fine view of a rippling river, an emerald green meadow, and beyond it a grove of tall, hazy pines, and still beyond them, dark and distinct, against the cloudless sky a rising line of hills, blue and misty through the distance.

"Here," said Maurice, his black eye lighting up with enthusiasm, there is a picture one may gaze upon while he is still at work. The poor man truly has an artist constantly at work for him. What finer gallery can a nobleman boast? Now tell me what it is you cannot comprehend?"

Once away from the drawing-room, her timidity or reserve had vanished. She looked up with a free, fearless glance, and answered at once :

"I did not understand how you could appreciate poverty, living amid the surroundings of wealth, that was all? And yet I confess it still puzzles me that you should look so cheerfully, it seems to me exultingly, upon a life of toil and struggle."

"Yes, that is just the word," he cried, eagerly. "I own it. I do exult in the consciousness of being poor. But why is it strange? Do you see this strong right hand? It is that, and the ardent, throbbing, life-stirring brain and nerve, that shall win me fortune and riches of my own, that I shall owe to no one. And that is why I exult in being poor in the commencement." He paused, threw back his proud head, like a war-horse when he snuffs the far-off battle, and with his eagle eye fixed on the distant hills. "Ay, because I shall win my fortune myself," and then a moment after, his eye advanced upward to the smiling blue and he added, reverently, "God permitting, I mean, of course!"

Had it been a youthful Hercules standing before her, those brown eyes could not have gazed more admiringly, and suddenly a tear came glistening over the lustrous orbs, and laying the little snowflake hand impulsively on his arm, she said:

"I believe you. I like you, and I am sure we shall be friends."

He smiled brightly as he turned toward her. "Thank you. I agree with you, for something has already whispered to me, we shall be the truest of friends, which is more than your cousin, the heiress yonder, can ever say."

"And why, pray?" asked Flora.

"Because," he answered, "her father's heavy coffers lie between."

A pink flush just shone a moment on her cheek, and vanished. He imagined she had guessed the hidden meaning of his words, and to relieve the embarrassment, led the way to the workshop, saying, courteously:

"It may be a novelty for you. If you choose, you may come in, and see the theatre of my ambitious labors."

She followed, interested and quite at ease. He pointed out the half-completed machine, and said, seriously, "There is my hobby, the talisman that is to grant my fairy wishes. See how it looks, so insignificant and grim and unpolished; yet I feel confident if no one steps before me, some day that will bring me both shining gold and perishing fame." His eye was wandering with flattering hopes, his thoughts she saw plainly were far away, forgetful of her presence. "Ay," murmured he, brushing the wheels with a tender hand, "gold and fame, perishing both. Love were better than either. So I mean to win that, too, but not with fortune—no, never with fortune."

She thought he looked as if he had only to speak, and all three were at his bidding. Then as his last words echoed in her ear, the same pink

flush dyed her delicate cheek, and looking up into his face she said only—"Well?"

He laughed and shook his head, as if throwing off the cobwebs from his brain.

"I told you I would not indulge myself in dreams, yet here I was lost completely, in a most seductive one in your very presence. Does 'well' mean what more? Why, this is all. I am going to work here and there and everywhere, with what my college education has done for me, but take a profession I went, for these hands of mine must have active work as well as my brain. See how large they are—like sinews of iron, and nerves of steel? Don't you think they would feel ashamed turning over law books, or penning sermons, or resting their huge clasp on emaciated wrists? Pshaw!"

His glance wandered from the hands he held toward her to the little fingers clasping a stalk of columbine. "Ah," he said, smiling, "see the contrast between those soft little fingers, with their pearl and rose-tipped daintiness, and these!" and he took her hand admiringly in his, and spread it open on his palm. "And yet," he added, with a mischievous sparkle in his eye, "they look well together, the contrast is becoming to both."

She blushed crimson this time, and dropping her hand, he led the way to the house, saying as they reached the steps again:

"What an odd conversation we have had for the first! What did you say or do or look, that you have won all my thoughts away from me?"

"Well, Harry," said Maurice, looking up from his book, as late that evening his brother came dashing into the room they shared together. "Are you already on the high road to fortune?"

"I can't tell that, Maurice, but I do know one does not often find an heiress such a charming creature as that. I'm desperately in love, already."

"Gold has a magical way of gilding up common clay," was the dry response.

"For shame, you're a perfect heathen, Maurice. How can you insinuate there is anything common about her?"

"About who?"

"Miss Eagerton, the charming, lovely Florence!"

"Nonsense, Harry; I tell you it's the money bags that have bewitched you. Do you think if they had come into the room to-night, both cottage girls in simple white, you would have lingered longest at the side of that tall, dashing woman, while that sweet girlish Flora was before you? I tell you nay, brother Harry."

"Flora, who is that? I saw no Flora."

"I dare say not. However, I won't quarrel with you for not being in love with Flora. Win the heiress by all means, if you can. As for me, sometime—take care, that's an inkstand your elbow has overturned!"

Gay doings at the Carews made the days and weeks fly swiftly. The house was constantly thronged with visitors much to Annabel's delight and Harry's annoyance. So bright a prize could not be neglected, and the charming Miss Egerton was besieged by a crowd of suitors. It must be confessed, however, her smiles and favors were all bestowed upon Harry, who hardly dared credit his own good fortune. Maurice was scarcely civil, when all the rest were so obsequious and flattering, but was so little in her society, it passed unremarked. And the quiet, humble Flora, likewise, was seldom seen amid their fashionable coterie, which was, however, owing to her own choice, for she was in reality too lovely and refined to miss receiving admiration and attention from the more observing. She seemed to have a distaste for drawing-room pleasures, and preferred wandering with book or pencil through the pleasant country fields about the place. Quite often Maurice was her companion in these pleasant walks. Often and often, too, she might have been found sitting on the bench in the little workshop, while Maurice filed and fitted and arranged his model, chatting merrily with him when he rested, and gazing admiringly upon him when he was busy in calculation or earnest labor.

Singularly enough, too, it came to pass that Maurice felt more satisfied and happy when the quiet little figure was there, intercepting the broad stream of sunshine from the window, and began to realize a strange loss and vacancy, when the seat was empty, and he had the light full and strong upon his work. The day came when he said as much. Little Flora blushed as vividly as the carnation fastening in her simple muslin dress, and said, archly:

"But if it was Miss Egerton, the heiress, you would wish me to go away?"

"Certainly, with Miss Egerton I have nothing to do. I associate only with people of my own rank," was the emphatic reply.

A strange little ripple arched the dimpled lips, and an uneasy flicker disturbed the soft brown eyes. She half rose to her feet, then sat down again, and with averted face returned.

"I can't imagine why you should cherish such an antipathy against poor Florence. Is it a crime for her to be rich?"

"I can't imagine why you need to care!" he said, a little testily. "She has homage enough, without mine. I repeat, I like riches

when honorably earned by one's self. To speak plainly, it is only with a wife they are so hateful. I may as well acknowledge, once for all, it is the present fashion of poor young men seeking to mend their fortunes through a wife, that has filled me with such a horror of all young ladies so unfortunate, in my opinion, as to possess fortunes." He looked earnestly towards her, but the chestnut curls still concealed her averted face. "I hope you are not grieved for your cousin. She'll not pine at the coolness of a plebeian like me." And he laughed merrily.

She did not echo the laugh, and remained a long time silent, until all at once she asked:

"Are you as rigorous against concealment, too? Would you not forgive a little innocent deceit practised through friendly motives?"

"Deceit is never friendly," was his grave reply; when, to his astonishment, Flora burst into tears, and before he could recall her, ran away out of sight.

He came upon her again that evening in the arbor, sobbing bitterly. She looked like a fairy in the moonlight—so slender and delicate. But those tears! Ah, when Maurice saw those glistening drops upon her cheek, his heart gave a mighty throb, and lo, the secret he had so resolutely imprisoned there, came rushing forth. For once, his strength and iron will had failed him. Love, that mightiest of magicians, was more powerful than either. Before he was conscious of the act, he had caught in his little hands so tightly clenched, in this inexplicable grief, and whispered softly:

"Flora, dearest Flora, if tears must fall, give me the blessed privilege to kiss them all away!"

The bright moonlight revealed plainly the sudden flash of joy that danced across her face, and then vanished in deeper sadness.

"Flora, little Flora, you who have stolen into my heart and taken a place closer and hotter than ambition, or of fame or wealth, will you not give me some hope that when I have won my way to competency, I may claim a reward from you?"

She tore away her hands from his, wrung them despairingly, and faltered:

"Wait till to-morrow, Maurice. I will tell you all to-morrow." And then she fled away from him.

Lightly as a wild bird, her white robes like its fleecy plumage, she sped along the walks, up the staircase and into the chamber where Miss Egerton had just retired, radiant and blushing from a garden stroll with Harry. The tall, queenly figure was reposing indolently against the crimson velvet easy-chair, the brilliant black

eyes wandering dreamily about the apartment, when little Flora came dashing breathlessly to her side.

"So you are here!" cried Miss Egerton, a little sharply. "I was just wanting you. I am tired of this, I say. It is a cruel jest, and it must end. I have enjoyed it hitherto, but the rose has thorns, and I begin to feel them."

"You, Florence?" stammered little Flora, through the rising sob. "What can trouble you?"

"How can one help being foolish, when foolishness is the inherited constitutional weakness of a woman's character? That Harry is bent upon making himself irresistible, and—I'm wretchedly afraid he has succeeded. And don't I know these men are mercenary creatures, every one? Take away the well-invested million, and what do you think will become of Harry Allerton's offer of marriage and declaration of undying love made this evening in the garden to Florence Egerton—Miss Egerton, of Egerton fortunes, you understand?" And the haughty beauty gave a scornful laugh whose jarring bitterness sorely touched the already overflowing heart of little Flora.

Suddenly the latter raised her head and dashed the tears away proudly.

"No, no, Florence, they are not all mercenary. Truly there is one—but let it pass. Keep it still, now, always—dear Florence, I can forego the fortune, but I *will not* lose him!"

The listener's face was turned towards her in amazement.

"Are you insane, Flora? Who is it you will not lose?"

Whereupon Florence and Flora Egerton, arms interlaced, and chestnut curls and raven braids closely blending, told over to each other, with an odd mingling of smiles, tears and blushes, a long recital—not meant, dear reader, for you or me to hear.

But the next morning, to their mutual astonishment, Maurice and Harry met face to face in the library, whither they had repaired to keep very different appointments. At the same moment the two Miss Egertons came gliding in; but a strange metamorphosis had taken place. The tall, queenly maiden wore the simple muslin, and the tiny sylph was robed in glistening gossamer, the white arms circled with bands of gold and the chestnut curls looped away with a spray of pearl. The gentlemen gazed bewilderedly at the apparition. One could hardly tell which face wore the most blank and pitiable expression, of those astonished lovers.

Then little Flora laid her head on Maurice's arms, and the brown eyes, the soft brown eyes

no change could come upon, looked up to his through pleading tears.

"Maurice, dear Maurice, I answer now—I love you. Will it take away the love you offered last night, to know I am Florence Egerton, who commands to-day a million dollars, but will throw them all away to-morrow, if you will not take her with them?"

Poor Maurice! what a trial it was! to have loved, have wooed and won the heiress, after all! He could scarcely understand it yet. But there she stood—the same sweet face and gentle eyes and glossy curls. He loved her; he could not learn to un-love her. What could he do?

And Florence—shivering and trembling, she had turned to the disconcerted Harry.

"I told you last night, Mr. Allerton, you should have your answer to-day; but to-day finds me another person, and you are released from the consequences of all attentions bestowed upon the heiress.

One moment, honor to Harry! only one moment the doubt and hesitation lingered on his face. The next, he had taken respectfully the outstretched hand.

"If another person to-day, fair Florence, let me repeat anew the declaration; and since you are nearer my own station, I shall venture to plead more boldly."

What a smile released the compressed and quivering lips, as the hand was left in his! Then it was little Flora came forward from Maurice's encircling arm, saying joyously:

"She is not quite penniless yet, Mr. Allerton, for half my father's fortune shall be her wedding portion. Nay, nay, dear Florence, not a word. It is only justice, after this dangerous masquerade, and I am only obliging Maurice here, who is longing so much to be poor, that he may work and become rich. After all, it may be a good lesson for each one of us. Fortune-seeking and fortune-hating must both be cured through failure, winning both success."

Not many months afterward, the newspapers were busy over a fashionable marriage festival, where the brides resigned the names that had perplexed acquaintances so long, and were neither Flora nor Florence Egerton again. At the same time came the announcement of the invention of a remarkably ingenious machine, which was attracting the attention of the whole country. So Maurice, fortunate fellow, had won the three—wealth and fame and love!

HUMAN IGNORANCE.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.—POPE.

[ORIGINAL.]

KEEP HEART.

BY EDNAE E. WATSON.

As bubbles break to rise no more,
As waves dash on the pebbled shore,
With angry surge, or sullen roar,
Then die away,

So some vain charm that won thine eyes
With its gay splendor from the skies,
Like bubbles burst, no more will rise,
Nor longer stay;

So clouds, that darken o'er thy way,
Or grief, that wards can ill portray,
May come, but coming, will not stay,
But pass away.

Then bravely bear all grief and pain,
And know the sun will shine again,
And always brighter after rain,
Its cheering ray.

So sit not down to nurse thy grief,
But seek in duty's round relief,
And all thy sorrows shall be brief
As winter's day.

The soul, full oft by trials tried,
Is thus refined and purified,
And more, to God and heaven allied,
Each added day.

Then conjure up no vanished sorrow,
Nor from the future trouble borrow:
All needful grace shall crown to-morrow,
As 't has to-day.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MIDNIGHT MEAL:

—OR,—

A SURREPTITIOUS SEA-PIE.

BY JOSEPH H. WHITMAN.

THE skipper of the bark *Undine* was one of the meanest men that ever walked a quarter-deck. His men often declared that he would "steal the coppers from a dead nigger's eyes, and then swear because they wa'n't quarters;" and we have no doubt but that the assertion was correct. Certainly, if the man ever existed, who was capable of committing petit larceny under such circumstances, and adding profanity to the felonious act, that man was Captain George Lucas, master and owner of the little bark *Undine*.

Such being the character of the captain, it was not, by any means, probable that the crew of the *Undine* would ever become enervated by a profusion of luxuries, or in any danger of apoplexy from high living. On the contrary, they were in far greater danger of being starved to death, for

the supply of food for the fore-castle was always exceedingly limited as to quantity, and equally poor as to quality.

During the voyage on which occurred the incident which we are about to relate, the food was even poorer and more grudgingly bestowed than usual. The regular bill of fare, on alternate days, was as follows: For breakfast, bread and beef, with a small quantity of "hot, wet and dirty." For dinner, beef and bread, with bad water *ad libitum*. For supper, bread and beef again, with a crowning glory to the luxurious repast, a half pot of "water-bewitched and tea-begrudged." On other days, an agreeable variety in the bill of fare was made by changing the order of the dishes at the several meals; thus, for instance, for breakfast, beef and bread instead of bread and beef, etc.

But the landsman reader must not for a moment suppose that bread and beef, on any ship, much less on board the *Undine*, means anything like the delicious rolls, and light, wheaten loaves, or the juicy steaks and noble sirloins to which he is accustomed. Far from it. Both the beef and bread of the *Undine* were condemned navy stores of very uncertain age. The salt junk, both in color and closeness of fibre, exactly resembled mahogany, ornamented here and there with stripes of a lively green; and the bread, we will only say that it teemed with animal life to such an extent, that a piece of it, if laid upon the deck, would travel off with great rapidity. By holding a cake of it between the thumb and finger, and giving it a vigorous puff of the breath, it could be instantly converted into impalpable dust.

Notwithstanding the vile quality of the bread, however, it formed the subject of many jocose remarks in the fore-castle, where some of the jolly mariners often declared that it was bread and meat together—a kind of animated sandwich, in fact.

The sleeping and other accommodations of the *Undine*, were, like their provisions, of the meanest kind; and, to add to the discomforts of their situation, eight able seamen, who composed the crew, were not by any means the only occupants of the vile little dog kennel which was called by courtesy the fore-castle. Innumerable rats and mice infested the apartment, and every available fissure, as well as the folds of the bedding, swarmed with myriads upon myriads of cockroaches—not the comparatively harmless little insects which occasionally find their way into the abodes of landmen, but immense and ferocious monsters, some of them measuring three or four inches in length, and so bold in their attacks

upon the provisions, and even upon the men themselves, as to render them the terror of the fore-castle.

In addition to these troubles, the curse of perpetual dampness hung over the miserable fore-castle. It was built on deck, having two doors opening forward, one on each side of the fore-mast; and the Undine, being in the strictest sense of the term a "wet craft," the briny flood was constantly eddying among the chests upon the floor, and often dashing its spray into the bunks. The reader can well imagine the condition of the Undine's crew was pitiful indeed; but it was not worse than that of many who "go down to the sea in ships," before the mast.

We have sufficient malice in our composition to desire the power to place the author of "A life on the ocean wave," or any of the innumerable fresh-water, fair-weather sailors, who "blow" so exceedingly about the "romance of the sea," for a few days, only, in just such a place as the Undine's fore-castle. How quickly their ideas in regard to salt water would undergo a radical change!

But that which rendered the whole ship's company, both forward and abaft the mainmast, more thoroughly uncomfortable than bad food, wet bunks, and vermin could alone have done, was the fact that Mrs. Lucas, the captain's wife, had accompanied her husband upon the present voyage. Being a great termagant, and, withal, meaner, if possible, than Captain Lucas, who stood in wholesome awe of his better half, the unfortunate bark was under petticoat government of the most obnoxious character.

Although Mrs. Lucas seemed to consider decent food a superfluous luxury for Jack Tar, she was particularly fond of a well-supplied table for her own use; and had compelled her husband and very humble servant to purchase ten pigs and several coops of fowls, as well as numerous cabin stores of the best quality before leaving port. One of the pigs was invariably killed, on Saturday afternoon, and served up on the following day for the cabin table, together with a pair of fowls; but not a morsel of either of these luxuries ever found its way into the fore-castle. There was much grumbling at this, and the feeling of discontent constantly increased, particularly after the scurvy, which might have been prevented by a small amount of fresh provision, made its appearance in the fore-castle.

On the following Sabbath, while the crew were seated at their miserable dinner, the oft-discussed subject of the captain's meanness formed the topic of conversation.

"I say, shipmates, this 'ere stuff aint fit for a

hog to eat, let alone a human being," said one of the men.

"True," replied another, "and the worst of it is, that the scurvy will soon put us all on the sick list, unless we have some fresh provisions."

"Shipmates," exclaimed a fine-looking man, who was considered by all the best seamen aboard, "this state of things must not last any longer. We must have better grub, and that soon, or I will not answer for the consequences. I should be the last man to counsel insubordination or mutiny under ordinary circumstances; but in this case, justice to ourselves demands that we no longer submit to be treated like dogs. Come, what say you, will you back me up, if I will go aft and ask the old man to give us something fit for Christians to eat?"

"Ay, ay, that we will, Bob, and fight if it need be, to protect you from the old man's anger," was the unanimous response, for the men had nearly reached the point of desperation.

Bob accordingly hastened aft, and entering the forward cabin, where the captain and his wife, and the two mates, were discussing an excellent dinner, respectfully stated the condition of the men in the fore-castle, and begged for a supply of fresh provisions.

Both mates looked at Bob with an expression that said plainly, "That's the talk, Bob, we are glad to hear you stand up for your rights;" and even the captain seemed half inclined to give the man a favorable answer, but before he had time to speak, his wife had taken the case into her own hands.

"Leave the cabin instantly, you impudent wretch," she exclaimed. "You may be sure you'll get nothing better than beef and bread this voyage, and if you ever again dare to ask for more, I hope Captain Lucas will have you flogged. Do you hear? Go, I say?"

But Bob remained motionless, apparently taking no notice of the woman's command.

"Leave the cabin, Bob, I cannot grant your request, and I advise you never again to be guilty of such a piece of impertinence as coming to me with a demand for fresh provisions," added the captain, taking the cue from his superior officer!

Bob made no reply to this, but, as he turned to depart, he gave Captain Lucas a look which caused that worthy officer to wish, in the bottom of his heart, that he dared disobey his wife, and give the men something fit to eat, lest a refusal should provoke them to open resistance.

Bob immediately reported the captain's answer in the fore-castle, and the many muttered curses upon the head of Captain Lucas and his amiable spouse, which followed, were sufficient

indications of spirit which filled the bosoms of the men, in view of this outrageous piece of tyranny.

"And now what do you propose to do, shipmates?" said Bob.

"Anything, Bob," was the reply. "Whatever plan you may approve of, will suit us, and we'll follow you to the death. If you say go aft and put the captain and his wife in chains, and help ourselves to the cabin grub, we're with you."

"No," replied Bob, "we will not resort to such severe measures at present. But I'll tell you what we will do. We will have one good meal in spite of the old man, as good a meal as can be prepared from the stores provided for the use of the cabin."

"Good good," shouted the men.

"We'll have sea-pie with the fixins, in this forecabin, in the early part of the middle watch to-morrow night," continued Bob.

"Bravo, Bob! But how is this to be brought about?"

"Listen to me and you shall know." And Bob proceeded to explain his plan, giving each of his shipmates some particular duty to perform in the way of perfecting the arrangements for a surreptitious sea-pie, to be served up at the midnight hour, on Monday night.

Every one cordially approved the plan, and during the following night some of the men contrived to enter the half-deck, and procure from the cabin stores ample materials for a sumptuous banquet, not forgetting to add to their plunder two bottles of brandy, and a box of figs for a dessert. All these articles were then concealed in the forecabin, ready for use on the following night.

The starboard watch kept the first four hours on deck, on Monday night; but instead of turning in at eight bells, the larboard watch also remained on deck to await a favorable opportunity to commence operations. By two bells (nine o'clock P. M.) a profound silence reigned over the Undine. The inmates of the cabin had all sunk into slumber, and the second mate had stowed himself into a sunny corner by the skylight, and lighted a cigar with the intention of enjoying a quiet reverie, and perhaps, if all seemed to be going along safely, a stolen nap.

And now the members of both watches began to make busy but noiseless preparations for their sea-pie. In the first place, two strong men crept stealthily into the cook's sleeping-room, which adjoined the galley, and seizing the slumbering doctor, quickly bound him hand and foot, and gagged him to prevent his outcries from arousing the people aft; for he was a faithful tool of the

captain, and would have prevented the operations of the amateur cooks, if he had not been placed in limbo.

One of the pigs was then caught, and before he had time to utter more than a single stifled squeal, his innocent throat was cut so effectually that he died without a struggle. In the meantime, others of the crew had built a roaring fire in the galley stove, and as soon as the water in the coppers had reached the boiling point, the pig was hastily deprived of his hide and covering, and cut up into pieces of suitable size for a sea-pie. Two of the fattest fowls were also deprived of existence, and prepared for roasting.

For more than two hours the men pursued their tasks without molestation, or discovery; but just as Bob had pronounced the sea-pie "done to a charm," and the fowls "almost cooked," the second mate, who had just awakened from a long nap, chanced to stroll forward. To his surprise, he observed that the galley fire was in full blast, and his surprise was not lessened when, upon entering the galley, he discovered all hands officiating as cooks.

"What in time does this mean, boys?" he asked.

The men promptly explained the matter, telling him that they had determined to have one good meal, let the consequences be what they might.

"I don't blame you a bit, boys," said the second mate, "and I wish I hadn't found it out; but I suppose I shall be obliged to report you to the old man, or he'll give me particular figs."

"We shall eat our sea-pie in spite of the old man, sir," replied Bob. "So you may tell him as soon as you please."

"No, I won't tell him till just before eight bells, so you hurry up and get everything ready by that time." And the second mate returned to the quarter deck.

But the dinner was not quite ready to be placed upon the table, when the bell struck eight, and the captain, who had been aroused a few minutes previous to that time by the second mate, made his appearance at the galley.

"Here's a pretty go!" he exclaimed, in a towering passion. "Come out of that galley, every mother's son of you, or I'll break your heads!" And he was about to enter the galley, when he observed that the men were approaching the door to prevent his progress with drawn sheath-knives in their hands, and very prudently changed his mind, and remained upon the outside.

After vainly commanding the men to come on deck, he hastened aft to procure the assistance of the mate, but was met on the way by his wife, who had learned what was going on forward from the second mate.

"I'll put a stop to their doings," she exclaimed. "I'll teach 'em to kill my pigs, and make sea-pies at night!" And she rushed furiously toward the galley.

Captain Lucas thought that she was drawing it rather strong when she spoke of "my pigs," which he himself had bought and paid for; but he dared not correct the error, and silently followed his enraged spouse to the galley.

"O, you impudent dog, how dare you kill my pigs!" exclaimed the tigress to Bob, who stood in the galley door. And as she spoke, she fixed her nails deep in his cheek.

Bob hastily retreated into the galley, pursued by the fury, who quickly succeeded in tearing a handful of hair from his head. Captain Lucas, perceiving that his beloved wife had gained an entrance into the enemy's camp, attempted to follow her; but the galley door was suddenly slammed in his face, and fastened upon the inside. Immediately after, he heard a smothered scream from the partner of his bosom, and inwardly thanked his stars that she, and not himself, was in the clutches of the enemy.

As soon as the galley door had been closed, one of the men had approached the raging Amazon from behind, and dexterously slipped a large bag—used for boiling duff in—over her head, drawing the mouth of the bag close together around her neck by means of its string. Finding herself so unexpectedly bagged, she began to scream and struggle violently to escape from the grasp of her captors; but, in spite of her efforts, her hands were speedily bound behind her back, after which a whole bucketful of dirty water was poured upon her head, and then the galley door was opened, and she was banded out on deck in the most unceremonious manner imaginable.

Captain Lucas, as in duty bound, sprang to the assistance of his spouse, but he could scarcely avoid laughing aloud for very joy, at the sight of her sorry condition; for she had often given him a *striking* specimen of her pugilistic skill, which he had not dared to resent. Of course, he gave vent to many expressions of sympathy; but as he conducted her into the cabin, he felt, in his heart, that he could freely forgive the men for stealing and cooking his pig, in consideration of the wholesome chastisement which they had inflicted upon his tormegant wife.

Meantime, the men improved the opportunity offered by the captain's absence from the scene of action, to convey their sea-pie and "fixins" to the forecabin; for although both mates stood by the galley door, they had no desire to oppose the men's operations. A table had been constructed in the forecabin, by placing boards upon

several chests set on end; and after driving the cockroaches back, so as to leave the festive board free from these pests, the men proceeded to set out their dishes in tempting array. The sea-pie, which had been made under Bob's immediate supervision, occupied the centre of the table, and was flanked by the two roasted fowls. The remaining surface of the board was covered with various delicacies which had been procured from the cabin stores. Tin pans served for plates; and sheath-knives and spoons performed the onerous duty of conveying huge mouthfuls of food from the dishes to the capacious "potato traps" of the hungry seamen.

Before the men sat down to their feast, they took the precaution to fasten the forecabin doors upon the inside; and when Captain Lucas, after comforting his injured wife to the best of his ability, with words of sympathy and a stiff glass of gin and water, returned forward, he found that his rebellious subjects were "*non comestibus*." Upon this, he turned to the mate, who stood near by, and exclaimed in a loud voice, expressly intended to reach the ears of the men:

"We will leave them alone, sir, for the present; but let all hands be summoned aft immediately after breakfast, to-morrow morning; and then, sir, we shall see—what we shall see!"

And having delivered these words of terrible import, he strutted majestically aft and retired to his berth.

Before the men in the forecabin had tasted a morsel of the tempting dishes before them, they had set apart a generous share for their two shipmates who were compelled to remain on deck—one at the wheel, and the other upon the lookout; but as soon as the old man had gone below, the mate hastened aft, and, taking the wheel from the helmsman's hands, bade him "go forward and help his shipmates scoff their sea-pie;" while the second mate, in like manner, relieved the lookout man.

"All things earthly have an end;" and the midnight meal of our heroes, although enjoyed with a zest which a well-fed landsman can form no conception of, and greatly prolonged by means of the two bottles of brandy aforesaid, was no exception to this general rule. When every one had become fully satisfied with eating and drinking, the fragments of the repast were carefully gathered up, the table was removed, and everything restored to its wonted condition. Last of all, the captive cook was released from his bonds; after which, the second mate and his watch went below, to spend the two hours yet remaining of their watch below, while the port watch took possession of the deck.

Directly after breakfast, next morning, all hands were summoned aft, and promptly obeyed the call. Mrs. Captain Lucas and her husband (we place these individuals in the order of their respective positions on board), together with the two mates, were standing around the main-deck capstan, evidently holding a council of war. At length Captain Lucas exclaimed :

"Men, you are aware of the fact that you have committed a great outrage, which calls for immediate punishment; but as I am willing to believe that you were so far deluded as to think that your conduct was justifiable upon certain grounds, I have decided to temper justice with mercy, and, if you will reveal the name of your leader, the rest of you shall escape, this time, scot free!"

This "pooty" declamation, delivered in a melo-dramatic style, did not seem to have the effect upon the men which Captain Lucas had expected; for, instead of promptly betraying their leader, and humbly thanking their captain for his clemency, they only winked at each other and smiled contemptuously.

"I give you one minute to decide," continued the captain, with rising anger. "Tell me who is your leader, or I'll flog the whole lot of you within an inch of your lives!"

"You'd better not try to fulfil that threat, captain!" replied Bob, calmly, stepping out from among his companions.

"Better not, eh? You infernal scoundrel, do you know whom you are speaking to? I guess not; but you will know very soon. Here, Mr. Davis," he continued, addressing the mate, "seize this fellow to the sheer pole in the main rigging. Make a spread eagle of him, and give him the end of the main sheet till he can neither move nor speak!"

"If you flog him, sir, you must flog the whole of us; and before you can do that, you must kill us!" exclaimed another of the men.

"What! will you mutiny, you wretches?" demanded Lucas.

"Ay, sir, if there's no other way to settle the matter; and if it comes to fighting, sir, you had better make your will and say your prayers; for we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and both you and your wife will soon be food for sharks!"

"These are bold words!" cried Captain Lucas, with forced calmness; but, as he gazed in the faces of his men, he began to turn pale and his limbs trembled slightly, for he saw *fight* in their eyes, and began to realize that they meant just what they said.

"Mr. Davis, why don't you obey your cap-

tain's command and flog that villain?" interposed Mrs. Lucas.

"Because I do not see fit to do it, madam," replied the mate, calmly.

"And you intend to disobey your captain?"

"Yes, madam; I do in that respect, most certainly. I will never raise my hand to punish the men for their deeds of last night, for I think their conduct was perfectly right and justifiable."

"So do I," added the second mate; "and as for flogging the men, why Captain Lucas may do it himself, for all me. But I wouldn't advise him to try the experiment."

"Do you hear that, Captain Lucas?" exclaimed his wife, in a furious rage.

"I do; and I am astonished to find that my officers are disposed to justify the conduct of a mutinous crew. However, if they refuse to do their duty, I must do it myself." And he advanced towards Bob with the evident intention of striking him in the face; but the latter quickly drew his sheath-knife, and would certainly have plunged it into the captain's bosom, if the mate had not opportunely sprung between them, grasped Bob by the collar with one hand and the captain's shoulder with the other, and while holding them apart at arm's length—for he was a very powerful man—he exclaimed:

"Have done with this nonsense! You, Bob, put up your knife; and you, Captain Lucas, will do well to send the men for'ard and say no more about the matter."

"Let me go, Davis!" replied the captain, trembling violently, and struggling to escape from the grasp of the mate.

Davis immediately released him, taking care, however, to keep between him and the men; but this precaution was not needed, for the captain had no intention of essaying another attack, and with a face as pale as death, he turned to the men and exclaimed:

"You have got the advantage of me for the time; but your triumph will be a short one, for there will come a fearful reckoning when we get into port. Go for'ard, you villains, and attend to your duty!"

The men were not slow to obey this command, for they would have been sorry to resort to violence, although they would have done so, rather than submit to punishment.

Mrs. Lucas had fainted at the moment when Bob had menaced her husband's life with his knife; and as the men departed from the quarter-deck, the captain silently raised his wife from the deck and bore her below.

From that time forth, no allusion was ever made by the captain, his wife, or the mates, to the

events which we have just described; but by the captain's orders, a pig and a pair of fowls were cooked for the fore-castle every Sunday for our dinner.

By the time the Undine arrived in port, Captain Lucas had either forgotten the mutinous conduct of his crew, or had repented of his hasty design of proceeding against them. However that may be, it is certain that no legal measures were taken against them; but one and all deserted the bark and speedily shipped in other vessels, where they found better fare and more comfortable quarters than the Undine had ever afforded, even in her palmiest days.

A SINGULAR CASE.

In Dr. Currie's work, on the authority of Dr. Robertson, Surgeon General of the Naval Hospital at Barbadoes, is narrated the following singular effects of cold water by absorption and its medicated influence upon the body: A gentleman whose name was Weeks, a resident of the island, and a great votary of Bacchus, for twenty years was in the daily habit of intoxicating himself. In this state he was taken to a pond, in which he lay and slept, supported by a negro servant. In one or two hours he awoke, feeling no lassitude, no headache, no debility, no nausea, but cheerful and refreshed, and free from all the effects of inebriation. On one occasion his servant who watched him fell asleep himself, and his master was nearly drowned. He then had a trough constructed, with a pillow to accommodate his head; and on this being filled with cold water, he was thrust therein whenever he was overcome by deep potations. He said his sensations were very pleasant. During one day abroad he alternately got drunk and sober three times before midnight. He revived each time by sleeping in cold water. The last time he was so immoderately intoxicated that his friends took him in a chair, carried him to a pond, immersed him in water to his chin, and there held him for an hour. At home he would sleep in his watery bed one, two and even three hours, and ever experiencing the greatest refreshment. When his wife or family required him, they would wake him up by taking out the plug and allowing the water to escape, when he would pleasantly complain of the "loss of his bed clothes." Sleeping on one occasion in the trough without the water, he was seized with extreme rigor and chills; followed by fever and rheumatism. He lived, however, some years longer, but drank to excess and died of apoplexy in the 64th year of his age.

AFFECTION.

There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven;
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love;
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath nought else that may supply its place;
Vain is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter without love.

MISS LANFORD.

NEEDLE-WORK.

There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts, than while so occupied.—*Hawthorne's New Romance.*

ANTIQUES.

In no particular has the present generation become more fastidious than in what is requisite for the use of ladies in their own dressing-rooms. Essences, powders, pastes, washes for the hair, washes for the skin, recall the days of one's grandmother, when such appurtenances were thought essential, and were essential; for our great-grandmothers were not rigid in points of personal cleanliness; and it is only uncleanness that requires scents to conceal it, and applications to repair its ravages. Our great-grandmothers wore powder and pomatum, and had their hair dressed three times a week; going to bed in the cushioned structure, after suffering torture for some hours, lest they should, in the weakness of human infirmity, lean back in their chairs. Our great-grandmothers, too, had their white kid gloves sewn to the bottom of each sleeve, lest they should incur the calamity of a sun-burnt arm. Our great-grandmothers were afraid of cold water, and delicately wiped their faces with the corner of a towel no larger than a pocket-handkerchief. There were those amongst them who boasted that they had never washed their faces in their whole span of existence, lest it should spoil their complexions, but had only passed a cambric handkerchief over the delicate brow and cheeks, wetted with elder-flower-water or rose-water.—*The Habits of Good Society.*

Happiness is not in a cottage, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in a passive life; but in doing right from right motives.

[ORIGINAL.]

BEREAVED.

BY IRWIN L. LEIGH.

The winter's drear and chilling blast
Sweeps sadly o'er the little mound,
Where, mid the snow, thy form is cast—
Is cast upon the frozen ground.

The flowers were springing in the vale,
The summer wind was sighing low,
When death drew nigh, and then the wall—
The wall of anguish spoke thy woe.

Thy spark of joy, thy earthly boon
Lies mouldering now beneath the sod:
Why should that tiny form so soon—
So soon have pressed the frozen clod?

We scarce its gentle accents formed
Sweet words to bless thy throbbing heart,
Death woke thy sleep, and thou wast warned—
Was warned that bliss from thee must part.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY SYREN:

— OR, —

THE DEMON-LOVER.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

I.—SALOME.

In the singular, nay, improbable tale which I have now, for the first time, resolved to reveal to the world, I expect not to receive the slightest credence or faith. It is not for this purpose that I thus consent to unbecom myself of the startling secret of my life—far from it. But to the end that those who have so earnestly, perhaps kindly, remonstrated with me, because I have chosen to wrap myself up in an impenetrable garment of repulsion, and who have striven incessantly to compel me to mingle with the world and my fellow-beings—in order that these may understand my motives for doing as I have done, and fully appreciate the fact that I am not ungrateful—I am about to unfold to them and to the world, my narrative. To them and to the world I dedicate it; convinced that whilst they will rigorously discard, as the veriest fiction, every line of it, they will at least pity and respect the misfortunes of one whose mind, as they will erroneously judge, has become thereby shattered.

But first, a word—let me present a theory which has of late been irresistibly forced upon my mind. That there are mysteries around and about us, standing out boldly, even in the eye of

the noonday sun, no human creature will dispute. Mysteries all will concede; but capable, all will say, of elucidation upon natural principles. I am tempted to smile derisively at such positions. The truth, I religiously believe, is here; that there are, even in the centre of our most material being, phenomena which can never be reduced to any origin in natural causes, but which are known and comprehended by few, infinitely few, among mankind. There are, as I think, sight-seers, whose unveiled eyes can see almost nightly the fleshless phantoms of an unseen world; and there are phenomena in this life which can be comprehended by few—explained by none. But my tale, when I have told it, will perfectly explain my meaning.

The year 183— found me fairly launched upon a career which bore every promise of being a singularly prosperous and happy one. I was young, and buoyant with hope, wealthy, and had honorably concluded a full university course, and joyfully throwing books and duties to the winds, I hastened away from England, intent upon a full tour of the continent. Chance, more than any special inclination, led me first to Paris; and here commenced the remarkable train of circumstances which have so wonderfully influenced my destiny.

The first circumstance to which I particularly allude, occurred at one of those grand, carnival-like balls, for which the French metropolis is so renowned. As the evening wore on, I retired somewhat apart from the throngs of dancers which crowded the saloons, and leaning carelessly against a marble column, occupied myself with listening to the swell of the music, which seemed to roll upward, and break in great waves of melody against the frescoed ceiling, and in watching the movements of the fast-flitting forms around me.

Opposite where I was standing, and a little distance away, was another column, like that against which I was supported. I stood with my back towards it, but I had in some indefinite manner contracted the idea that it was also being occupied.

"I will conjecture first, and then turn and discover," was my thought. "If any person, who should it be who retires from such a scene of enjoyment, to make himself miserable with his thoughts? Some cynic, like myself, I will engage—but let me be certain."

With the words, I cast a glance over my shoulder, at the place just spoken of. The glance became instantly riveted into a fixed and continued gaze; and changing my position, that I might see it more perfectly, I folded my arms,

and bestowed every faculty of my senses upon the rapt contemplation of the remarkable object which I beheld.

This object was a woman—a girl—which, I could not determine, for she seemed to partake so strangely of the distinguishing qualities of both. Her figure was slight and graceful, and yet rounded into a perfect womanly development; so that before her face was fully exposed to my observation, I intuitively began to wonder whether that face were in reality that of childhood or womanhood. In a moment she turned, looking directly towards me; and amid the thrilling raptures of a sensation perfectly new, I confessed to myself that here was a living ideal of beauty—ay, and a more glorious one than I had ever dared to dream of.

That face I hardly dare describe. Ever before me, sleeping or waking, since my earliest boyhood, although I had never yet beheld it until that eventful moment—and ever haunting me since with its weird enchantment, gazing at me as if daguerretyped upon the paper upon which I write, with 'all its wonderful loveliness—how, how can I describe it? If I could, I would give you an idea of an oval, olive, Italian face, set in a frame-work of raven-hued hair—of a clear, translucent complexion, which I fancied might be stained with the shadow of the rich blood beneath—of a forehead like a smooth tablet of alabaster—eyes, dark, glorious, dreamy, passionate eyes, into which you might look and fancy you could see the image of a soul fluttering down in their clear depths, like the shadows of tall trees which seem to lie upon the bottom of some clear, waveless lake—lips which parted just enough to disclose a line of dazzling white beneath—a neck which would not have graced so well the shoulders of a queen—I would tell you of these, and more, I would tell you of her, as I afterwards knew and loved her—but I forbear. Smile, if you please, but I cannot speak of her as I would; language is feeble, speech seems weak and impotent to express what I then felt.

She turned and saw me, and in an instant her eyes seemed to be riveted upon me with all the fascination with which I had looked upon her. She smiled a sweet, sunny smile, and beckoned me to approach. Had a lighted shell laid at her feet, I could not have hesitated; attracted, and yet repelled by an undefinable something in her whole person and actions, for which I could not account, I advanced eagerly to where she stood. The spell of magnetism was upon me; that strange, mysterious agency by which the human will can triumph and be triumphed over. What a mighty, what a fearful phenomenon is this!

With a complete intoxication of delight, I submitted myself to the influences which had thus suddenly surrounded me. Of what we talked, I remember nothing; I merely remember that we did converse together, and that I at length learned that my companion was an Italian countess. I called her *Salomé*, as she had requested me to do. I learned, too, that her husband had died some months before, and that she had sought refuge from her loneliness in the gay circles of Paris. At length, she took my arm, and we walked together through the saloons. I felt inspired, elevated to a higher level, by the influence of my companion; this brief association with her seemed to endow me with new powers. The consciousness that those dark eyes were constantly upon me, the sound of her voice, the contact of her arm, all thrilled me with emotions unspeakable. If I speak extravagantly, I also speak faithfully, and of a mental delirium completely absorbing.

But this was merely the beginning of my enthralment. Sleeping or waking, my visions were now of one bright presence—and this *Salomé*. Accident, or more frequently, design, brought us daily together. I strove not to conceal from myself, nor from others, the fact that my life had found its one grand master-passion—love for the beautiful countess. I know not how to account for the perfect submission under which I acted, unresisting as it was, unless upon the principle of that magnetism to which I have before alluded. I was passively fostered into a servitude more grateful than ever before blessed a human creature. The blush, the trembling of the lip, the downcast eye, with which at length *Salomé* confessed her love, were as heralds to confirm and proclaim my happiness. Never, never had it entered into my imagination to conceive that such happiness was contained upon earth, as I experienced in that moment. We were married without a week's delay, and retiring from the great world of Paris to a suburban villa, where *Salomé* had sometimes resorted, we prepared to fulfil together our anticipations of wedded bliss. Our acquaintances in the city were few; friends we neither sought nor desired; we were best satisfied to discard everything that might have intruded upon the delightful harmony of our intercourse, and to live in and for each other. And if I linger over these days of unalloyed happiness, it is because their remembrance is so strong as to become almost part and parcel of the substance of the mind itself.

I have said that I was perfectly happy, but perhaps there should be here made a single reservation. Even at this early day, I can remember

her to have seen at times, shades of sadness steal over the face of my wife, seemingly denoting the presence of trouble or fear. Yet, when I tenderly questioned her as to the cause of her emotion, she would again recall, with an effort, the brightness to her eyes, and scatter my surmises by a light, joyous laugh. Once, in particular, I saw her, when she must have thought no eye was observing her. She sat leaning her face upon her hand; tears trickled over her cheek, and her lips trembled convulsively. The next instant her head was bowed into her lap, her form swayed to and fro like a willow, and bitter sighs of agony welled up from her breast. In an instant I was by her side, kneeling and clasping her in my arms. She looked up, her head fell upon my bosom, and a torrent of tears fell from her eyes. For a moment, neither of us could speak. As for me, I knew not what to fear; thoughts of impending evil flitted darkly through my brain, and some great sorrow seemed about to overwhelm me. Her voice, as she recovered from her agitation, first aroused me:

"Forgive my weakness, Ethel." And her white arms were wound more closely about my neck. "It is nothing which should cause either of us to fear. Let me keep my secret, foolish as it is. I will forget it and be happy again."

"You love me, Salome?"

"If I thought you doubted it for an instant, I could take my life. Love you, Ethel? Better, my beloved, than you can ever know!"

The words were spoken in an inexpressibly tender voice. They chased away all doubts; I kissed her, and was once more happy.

II.—THE DEMON.

I have dwelt at some length upon the singular manner of my introduction to Salome, and upon those things that were most notable during the first month of our married life, at the delightful little villa where we had secluded ourselves, simply because I have deemed it necessary that they should properly precede the narrative of the incredible events at which I have now arrived. These are occurrences which are shrouded in mystery still. Lonely and heart-broken, for twenty years I have miserably brooded over this fearful enigma, and vainly—the misfortune which has blinded me, I cannot comprehend.

But let me recur to my story. It was upon a sultry, oppressive afternoon of summer. All the neighborhood seemed resting under the dull, drowsy influence of the heat. There was hardly a sound or a stir of life about the villa; Salome, as I supposed, was in her room, in another part of the house, and I was alone in the drawing-

room. I had been lying at full length upon the sofa, reading a favorite author; but as the first insensibility of sleep overcame me, the volume fell from my hand, and I closed my eyes in a doze, which soon strengthened into sleep, deep and unconscious.

How long this slumber lasted, I have no means of knowing. When I did awake, it was with a sudden thrill and shudder which ran through every nerve of my body. The transition from slumber to wakefulness was instantaneous—produced by a sudden and inexplicable conviction of danger, which sped with lightning-like rapidity through my mental being, even while I slept. I awoke; and as I still lay upon the sofa, my eyes fell upon the object which must have filled the very atmosphere around me with the breath of alarm.

It was an object frightful and hideous in the highest degree, standing in the doorway, and glaring upon me with the eye of a basilisk—the figure of an old hag, tall and bony, clad in tatters, and repellant with all the accompaniments which wickedness gives to age; while in her long, skinny fingers, she clutched a gleaming knife! For a full minute she stood thus, actually gloating over me with her evil eye, like a very fiend; and sickening with the very apprehension of danger which had seized me, I lay powerless, bound in the fascination of her dreadful presence. I was as helpless as if bound with cords; with all my frantic exertions, I could not move a muscle. Finally, in my efforts, I uttered a faint cry, and at the sound the hag started fiercely towards me. In an instant she was bending over me, I could feel her hot breath upon my cheek, and the glitter of the upraised knife flashed in my eyes. Breaking, with one mighty effort, the influence which had thus far rendered me powerless, I caught her hand as it descended; driving the weapon with a true aim to my heart. The blow was arrested barely in time; and snatching away the knife, I sprang up to grapple with my assailant. But she was already defeated—turning, with a yell of rage, she fled from the room. She had but fairly disappeared when I reached the door in the pursuit, when my feet were arrested as I met my wife in the doorway, face to face. Recolling in surprise, I exclaimed:

"Good heavens, Salome—she cannot have harmed you! Where is she? Which way did she go?"

"She, Ethel—whom can you mean?" she asked, with an infection of surprise.

"That infernal hag, who would have murdered me! She passed from this door but this moment."

Salome shook her head incredulously. Passing rapidly to the outer door, I looked out, and then made a circuit of the house and out-buildings. Not yet convinced, I returned to the house and thoroughly searched every apartment, and still no living creature could be seen! Half-doubting my own existence I descended again to the drawing-room, revolving this unaccountable occurrence in my thoughts. That Salome must have met the hag, whoever she might be, had the latter escaped by the door, as I was confident she had done, I was well satisfied; that she was not in the house, I was as well assured; and that she had time to spirit herself out of sight during the few seconds in which I spoke with my wife, I knew was impossible. Where, then, was she? The whole transaction had occupied not more than five minutes, and this in broad daylight, and yet I was never before so sorely bewildered. It was inexplicable.

Salome was in the drawing-room when I returned. In a few hurried and excited words, I related to her all that had happened. She was perfectly calm, save a slight trembling of the lips, and smiling as I paused, she said:

"You have dreamed a frightful dream, my dear Ethel, and seen a frightful apparition. Do not, I entreat of you, sleep upon your back in the daytime."

"You disbelieve it, then?" I exclaimed, warmly. "But mysterious as this strange affair surely is, I will always affirm that it was not a dream, but a terrible actuality. And look—as I live, here is the very knife with which she menaced me!"

The weapon still lay upon the sofa, where it had fallen during the scuffle; and holding it up, I exhibited it to Salome. An instant pallor whitened her cheeks, and as I saw that she was about to fall, I hastened to support her.

"O God, this is terrible!" she murmured, and almost immediately lapsed into unconsciousness. Placing her upon the sofa, I called her attendant, and then left the room. Mystery seemed to accumulate upon mystery. Why was it that my wife had exhibited such emotion upon beholding the knife? Was it merely because the certainty of my miraculous escape from a most deadly peril was thus forcibly brought home to her? These and a hundred other questions I asked myself, but left them all unanswered. The whole occurrence was so clouded with doubt, and yet so startling in its nature, as to throw me into a fever of painful anxiety.

Gradually, imperceptibly, as I pondered in secret upon these matters, I was startled to discover that my thoughts had wandered entirely

from the mysterious hag, and her fiendish design, and were fixed intently upon the conduct of my wife. And though, in the agony which the discovery caused, I endeavored to pluck the strange suspicion from my heart, I was forced to the conviction that Salome knew, in whole or in part, what had happened in the drawing-room, when she met me at the door!

True, I arrived at this conviction by no process of reasoning; but the conviction was absolute, nevertheless. It was gained partly by reflecting upon her actions upon this occasion; partly, and which I am compelled to add, by the thought of her unaccountable emotion exhibited upon other occasions, which I have before alluded to; and quite as much by the suspicion, perfectly shadowy and intangible, but which I had formed and directed towards Salome. In short, there was no certainty; I merely entertained a baseless presentiment.

In an hour I again sought my wife. Neither of us alluded to the events of the afternoon; I refrained from doing so, because I saw that she was still agitated. Yet her smile was never more sweet, nor her manner more endearing; and once she placed her arm about my neck, and softly whispered the words which I had once asked her:

"You love me, Ethel?"

Doubt and suspicion could not withstand those tender, pleading accents; and I answered with words of devotion such as brought the smile back to her face, and yet, alas, what an enigma was here!

* * * * *

It was several days subsequent to that of my adventure which I have described. Both Salome and myself had retired to our chamber, at the villa, for the night. Sleepless and nervous, I was lying in deep thought, with my eyes half-closed, while Salome lay by my side, apparently in a serene sleep. The room would have been dark, but for the starlight which faintly illuminated it, revealing the pictures and furniture indistinctly.

A slight noise startled me—the first sound that had broken the silence for an hour. Without moving, or further unclosing my eyes, I listened in breathless apprehension. Of late, the slightest of sounds was sufficient to arouse my attention.

Slowly, but perfectly distinct, a human figure now rose between me and the wall. Standing almost erect, it turned its face towards me, and again I saw the fiendish flash of that basilisk eye; the mysterious hag was before me! Hardly daring to breathe, I awaited her movements,

A pitcher, containing water, which my thirst often required upon summer nights, stood upon a stand at the head of the bed; and procuring a small vial, the hag emptied its contents, which seemed to be a white powder, into the pitcher. This done, she shook it, as if to dissolve the powder with the water.

The meaning of these movements flashed upon me with the certainty of revelation; I needed no explanation. Springing to the floor, I made one wild grasp at the fiend who had thus again sought to murder me. Shaking herself free from my hands, she fled—where or whither, I know not, for she disappeared so instantaneously as to defy pursuit. I staggered towards the bed, recoiling in quick and speechless horror—Salome was not there! No, nor was she in the room, though she had been lying by my side not a moment before.

But while I still stood in the middle of the floor, gazing with terror and dismay from the spot where I had last seen the hag, to the empty bed, the chamber-door softly opened, and Salome entered, habited in her night-robe. I turned upon her with fierce and stern words.

"Woman, where have you been—and why did you leave this room?" I asked.

"Do not reprove me, Ethel," was her half-frightened reply. "I must have been walking in my sleep."

"Salome, are you deceiving me? God pity me, this must be a fearful dream! Tell me, woman, temptress, have you leagued yourself with evil spirits to destroy me?"

Again I saw her face grow as white as the drifts of winter; without a word or cry she fell senseless at my feet. Raising her up, I carried her to the open window, and exposed her face and neck to the cool evening air. With a low-drawn, painful respiration, she unclosed her eyes, and as they rested upon my face, her arms tightened around my neck, and her emotion found relief in great sobs and tears of anguish.

"O, Ethel, Ethel, my husband," were her almost inarticulate words, "this agony will destroy me! Would that I might die for you, and end this wretched, miserable life! Trust me, dear Ethel, and love me, if you can, for I am worthy of it."

"Tell me then, Salome—"

"No, no—O, merciful God, ask me nothing!"

With a shudder of terror which thrilled me as deeply as it did her, she closed her eyes and concealed her face in my bosom. And until morning I held her thus, as I might have held an infant. Occasionally she would start in her sleep, muttering confused words; and through the

night her slumbers were broken and fitful.—

In the morning I carefully analyzed the contents of the pitcher; my examination revealed the startling and significant fact, that sufficient strychnine had been mingled with the water to cause the deaths of ten men. And this was the draught that had been prepared for me!

III.—THE REVELATION OF DEATH

The villa where we had passed so many happy hours, had grown hateful and irksome to me; I longed to seek peace and rest in some other land. I mentioned my desire to my wife; she concurred passively. And when I added the remark, "We may be happier elsewhere, she smiled a sad, dreary smile. It was as if she had spoken the words, "no hope!"

The next year was passed beneath English skies. Yet, had we compassed the world for a place of rest, we might not have found a spot where the demon could not follow. And though there were intervals when for a time its influence seemed to fail, and something like the old love came back to Salome and me, yet the coming of the hag-fiend was not less certain. My nights were passed without sleep, and daybreak found me weak and faint. My life, indeed, seemed now reduced to a single study; how I could best defend myself from the demoniac efforts which were aimed so perseveringly at my destruction. Innumerable times I saw the hag, haunting my bedside, dogging my footsteps, and employing every art which its demon-nature could invent, to ensnare me. And more than once I escaped death as narrowly as upon the occasion of our first meeting.

Time passed on, and the restlessness of my troubled spirit desired a change. Reckless of the consequences, since no change of location could shield us from the tormentor, I proposed a return to our villa, in France. Salome gave a willing consent; she seemed latterly to depend on me for her very powers of volition. She clung to me like a terrified child, and seemed never to feel secure when absent from my arms.

Once more, then, we were at the villa. All seemed as when we left it, quiet and peaceful; and I sighed as I thought how happily two lives not cursed by fate might be passed here. Bitter was the reflection; but from it sprang into being a sudden energy which I had not before known.

"This happiness may yet be ours," I earnestly soliloquized. "If this evil spirit can by any possibility, and by human hands, be exorcised and slain, I will do the work. I may triumph yet, spite of this long suffering and misery."

I strove to be as wakeful as ever, that night, but nature at last asserted herself within me. Dozing between sleep and watchfulness, the former at last overcame me. Only observing that Salome was slumbering safely by my side, I closed my eyes and was soon lost in sleep.

Suddenly I awoke, recalled to sense by a feeling of strangling and suffocation, well-nigh overpowering. I was pinioned down, as if by a ponderous weight; my throat was compressed with the grasp of a vice; a hot breathing seared my cheek, and two glaring eyes burned from the darkness. The fiend was again upon me; and now, as it seemed, for a final struggle! But as for me, I was unable to resist; my breath came feebly, and I was growing weak and faint. The moment must have been my last, had I not remembered that my pistol lay beneath my head. With a painful struggle I succeeded in reaching it, and the next instant it was discharged full into the breast of the hag! Her hold relaxed, and she fell sideways across my body, the blood bubbling from the wound.

As my strength returned, I raised the body, in order to free myself from its weight, and it was while thus engaged, that the form and face became fully exposed to the light of the lamp which burned upon the stand. Heaven and earth—was I dreaming—and could this last astounding discovery be a reality? For there, slowly bleeding to death in my arms, I discovered, not the hag whom I had thought to destroy, but Salome, my wife!

And she died, there, and in my embrace, but not before I had learned the fearful story which this tragedy concluded. It was, briefly, that she was possessed of *two individualities*, one represented by Salome, and the other by the hag. Without the action of her will, she was transformed into an entirely different being, possessing attributes and passions as fiendish and hateful, as her own were good and lovely. And this—horrible thought!—this, while she wept and prayed in secret, that this devilish transformation which had thus cast its awful blight over both her life and mine, might be forever broken! There she lay, smiling in the sublime beauty of death, while I strove to warm her cold lips with kisses. I had slain the demon, but with it, such an angel as this earth may never more behold!

Let me pause; my brain is sick and weary with these crushing thoughts. I might relate the dying words with which she blessed me, and how tenderly she looked upon me, even as the light faded forever from her eyes; but I must forbear. This is my story; I have told it, and my heart bleeds anew! * * *

There are two faces forever haunting my dreams; one, hateful with all dark, withering passions—the other, glorious as a seraph's vision of beauty. And amid the shadows of this dark life-mystery, I can receive one ray of light, cherished in my inmost heart—the memory of the loved, the lost, the sainted Salome!

A DAMP FESTIVAL.

On the 12th of April, the last day of the Burman year, Mr. Johnson and myself were invited to bear a part in a sport that is universally practised throughout the Burman dominions on the concluding day of their annual cycle. To wash away the impurities of the past, and commence the new year free from stain, the women on this day are accustomed to throw water on every man they meet, and the men have the privilege of retorting—a license which, as you may imagine, gives rise to a great deal of fun, particularly amongst the young women, who, armed with long syringes and flagons, endeavor to throw water over any man who passes, and in return receive the water with perfect good humor. But you must be told that dirty water must not be thrown, nor must a man or boy lay his hands upon a woman or girl; moreover, if a woman declines to take part in the sport, she must not be molested, for it is taken for granted she is ill.

Well, on the 12th of April, about one hour before sundown, we went to the house of the governor, and found his wife had provided to give us a damp reception, for in the hall there were rows of water jars, with bowls and ladles ready to hand. Upon entering the hall, we were each presented with a bottle of rose-water, a little of which we poured into the hands of the governor, who sprinkled it over his own vest of fine flowered muslin. The lady then made her appearance at the door, giving us to understand that she did not mean to join in the sport herself, but made her daughter, a pretty child in the arms of a nurse, pour from a golden cup some rose-water, mixed with sandal wood, first over her father and then over us. This was the signal for the commencement of the sport, for which we were prepared by being dressed in white vestments.

About fifteen young women then rushed into the hall from the inner apartments, and surrounding the governor, myself, and Mr. Johnson, deluged us without mercy, and, of course, laughing heartily if we appeared at all distressed by the water flung in our faces. At length, all parties being tired, and completely drenched, we went home to change our clothes, and in the way met many damsels who would willingly have renewed the sport, had they received encouragement from us; but truly we had had sufficient for that day, especially as it came from antagonists whom politeness prevented our repaying in full. When we had changed our clothes, we returned to the governor's, and were entertained with a dance and a puppet show till the early hour of morning.—*The White Elephant. By William Dalton.*

WILD FLOWERS.

Wearied infants on earth's gentle breast—
In every nook the little wild-flowers slept.

SIR E. B. LYTTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

DIED LAST NIGHT!

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

Died last night! a sunny, fair-haired child,
 A mother's firstborn, wildly worshipped one,
 Whose little grave casts shadows o'er her path,
 Which the bright sunshine never can outrun;
 Whose little hand bright links of love hath brought,
 With sunny brow and witching smile, her darling one!

Died last night! while maiden grace and loveliness,
 And fresh and guileless purity its blessed sunshine shed
 O'er her young heart, and lighted all the way,
 And fell in rippling glory o'er her bright young head,
 So sinless and so pure, that a kind angel came
 And wrote her name among the early dead.

Died last night! in manhood's stalwart prime,
 Ere age hath wrought one shadow on his polished brow;
 Ere slackened pulse or sluggish blood betrayed
 The faintest shadows of the well-kept vow
 Which Time hath registered, but which he eludes,
 By going in his perfect manhood now.

Died last night!—the early morning bells
 Chimed out on the still air his ripened years;
 His palsied limbs bathed in immortal youth:
 His silvered locks a glory-wreath appears—
 And casts a holy radiance o'er the upturned face,
 Unquenched by floods of bitter, burning tears!

[ORIGINAL.]

A LEGEND OF SORRENTO CASTLE.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

A DEEP bay window in the west room of the Castle del Sorrento held two figures, that showed clear and distinct in the bright rays of a clear October moon. One was of a youthful cavalier, with a profusion of dark curls shading an olive brow and cheek. The other was that of a fair-haired girl, whose white arms and hands looked still whiter in the moonlight, and whose soft low tones contrasted strangely with the passionate voice of the youth.

"It is in vain, Julio," she said, softly. "My grandfather has threatened me with imprisonment in the lowest cell of the castle, if I do not receive the count as my husband. I am watched momentarily by that horrid Montani whom my grandfather employs, I believe, expressly because I dislike him so much; and whom I have only eluded now because he believes me fast asleep in my chamber."

"And there is no hope, Armida?"

"None, Julio. This hour must be our farewell. Think of me sometimes in the lonely cell to which I am doomed; for, believe me, I will never marry the count."

"Nor shall the cell be your portion, dearest! Trust me, I will find some way to help you avoid it."

"Ah, Julio, you know not the resolute character of my grandfather. Once determined upon a matter, he will move heaven and earth to accomplish his wishes. It was so with my poor mother, whom he married to a man older than himself; and I feel sure that already the chain is tightening around me."

She looked up mournfully into his eyes, with such an expression of keen, unmitigated anguish at that moment, that Julio's heart was more deeply touched by her sorrow than by his own. It was a hard fate indeed, that of a sweet, childish thing like Armida, with no alternative from a prison, save that of marrying an old and disagreeable man. For Count Luani was of a stern, unyielding and dictatorial disposition; and Armida knew how unceasing would be his watch upon her very words and looks. Better a hut in the Alpine solitudes, with Julio Adimari, than the splendid palace of Luani with its morose and selfish master.

Armida's grandfather, the Count Carafi, had become very poor from some cause unknown to the public or even his own family. Men whispered that the confidential servant, Montani, held a rod above his head for some deed committed long ago; and that the drain upon the old man's estates found its way into the pockets of Montani. It was well-known that the latter held a sharp oversight upon Armida, and that he was eager that she should marry the rich old count who claimed her hand upon the strength of her grandfather's promise.

Years ago, the Count Carafi, in a moment of uncontrollable rage and jealousy, had killed one who had been his bosom friend, but who had crossed him in an affair very near to his heart. Montani was the only witness to the deed which was performed in the dark forest belonging to the Donati castle, where Montani was keeper. The count succeeded by dint of extravagant promises, in whiling him away from the Donati, and securing him in his own service; but he had in turn become Montani's slave. Knowing that he could at any time bring him to ignominy, he was forced to submit to the most galling and humiliating restraints from his own servant. Montani knew his advantage and pursued it without mercy. The scheme of marrying the young Armida to the count originated wholly with him. Carafi's purse was running low, and the estate was already heavily saddled with debt. Montani's hopes of obtaining money in future, were at a low ebb; when suddenly the Count

Luani appeared, to raise his drooping spirits by falling in love with the grandchild of his friend.

Already had Armida's heart been touched by the mute devotion displayed in the countenance of Julio Adimari. Both young in years, and timid from the strict seclusion in which they had lived, they exchanged no word of love, until the terrible announcement of her grandfather's wishes sent Armida, pale and tearful, to consult her only friend, how best to avoid the coming evil. This interview disclosed to them the state of their own and each other's hearts; and for awhile they lost sight of their unhappiness; but at the meeting above recorded, Armida's apprehensions could not be concealed; Count Carafi having that morning threatened to confine her until she was willing to submit to his decision. Montani had desired him to do this; and the poor old count, haunted by his crime and hunted down by his implacable enemy, had consented to employ any means to bring Armida to terms, that Montani's avarice might suggest.

It was evening when Montani himself led Armida to the tower which he had graciously substituted for the lower cell which he had threatened. Her grandfather could not endure to go with her himself; his heart was not yet dead to emotions of tenderness, and he could not inflict upon his child the punishment which he had consented should be the penalty for her disobedience. The thought of her mother, whose young life had been sacrificed to the same insatiable avarice, arose to his mind, and he left the castle to avoid hearing the cries which he imagined she would raise in her progress to her prison.

He had mistaken her spirit. To all Montani's taunts, she preserved a dignified silence, and on reaching the room, she pushed away the arm that would have guided her in, and entered with the step of a princess. Two or three hours had added years to Armida's experience. She was no longer a child—but a woman whom suffering had made stronger and more mature. She looked around the room, to which a small lamp gave a feeble light. A table on which it stood, held a jar of water and a basket of thin cakes. The count had pleaded with Montani for a little fruit, but he had failed to provide it. He had no idea of making her abode more comfortable than could be helped; and his low mind conceived that Armida could be touched by things of mere personal gratification.

A small couch was the only bed provided for her; and this was hard enough to suit the strictest anchorite. There was a brazier, in which coals were smouldering; but the warmth was

doubtful. Armida looked out of the window. The small crescent moon showed her a lake beneath the tower. There was no way of escape, and she would probably see no one but the hateful Montani—perhaps not for months. Of one thing she was certain. Julio would be watching the castle, and she could at least place her light where he could see her figure, as she moved about the room. The tower was at the extreme western end of the castle, while the count inhabited the eastern part. Even in the day time, she could be seen; for the tower was so high that no precaution had been taken to have the windows grated; and it was so small that there would not have been sufficient light without burning a lamp all day, had there been any bars.

Stern as was the Count Carafi, the thought of his grandchild shut up in this dreary place worried and oppressed him. Contrary to Montani's advice, he visited her and tried to persuade her to do as he wished in regard to the Count Luani.

Had Armida been at first disposed to listen, there was an object at that moment meeting her view that would have effectually prevented her. A boat was upon the lake, and her heart told her that the fisherman who guided its oars was Julio himself. Trembling lest her grandfather should recognize him, or Montani's ceaseless vigilance detect his disguise, she forbore making the signal which she doubted not he was seeking from her; and, when, after rowing several times across the lake, he disappeared behind a cliff, she was rather gratified than disappointed, so great were her fears. It was something to have even this mute token of his love, and she knew that he would be there as often as prudence would warrant him in coming.

Fortunately she had a pencil and a piece of white cloth about her. She wrote a few brief words, wrapped it around a bit of light wood that would be likely to float, and dropped it in the lake. The fisherman looked up and caught it as it fell, for the boat was just then beneath her window. He pressed it to his lips in token that he knew the writer, and again shot away behind the cliff. The next day he came again—but this time the pencil was broken; though a telegraphic communication was opened through the hands that inspired confidence and hope.

When Montani made his customary morning visit, she was sitting always in the same spot, her head leaning upon her hand and her face turned away from the window. She asked him for a pen and ink, and he, hoping that she was about to write her willingness to accede to their plans, unwittingly consented to furnish her with writing materials. The moment he was gone,

she commenced writing these words—"Come by moonlight. I will be prepared to descend to you." Throwing it into the lake and waiting to be assured that Julio had read it, she fell on her knees and uttered a fervent prayer for freedom.

The door suddenly opened, and Montani's face looked in upon her. She started in dismay, feeling for a moment that even Julio was not safe against this man's vengeful wrath. But this time his cunning was at fault, although he had certainly heard the prayer she had uttered. Fortunately, he did not go to the window, for already Julio was holding the handkerchief in his hand, and she dreaded lest he should have been watched as he picked it up.

"The poor, dear child!" said Julio, to himself. "Does she think it possible to come down to me from that high tower? But I will rescue her from her imprisonment, or die in the attempt!"

The next day, a tall, brown gipsey made her appearance among the servants of Count Caraffi, offering to tell their fortunes. Anything out of the common course of their terribly dull and quiet life at the castle, was eagerly caught at; and even Montani did not object to having the woman taken to the servants' hall and delivering her sage oracles. Among those assembled, was a little waiting maid who had often accompanied Armida on her excursions in the neighborhood. The child's eyes were red with weeping for her mistress's confinement. The gipsey very naturally deferred telling this girl's fortune until the last, on account of her being younger than the others; and the older ones had hastened away to compare notes upon what she had told them, leaving little Alice and the gipsey entirely by themselves. Their conversation was carried on in a low tone. After a few brief words, the woman said:

"Now do not start or show any agitation at what I say. You love your mistress, do you not?"

Spite of her warning, the gipsey saw that Alice trembled all over and was about to speak.

"Hush! you will injure her if you do not obey me. Do you wish to release her from her confinement?"

It was well that the face of Alice was turned away from the open door that separated the apartment from that in which the servants were now at work. She eagerly expressed her assent, and the gipsey went on.

"Are you admitted to her room?"

"No, but please God, I shall see her to-night."

"How?"

"I dare not tell."

"No harm shall come to you. I, too, wish your mistress to be free. She was kind to me once, and I owe her jailer a grudge."

"Her jailer?"

"Yes; Montani. He is her jailer, not her poor old grandfather. You see, Alice, that I know all. Now tell me, how you will manage to get to her?"

"I am almost afraid; but I am dying to see her, and as you seem so friendly, perhaps I may trust you."

"You may indeed."

"Well, then, I have concealed the duplicate key of the tower. It was dropped by the count this morning, and I—O, what have I been saying?"

"Hush, my child. I, too, will confide in you. Meet me in the wood at noon, and I will tell you who I am. Not another word!"

"Alice!" shrieked the old housekeeper. "Alice, come! It has taken twice as long to tell your fortune as it did the rest. Come away to your work!"

And Alice was obliged to go, and the gipsey soon disappeared, leaving the servants in amaze that she did not contrive to steal even a chicken, as those of her tribe usually did when they came to the castle.

Punctually, the little maid kept her appointment; but, to her surprise, no gipsey was there. But one met her there whom she was equally glad to see—the Signor Adimari; and to him she related her sorrows, her hopes and her fears, that the gipsey had deceived her.

"Nay, Alice, the gipsey is true. I will pledge life and honor that she is so. Have you got the key?"

"Yes, signor, here it is."

"Give it me then, my good girl, and have no fears. Now go, for you may be suspected."

Alice gathered the herbs which she had promised the housekeeper, and departed. How long were the hours of that weary afternoon to the faithful little maid! But night came at last, and she was summoned to await on Montani, for he had assumed his dly state. She had been his attendant, though a reluctant one, since Armida's confinement. She had told this to Julio, and he had taken advantage of the circumstance, to give her a powder for Montani's wine, which he assured her would do him no farther harm than to make him sleep profoundly until morning. At ten, the house was still. Alice stole out of it, as Julio had directed her, and waited at a distance. Then, as the echoes from the old tower had died away, Armida, who was holding her

nightly watch by the little window, saw Julio's boat drawn up close to the castle wall beneath her window, and long before she could plan what to do or how to communicate with him, the key was noiselessly turned in the lock and he stood before her. Not a whisper passed between them, as the moon faintly lighted their passage down the winding stairs, and along the narrow strip of pathway to the river. The boat was soon rocking on the water, and then Armida threw off the gipsy hood, in which he had enveloped her head and, for the first time, saw that Alice too was beside her.

Montani slept soundly until his strange non-appearance set the household wondering. When he awoke, it was broad noon, and his first thought was of Armida. He went instantly to the tower, and his rage at not finding her may not be described.

The old count secretly rejoiced that she had escaped. He believed her safe, because Alice, too, was missing, and he felt assured that the little maiden had possessed herself of his key to free her mistress. He inwardly exulted that Montani could no longer touch him through the sufferings of his grandchild.

Now he resolved to do what he ought long before to have done—to confess his long-ago crime at the feet of royalty, and rid himself of the incubus that had weighed upon him so long in the tyranny of Montani.

Committed so far back in the past, he readily found his pardon. The dead man had no friends to revive the memory of the crime, or to require his life or liberty to appease vengeance; and royalty not only accorded a full and free pardon to the aged count, but also banished his tormentor to a distant shore.

These tidings reached Julio and Armida in their hiding-place, and brought them back to the home where Caraffi's heart was yearning for his lost child. Enough was left of his possessions to make them all happy, although Montani had done his best to rob and despoil. No one but little Alice ever suspected that the gipsy fortune-teller was other than she seemed. Even the old count always believed that Alice planned the escape of her mistress.

The Count Luani solaced himself with a more willing bride—one far more suitable to his age, and who brought him untold wealth to compensate for her want of beauty and intelligence.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

FAIRY STORIES.

All a child wants at first is a "story," about good or bad people matters not—whether with or without a moral. Every impression must be conveyed in the broadest coloring and simplest outline. The young mind instinctively refuses to perplex itself with nice distinctions of right and wrong. Brave little Jack attacking the cruel giants, Cinderella's unkind sisters punished by seeing her exaltation, and, in fact, the general tenor of old-fashioned fairy lore, where all the bad people die miserably, and all the good people marry kings and queens, and live very happy to the end of their days, furnish as much moral teaching as can be well taken in at the age of six or seven. And the intellectual, like the physical appetite is not a bad gauge of its own capacity of digestion. Therefore, we cannot help suggesting that there may be some little mistake in the flood of moral and religious literature with which our hapless infants are now overwhelmed; here every incident is "usefully applied," and the virtuous and the wicked walk about carefully labelled "This is the good," "This is the bad," so that no child can possibly mistake one for the other. And, without wishing to blame a very well meaning class of educators, it may fairly be questioned how far it is wholesome to paint children going about converting their fathers and mothers, and youthful saints of three-and-a-half prating confidently about things which we are told, "the angels themselves desire to look into," yet cannot or dare not. We honestly confess that we should very much prefer "Jack the Giant Killer."—*The Age of Gold.*

HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Herder.*

PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING.

Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.—Death is the only master who takes his servants without a character.—Content is the mother of good digestion.—When pride and poverty marry together, their children are want and crime.—Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.—Folly and pride walk side by side.—He that borrows binds himself with his neighbor's rope.—He that is too good for good advice, is too good for his neighbor's company.—Friends and photographs never flatter.—*The Modern Esop.*

SYMPATHY.

The heart that bleeds
From any stroke of fate, or human wrongs,
Loves to disclose itself, that listening pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.—*Mason*

The Florist.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.—HARRISON.

Root-grafting Roses.

The process of root-grafting roses may now be performed, and it is the best method of increasing the hybrid perpetuals, though it may be safely practised with all roses. The roots generally used are those of the manetti, and splice or plain grafting the mode most practised. Prepare clean pieces of root about one inch, or an inch and a half long; pare off a thin slice smoothly at one end, to which the graft, prepared in a similar manner, must be adjusted. Apply the two surfaces, taking care to have the edges, or at least one edge, coincide; hold firmly with the thumb and finger until strongly tied with cotton twist; then smear with grafting composition, or common grafting paper coated with a mixture of tallow, beeswax and resin, such as is employed in fruit-tree root-grafting; insert the grafts in pans of sandy loam, and place in a gentle bottom heat.

The Chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemum is the pride of the amateur's garden; it is a flower easy of culture, and within the means of all. It grows by the cottager's porch and in the rich man's conservatory. It is used to form the bridal wreath, as well as the villager's nosegay. Gold is not its prevailing color now as of old. We have delicate white, soft yellow, pleasing blue, bright red, dusky brown, and all shades of these.

Soil for Flower-Beds.

The soil for flower-beds should be neither too light nor too heavy. If too sandy, though the plants will come forward rapidly, yet in our hot dry summer weather they will require too frequent watering. If too heavy, it will be troublesome to work, and will be apt to cake and harden after rain. For manure, leaf mould, rotted sods and charcoal dust are excellent.

Verbenas.

The seeds of verbenas are a long time germinating—sometimes a month, but they are pretty sure to come up. Sow in pots in the house, covering the seeds with a very little earth, early in the spring. They can be transplanted into the garden as early as any verbenas grown in hot-houses. If they do well, they will blossom in July.

Edging for Flower-Borders.

The very neatest edging for flower-borders in a small garden is box. Great pains should be taken in keeping it evenly clipped, as severe formality is absolute necessary in box edgings. No old-fashioned garden was ever thought complete without its neat boundary rows of box.

The Dielytra Spectabilis.

This elegant flower is that becoming a universal favorite. It was introduced from Japan via England, about ten years ago. As it forms a fleshy or tuberous root-stock, it is very easily propagated by division or cuttings.

Birds' Eye.

This little plant, the botanical name of which is *primula farinosa*, is very pretty, and should be cultivated in soil which has a large proportion of peat, and kept moist.

Arranging a Garden.

It is frequently found that in small gardens, and particularly those walled in, one part of it gets very little sun; perhaps one of the walls gets none; scarcely anything does well near that wall. It is a good plan to make the principal path near that wall. In this case a little border, not more than a foot wide, should be made for the purpose of planting ivy or climbing roses, or anything to cover the wall, and next that the path; the edging to the path should be London pride, thrift, or white Arabis. The other part of the garden which the sun reaches should be flower-beds for things which cannot thrive without it.

Influence of Flowers.

Why does not every one have a geranium, a rose, a fuchsia, or some other flower, in the window? It is very cheap, next to nothing, if you raise it from seed or slip, and it is a beauty and a companion. As charming Leigh Hunt says, "It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. If it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing even for neglecting it, for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and living, as it does, purely to do you good, and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it?"

Timely Hints.

Never work with bad tools. The difference between the work done in a month would buy a set of new ones. Have a place for every tool and never leave one out of its place. Never fill a pot so full of soil but that it may hold water enough to go through it; every pot should have an inch of space above the compost. Never grow a bad variety of anything if you can help it. It takes the same room and wants the same attention as a good one. Cover all seeds with at least their own thickness of soil, but as some gets washed off, you must allow for it.

Bee Larkspurs.

The bee larkspur has become a very large family, called *delphinium*; of this one of the best is *delphinium formosum*. The seed of this sown when asters and stocks are sown, and similarly treated, will bloom the first year. The flowers are large and bloom in spikes, the color intense blue, the height about a foot. It is the richest of all perennials for the open border; the roots part for increase, but if left in the ground, it spreads and throws up more spires.

German Asters.

German asters should be raised in a hotbed in February or March, pricked out when the plants have two or three leaves, and transplanted into the open garden in May, where they will make a very fine appearance in September and October. They should be grown in light rich soil, or in loam and thoroughly rotten dung.

Whitlavia Grandiflora.

This flower is appreciated wherever it is cultivated. It has a profusion of rich blue bell-shaped flowers, and blooms perpetually, beginning when the plants are but four or five inches high and continuing all the summer and autumn.

Idly of the Valley.

This delicate and fragrant flower requires rather a moist soil, which should be tolerably light. The plant is increased by dividing the roots, which are very numerous; and though it is generally supposed to like the shade, yet it will not flower well unless it has plenty of light.

Curious Matters.

Preserves.

It is not generally known that at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, the residence of the late Madame de Stael, and her father and mother, the celebrated Monsieur and Madame Necker, the latter are not there buried, but preserved in a huge vat of spirits of wine. The curious, and they are not few, rush there to see this most painful as well as most disagreeable of sights. It was so much the desire of Monsieur Necker that he and his wife should be pickled in this strange manner, that, fearing his own family might not carry out his wishes, he left a certain sum to be paid yearly to the town for the support of a certain quantity of spirits of wine for that purpose. The vat is placed in the grounds close to the house, and partially hid by trees, which his grandson, Monsieur le Baron de Stael, had planted round it.

Anecdotes of Beards.

Among the curious anecdotes of beards, the oddest is that told of the eminent John Mayo, a painter, at the court of Charles V., whose beard was so long that he could stand upon it. This cataract of hair he kept tied up with ribbons to his button-holes, sometimes unfastening at the emperor's wish, opening the doors and windows that it might blow into the faces of angry courtiers. Another famous beard was that of a Bavarian merchant, who kept it enclosed in a velvet bag, to prevent it from dragging on the ground. An old writer, of more gravity, we fear, than veracity, asserts that the inhabitants of Hardenburgh had formerly the singular custom of electing the burgomaster who had the longest beard and biggest foot.

Is it so?

The St. John's News says:—"A gentleman of intelligence and observation informs us, from all the information he can obtain from medical men now having many cases of small pox under treatment, that there is no house in the city where gas is burnt, of the ordinary consumption, in which the disease has yet found lodgment. The gas, it is supposed, is a powerful disinfectant, and hence there is no contagion within the circle of its influence. He says that a person burning gas may contract the disease abroad and take it home with him; but it will not be communicated to any other member of his family."

Mode of getting Practice.

Dr. Richard Mead, of England, was the first to introduce the custom of having himself "called out of church;" but he practised this ruse under more favorable advantages than most could. His father was a clergyman, with a large congregation, and when the doctor was summoned out, would say, "Dear brethren, let us offer a prayer for the poor sufferer to whose relief my son Richard has been called." In this way the son gained notoriety.

Curious Formation.

Some months ago, Mr. John Johnson of Lockhaven, Pa., had the middle finger of his right hand amputated close to the lower joint joining the hand. The wound soon healed over, and almost immediately a new finger commenced growing from the stump of the old one; and six months from the time the finger was amputated, Mr. Johnson had a new well grown one in its place, with the exception of the nail, which is just commencing to grow.

Remarkable Discovery of Specie.

A Hanover correspondent of the Abington Standard says: "Remarkable discoveries have been made in the dwelling of Mrs. Hannah Robbins, since her decease. A tin pail filled with silver was found under her bed, and a kettle full of specie was also discovered. Some of it was mouldy and dusty with age, evidently having been undisturbed for years. The amount of specie thus discovered is \$1800. In addition to this, a thorough examination of the premises has brought to light a quantity of the old continental money, laid down in tobacco leaves. As this is of no value, it was not counted. All her property goes to a grandchild—the only survivor of a once numerous family."

Singular Phenomenon.

A geological singularity occurred lately in Savoy, which will attract the notice of the geologists. At Orcler, in the mountain chain above Thonon, a part of the ground sank, and in its place a lake formed. The high chestnut trees disappeared entirely, with the piece of ground on which they stood, and in their stead rose trunks of trees to the surface, which had evidently long been under water, and which must have belonged to a species of tree not known about the country. At the same time a little brook has formed, that carries away the superfluous water of the lake.

Singular Effects of Camomile.

A decoction of the leaves of common camomile will destroy all species of insects, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of camomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or the flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that, if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant camomile near it.

Growth of Hair.

"A young lady friend of mine," says a correspondent of the London Field, "was recommended by a *coiffeur* to use sage water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven or near a stove; strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of coconut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious."

That "That."

In thirty-one words, how many *thats* can be grammatically inserted? Answer, fourteen. He said that that that that man said was not that that that one should say; but that that, that that man said, was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

King Bladud and his Pigs.

The city of Bath has a curious and somewhat comic tradition that the old British king, Bladud, being reduced by leprosy to the condition of a swineherd, discovered the medicinal virtues of the hot springs of Bath while noticing that the pigs which bathed therein were cured of sundry diseases prevailing among them.

A remarkable Book.

Perhaps the most singular bibliographic curiosity is that which belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and in France. It is entitled, "*Liber Passionis Nostri Jesu Christicum caracteribus aulis materia compositis.*" This book is neither written nor printed! The whole letters of the text are cut out of each folio upon the finest vellum; and being interleaved with blue paper, it is read as easily as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed on its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution, in every respect, is indeed admirable, and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rodolphus II., of Germany, offered for it, in 1640, 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is, that it bears the royal arms of England, but it cannot be traced to have ever been in that country.

Measuring the Waves.

The height of waves has been often exaggerated, some stating that they are often higher than the masts of the tallest ships, and others speaking of them as "mountains high." The late Dr. Scoresby has left us some data of the height and velocity of waves, which may be relied upon as nearly accurate, and which will give a more correct idea of the subject than the fantastic description of the poet. In a great gale the waves average forty-one or forty-two feet in height; but as the vision was often disturbed by the tops of breaking waves, which rose much higher, the doctor placed the average at fifty feet. The average rate of the kind of waves known as "rollers," he found to be nearly the same in the Southern Ocean as in the Northern Atlantic—the former running at the rate of 54.84 feet per second, or 33.9 geographical miles an hour, while in the latter, from experiments made by the doctor in 1847, he found the rate to be 32.67 miles per hour.

Singular Detection.

Between Orleans and Nevers, and not far from Cosne, on the Loire River, in France, lies the village of La Celle. In this village, standing at some distance from any other building, is the Giraffe Hotel, the proprietor of which acquired wealth very rapidly, and, to the villagers, most unaccountably. Recently a railroad was projected, to run through La Celle, and "mine host" of the Giraffe offered to have that part of the road which was to pass over a tract of land in his vicinity made at his own expense. This disinterested offer was not accepted, but laborers at once placed upon the spot, who, in the excavations necessary to make the proper grade, exhumed no less than twenty-five human bodies, some of which were recognized as merchants and travellers who had mysteriously disappeared after remaining for a night at the "Giraffe."

Deformed Skulls.

Considerable discussion took place, lately, at a meeting of the Ethnological Society, in London, in regard to some deformed skulls found at Wroxter, near the Severn, but on an elevation of from thirty to forty feet above the level of the river, and about two feet below the ground. Many took the ground, that continued pressure since death had produced the singular shape of the skulls; but others seemed to think they belonged to a distinct race of beings. The meeting adjourned without coming to any decided expression of opinion on the subject.

Curious Suicide.

The Akron Beacon gives the following particulars of the suicide by drowning of Mrs. Ann Dumbford, an Irish woman, in Tallmadge. The circumstances are very singular:—"She had recently given birth to an infant that did not survive its birth, and the anguish she experienced as to the destiny of this unbaptized offspring drove her to insanity. She left her bed at an early hour in the morning, and walked more than a mile barefoot over snow, frozen ground and ice, to the canal, got a rail from a fence, broke a hole through the ice, and plunged in. She was tracked from the dwelling to the spot, and the shawl floating in the hole indicated where the body was to be found. She was about thirty-five years old."

Foreign Bodies under the Eyelid.

The following simple process for removing foreign bodies from beneath the eyelid is recommended by M. Renard:—"Take hold of the upper eyelid near its angles, with the index finger and thumb of each hand, draw it gently forward, and as low down as possible, over the lower eyelid, and retain it in this position for about a minute, taking care to prevent the tears flowing out. When, at the end of this time, you allow the eyelid to resume its place, a flood of tears washes out the foreign body, which will be found adhering to or near the lower eyelid."

Bearded Women.

Michaëlis states that, in 1783, there lived at Dresden a bearded virgin. Her beard grew from each side of her chin, was three inches long, and of snowy whiteness. She cut it at first every month, then every fortnight, afterwards twice in the week. On her upper lip was a moustache of short black hair. She had a powerful voice, sat enormously, and was bold and courageous.—Elbe narrates that during the reign of Maria Theresa, a woman, who served in the army for many years as a hussar, and rose to the rank of captain, had a strong moustache.

Curious Anecdote.

Towards the close of the Revolution the owners of the North Church, in New Haven, sent to Boston for nails to make repairs with, when one of the kegs sent in return for the order was found to contain Spanish silver dollars. The deacons wrote to the Boston merchant that there was an "error in shipping the goods;" but he answered that the nails were sold as he bought them of a privateersman, and he couldn't rectify mistakes. So the silver was melted up and made into a service of plate for the church, where it is in use at the present day.

An ingenious Missionary.

The Rev. Mr. Hurlbutt, of Canada, a missionary among the Indians in British America, lately delivered a lecture in Detroit, giving an account of his labors among that people. Among other things, he exhibited a portion of the Bible printed in the language of the Cree nation, one of the tribes in the Hudson Bay region. This language he reduced to writing, inventing characters for the purpose. He then cut type from wood with a common knife, made a press himself, and then printed the book.

The first American Carriage.

The first carriage said to be built in America, was built in Dorchester, Mass., by a man named White, for a private gentleman in Boston. It was copied from an English chariot, though much lighter, and was a credit to its maker.

The Housewife.

Perpetual Plum Pudding.

Three pounds of stoned raisins, three pounds of brown sugar, three pounds of currants, three pounds of grated bread, three pounds of suet shred very fine, three pounds of eggs, one pound of citron, three tablespoonful of flour, quarter of a pint of wine, quarter of a pint of brandy, two nutmegs, a little mace, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix the ingredients well together, and divide into six equal parts; tie each part in a separate cloth; put them in water already boiling, and boil four hours. If they are to be kept, hang them in a cool place, and when wanted for use boil them again from one to three hours, according to the time they have been hanging.

Silver Cake.

Two cups of fine white sugar, two and a half cups of sifted flour, half a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, the whites of eight eggs, and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flavor with peach, vanilla or rose-water; stir the sugar and butter to a cream, then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add the flour, then the milk and soda; stir the whole together several minutes, then add the cream of tartar and spice.

Gold Cake.

Take the yolks of the eggs, after using the whites for the silver cake, beat them to a stiff froth, and mix them with a cup of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of butter previously stirred to a cream; add two cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a cup of sweet milk; when well mixed, stir in a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flavor with peach, almond or lemon. Bake both it and the silver cake in pans.

To make Brilla Soup.

Take a shin of beef, cut off all the meat in square pieces, then boil the bone three hours; strain it and take off the fat, then put the broth to boil with the pieces of meat, a few carrots and turnips cut small, and a good sprig of thyme, some onions chopped, and a stick of celery cut in pieces; stir them all till the meat is tender. If not cooking brown, you must color it.

A Spring Dish.

Upon a toasted bread place a layer of well boiled spinach about an inch thick; upon this place at equal distances poached eggs. This forms a pretty, light and nourishing dish; but be careful that the yellow of the egg is not broken, or the appearance will be lost, and the eggs not worth eating.

Bread Cake.

To one pint of stale bread, crumbed fine, add five eggs, two teaspoons of flour, half a cup of butter, and one quart of milk. Soak the bread with the milk. Make in a batter, and bake as buckwheat cakes.

For Stomach Ache and Dysentery.

If not of too long continuance, a wine-glass of super-carbonate soda every half hour, not to exceed six times, will cure.

Ink-Spots from Mahogany.

Touch with oil of vitriol, for a moment or so, till gone, then wash off with warm water.

Pigeon Pie.

Border a large dish with fine puff-paste, and cover the bottom with a veal cutlet, or tender steak, free from fat and bone, and seasoned with salt, cayenne, and nutmeg; prepare with great nicety as many fresh-killed pigeons as the dish will contain in one layer; put into each a slice of butter, seasoned with a little cayenne; lay them into the dish with the breasts downwards, and between and over them put the yolks of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs; stick plenty of butter on them, season the whole well with salt and spice, pour in some cold water for the gravy, roll out the cover three-quarters of an inch thick, secure it well round the edge, ornament it highly, and bake it for an hour or more in a well-heated oven.

Rice Bread.

Take one pound and a half of rice, and boil it gently over a slow fire in three quarts of water about five hours, stirring it, and afterwards beating it up into a smooth paste. Mix this while warm into two gallons, or four pounds of flour, adding at the same time the usual quantity of yeast. Allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves, and it will be found, when baked, to produce twenty-eight or thirty pounds of excellent white bread.

Black Ink.

Take of Aleppo galls bruised, one pound and a half; green vitriol, twelve ounces; powdered gum arabic, eight ounces; rasped logwood, eight ounces; soft water, two gallons and a half. Boil the galls and logwood in the water till it be reduced to two gallons, then add the remaining articles, and put the whole into a convenient vessel, stirring it several times during the day, for fourteen or fifteen days, at the end of which time it will be fit for use.

Furniture Paste.

Scrape two ounces of beeswax into a pot or basin; then add as much spirits of turpentine as will moisten it through; at the same time powder an eighth part of an ounce of resin, and add to it, when dissolved to the consistency of paste, as much Indian red as will bring it to a deep mahogany color; stir it up, and it will be fit for use.

Arrowroot Drops, or Biscuits.

Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, seven eggs well whisked, adding seven ounces of flour, six ounces of arrowroot, and half a pound of loaf sugar; mix all well together, and drop on a clean tin, size of a shilling; bake in a slow oven.

Egg Butter.

One quart of good molasses well boiled with half of a lemon rind, eight eggs well beaten and stirred in slowly; boil fifteen minutes, add the spices preferred, and put away for use.

Fried Peppernuts.

One pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, seven eggs, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in sour milk, and as much flour as will make a soft dough. Make them in rings, and bake in lard.

Spots on Cloth.

To take spots produced by acids from cloth, calico, or any other fabric. Touch with volatile sal ammoniac or spirits of hartshorn, and they will disappear.

Borax.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportions of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For lace, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used; and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff), a strong solution is necessary. Borax, being a semi-neutral salt, does not injure the texture of the finest linen.

Muffin Pudding.

Rub the tin mould with butter. Stick in the butter suitana or stoned raisins so thickly that no part of the mould be visible, unless you wish it to appear white in parts. Lay in the mould six or more sponge biscuits; and mix together two teacupful of cream, four yolks of eggs, one glass of brandy, and sugar. Pour this into the mould and boil it. Serve with sweet sauce. It can be eaten cold as trifle.

Lemon Gingerbread.

Grate the rinds of two or three lemons, and add the juice to a glass of brandy; then mix the grated lemon in one pound of flour, make a hole in the flour, pour in half a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter melted, the lemon-juice and brandy, and mix all up together with half an ounce of ground ginger and quarter of an ounce of Cayenne pepper.

To cap Bottles.

To cap bottles or jars with bladder, so as to be perfectly tight, always put the bladder, after wetting, with the inside to the bottle, and no escape can be made. The reason is, all fluids enter the bladder from the vessels of the exterior. It has no other manner of entrance. Fluid must enter only this way, and it has only one to escape.

Stewed Beefsteak.

Fry a tender steak in the usual way, but lightly, with the onions, turnips and carrots; then stew, and it will be better flavored than when in a large mass. It may be done with or without the carrots and turnips; if without them, the gravy must be flavored with anchovy sauce, and thickened with a little flour or arrowroot.

To cure Chilblains.

To effectually and speedily cure chilblains, even of most aggravated character, if not cracked, take *sassafras* bark, and make a weak immersion. Add a little to a decoction of "tancapitols," or "asphes rhamedols," and bathe slightly night and morning, and the cure is positive, never failing.

To remove Glass Stoppers.

To remove a glass stopper, if fixed in any bottle so as not to be removed, pour a few drops of sweet oil around the same; set in the sun, and it will soon work down and release the stopper.

To cure Burns or Scalds.

Cover them at once liberally with wheat flour, sweet and nice, and let them remain. They will heal rapidly, and all heat be drawn out.

To restore the Color of Piano Keys.

By applying fine sand-paper to the yellow keys of the piano, the color may be restored.

To keep Suet.

Suet may be kept for a twelvemonth thus:—Choose the firmest and most free from skin or veins, remove all trace of these, put the suet in a saucepan at some distance from the fire, and let it melt gradually; when melted, pour it into a pan of cold spring water; when hard, wipe it dry, fold it in white paper, put it into a linen bag, and keep it in a dry, cool place; when used, it must be scraped, and will make an excellent crust, either with or without butter.

Lemon Cake.

Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

Imperial Gingerbread.

Rub six ounces of butter into three-quarters of a pound of flour; then mix six ounces of treacle with a pint of cream carefully, lest it should turn the cream; mix in a quarter of a pound of double-refined sugar, half an ounce of powdered ginger, and one ounce of caraway seeds; stir the whole well together into a paste, cut it into shapes, and stick cut candied orange or lemon-peel on the top.

To sweeten Pie-Dishes.

When these have long been used for baking, they are apt to impart an unpleasant taste, in consequence of the portion of oily matter they imbibe from the butter or lard. To purify them, place them in a boiler or large kettle of cold water, throw in a few hot ashes or cinders, and boil for an hour.

Dysentery.

Take Indian corn roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, or roast meal browned, and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacupful, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

Soft Corns between the Toes.

Wrap the toe on which the corn is, and one next adjoining, in soft linen or cotton, firmly, and let it remain. In a week the cure will be effected.

To grease Boots, Leather or Harness.

First let the leather be well dampened or pliable wet. Then the leather after greasing or oiling will be pliant; otherwise not.

To Cure Ruptured Navels in Infants.

Take a piece of adhesive plaster the size of a silver dollar, and apply over the navel until a permanent cure is effected.

To cure the Poison of Ivy.

Chew freely and swallow liberally the leaves or green twigs of the white pine.

Sting of a Bee or Wasp.

Apply at once strong potash water, if obtainable; else saleratus water.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PRACTICAL JOKING.

We have time and again denounced, in no unmeasured terms, the practice of practical joking, more especially those kinds which consist of experiments on the nerves of unhappy victims. Many and many a timid person has been ruined for life by the sudden shock of an alarm given by some thoughtless buffoon. There is now in a female lunatic asylum at Hammersmith, says the London Court Circular, a lady of exquisite beauty, who was driven mad by being suddenly startled by her maid. The lady's name is H—, and she resided with her husband, Mr. H—, a wealthy sharebroker, at a splendid mansion in Cavendish Square. One evening, a few months ago, she strolled in the dusk into her husband's library, to procure a book. The lady's maid saw her enter the apartment, and in a mere frolic concealed herself behind the curtains belonging to the window, until her mistress had placed her hand upon the work she came in search of, when she suddenly sprung upon her with a loud shout. The lady was so astounded by the shock, that she was struck almost senseless. Delirium ensued; confirmed madness followed, which has ever since continued without abatement, to a degree dangerous to all who approach her, and it is more than probable that she will never recover her reason.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.—Greenwood Cemetery, Long Island, N. Y., was first opened in June 1840, since which time the mortal remains of 60,650 persons have been buried in the enclosure.

A SHARP BOY.—A shopkeeper in Bond Street, Liverpool, advertised lately for a sharp boy. One applicant grounded his qualifications of sharpness on the fact of his having cut from four places.

HIGH PRICE.—Horseflesh must have been dear in England in the time of Richard III., for he offered his "kingdom for a horse" and there were no takers.

ENCOURAGING.—As you rise in life so does the envy of the world increase—the man who makes a reputation, makes enemies.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The origin of Woodworth's popular song is given in a late number of the "Home Journal," on the authority of a private letter to one of the editors, as follows: "It was written in the spring or summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane Street. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, somewhere near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he poured himself out a glass of water—New York pump water—and drank it at a draught, exclaiming, as he replaced the tumbler on the table: 'That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught, this warm day, from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well, at home!' Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: 'Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from his very soul those beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth."

WHAT IS FAME?—Dick Turpin has been made the hero of an English opera, so that his works live after him. He travels along the road of fame as rapidly as he went over that from London to York. It is a caustic practical comment on the nature of fame when Mr. Turpin is as immortal as Mr. Howard, or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Byron, or Gibbon, or Sir H. Davy, or Scott, or William Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or Luther, or Washington.

AWFUL IF TRUE.—The Philadelphia Ledger, speaking of glove-makers, says "they generally prepare their own skins for making gloves." Glove-makers must be a short-lived race if they have to flay themselves alive to supply customers.

WHAT A FALL!—A man three years ago invested \$30,000 in real estate in St. Paul. He lately sold it for just \$1800.

A GOOD ONE.—Why is the world like a piano? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

THE POETRY OF COMMERCE.

It is a common error to suppose that all poetry is contained in books; that everything outside of books must necessarily be prosaic. But there is a poetry of life, as well as a poetry of literature; a poetry of action, as well as a poetry of repose. There are living poets who have never written a line, and lives of action that are unpublished epics. In fact we live, move and have our being in an atmosphere of poetry, though we may be unconscious of it all our lives, just as Moliere's comedy hero had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. Let us take, for example, a commercial life. Most people are apt to consider commerce and poetry to be "wide as the poles asunder;" but a more critical examination will convince them of their error.

Follow the history of commerce, from the most distant epochs. In the infancy of the world, its caravan slowly penetrated the arid deserts of Asia and Africa, and linked together the scattered members of the human family in those vast regions, as they do to-day. Commercial colonies spread the Greek civilization on the shores of the Mediterranean, and drew the bold adventurers of Tyre and Carthage to the north of Europe and the south of Africa. The mediæval cities, protected by their ramparts, defended the elegant arts against the iron yoke of feudal power. For many centuries the Hanseatic cities were the bulwark of liberty and property in the north and west of Europe.

The representative system germinated in the municipal franchises of the communes. At the revival of letters, the "merchant princes" of Florence welcomed to their palaces the banished arts of Greece. In the 15th century, the enterprising spirit of commerce developed that movement which drew Columbus to America, and inspired Vasco de Gama to double the Cape of Good Hope, till that time called the Cape of Storms, and invested with appalling horrors.

Since then, the modern system of international laws is solidly based on the interests and rights of commerce, and the necessity of securing them. Commerce spreads the treasures of the new world among the nations of the West; it gives a new strength to civil and religious liberty; by degrees it extends the colonial system to the extremities of the earth, carrying with it the elements of future independent and civilized republics.

But why should we dwell upon past centuries? What is it that renders the civilization of to-day so powerful and vital? Is it not the universal development of commercial relations, thanks to which all the products of sea and land, of mines,

orges and looms, all these which Nature furnishes us in her exhaustless bounty, all those which art and tireless industry create, reach the general market where supply and demand meet? In whatever region the liberal hand of Providence has placed a desirable product within the reach of man, in whatever region human skill is exercised, whether it covers with its perfumed foliage the mountains of China, whether it shines in the auriferous sands of California, whether buried in the deep abysses of Arctic seas, or ripens in the fertile plains of southern lands, beneath the ardent rays of the sun, whether it issues from the workshops of the English or American Manchester, commerce, the ruling power of the globe, attracts everything to itself for the purpose of applying it to the use and benefit of nations.

The white-winged messengers of commerce are also the white-winged messengers of gospel truth and peace. It is more than gold or silver, more than implements wrought by human hands, that commerce sends to distant islands and to strange and distant peoples. The light of religious truth and civilization is scattered broadcast in the desert places by the merchants of the world. Well may the men who embark in this mission, who give to it their fortunes, their intellects, their hearts—well may they be called "merchant princes," and we are fully justified in speaking of the "poetry" of commerce.

WAGES IN FRANCE.—Wages in France, especially in the Southern departments, are said to be higher than at any period since the first revolution. In consequence, considerable difficulty is found in obtaining substitutes for the army, and some discontent is felt in Paris respecting this.

AN ARMY OF SCHOLARS.—The enrolled Sunday-school scholars under the pastoral care of the Methodist Episcopal Church are 800,000, a number equal to the population of the city of New York.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? one little fellow promptly answered: "We are good to make men of."

A LUCKY AUTHOR.—It is said that Mr. Charles Dickens has made \$350,000 in the last ten years.

GOOD.—An honest heart, says Prentice, makes a gentleman; but an honest modesty makes a gentle manner.

MECHANICAL-CURIOSITIES.

It is only on reviewing the history of mechanism, that we can realize how much mental toil and valuable time and labor men of genius have wasted on toys for grown children. The construction of automata has ever been a favorite occupation of men of a mechanical turn. The earliest automaton on record, is the pigeon made by Archytas of Tarentum, 408 years B. C. Plato tells us that this artificial bird flew a considerable distance and alighted at the point from which he was launched. In 1260 Albertus Magnus, Archbishop of Ratisbon, and a Dominican, made a machine in the human form which saluted visitors in a few articulate words. He was rewarded for his labors by being accused of sorcery after his death. De Kempelen, one of the cabinet ministers of the emperor of Austria, exhibited a similar automaton to the Parisian Academy of Sciences in 1703, which articulated several long phrases. In the same year the Abbé Mical exhibited his *talking heads*, which were endowed with yet more wonderful educational powers. The learned Kircher and the philosophic Gassendi assure us that John Muller of Konigsberg, surnamed Regiomontanus, made an eagle which circled round the emperor Frederick in a circumference of five hundred paces, and ended by alighting on the spot from which he had started. Muller also constructed, says the same authority, an iron fly which flew about the room and alighted on the hand from which it had taken its start.

According to some chroniclers of the 16th century, when Henry III. made his solemn entry into Cracow in 1573, after his election to the throne of Poland, a mechanical prodigy no less remarkable was seen, and which did not less astonish the crowd. Wherever the king went, he was followed by a white eagle, constructed with such art, that he did not cease to float over Henry's head, beating his wings, during the whole ceremony. Cornelius Drebbel, a Dutch mathematician, made, in imitation of the famous statue of Memnon, a musical machine which wound itself up at sunrise, and played a continuous symphony so long as the rays of the sun fell upon it.

Vaucanson, acting on this idea a little later, produced his flute-player, whose renown, as the journals of the day attest, was not less than that of the duck. The artificial duck, it is well known, plumed itself, quacked, waddled, devoured and even digested food by means of a chemical solution by which the interior of the machine was charged. Every one has heard of Maelzel's automaton chess-player. This, however, has ceased

to be a mechanical marvel; it was only an ingenious deception.

Maelzel's automaton trumpeter was first exhibited in Paris in 1808. It was exhibited, in this city, together with his chess-player, mechanical rope-dancers, and speaking puppets, about thirty years ago. The trumpet-playing was very good. Every one has heard of Pascal's arithmetical machine, which performed a number of calculations, but which has been surpassed by the calculating machines of modern times.

The Jesuit Maimburg makes mention of a golden tree in the possession of the emperor Theophilus, laden with little artificial birds, which produced a concert similar to the song of nightingales, and thereby astounded all Constantinople. The *Journal des Savans* for 1840 speaks of two automata no less wonderful. The first was an artificial horse which could go over smooth ground seven or eight leagues a day; the second was a statue of iron, constructed by a prisoner, which, having issued from the prison, went and presented a petition to the emperor of Morocco in his palace and then returned again. John Walk, in his Latin discourses, speaks of a brazen spider made by a German clock-maker, which moved and imitated life so naturally that it was difficult to believe that it was not an actual spider. But Vaucanson seems to have surpassed all his rivals in this line. Besides his flute-player and the famous duck, he made, for Marmontel's tragedy of "Cleopatra," an asp, which crawled upon the bosom of the actress who played the heroine, and hissed; which induced a wag, who was asked what he thought of this wretched play, to answer: "Faith! I'm of the same opinion as the asp."

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.—In one of the Scottish editions of Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," there is an astonishing misprint, in which a prescription, containing one hundred ounces of *laudanum*, instead of that number of drops, is recommended!

A BRUTE'S THOUGHT ABOUT WOMEN.—It matters very little how ugly she may be, a woman never sees a pretty one excepting in the looking-glass.

QUEER.—It is somewhat singular that women are rarely if ever inebriated when it is known they are so fond of their glasses.

SCOLDING.—The very worst use a woman can make of her tongue is to scold.

MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

Whatever faults John Bull may have, he has many noble qualities and traits; and among the latter—we speak of J. B. socially, not politically—that of minding his own business. Bayard Taylor says when he first visited London, he was compelled by his circumstances to put up at a humble chop-house which was the resort of actors, hackmen, sailors and pawnbrokers' clerks. Yet the people "respected his silence and reserve" and asked him no impertinent questions. He intimates pertinently that he should have fared differently in the United States; and he is right. Here a crying nuisance to which native and foreigner both are subjected is a constant cross-questioning and prying into his affairs. "What may I call your name?" "What may you follow for a living?" "Come here to settle?" etc., etc. Such are some of the rude questions put to a stranger which, if he does not choose to answer, his self-constituted inquisitors set him down either as an ill-bred person or a suspicious character, totally unconscious of the fact that they themselves are guilty of the grossest ill-breeding. No man of any refinement or delicacy can look at one of these eager-eyed, voluble Paul Pry's without a shuddering disgust. It is useless to palliate such a breach of minor social morality by calling it "intelligence," "smartness," a "thirst for information," etc. It is nothing but the insolent curiosity of gossips in breeches, and the sooner such a low habit is abandoned, the better for the good name of our people. Every man's own business is quite enough for him to attend to.

FATE OF AN ENGLISH PAUPER.—A pauper in a Liverpool workhouse, kept for many hours without food, tried to swallow his dinner whole and choked to death in the attempt. His hunger was so sharp he could not wait for the nurse to cut up his food, and was too infirm to do it himself.

WHALENS AND CRITICS.—The whalers, says Turner, have a superstition that when they are going to harpoon a whale it is their duty to put their best jackets on. A good hint for the critic when he is going to strike a heavy fish.

CONJUGAL DIALOGUE.—"Don't you think, wife, that tobacco-smoke would kill the mosquitoes in our room?" "It might; but it would kill me first."

A HARD TASK.—It is not half so difficult to tempt a man into crime as to coax him out of it.

BUYING FLOUR.

It is about as difficult a job to buy good flour as to buy a good horse. Let us tell our housekeepers how to go to work with it. First, look at color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine the adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and is sticky, it is poor. Flour from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the quality of the staff of life.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.—In this long established and real specific, the dyspeptic has a ready relief from all the evils incident upon indigestion. This remarkable preparation is also a sure cure for liver complaint, general debility, and all the various diseases which arise from weakness of the stomach and digestive organs. Especially in the spring of the year the Bitters form a pleasant and never-failing tonic, and as there is no spirituous compound in their preparation, there is no reaction to their bracing and strengthening effect. We have known of remarkable cures effected by the Bitters in cases of sick-headache, jaundice, flatulency and the like. They may be found everywhere.

AN OLD SAW.—A person asked a Grecian philosopher what he thought was the proper time to dine. "Sir," said the ancient, "the proper time of dinner with the opulent is when they choose; with the poor man, when he can."

A GRACEFUL JOKE.—At a public dinner three gentlemen having stood up at the same moment to say grace, Sidney Smith, who was present, called them "the Three Graces."

WITS IN COMPANY.—Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

INFANT MORTALITY.—Out of every five infants born in London two die before they are five years old.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

There is nothing surer than that there is no absolute peace in this sublunary life of ours. There are armistices and truces, halts on the march, periods of repose at bivouacs, moments of rest and jollity, but these are only episodes in the history of a stern campaign. On this side of the grave, we can only sleep on our arms. At any moment, the bugle-call and drum-beat may summon us to action: The sons of men are the grand army perpetually marching on, perpetually fighting. In their pathway, obstacles rise at almost every step; there are batteries to be taken, heights to be stormed, victories to be achieved. But there is a stern joy in this incessant strife; without it, our energies would sink, our strength waste away, our very virtues become merely negative qualities.

It requires years to realize this truth. Poets, and all the young are poets at heart, figure in a very different scene. To them life is an Arcadia, with eternal summer shining on its flowery meads and fragrant groves, peopled with the gentlest beings, filled to repletion with paradisaical loves and joys. No tempests ruffle the calm waters of the fancied Eden; no storms silence the music of its happy voices. Vainly do the pioneers on the march send back chilling reports of the desolate character of the tract they have travelled; only personal experience can teach a man the delusion of his dreams.

But how criminal it is in those who have charge of the young recruits who are destined to take part in this great strife, to conceal the dangers and duties which lie before them; to lull them into security and inaction; to lap them in luxurious ease, and sap the foundation of their moral strength. Even if we cannot convince the young that there is a hard fight before them, we can prepare them for the combat. We can teach them energy, self-denial, self-control and self-development. We can strengthen their minds and indurate their muscles; we can train them to take a pleasure in struggling with and overcoming obstacles. If the fortune of war favors them, then they are all the better prepared to enjoy it; if, on the contrary, they form no exception to the common rule, they are able to fight their way gallantly through the world. They ought always to be in "condition."

The English system of education for boys is a sensible one. At a suitable age, mama's petted darling, whom the winds of heaven are not permitted to visit too roughly, is sent from home and thrown into the vortex of a great school, no bad image of the world itself. It is, in fact, a world in miniature, made up by the youthful

representatives of various classes, rich and poor, noble, gentle and common. And here begins the strife which pre-figures the contest in the great theatre of the world; a sham-fight, as it were, preceding the great battle. Here a boy must stand up for himself, or go to the wall. He learns, to be self-reliant, and to help himself. He makes friends and enemies just in proportion to his qualities. All boys are born democrats, and in the play-grounds the son of a peer is no more than the equal of the son of a commoner. If he puts on the airs of a domineering bully, his self-conceit is thrashed out of him. In this little world, genius, courage, manliness and honor are sure to meet with ultimate recognition; sloth, cowardice, effeminacy and baseness, to be branded as they deserve. Right, to be sure, does not triumph over might without hard fighting; and is it not so in the great world? The fight between Tom Brown and the "Slogger," so graphically described in "Tom Brown at Rugby," is but typical of the great battles that history records—of such a strife, for instance, as that between Italy and Austria. The literary emulation of the schools is a preparation for the emulation developed in the grand careers of the profession, of politics and diplomacy. There are evils, and great ones, in the system; but we believe the good counterbalances the evil. The character of the English people, liberally construed, justifies their general plan of education.

In France, a different system of education and preparation for life prevails. There boys are subjected to a constant surveillance, night and day, in school and out of school. Teachers dog their footsteps and accompany them in every act of duty or relaxation. They are never left to themselves, and consequently acquire no habits of self-control and self-reliance. Hence, when emancipated from school, they require, as citizens, a very strong government, and a government which shall take a paternal care of them; which shall mark out and define the limits of their actions, which shall dog, by its spies, their footsteps by night and day. In those things with which government does not interfere, as in the pursuit of their private pleasures, Frenchmen exhibit a lamentable lack of self-control. We are confident that we are correct in attributing many of the defects of French character, as contrasted with the good qualities of their neighbors across the channel, to the peculiarities of their system of education. And let us remark, in this connection, that we recognize many excellent qualities in the French, and many unamiable qualities in the English, but so far as aptitude for the battle of life is concerned, the bold Britons must,

take the lead. Female education, in France, is established on an equally false basis. Until their marriage, French women are subjected to a rigid police discipline. They are brought up in ignorance of what life really is, and ignorance is the most vulnerable armor in the world. Many of the most inestimable privileges of youth are denied them, and every one knows into what wild license too many French women rush, when the pressure of their educational ligatures is removed.

In this country, the young are left more to themselves; and consequently young men emerge into the arena of life far better fitted to cope with its requirements and vicissitudes. They have fought with buttoned foils and with gloves; when they handle the cold steel, and clench the naked hand, they know what to do. The great evil of this system is the precocious development of individuals—the growth of "old heads on young shoulders." But this is an incidental and partial evil. Look at the great mass of the American people, with their strength, self-reliance, independence and energy, and say whether they have a superior on the face of the globe. Compare them with any people you may select—compare their achievements with those of any other nation, and, though you may theorize, you will find it impossible to substitute any living example of higher strife. In the great Battle of Life, there are no more energetic combatants.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.—A man is the healthiest and happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill, is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

SCENE AT PARKER'S.—Waiter—(speaking to the cook)—"One roast lamb and one potato." Old gentleman—"No, no! not so much lamb and more potatoes!"

A BAD SIGN.—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of his political party to a lamp-post.

A YOUNG LADY'S CONUNDRUM.—Mary asked Charles—"What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

CHILDREN.—Apropos of children, it was a beautiful saying of Richter's, that "the smallest are nearest God."

RATHER FAST.—The public debt of Dubuque, Iowa, is over one million of dollars.

BAPTISM OF A DYING GIRL.

The Albany Express says: "On Sunday morning several young folks were baptized at Rev. Dr. Magoon's church. The first person who was baptized was a young girl, perhaps sixteen years old, in the last stages of consumption. She was literally arrayed in her grave clothes, it being understood that the white robe in which she was baptized was to be worn by her when she was placed in her coffin. She obtained her mother's permission to be baptized and then acquainted her pastor with her desire. She was brought to the pool in the arms of her uncle, attended by her mother, and lifted in the arms of the pastor, who gently immersed her head, after repeating the usual words. The scene was very affecting, causing some of the spectators to sob with emotion. She was so far gone that it was feared she might expire during the ceremony, yet after it was performed she expressed a wish to be brought to the church in the afternoon, to partake of the Lord's Supper, which was granted. After the supper, when in another room, she sang the doxology, 'Praise God,' and when in her carriage Dr. Magoon asked her how she felt, she whispered, 'I have fought a good fight.'"

"SEEING WARREN."—A very good story touching this capital comedian is to be credited to the Saturday Evening Gazette: "Mr. Veri-green came down from the country, and went to see Warren at his benefit, Warren sustaining five characters. 'How did you like the performance?' I asked. 'Purty well,' said he; 'but that Warren's nonsense kind o' bothered me, so't I couldn't hardly make out the story. I should think he'd see that folks laugh at him.'"

NARROW-MINDEDNESS.—Narrow-minded men who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying: "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

A GOOD IDEA.—The life insurance companies are about inserting a clause in their policies, prohibiting their risks from risking their necks by ballooning or tight-rope performances.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.—Some of the silver ore of the Washoe mines, California, pays \$5000 a ton. Letters from Oregon confirm the account of the discovery of rich gold fields.

SINGULAR.—There are two hundred oil wells in Pennsylvania. Pray what is to become of the whaling business?

Foreign Miscellany.

A London dramatist has succeeded in making "A Frightful Accident" a funny affair.

English army chaplains are to wear a uniform—black and gold.

Some English journals are getting fierce with the Napoleon-Savoy question.

The Japanese are gradually becoming more and more accustomed to the intercourse of foreigners, and are already giving up many of their old customs, and becoming civilized.

Lord Dufferin has been excavating on the banks of the Nile, where a small temple, with the columns *in situ*, and a considerable number of inscriptions, have rewarded the search.

In five years the public debt of France has increased above \$500,000,000, and is still increasing. This is considered alarming by all the financial men of Europe.

Cheap "pleasure excursions" to Tetuan from Madrid and other places are advertised in the Spanish capital by railway and steamboat companies.

At the Paris Observatory, recently, a splendid lens, valued at 25,000 francs, was broken by the carelessness or awkwardness of two workmen. A bronze statuette has been stolen from the Louvre. It is valued at 35,000 francs.

A relic of the true cross is on exhibition at an English convent. As it is encased in jewels, it is worth tens of thousands of dollars. We should think the pope had had crosses enough of late to supply all his followers with the article.

The Belgian Chamber has adopted some severe enactments against duelling. In the event of the death of one of the parties, the survivor will be liable to imprisonment of from one to five years, and with a fine of from 2000*fr.* to 10,000*fr.*

A letter from an officer of the African squadron says the discovery of coal in Liberia, all the hilly ranges abounding with it, will bring not only wealth but civilization to Africa. The only drawback is the want of proper harbors for vessels along the coast.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the distinguished member of the Jewish faith in England, has addressed to a Jewish citizen of Washington a letter, handsomely acknowledging his deep sense of the liberality of our House of Representatives, in inviting a minister of the ancient faith to offer prayers at the opening of the House.

The English government have purchased a splendid range of buildings at Fleetwood, for the sum of £20,000, where it has been decided to establish a school of musketry. The building will be converted into barracks for the accommodation of troops who may be sent thither for instruction and practice in musketry.

It is stated by Prof. Leone Levi, in a paper published by the Statistical Society, that the consumption of paper in Great Britain, in 1801, was thirty-six millions of pounds. In 1859, the population had not doubled, being under thirty millions, but the consumption of paper had increased between five and six fold, having reached one hundred and ninety-eight millions of pounds.

A medal to commemorate the treaty between England and France is about to be struck at the Paris Mint.

Statuettes in aluminium are now made in Paris. It has a very fine grain, is easily chiselled, and takes the place of bronze with advantage.

The Russian government has ordered a steam fire engine from the United States for use at St. Petersburg.

Few persons attend church in Prussia. In Berlin there is but one church to 15,000 inhabitants, and except on special occasions these are empty.

In consequence of the completion of the telegraph between Alexandria and India, news from India will now reach England in six days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have just concluded an engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh—the most successful that has attended their provincial experiences.

This year there is an increase in the British army estimates of nearly two million sterling (say \$10,000,000), the chief items of which will go for warlike stores by sea and land.

The total value of imports into the Sandwich Islands for 1859 was \$1,155,559; the custom house duties on which amounted to \$132,129. The total value of exports and supplies was \$628,575.

Sir Cursetjee Jamsetjee Jajeebhoy has given orders to a firm at Bombay to prepare a splendid court robe of crimson velvet interlaced with gold, which he intends to present to her majesty, the Queen of England.

The name of the emperor of China appears for the first time in the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1860. Sian Fien is the seventh emperor of the dynasty of the Tsins, who succeeded the dynasty of the Mins in 1644.

A dinner service has been manufactured in London for the Bishop of Mauriciastro. It is of solid silver, and capable of accommodating thirty guests. The cost was £12,000, or fifty-five thousand dollars.

The National Portrait Gallery has acquired a portrait of Sir William Herschel. It is one of the productions of Abbot, who is chiefly known as the painter of Lord Nelson. The picture was found at Bath.

The London Times says:—"It seems that the world is destined to be disappointed in all its hopes of Austria, and that we have in her a power which experience can neither teach nor calamity tame."

Mr. Norton proposes to furnish, in one volume, all the matter of Murray's European Guide Books. It will be issued in season for the summer travel, and will meet a great want of tourists who dread the incumbrance of accumulated luggage.

In London, lately, a police officer had a desperate struggle with a thief near the docks, during which the thief slipped overboard and sunk immediately. His body was not recovered for some time, when thirteen sheets of stolen copper were found wrapped about it, which was, undoubtedly, the cause of death.

Record of the Times.

The first American vessel which sailed on temperance principles was the brig *Amazon* of Salem.

The estate of the Mount Vernon Association has very properly been exempted from taxation.

The present year, we are informed, is the centenary anniversary of Methodism in this country.

The State of Arkansas is the only State in the Union without a telegraph, and she has not a foot of line within her border.

A man in Indiana recently committed suicide through fear of becoming a drunkard, as he felt the appetite for liquor growing upon him.

It is rumored that Paul Morphy is to remove to Paris, with his mother, with the intention of making the French capital their home.

There are 998 booksellers in the eight Western States, Illinois standing first with 263, and Minnesota last with 18.

Some scoundrel removed a rail on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad near Oakdale, recently, causing the smash up of a freight train, and left a note informing the company that this was only the beginning of difficulties.

In exhuming some bodies at a family graveyard, near Crawfordville, S. C., the body of a woman, buried some twelve or more years, was found a petrification, with each article of dress perfect.

Negro Sam, believed to have been upwards of 140 years old, lately died on the plantation of his master, A. J. Billingly, of Jones County, Ga. When captured in Africa he was 45 years old, according to his statement.

The greatest raise ever attempted in Chicago was commenced a few days ago. An immense block on Lake Street, extending from La Salle to Clark Street, was to be raised, and 600 men and 6000 screws were employed in the operation.

A man named George Worcester hung himself in Elkhart county, Indiana, recently. He tied the rope to a limb of a tree, climbed up in the limb and jumped off, giving himself as heavy a fall as if he had been on the drop of a scaffold. Domestic difficulties were supposed to have been the cause of it.

Captain Daniel Searles, doorkeeper of the Louisiana House of Delegates, lately committed suicide at Baton Rouge. For years he had kept his coffin and winding-sheet in his house, and he already had his tombstone in the cemetery with his name inscribed.

It is probable that Brazoria county, Texas, is the richest in the Union in proportion to the number of its population. According to the last comptroller's report, if the property of that county should be equally divided among its voters, there would be something more than \$13,000 to each man.

Mr. Ensign Eldridge, of Chatham, an unmarried man of about forty years of age, came to the determination to end his life by starvation, and for the last twenty days has persistently refused all sustenance. He is probably insane. Several years since a female relative of Mr. Eldridge came to her death by the same means, at the end of twenty-four days.

There are 2562 students in the various medical colleges of the United States.

The common schools of Ohio contain about 600,304 scholars.

The North Carolina fisheries promise to be better this season than for years.

Vertigo or giddiness in sheep is occasioned by the presence in the brain of a parasite, known as a *hydatid*—the *canaris cerebri*.

There is a lady residing in Elmira, N. Y., who is one hundred years old, and yet never saw but twenty-five birth days.

The swiftest horse ever known was "Flying Childers;" he performed 4 miles 380 yards in seven minutes and a half, which is at the rate of over 33 miles per hour.

There are two things which the Americans with all their ingenuity, have never been able to make equal to a Frenchman; one is a boot, and the other is a loaf of bread.

Ten pounds of walrus flesh and blubber Dr. Hayes saw an Esquimaux eat at a single meal. Well might the doctor say *rs* he beheld this, "In-fat-u-ate!"

Native iron has been discovered in but very few parts of the world. Specimens have been found in Austria; and in Canaan, Conn., there exists a seam of native iron, two inches in thickness, from which horse-nails have been forged.

A 600 ton wooden ship, after being three years afloat, will absorb, by soakage, from forty to sixty tons of water, increasing the draft from six to nine inches, thereby increasing the positive resistance and reducing the speed.

The artificial breeding of fish has recently been successfully attempted in Canada. The legislature of Canada passed a fishery act two years ago, and appointed two superintendents of fisheries.

In a recent case of insolvency before the probate Judge of Franklin county, Ohio, the creditor claimed the spectacles worn by the defendant. The judge very properly refused the claim, on the ground that the spectacles were essential to the personal comfort of the debtor.

A Mr. Amunn, lately from India, has arrived in London with a parcel of diamonds, for one of which he asks \$1,500,000. The Hartford Times learns that a customer is waiting for him to get three more just like it, when he proposes to purchase the lot for a set of sleeve buttons.

A careful and expert mathematician has made a calculation, from which it appears that giving a steam engine a constant supply of water, and working it on a long stretch of twenty-four hours continuously, it will throw as much water as ten thousand men from hand engines during the same time.

In Crockett, Texas, Mr. T. P. Collins, a merchant of that place, lately published a scandalous piece of poetry about a Miss Whitwell, a school mistress. She sued him for \$6000 damages, and gained the case. The jury returned the verdict at midnight. So strong was public sentiment in favor of the plaintiff, that the verdict was received with shouts of the people, the firing of guns, and other demonstrations of gladness.

Merry-Making.

A person who can afford *livery*, ought to live very well.

The poor birds are not a very bold race, and yet a great many of them *die game*.

Some folks hate mustaches. They would almost as soon be *hare-lipped* as *hair-lipped*.

When a lover dotes on his darling, a refusal acts as an *anti-dote*.

When is a man out of date? *Ans.*—When he's a weak back!

In some cases authorship is but another name for *pen-ury*.

A man who often gets "high" through drink, soon gets *low* in purse as well as in person.

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? *Ans.*—Because they correspond, but never meet.

Who is that with Miss Flint? said a wag to his companion. "O, that is a spark which she has struck."

"I come to steel," as the rat said to the trap. "And I spring to embrace you," as the steel replied to the rat.

An old toper in an argument with a temperance lecturer, said—"I admit that water is useful for many things, but it's so thin."

A young lady in this city is so refined in her language that she never uses the word "black-guard," but substitutes "*African Sentinel*."

There is a lawyer so excessively honest that he puts all his flower pots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have *its dew*.

A young lady who had lost or mislaid her beau, was advised to hang up her fiddle. She said the advice did great violence to her heart-strings.

"I wish, Mr. Speaker, to present a liquor bill," said a red-nosed member of a western legislature. "You never present any other kind," said a political opponent.

A lady once complained to her doctor that she could scarcely breathe. "Don't try, my good soul," replied the candid physician; "nobody wants you to do it."

Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat burst up, for this reason. "If you gits off and smashed up, dar you is; but if you gits blowed up on the boat, whar is you?"

A medical gentleman wrote a letter in 1832 to Sir Henry Hallford on cholera, in which he took upon himself the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and communicate it to the public."

"Jack is a good fellow, but I will not lie for any man. I love my friend, but I love the truth still more." "My dear," said a by-stander, consider now! Why should you prefer a stranger to an old acquaintance?"

A Wisconsin paper, after describing a farm which the advertiser wants to sell, adds, "The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also two wagons to sell and a yoke of steers."

The real New England revolver—the spinning wheel.

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it is a "*dear little thing*."

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

Somebody—Prentice, perhaps, he says so many things—says the life of a newspaper, like human existence—is dependent upon "the circulation."

The Gospel Banner gives a recipe for preventing cream from rising on milk. It is to *buy the article of the milkman!*

Mrs. Partington has taken a decided stand on the Savoy question. She insists upon it that the Savoyas are twice as good as the drumheads.

The Hartford Times says that "next to 'twenty-four grains,' there is nothing like a mean man's pocket to make a penny wait."

If a lady wanted a boa and tippet why ought she to buy it at a baker's? Because there she'd get a *muffin*.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

Why is a chrysalis like buckwheat cakes? Because it is a kind of *grab* that makes the *butter-fly*.

The Albany Solons propose establishing a Tenant House Bureau. Why not include wash-stands and wardrobes?

A sentiment for a Dramatic Fund Dinner—England has but a single Tree, while we have a whole Forrest.

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal said on both sides.

Motto for the entrances to stages and cars, intended by Dante for the ladies—"Abandon hoops all ye who enter here."

Wanted to know, whether it is a sure sign, when a man slips down in the mud, that he has a *drop* too much.

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good." "No, my child—you must not be good for *pay*—you ought to be good for *nothing*."

If a rich old gentleman has a thought of marrying, let him consider well beforehand what it is that he stands in need of—a wife, an heiress, or a nurse.

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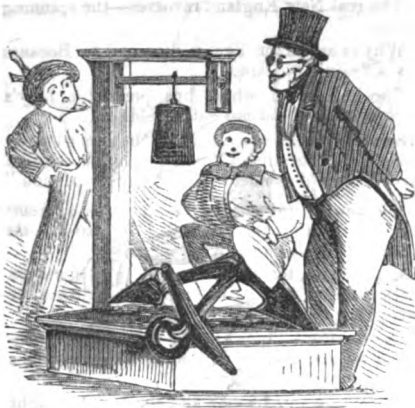
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